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Vol 22, Issue 272

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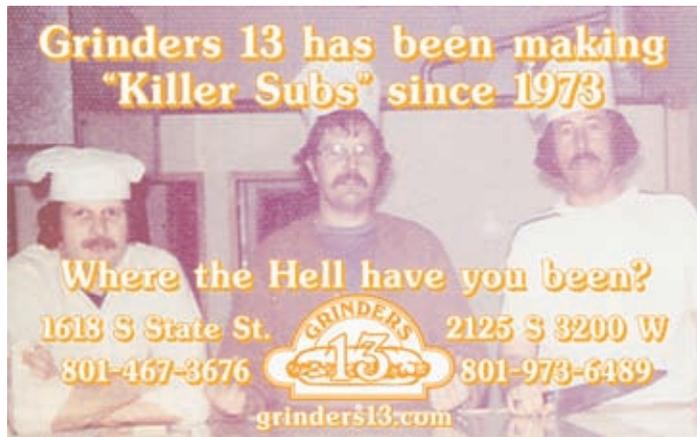


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Contributor Limelight

Michelle Stark – Craft Lake City Artist Manager



A Special Ed teacher during the off-season, Michelle Stark is one of the superhumans who spends most of her summer working hard as a volunteer for Craft Lake City. Stark has been coordinating all of the crafters for the alternative arts fest as the artist manager since 2010. A hobby artist herself, Stark finds inspiration in the skills and creativity of the artists she works with, which is why she loves her

Craft Lake City appointment. Though she's not a current SLUG staff member, Stark wrote a couple of Serial Killer of the Month columns back in the day, which she says gave her nightmares. This woman-of-all-trades is also an avid cyclist, hiker, baker and can occasionally be found singing along to promo CDs at the SLUG HQ. Come out to Craft Lake City on Aug. 13 at Gallivan to see this bitchin' babe in action.

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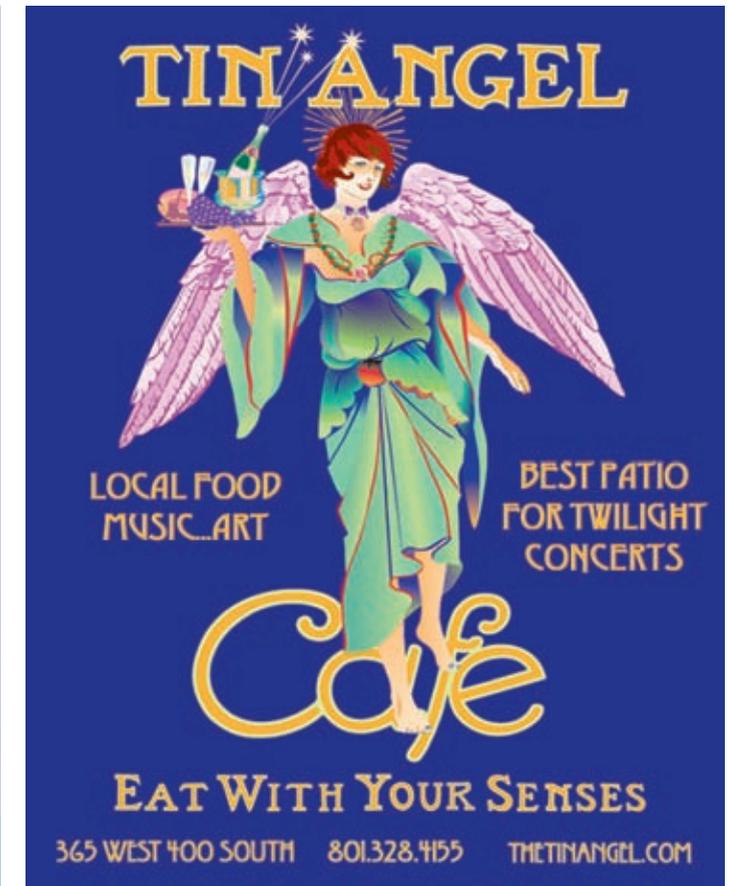
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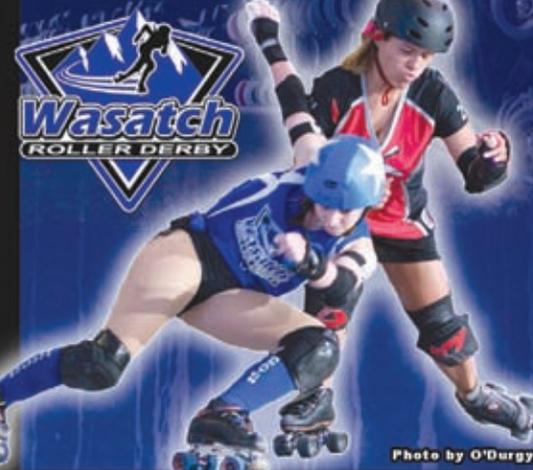


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Dear Dickheads

This is an open letter to the citizens of these United States and particularly to the citizens of the state of Utah.

My name is Barte Hess and I am running as an independent candidate for the office of President of the United States.

I am not a special politically connected person, nor am I one of the 2 Utah connected millionaire types that everyone hears about.

I have entered this race with the intention to win the election and actually try to start a new thought process in Washington, that is not bound by party affiliation or a elitist, disconnected state of mind.

I am just a middle class working guy that tries to pay my bills and keep my family safe. I have a wife of nearly 28 years, a son and a daughter that I love very much and am very proud of both of them. They have managed to get an education and make something of their lives in spite of the rigors of trying to learn who they are.

I know you all want to ask all sort of questions about my views on all the pertinent political issues so I will just give you a little heads up on one thing, I am old fashioned, opinionated and a patriot through and through. I believe in the old fashioned ideals of honesty and being a person that lives by a standard that even I find sometimes hard to maintain. Not that I am any kind of saint, by no means am I. I have learned the lessons of life the hard way at times and I will not say I have lived a perfect storybook life. I have been in trouble with the law, and had my difficulties with money problems, but, I will not say that the lessons I have learned have not been of a great value to me. Those that never learn these lessons do not really have an appreciation of just how good life can be. Those that try to hide them either by legal

means or just flat out lying are not the

sort of person that I can respect.

You will hear the other political candidates tell you "they know how you feel" over losing your job, over losing your house or just the weekly going to the store sticker shock we all get when we see how much it costs to just eat. I really do understand, I am one of the middle class that lives in this world every day.

I ask for your support in this endeavor to "Take it back", our country, from the politicians and restore the pride and value of being an American. Please look for me at local events and help me gather the 1000 voter signatures I need in order to get on the ballot. I really do believe it is time to put someone in the White House that understands truly how the people feel.

Barte P. Hess
Independent Presidential candidate

On Facebook at Barte Hess for President 2012, or via email at barte-hess2012@gmail.com

Dear Barte,

I hate to break this to you, but there's a really good chance that you're not gonna win. I would much rather have a regular dude who has actually experienced real life running our country, but for some reason, the vast majority of Americans prefer to elect egocentric millionaire dickbags, usually of the white and Christian persuasions. We here at SLUG think it's great that you're pursuing this (and not just because your son Eric is one of our writers) and hopefully getting people to actually think about our broken ass two-party system and the overly rich assholes in charge of it. If I were registered to vote, you would totally have my support.

**Good luck,
SLUG**

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BIG MOVIE BIRTHDAY ONE YEAR WITH JEFF AND JIMMY

By Clayton Godby • claytongodby@gmail.com

On any given Friday evening, *Brewvies Cinema Pub* is home to an eclectic blend of moustachio-brandishing hipsters and work-wearied middle-agers nursing their weekday woes on pool tables, cinema and delicious beverages. Nestled into this homey environment one will likely also find **Jimmy Martin** and **Jeff Vice**, hosts of *Big Movie Mouth-Off* on Xfinity, enjoying a couple of drinks and recording the latest episode of their movie reviewing TV show. In between recording an episode of the show and a segment of their podcast, Martin and Vice sat down to talk movies, *Brewvies* and their one-year anniversary of being the edgiest film review show around.

SLUG: After so many years of working individually, why did you decide to pair up and create *Big Movie Mouth-Off*?

Martin: We are actually sitting right where the idea started, here in *Brewvies*. We were at a movie night for *The Geek Show Podcast* and we started going at it about some movie. Our producer **Bryan Young** said, "Why aren't we recording this?" Around town there are a few other TV shows that are film-based, but honestly, I think they're really boring. Most of them don't even review. I think it's more of a celebrity pat on the back.

Vice: A celebrity hand job. I won't mince words. Glad-handing is fine, but don't pretend you're a movie reviewer.

Martin: When I watch a movie like *Little Fockers*, I'm not going to have **Robert De Niro** come out and shake his hand and say good job on ya. I'm sorry.

Vice: No, I'd like to slap him and say, "Get back to your Oscars, you asshole. How much money is enough money, Robert De Niro?"

Martin: **Ben Stiller** needs to be punched in the stomach.

Vice: And the testicles.

SLUG: In your opinion, what makes a good movie?

Martin: God, for me, acting is one of the greatest elements that can make or break a film. I mean, you can have a beautiful script, and then Ben Stiller will walk on set and you go, "Well, that's screwed."

Vice: A really bad score can ruin a film for me. The occasional overbearing tell-you-how-to-feel-in-every-scene score.

Martin: Especially when it's in lyric form. "I'm crying." Really? Are those tears coming down your face? Oh, ok. As much as I love him to death, **John Williams'** scores can overbear everything. I love him, but ...

Vice: ... but he's not subtle.

SLUG: Why is the focus of the show on "Big Movies" rather than indie movies or art house movies?

Vice: Partially it's because of the market we're in. By the time most of the indies and art house films come along, they've already played in the major cities, so if we were to shop the program outwards, our reviews for those films would be dated. And that's not to slight Salt Lake, which has a thriving art house community. Kudos to the *Broadway* and *Tower* folks, especially. In those dry months like August and January, it's the art house stuff that keeps me afloat.

Martin: On a lot of the episodes, we have two major releases sandwiched with an independent one in the middle. We definitely cover all spectrums.

SLUG: What do you love about being a film reviewer? What do you hate?

Martin: I can't just sit down and enjoy a film anymore. I'm always sitting there with my little gavel out going, "No!" I'll just see things and think, "Now, why'd you do that?" I remember

when I was a kid and could just sit there, feet propped up, with a smile on my face whether it sucked or not. When I started getting into the art behind it ... It's kind of like seeing the magician's trick and then seeing, "Oh his sleight-of-hand sucks."

“Acting is one of the greatest elements that can make or break a film. I mean, you can have a beautiful script, and then Ben Stiller will walk on set and you go, ‘Well, that’s screwed.’”

- Jimmy Martin

SLUG: Are there any enhancements or changes you're planning for the future?

Martin: I think the biggest thing is we want more and more people to find out about it. Salt Lake is a very film-friendly town. We've been accepted by a lot of people with open arms. I couldn't be happier about it. If you'd told me a year ago that this would explode the way it did, I wouldn't have believed it.

Vice: You could make us prettier. I'm still trying to figure out which is my pretty side.

Martin: You don't have one.

Vice: Look who's talking.

Martin: Shit.

You can find *Big Movie Mouth-Off* episodes on Xfinity's On-Demand or on YouTube. Be sure to "Like" the Facebook page to get free passes to movies, special interview footage and info about future events. With a year under their belt and nothing but growth ahead, Vice and Martin are planning a big, one-year bash at *Brewvies* on Sept. 4.



YO

DUSK ONE

RYAN WOODWOOD

Localized

By Rio Connelly
globalricon@gmail.com

August's *Localized* brings two hip hop aficionados to the *Urban Lounge* stage on Friday, Aug. 12. **Dusk One**, who co-founded local hip hop group **MindState**, plays alongside **DJ Knucklz'** newest project, **Zebrafish**. **Masters of Death** opens the show. A mere five bucks gets you in.

In a state known more for green Jell-O than hip hop, all you have to do is look a little deeper to find artists who bring mastery of the genre to your local venue. More widely known as half of the local duo MindState, Dusk One has been rapping, writing, painting graffiti and generally living and sweating hip hop culture for over a decade. "I don't know what I'd be doing with myself if I wasn't doing this," he says with a grin. Dusk is currently booking his summer tour and working on his first full-length solo release, which has yet to be named, but will be out soon. These days, he has plenty to keep his mind occupied, but it didn't start out like that. "I didn't have big plans for [hip hop] originally—I didn't even tell people I did it," he says. Having grown up listening to all kinds of music with his brother, **DJ Honna** (the other half of MindState), discovering Utah-based acts was somewhat of a revelation for Dusk. "It blew my mind when I discovered the local hip hop scene here. These guys are from Ogden, Provo, the East Side—I was like, 'What?'" he says. After realizing it was possible, he and his brother got to work. Once they started making songs and playing shows, the public responded. Classic samples and gritty

sounding beats provided an excellent background for Dusk's trademark raspy delivery.

While MindState is currently on hiatus so Honna can focus on being in school full time, Dusk has been as busy as ever with his solo projects. He has been touring with the likes of local favorites **MC Pigpen** and **Pat Maine**, and making guest appearances over the beats of others. In the last year, Dusk has collaborated with **Fisch** (who produced Dusk One's EP *The Brady Effect* last November) on a few new projects like Fisch Loops Presents *Electric Shock*. "It's cool to be doing stuff with him—he was with **The Numbs**," Dusk says. "We'd ride the bus downtown from West Valley just to find a copy of their record—it comes full circle." Other artists who influence him include the locals **Smash Brothers**, **Dumbluck**, **Burnell Washburn** and others, as well as hip hop legends like **Nas**, the **Wu-Tang Clan** and the **Beastie Boys**. Dusk's number one favorite artist of all time? None other than the King of Soul himself, **Otis Redding**.

Coming out as a solo act is like starting over, but Dusk isn't worried. "I've put a lot of time into this [album]," he says. "More than anything else I've done." Having recently signed with **Punx Management** has allowed him to devote that time to really doing exactly what he wants to do with his life. At one point, any job was a good job, and like many of us, Dusk worked some telemarketing, but wasn't bothered by the daily grind. "Talking to old people all day, you gotta do it," he says. Being freed up from a headset has given him the opportunity to flex his lyrical muscles and work on his performance. "This is where I found my niche," he says. "My writing is like my journal, my life experience."

You'll have the opportunity to see a brand new Dusk One on Aug. 12, standing solo and ready to slay the crowd. "I've been sitting on all the new stuff," he says. "I'm really excited to get it out locally." This will be his first time ever playing for *Localized*, and even if you haven't seen him before, he's going to work to win you over. His favorite part of performing and touring, he says, is "watching people's minds change."



Photo: Ruby Claire

Sometimes the very best things can be entirely unexpected. Take, for example, Salt Lake dance-scene mainstay DJ Knucklz' new project, ZebraFish. **Lane Edwards**, manager of *Sidecar* in Park City, introduced Knucklz to professional tour drummer John Olsen, and the result is a new club experience. "I had tried drummers before and it didn't work. He's really good—it meshed," says Knucklz. The combo of a DJ known for playing his fan-favorite blend of reggae, dub and hip hop, while an expert drummer improvises over the songs is something new to Utah. "We started playing together and the response—even with hardly any people there—it worked," says Knucklz. "I had done some drums/DJ stuff with a few different DJs, but nobody could really beatmatch or anything," says Olsen. This wasn't the first time Knucklz had thought about adding some more energy to his set. "I was in Costa Rica and there was this house DJ I ended up becoming friends with. He would play with a drummer and it added such another element—not a drum set like John, but hand drums and other smaller stuff," says Knucklz. In each other, the duo found the skill set they needed to take their performance to the next level, and

the response was unanimously positive. So much so that they were offered a weekly weekend gig at *Sidecar*.

Many know DJ Knucklz from his regular gigs at *Jackalope* and other venues, but Olsen is no less prominent in the scene. Born and raised in Ogden, he committed early to a life of music. "I got a drum set when I was 18 or 19, and was touring a few months later," he says. Aside from ZebraFish, Olsen has played with **Andy Frasco**, **Brian Jordan Band (Lauryn Hill, Karl Denson's Tiny Universe)** and others, visiting 11 countries and 37 states over the course of his career. The duo even opened for Denson at a recent Park City gig based on the strength of their live performances. Knucklz is originally from Baltimore, and even though he left almost 18 years ago, his roots still influence what he plays. "Baltimore club is my favorite type of music," he says. "Everywhere has their own style and Baltimore club—that's where I grew up." The two dedicated artists with wildly different backgrounds come together to, as Olsen puts it, "get asses shaking a little harder." The chemistry between them is the key to making the whole thing work. "The most important thing is the hang time,"

says Olsen. Getting to hang out with someone so that you want to get on the stage with them later and crush it."

The two musicians seem like they're crossing proverbial swords, but they're not competing—they're collaborating. Olsen's drumming fills in spots in Knucklz' continuous flow of on-the-floor favorites while Knucklz accentuates everything with some scratches and turntable mastery. The songs themselves come from all over—when asked what he's loving right now, Knucklz says, "**Rick Ross**, **Gucci Mane** and lots of reggae,"—but what ends up blasting out of the speakers is unique every time. "It depends on the crowd," says Knucklz. "I want people to get up and dance, we feed off the crowd." August's *Localized* will be ZebraFish's first Salt Lake gig and it will expose them to a whole new audience, so keep your eyes lit up for some club gigs around town. They're always working on new stuff and they never play the same show twice, so every event is one worth catching. They're even thinking of expanding the visual element of their shows. "We're thinking about live artists, canvas and paint," says Olsen. Check them out at *Urban Lounge* on Friday, August 12.

JOHN OLSEN - DRUMMER



Photo: Katie Panzer

ZEBRA FISH



JASON DODSON AKA DJ KNUCKLZ - TURNABLES

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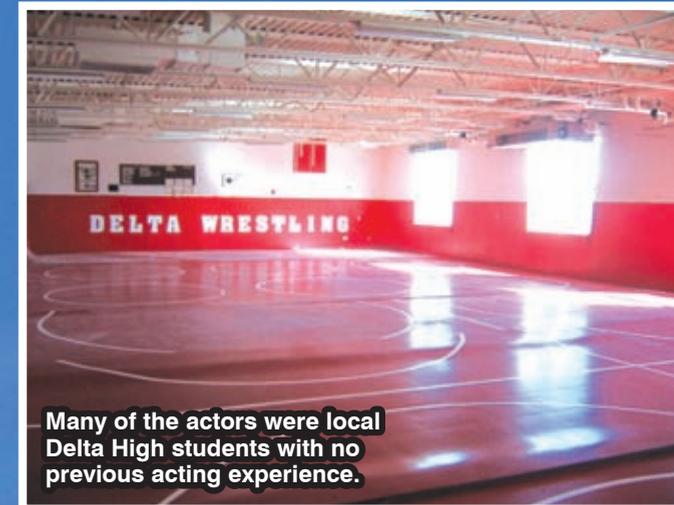
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The small town of Delta in central Utah played an important role in this coming-of-age story.

PARADE BY NATE HOUSLEY

PRISM OF EXPERIENCE

Watching the trailer for *Parade*, the first feature-length film from writer-director **Brandon Cahoon**, one gets a sense that something unspoken is behind the spare dialogue, stark scenery and no-frills cinematography, animating the film in a magical way. Talking with Cahoon, I learned that intersecting with the film's coming-of-age story is the patience of a mature filmmaker, the generosity of a small town and the mystery and melancholy of the desert. If the film itself is half as charmed as the story behind it, *Salt Lake City Film Festival* attendees are in for a treat.

The idea for the movie began in 2005 as a vehicle for Cahoon to tell stories he accumulated while living with his cousin in Millard County, Utah as a high schooler. "I moved in with my cousin and his stepdad and his mom and their crazy situation and met all these people. Within a month's time, I had ten brand new friends who would do anything for each other," Cahoon recalls. "It wasn't until I was out of that situation that it felt really unbelievable, really personal. Writing the movie forced me to go back and think that was really magical—that doesn't happen to everybody."

As he began scouting locations in the very town that inspired the story, the town continued to make things happen. He visited the parents of **Esther Scott**, the real life love interest who inspired the character of the same

name. Not only did they agree to let Cahoon film at their house, but they insisted he talk to Esther's sister, **Sarah Scott**, then about to begin her senior year of high school. "I came back and met Sarah ... She looked spot on like her sister, and they had the same sense of humor. I was like, if you don't do it, I don't know if I can make the movie." Her response to his pitch was "But what if I don't want to?" Cahoon laughs as he recalls this. "I was like, oh my god, that's exactly what your sister would have said to me. You have to do this!"

After finding a crew from film classes at BYU and the University of Utah, and with a cast almost entirely composed of inexperienced local kids (and having gained the approval of his friends whose real names he uses in the film), Cahoon was nearly ready to begin shooting, but first came rehearsal. "For rehearsal, we hiked a mountain together, all of us," Scott explains. "He gave us our characters and said, 'The next three weeks you are your character.' It was like a whole summer packed into three weeks."

Working with a cast of kids who had grown up together in the very town where they filmed is all part of Cahoon's filmmaking philosophy that he had articulated with cinematographer and former classmate **Carlos Luis Rodriguez**. "We operate on a level of feeling. If we can get the feeling right in the room, it doesn't

matter where we put the camera," Cahoon says. "It's a blood-and-guts sort of style." Despite the script being based in fact, Cahoon was not determined to make his film accurate to the minute details of his experience. He was thrilled to see the story become something else in the hands of his cast. Cahoon says, "I remember telling the lead, **Ryan Reyes**, 'Dude, you are making this way funnier, way more charming than I ever thought it would be. People smile when they see you.' On the page, I didn't see that. I'm so pumped because it has way more connectivity to people now through their collective point of view. It's taken my idea, but shot it up in the air and given everybody a chance to catch it, play with it, put it up on the screen. I think the only way to make a picture is to trust that collaborative process."

After editing the film himself, Cahoon submitted it to various festivals. It was ultimately accepted into the *Torino Film Festival* in Italy in 2008. Based on positive reviews from this festival, it showed in festivals in Washington, Portugal, England and Japan, but Cahoon wasn't done with the film. He had always considered the music he had used to be temporary, and he was still trying to find a musician who could create a score to fit the feeling of the movie.

After making a friend at *Slowtrain* who introduced him to **David Williams' Western Interior Seaway**, Cahoon knew he had to get Williams on board. "I felt like I could score it with that album if he'd allow me to," Cahoon says. "It had the depth, the emotionality, the character, the demons, everything that I felt like I needed about the desert. For me, his music has this emotional violence to it that few artists are able to tap into." With the score not quite finished at the time of our interview, neither of them seemed too hurried about its completion. "If I've waited this long, I'll wait another couple years," says Cahoon.

The showing at the *Salt Lake Film Festival* will be the first time that many will have seen the movie, including the cast. "Everytime I go to Delta, everyone asks me 'Where's this movie?' because everyone was in on it," Scott says. Cahoon says, "In a way we're really excited because we can gift the film back to everyone who's helped. To have the festival right here is really exciting." The film festival is August 18-21, and the showing of *Parade* will feature a Q&A with Cahoon and a performance by Williams.



By Princess Kennedy
[Facebook.com/princess.kennedy](https://www.facebook.com/princess.kennedy)

Let's face it: In this struggling economy, we are definitely pinching our pennies, especially when it comes to fashion. The pickings often seem slim in SLC, feeling like *Pib's* and *Decades* are all we have apart from the clone-like *Deseret Industries*.

This prompted me to do something I never do: go out of my comfort zone by venturing past 2100 South to see what other stores are out in this great Salt City. I know that there are places like *Savers* and *Salvation Army* in West Valley City, but that kind of a location is crazy talk, and the ones I've heard about in Sandy are supposed to have nice stuff, but I made a promise to those douchebags of southern origin that if they stay out of my tranny, fag lovin' neighborhood, I won't venture into theirs.

It seems that the perfect solution is 3300 South, a veritable thrift thoroughfare. In fact, there are so many stores full of previously loved materials that my challenge



Paris "Kennedy" Hilton makes an appearance at Name Droppers to buy this \$2,000 outfit.

turned out to be finding one and committing. So I did what any clothes whorin' shopaholic would do, and chose three.

I decided to take three very different stores with three very different aesthetics and see what the difference was: *Name Droppers*, located just off of 3300 South and Highland Drive, *Consignment Circuit* at 1464 E. and 3300 South and finally, *Thrift Town* on the corner of 1300 East and 3300 South. I chose these three because of the very different brands, styles and atmospheres they offer.

The difference between thrift and consignment has nothing to do with the buyer. Stores like *Pib's* give you cash for clothes, stores like the *DI* take donations and consignment is where some old Walker Lane bitty retires her Miu Miu heels or her new Birkin bag at a label whore graveyard till someone takes pity on its leather hide and buys it, giving the bitty a portion of the profits.

Name Droppers is a high-end consignment boutique. Walking into the showroom is like walking into a department store: It's very clean, beautiful and well lit. The space is filled with vintage showcases full of purses, jewelry and racks upon racks of designer label things. The entire downstairs is dedicated to shoes—I could write a whole piece on that for another issue.

My good friend **Ashley Lingwall** is the head sales girl there and she helped me piece together a couple of bourgeois fit-outs. The first I tried on was a little too **Paris Hilton**: a sequin dress and a handbag whose original price was around \$2,000, and the outfit came in at just over that. That is not thrift shopping. Our second outfit, which came to \$729.73, was still a little too upscale for this punk rock princess, but more realistic finds such as a really nice (for someone else) Missoni dress for \$186, Christian Dior sunglasses that I would buy for \$75 (a steal) and a plastic oversized heart ring for 11 bucks. *Name Droppers* is the place I will go to first when I vacation in St. Tropez or attend a wedding in Tahoe.

Next, I ventured to *Consignment Circuit*. This consignment store is a really great place to find a costume as well as everyday wear. The best part is that owner **Lorie Sweeney** gets more than just clothes. I saw some really great tropical bird paint-by-numbers paintings from the '60s that I'm a little obsessed with and would be perfect for my tropical-themed kitchen. Out of the many looks I tried on, I found the perfect 1920s flapper outfit: pink bejeweled dress, white vintage pumps, boa, pearls, sparkle clutch and even Juicy Couture sunglasses all for \$125—a price I'm sure was cheaper than the original sticker for the dress. We had the most fun here with '80s streetwalker looks and '70s "Bewitched"-style muumuus—the selection here is endless. The shop not only features a helpful and friendly staff, but also offers the largest selection of holiday gem sweaters every Christmas.

Last, we went to the good old staple of *Thrift Town*. Oh, the junk you can find there at the "right" price: racks and racks of clothes and furniture, all to make you look like you are the poorest trash around. If you have days to spend rifling through the poorly fluorescent lit space and can deal with the screaming children, there is a chance you'll find that hidden gem. On this trip, I put together a lovely polygamist child bride ensemble: Eddie Bauer monochromatic plaid dress, black blouse with a neck bow and Banana Republic khaki pants, all for 10 bucks. Next, I found a three-color tie-dyed jumper, perfect for that eighth-grade art school teacher for \$2.99. Last and most serious of the shopping extravaganza, I found what is probably the best deal of the whole day and maybe even ever: A 1940s gray beaver skin fur coat with three-quarter sleeves on sale for \$12.99, but marked down on blue tag day for half price. What's more is that I found the mother lode in the pocket: a half stick of gum, a hard candy and a used Kleenex. SCORE! Thank god for thrifting!

Check out pics of Kennedy's outfits at slugmag.com.

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My First Tattoo!

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
twitter: @fuckmikebrown



Photo: Katie Panzer

Mike Brown making a life-long dream come true—drilling a girl in public and making her bleed!

The last time I wrote anything about tattoos, it created mild local controversy. I compared tribal tattoos and lower back tattoos to swastika tattoos by saying that whenever I see anyone with one of those three things, I know not to talk to that person. Surprisingly, the local Aryans were not the ones upset with this statement, but I'm not sure that white power kids are smart enough to read anyway—I'm sure that *Mein Kampf* is a book on tape these days.

Like all my articles, this article is about me. I'm very narcissistic. This one is not about receiving my first tattoo, but giving my first tattoo.

On July 15, *Good Times* was having their 11-year anniversary and celebrating by giving away \$20 tattoos all day.

My friend **Clint Marvin**, who works at *Good Times Tattoo*, was nice enough to let me use his booth and drilling equipment to give out some really shitty tattoos to a couple of my friends. Aside from never holding a tattoo gun in my hands before, anyone who has read my zine and seen my comics knows what a terrible artist I am, although I am pretty good at drawing boobs.

The shop was swarming with young adults. Many, I'm guessing, had never gotten drilled before, but weren't going to pass up a bargain in this tough economy. Initially, I wanted to drill one of these unsuspecting kids, and right after I would start making them bleed, I would say, "By the way, I've

never done this before ... Good thing you signed that release form."

Instead of tattooing randoms all day, I ended up tattooing people I know. My buddy **Jeff** jumped at the chance to get a shitty tattoo, and so did one very impulsive *SLUG* photographer who was very easily Jedi mind-fucked into letting me put in some work.

Me and Jeff have a very colorful, up-and-down friendship. Last Halloween he got blackout drunk and took the longest pee in my kitchen I think I have ever seen a man take. I stood there helpless, watching as he pissed all over **Jet Pack's** food in a drunken stupor. Even though he wanted me to tattoo him, I felt like this was a good opportunity to hurt my friend physically as well.

I made sure I didn't eat anything all day and had an Americano with five espresso shots before we started—I wanted to be extra shaky. Jeff's tattoo of choice was the letters "SLCK" which stands for "slack," a literal definition of the word "slack" by slacking on even putting an "a" in the tattoo.

I was actually a little nervous at first. I had just watched Clint's nine-year-old son **Eli** give a tattoo, and I knew that once again, I was about to get shown up by a child, bringing up the same feelings I get when I go to any skate park these days.

When I imagined blackout Jeff peeing all over my kitchen, I didn't feel so bad. In fact, I felt motivated to physically hurt Jeff, then I realized why tattoo

artists like their jobs.

If you like art and you like to hurt people, being a tattoo artist is the perfect job. If a client is being a dick, just hide a dick in his piece. How many jobs allow such freedom? On top of that, stepping on the vibrating pedal made me feel like I was driving a car—a shitty little vibrating car that was crashing into Jeff's ankle, ruining his skin for life. It was great.

I did Jeff's tattoo the same way most girls like to masturbate: freehanded, with the right amount of pressure and lots of vibrating. Jeff's tattoo looked like complete shit and was therefore absolutely perfect.

Katie Panzer, loyal *SLUG* photographer, was there to document this historic event. Initially, she said that I could maybe tattoo my name on her butt, but seeing how my signature is in cursive, I didn't feel ready for that step yet.

Instead, I talked her into letting me tattoo "SLUG MAG" across her ankles. Everyone loves an impulsive girl. I understand that the lower ankle is a fairly painful spot for tattoos, and Katie took it like a champ. I wonder how she's gonna take it when her parents see her new *SLUG Mag* tattoo and leave her name out of their will. Oh well, not my problem.

Now there are three *SLUG* employees with *SLUG* tattoos. I wonder what it is going to take to get **Jeanette** and **Angela** to get one? I would be happy to do them for free.

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What makes the *Tea Rose Diner* special is the pure ambition of the place—it is the biggest tiny restaurant I've ever been in love with. For dinner, they make a perfectly excellent and unique rendition of Thai food (also available in vegan versions). The curries and soups are never too sweet, and the dark, somewhat citrus flavored seed, tamarind, is prominent in the cooking—which I found surprising because I didn't think I liked tamarind, but here it is, simply delicious. They also have one of the most original breakfast menus I've ever seen.



Photo: Barrett Doran



Tea Rose's levels of heat are exponential. These SLUG staffers are suffering through the equivalent to level four, Heck Fork's Grief over a level 10 is unimaginable.

The TRD proudly serves many different teas and are a worthy dining companion at \$3 a pot, as there is no beer. Their unusual selection of ice cream is house made, hugely adventurous, and even available in a vegan version at the new 7200 S. location, (at which I have not yet eaten). The TRD also serves a great rendition of American food, with generously portioned breakfast items in surprising combinations and notable alternative options like a tasty vegan pancake. The dinner items are working-man style: Everybody else seemed to be eating Corned Beef and Cabbage (\$10) on this Tuesday.

I was there for more than just the pleasure of the food: I was on a mission.

The *Tea Rose Diner* has a Hot Curry wall of fame. Taped to the door are eight pictures of smiling people holding up empty bowls. I can tell you, that smile is the punch drunk grin of the recently victorious gastric prizefighter. Now that I have joined them, I can also tell you that the day that followed the moment of that photo was difficult and long.

I started this assignment knowing I had to take the Curry Challenge, which meant I had to eat a bowl of curry prepared at level five hot, followed by a seven, and then a 10. When I first asked for a five, they wouldn't serve it to me. I literally had to demand permission to order it before the server would let me get started. I requested an unusual curry, Kow Soi (\$10). Lurking beneath what looks like an innocent salad of cucumber, sprouts and carrot is a cauldron of very spicy, unmanageable brown curry and egg noodles. It tastes fresh and rich with tamarind—I've never had a curry like it. I wish I had eaten a regular version because, brother, a five here is hot as hell. The five was scary, but doable, and enjoyable in the end—not a little unlike digging a grave in the desert and then not getting shot. It ate like there was potential trouble in every bite.

I had wised up after eating a five. I would eat rice curries. I would eat carefully and precisely. I would concentrate on breathing correctly and swallowing completely. No curry must be allowed to get into my lungs or sinuses or in the soft sides of my cheeks or under my tongue—none. For my seven I had to sign a release and have my ID scanned. I was freaked, afraid. I ordered a curry not on the menu, Mango Curry with Swai (\$13.00) (Swai is a Thai catfish, but it eats like bluegill, which I love). The curry was excellent, I'm pretty sure, but the heat was elemental. It wasn't just hot anymore: It was fresh liquid concrete. Eating carefully and not drinking anything during the meal helped tremendously. The wicked difference between desire and **de Sade** was evident here: This wasn't a slap, spit, and swear around the bedroom—it was a get out of town hot tar whoopin'.

As for the 10, if you want my advice, you'll forget about the challenge. If you must, do not eat all of it. It is stupid, shockingly painful, faintly unpleasant and not worthwhile in any way. You have been warned. I would not have done it, knowing what I know now. Never.

For my 10, I had Yellow Curry with Swai (\$13, \$26 or Free—for the Curry Challenge the price is double if you are unable to keep it down, and free if you eat all of it in fifty-five minutes without taking a drink). Mine was almost black with peppers. I can't even think about it without feeling ill. After one bite my body was done. It was way too much. Every bite, a punch to the face. Every swallow, a balloon of contraband that might break open and kill. The whole enterprise is a serious, mortal mistake disguised as a macho dare. I finished it with about 18 seconds to spare. Half an hour later I felt really ill. The night that followed was one of the most awful, in terms of physical pain, in my life. A bad hangover is a dreary thing, this was waking up retching and gasping after abdominal surgery. Yes, I've done that, too.

The lesson here: Get the regular menu items. I didn't have anything that wasn't really good, and the dishes were uniquely flavored, memorable, and generous. The *Tea Rose Diner* is too pleasant and well done, both in food and service, to waste your time and money eating unpleasantly hot curry. If you need a food challenge, take a week-long fast—it's cheaper and more fun.

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Fallen Fruit of Utah: bounty, beauty & community

By James Bennett
bennett.james.m@gmail.com

Fallen Fruit is an artistic collaboration among three California-based artists: **David Burns**, **Matias Viegner** and **Austin Young**. The trio's original art project was to create maps of publicly accessible fruit—places in and around Los Angeles where fruit trees grow on or over public property. Still mostly based in LA, their work includes an ongoing series of narrative photographs, videos, public events and collaborative performances. They also host fruit tree plantings and public fruit parks. They get their message out through public-service posters hung on bus shelters as well as interactive installations and murals. From protests to proposals for new urban green spaces, *Fallen Fruit* aims to reconfigure the relationship between those who have resources and those who do not, to examine the nature in and the nature of the city, and to investigate new, shared forms of land use and property.

The same three artists have collaborated on a Salt Lake-based exhibit called *Fallen Fruit of Utah*. This is the first time the trio has done a major *Fallen Fruit* project outside of California. Here, their goal was to craft a show that would seamlessly splice together two types of art collections through the common factor of fruit. One source of art that would ultimately make its way into this exhibition was academic collections—works found in museums and historical archives. The other sources were the much more personal and intimate collections of Utah families. In the exhibit, fruit is seen both as deeply symbolic and simply decorative, both ordinary and special, sometimes at the same time. The three artists tapped eight different historic collections and archives to assemble their comprehensive look at fruit in Utah. Works were culled from university and church museum collections, as well as from small-town archives. In addition to these museum-held pieces, more than two dozen families agreed to lend artwork

to the collective. As a result, the artists of *Fallen Fruit* were able to assemble works that range from the spiritual and symbolic to representational landscapes and more commonplace, everyday objects. The end goal of this exhibition was to draw our attention to the meaning of fruit, the aesthetics of deliciousness and the bounty and goodness of the familiar.

It is a daunting task to take something so ordinary and to encourage the public to re-examine its relationship with it. Fruit can, after all, be a subject, an object, a thing or a symbol. It can be linked to an early-childhood memory and can stir forgotten emotions. It is incredibly personal, yet it is universal and familiar the world over. It is linked to the very migrations that brought people into Utah. It is hard to find someone without some sort of positive connection to fruit.

We were able to speak with Burns to get his take on the Salt Lake project. The first revelation was that the seed for the *Fallen Fruit of Utah* exhibit was planted by the *Salt Lake Art Center* itself. "The people at the *Salt Lake Art Center* had been aware of our work for a little while. They asked if we could reimagine some of the ideas from our project as it might relate to Utah and specifically, to Salt Lake City," says Burns. The group saw this as an opportunity to reinvent its own project, and it jumped at the chance to research and create an exhibit specific to Salt Lake.

What they were able to craft is an exhibit that underscored the ideas of pioneering and what viewers bring along—some things that are idealistic and some things that are actual objects. Pioneer is, of course, a weighted term in Utah. When pioneers arrived in the valley, they brought a certain set of values. They brought the desire to tame the land. They also brought seeds and fruit trees and went about crafting a place where they would be

comfortable—this is where the exhibit really strikes a chord. The way the group makes connections is through the images of fruit and how fruit gets attached to other meanings. These meanings can be both spiritual and religious or can take on the more symbolic representations of bounty or goodwill. All of these things come together and are very natural to Utah and to the development of the West. For Burns and his co-creators, this was one of their favorite collaborations.

"Salt Lake City is often described as a place of goodwill. The pioneer movement obviously came through Salt Lake, and along with that, all of the fruit trees had to be brought across the plains," says Burns. "Very few fruits are native to North America, the exceptions being some berries and cactus fruit. Apples come from Kazakhstan. Oranges come from the Middle East and China. Much of what we consider European fruits aren't even from Europe." He went on to point out that we've known and understood the migration of fruit for a very long time. When we examine how

“And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.

And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I AM THE LORD YOUR GOD.”

Leviticus 19: 9-10



PHOTO: Adam Heath

(L-R): Austin Young, Matias Viegner and David Burns, the three artists behind *Fallen Fruit in Utah*.

One of the greatest collections of Russian art in the West is held by the *Springville Museum of Art*, and it was great to see this little-known archive showcased here. Burns also mentioned the two carved wood pieces by **Benson Whittle** that were loaned from the *Fairview Museum of History and Art*. One is a large carved door with images of Adam and Eve, and the other is a carved log depicting Eve on her own. "We were really lucky that the museum was willing to have them transported. The Garden of Eden is obviously important to us, with its many interpretations and implications. There were, of course, many drawings and illustrations, but these two carvings, done by the same artist, are really important to the show," says Burns.

There was also a series of five landscape paintings that really stood out. "We placed five landscapes in a row on one wall, installed along the horizon line in the paintings, which is atypical. Usually, landscapes are centered on the wall, but we arranged them this way to challenge the way we look at a landscape," says Burns. He feels that these paintings help the viewer understand how much humans have changed their surrounding landscapes. Much of our understanding of the Old West is that it was a rough and savage place. This roughness was smoothed over with the settling of Salt Lake City. Our forbearers were able "to create culture out of nothing or not much. To use raw materials to build houses, to create a landscape. The creating of a landscape is very representative of the West. As a result, these paintings are very important. They are a representation of bounty and beauty and community," he says.

One popular piece among visitors, and a great example of the everyday art angle of the exhibit, is a table covered with 1960s-era Relief Society acrylic grapes. These ubiquitous, oversized centerpieces were commonplace in Mormon households. The exhibit includes about 20 grape clusters that were all a little different, but still basically the same. They added a powerful and authentic vibe to the exhibit and elevated an everyday table decoration to a museum-worthy artifact.

fruit got to the West Coast, a major crossroad was Utah. "If we describe the development of the United States in the nineteenth century as a wheel, the center spoke really is Utah—a place that is commonly considered a place of bounty, beauty and community. For us it was naturally exciting, and we learned a lot from speaking with people, researching and looking through archives," he says.

There are more than 160 pieces in the exhibit spanning a wide variety of media, and it took the cooperation of many people, institutions and organizations. It feels real to walk through the exhibit. It's not a facsimile of a thought, but an actualization of a thought. The proof of the

collaboration's brilliance is in the art it was able to assemble.

"Some of my favorites are the Russian pieces from the *Springville Museum of Art*," says Burns. Works by **Boris Vasilevich Kondrashin** and **Vsevolod Andreevich Bazhenov** especially stand out. Burns continued, "This was one of the first archives that we were able to learn about and make selections from. They were surprised that we were so interested in the Russian paintings. We were able to share that we weren't only interested in paintings done about Utah, but anything currently in the state of Utah was eligible for the exhibit. They are fabulous paintings and are just wonderful for the show because they are so unexpected."

The end result of *Fallen Fruit in Utah* matched exactly what the artists were hoping to create. It required the interest and the cooperation of many museums, agencies and families for the exhibit to take shape. Burns, Viegner and Young were able to find works that were sentimental and personal, to create a place that would really allow the austere to fall away. It appeals to everyone, and it excludes no one. That was their intent and it's exciting to see how things came together. *Fallen Fruit of Utah* runs through Sept. 15 at the *Salt Lake Art Center* (20 S. West Temple). For more information and to download maps of publicly accessible fruit trees in the 9th & 9th and Marmalade neighborhoods, go to slartcenter.org.

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Gallery Stroll

By Mariah Mann Mellus • mariah@slugmag.com



Businesses and galleries are fighting for a piece of the local art palette. The layout, format and even the players in Salt Lake's art scene are always changing. Change can be good, as long as you are up with the times and know where to go to find what you crave. Thanks to the powers that be (SLUG's insightful and cutting edge editorial staff) I'm happy to keep you informed of the whos, whats and why-wouldn't-yas of Salt Lake's Gallery Stroll.

Broadway Summer Stroll by the Downtown Alliance is now Artscene On Pierpont. What started last summer as an event to augment the monthly Gallery Stroll on Broadway is now moving to the historic Pierpont District at 300 W. Pierpont Ave. Artisans without a brick and mortar location downtown set up their wares in tented booths in hopes of capitalizing on street traffic and increasing the visibility of the gallery stroll. Pierpont was the place to be on Gallery Stroll before a collapsed sidewalk halted pedestrian traffic and artists vacated under the threat of month-to-month leases, but Pierpont is fighting its way back. I'm hopeful this little push will remind people of all the history and local flavor Pierpont Avenue has to offer. Amp up your Gallery Strolling with Artscene on Pierpont, happening Friday, August 19 and September 16 in correlation with the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll from 6-10 p.m.

How do you find unconventional underground art—that is, besides the fingertips of your favorite SLUG Gallery Stroll columnist? How about an art stroll

curated just for the unconventional artist? *The Black Sheep Stroll* is the renegade newcomer to *Gallery Stroll* and the brainchild of *High Life Salon* owner **Melinda Ashley**. Ashley, an artist and stylist herself, has been curating shows in *High Life Salon* since July of 2007 and wanted to expand the public opportunity to experience local art. "After three years of exhibiting art every month, we decided to take six months off and regroup and come back with a stronger presence," says Ashley. The result is *The Black Sheep Stroll*. The concept is simple: Look for the black sheep logo in windows of businesses that support the unconventional and underground artists. Think of it as a treasure hunt for the hipsters. Currently, shows are committed through November of this year. August's show features photography by **Weston Hall** on the 19 from 6-9 p.m. at the *High Life Salon* at 245 E. Broadway.

Business is good when the people cry "MORE." That's exactly why *Signed and Numbered* has opened a new and larger location at 2320 S. West Temple. Owner **Leia Bell** is thrilled with this expansion. "This new framing space provides a faster turnaround and more space for larger projects. It houses our full wood shop, so we can do all of our framing in one glorious, large space," says Bell. Bell plans to move her screen printing studio into the space and eventually begin offering workshops to the public.

Enjoy the changes, take in the new and the old, and most of all, celebrate your local art scene!

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Destroying Crowds One Bass Drum at a Time:
An Interview with

BASS DRUM OF DEATH

By Jeanette D. Moses
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Bass Drum of Death's debut LP, *GB City*, released April 12 on **Fat Possum Records**, buzzes with lo-fi guitars, heavy drumbeats and a loose garage rock style. The album has such a cohesive sound that it's hard to believe a relatively new band released it and that it was recorded in such a DIY fashion. The mastermind behind the project, **John Barrett**, played every instrument, wrote every song and recorded the entire thing solo. What started as a one-man project has since transformed into a three-piece band, featuring Barrett's friends **Colin** on drums and **Print** on second guitar. The Mississippi-based band spent their summer zig-zagging around the country, and when I spoke with Barrett, Bass Drum of Death was headed to San Francisco. Five days earlier they had played Brooklyn. The band plays Salt Lake City's *Urban Lounge* on August 25 with openers **Spell Talk** and **Max Pain & The Groovies**. By the time these road warriors land here, I'm sure they'll be playing like the well-oiled machine that they are.

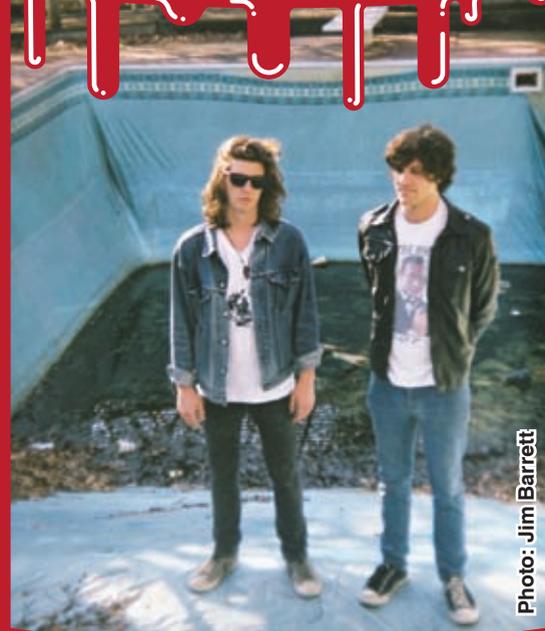


Photo: Jim Barrett

SLUG: How did Bass Drum of Death get its start?

Barrett: It has probably been three years. I just started writing songs. I was living with a roommate who just had a drum kit set up in her room. When I was there by myself, I'd just play guitar and stomp on the bass drum to keep a beat. I ended up writing some songs and then after a while I had enough songs and decided I was going to play in some bars and get some free drinks, maybe talk to some girls. It started pretty organically and from the ground up. I never had a master plan when I was kicking it off. I just kind of rolled with it.

SLUG: You recorded *GB City* all by yourself using a laptop, a drum kit, USB mics and a guitar—why did you choose to work this way?

Barrett: It's just easier that way. I didn't have to explain what I wanted it to sound like to anybody. I could just mess around until I got it right. I've kind of been doing it myself like that for years—off and on. It was the one thing I knew how to do, plugging in the USB mic—and I'm pretty familiar with GarageBand.

SLUG: How long did it take you to record the album?

Barrett: About a year. It took a long time, but I wasn't actually working on it the whole time. I wrote songs as they came to me and I would record them. Some

songs I would record six or seven times, other ones I got them right the first time. It was just a trial-and-error process.

SLUG: Why did you decide to add Colin on drums to Bass Drum of Death?

Barrett: It was one of those things that it seemed like it was time to do it. I did some touring by myself and I got looped into all this one-man band kind of stuff. Some people do it and it's really cool, but I never meant for the project to be a "look what I can do, see how many things I can do at once." I wanted to add a drummer and make it just a little bit bigger. There's a lot more energy. It lets me move around and do my thing. I'm not chained to a bass drum. It makes it more like a real show. Now we have three members, I just added a second guitar player, too. His name is Print and he is from Mississippi. I've known him for a couple of years and we play in another band together, too, called **Flight**.

SLUG: The inside of *GB City* says it is dedicated to **Peyton "Larry" Houchins** who passed away on Dec. 29, 2010. What was your relationship with Houchins?

Barrett: He did a couple of tours with me when I was just by myself. He did some alternate percussion and just jumped around like a crazy ass and helped sell merch and drive and stuff. We did a few tours a couple of years ago like that. We

were talking about him coming out once the record came out, just helping drive and being the tour manager. He was really involved. He was one of my best friends. It was really tough thing to go through. He and I were the first people that listened to *GB City* when it got mastered.

SLUG: How has the new album been received live?

Barrett: It has been really good. Some places are a lot crazier than others, but that's to be expected. It's awesome to go out on tour and have a record that's actually in stores everywhere you go. You caught me at a rough point. Over the past five days we've had five, 10-plus hour drives. I've been in the car the whole time, I'm not really thinking straight, but it's good to be traveling and seeing different places.

According to Barrett, larger cities like New York, Toronto and Chicago have been some of the most fun to play. Come out to *The Urban Lounge* on August 25 to show these Mississippi boys what Salt Lake City is all about.

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ALL OUT BALLZ OUT

By Alexander Ortega
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Photos: Peter Anderson



Cerebral Ballzy at *Urban Lounge* on June 18.

As **Cerebral Ballzy** eased into the intro of “On the Run” at *Urban Lounge* last June, you knew that front man **Honor Titus** was going to do justice to the **Dead Boys** back patch on his jean jacket. The normal, grooving, garage rock vibe that *Urban* usually hosts transmogrifies into a pissed, circle-pit hardcore show as Titus screams, “Catch me if you can! Catch me if you can! I don’t think you can!” At first, it seems hard to believe that these punk Brooklynites are opening up for the relatively more mellow **Black Lips**. As I chat with the band, though, they find nothing peculiar about the sub-genre mixing—Titus says of the Black Lips, “They’re punk as fuck. They do what they want, we do what we want.” During their first time in Salt Lake City, Cerebral Ballzy not only kills it, but vomits all over it with corrosive jams about “girls, and puking and skateboarding,” as Titus puts it. Once drummer **Abe Sanabria** throws down the beat, *Urban* is an all out party—these guys know what they’re doing. “We’ve been partying for a long time,” Titus says. When the audience lapses into a break from moshing, Titus keeps the rage going as he gesticulates a circle with his finger and urges the crowd on, saying, “Circle pit. Circle pit.” As my buddy **Brooks Hall** told me about a month before this performance, “The Black Lips have tricked all the hipsters into listening to hardcore by taking Cerebral Ballzy on tour.”

For somewhere between three and four years, Cerebral Ballzy have played shows and toured wherever a city will let them barf. At a train stop in New York City on 14th and 6th Avenue, a former friend of Titus’ dropped a slice of pizza on the tracks, hopped on down there where he

could have been hit by the subway, retrieved the slice and ate it. “I was like, ‘Man, that was ballsy,’” he says. Once he said it, the connection with cerebral palsy floated around in his head and thus, Cerebral Ballzy was born. The band has managed to maintain all original members in their current lineup. Guitarist **Jason Banny** reflects, “We were all just friends before we started playing music together. We were always partying and skating. When we started the band, we just continued doing the same shit.” As you can infer from song content like “Sk8 All Day” and their music video for “Insufficient Fare,” these guys are sure to get in some crucial skating time while on tour—guitarist **Mason James** even played the show with a broken wrist that he incurred from tearing it up in Cleveland, Ohio. He says, “It was never a plan to start a band. It was never an idea. It kind of just happened and we went with it.” Titus adds, “I can’t lie, we’re getting some pretty good tunes out of it.” Ever since, they have destroyed Brooklyn, Manhattan, and have even toured Europe and England. They’ve shared the stage with the likes of **OFF!**, **Trash Talk** and **Thrush Metal**, an all-female band whose shirt Mason wears, which features images of their vaginas.

If you haven’t heard Cerebral Ballzy, they pump out snotty hardcore in the vein of **Circle Jerks**, and early **Ciit 45**, sans the political edge. As far as their influences go, Titus says, “I’m a big Dead Boys fan. Big **Agent Orange** fan. We get **Bad Brains** comparisons a lot—I don’t think that’s really smart, just because there’s black dudes in the band.” Since July 26, everyone smelly enough has been able to get up on their ballz and pick up their first album, *Cerebral*

Ballzy, which came out on **Adult Swim**. “I think it’s going to change the face of what’s going on in music in America,” says Titus. “I think a lot of people should hear it.” Thematically, Cerebral Ballzy’s songs are simple and to the point—“We just play what we live,” says Sanabria. “It’s the soundtrack to our lives.” Although they keep their work fairly minimalist, lyrically-speaking, their songs never come across as contrived or as a rehashing of played-out topics. I mean, they haven’t reinvented punk, but you know that. In “On The Run,” when Titus bellows, “Don’t want to deal with the consequences of being young and reckless,” and about running away with only his backpack being visible as he flees, he has actually had to run away from cops, fights and what have you. There’s also major drug enthusiasm in songs like “Drug Myself Dumb” and in “Junkie For Her,” a song that aptly combines the fiending for a girl and its heroin-like addiction: “She’s bad news and I’ve got nothing to lose, so I’ve gotta choose if she’ll fall for my ruse.”

Ultimately, with no song that clocks in longer than 2:03, this album functions like a brain-squashing drug of its own. If you’re not too cool for nasty hardcore, grab this release so you can get wild and be one of “the fucking weirdos, the freaks, the junkies, idiots, the dumb kids [or] the hipsters” at their next appearance in Salt Lake. Bring them drugs, too, so they can maintain their initial impressions of our salty city: Titus says, “It seems way more open than I thought it’d be ... I thought it was going to be dudes churning butter, to be honest. Everyone seems like they know what’s up.”

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Photo: Eric Scott Russell

Stephen Chai – Keys/Vocals/
Woodwinds
Josh Dickson – Drums/
Percussion/Trumpet

Mike Sasich – Guitar/
Recording/Mastering
Weston Wulle – Bass

STEPHEN CHAI & THE NO NATION ORCHESTRA



By Andrew Roy
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Whenever I hear someone complain about the music scene in Utah, I just want to scroll through their Zune to see exactly what it is that they are looking for, because they clearly either don't like good music, or they are in a hair metal band and they are still too pissed at grunge to recognize talent. If you are one of the many good-music lovers, or if you are finally ready to cut the head off of **Whitesnake**, go chalk up Stephen Chai & The No-Nation Orchestra on your list of "Reasons Utah is a Flourishing Music-Lover's Community."

You've likely heard of at least one of the myriad of projects the members of the No-Nation Orchestra have been/are currently in. From **Laserfang**, to **Thunderfist**, to **SLAJO**, to **Righteous Audio Werks**, to the **Night Sweats**, to **Mammoth** and on and on—the No-Nation Orchestra have come together to create some ridiculously catchy, dancey, jammy, falsetto-ridden music that will get stuck in your head like a mnemonic device for at least three days after *Craft Lake City*.

The No-Nation Orchestra—a moniker they claimed only a few months ago—shouldn't be considered a new band. These are seasoned musicians, comfortable with each other's quirks and capabilities. Think of the Orchestra less as a new band, and more as a super group—and if the words "super group" made you think of **Velvet Revolver**, then I'm sorry.

The term "orchestra" generally doesn't evoke images of just four people. However, Stephen Chai and company have created just that. "The thing that makes it tough is we put so much stuff on the recording that it takes a whole bunch of people to play live," Sasich says. After listening to the track "More More More" (which can and should be listened to on *Soundcloud*), it's clear what he's talking about. Between the drums, rhythmic percussion, horn sections, vocals, bass, guitars and who knows what else, these four guys have created enough music for eleven people to play on stage. "Getting eleven people together is difficult," Chai says, which means that *Craft Lake City*, their debut gig, is that much more exciting. Lucky for us, it will be members of SLAJO that will be making the Orchestra an 11-piece when they perform live.

The No-Nation Orchestra recognizes that there is a big community of like-minded, jazz-oriented, collaborative musicians in Utah, coming from all different schools of music. "It's a lot bigger than you think. There's like one

degree of separation from you and a completely different genre," says Chai. This is the great thing about these types of projects (SLAJO, **Joshua Payne Orchestra**, etc.)—if you check these guys' Facebook pages, you'll find that they like **Gaza** and the almighty **Eagle Twin** as much as they like the **Daniel Day Trio** and the **Rubes**. Basically, these are musicians' musicians. They know good music, and they play good music.

In the wake of listening to the No-Nation Orchestra's brand of self-described afrobeat for the first time, and after Googling "afrobeat" (yeah, I know, eff me), I felt like I had just heard music cultivated over the course of weeks of practices in a room full of **Fela Kuti** posters. In actuality, the band only needed to rehearse a few times before recording, which is pretty amazing. On second listen, I realized that this is more like afro-jazz-pop-Latin-soul-Cuban-Talking Heads-doo-wop music, with a dash of **Mike Patton** in case all of that can't keep the listener excited. "I don't call it 'afrobeat,'" adds Wulle. "I call it 'albinobeat' due to the lack of afros."

On the record, which should hit the streets sometime in August, the Orchestra was "pretty straightforward, with a few solos," says Dickson. "For the live stuff we're gonna add some longer solo sections which can be improvised." This makes sense to them, given that the live show is more energetic, and a live audience can embrace a four-minute solo much more emphatically than they could while listening on iTunes.

When asked about their musical backgrounds, I got a resounding "everything" from everyone in the group. At first I thought they were kidding, but after a brief discussion about the possibility of a touring **Garth Brooks** cover band, I dropped the subject. However, it's this very diversity that makes the Orchestra such an oddly cohesive group. That, and they seem to all genuinely like each other. (Just in case they weren't kidding, keep an eye out for Stephen Chai and the Garth Brooks Trio later this year).

So, go "Like" them on Facebook, and be sure to mark *Craft Lake City* in your iCal on August 13, because on top of everything else, you won't want to miss Stephen Chai & The No-Nation Orchestra's inaugural performance. In fact, I'll give you my Zune if they don't put on a great show.



Photo: John Carlisle

Stephen Valdean – Drummer
Grant Sperry – Bass

Brenda Hattingh – Organs/
Acoustic Guitar
John Pecorelli – Guitar

RIFAMOS



By Nate Perkins
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In Caló, a dialect of Mexican border Spanish spoken by Latino street gangs in Los Angeles, the word "rifa" is something tacked onto the end of gang graffiti. It means "rules" or "controls," explains John Pecorelli, guitarist and songwriter of the band Rifamos. Pecorelli used to live in a neighborhood full of gang members, and eventually became interested in their history and culture and started doing some research.

"I heard that they were sociopathic murderers, all of them, but they were cool to me. They helped me when I had car trouble, chased away guys who were breaking in to my car," Pecorelli says.

"So *rifamos* are people who rule. Such as us," he says while the rest of the band laughs, gathered in their painted cinderblock practice space, which gives off some serious jail cell vibes. "We wanted a name that didn't really mean anything to most people."

Formerly called **Rodentia**, Rifamos includes members of **SugarTown**, **Revolver** and **Blood Poets**. They play the kind of western and surf music that could be the soundtrack to the lives of bandits and outlaws who ride through the deserts of Mexico and the American Southwest, revolutionary characters like **Pancho Villa** or **George Hayduke**. In fact, the song "Blevins" is named after one such character: **Jimmy Blevins** from **Cormac McCarthy's** 1992 novel, *All the Pretty Horses*.

The band is proud of their other influences as well, and this encyclopedic knowledge of all things cool comes through in their music. The recipe is something like this: mix together Spaghetti Westerns, 1950s monster movies and 1960s surf and garage, let it stew in its own reverb for a while and voilà. You've got a bizarre, spooky, instrumental four piece with killer chops. Imagine the epic drama of **Ennio Morricone's** "Ecstasy of Gold" mixed with fun, traditional surf in the vein of **The Chantays** or more recently **The Deoras**, throw in some **Estrus Records** bands like **The Makers** and then string it all out on that magical, hallucinogenic cactus *Lophophora williamsii*. On some songs, like "Drogas," the band drops into a sludgy, stoney daze like something you might hear from **Mondo Drag**.

"There's almost two bands in one," says drummer Stephen Valdean. "There's the heavier, riffier, sludge stuff, and then there's the tex-mex, mex-mex, stuff."

"Surf and spaghetti western songs are very similar," says Brenda Hattingh, organist, acoustic guitarist and the most recent addition to the group. "They go well together."

"Yeah," adds Valdean. "Big open spaces, big waves."

Although the band has been together for two and a half years and has a good handful of recordings posted on Facebook (facebook.com/losrifamos), they have yet to drop any sort of official release. Obvious to anyone who listens to them, Rifamos takes their songwriting seriously, but for these old college friends, the main reason they play is to enjoy themselves. Pecorelli says, "It's just fun to write songs, practice them and play out once in a while."

Their quest for fun has led to national recognition, however. Filmmaker **Clint Wardlow** has used some of their music in his documentaries and recently asked Rifamos to write a song for a horror movie that he is working on called *Cannibal Owl*, based on an old Apache legend.

"We pretty much just ripped off 'Into the Void' by **Sabbath**," says Pecorelli.

"We think we'd be good for **Quentin Tarantino** films," says bassist Grant Sperry. "Or **David Lynch**. Maybe a strip club scene."

Pecorelli says that the band's secret to their success is "as much reverb as possible, and it's still not enough."

Maybe he's right. Maybe it is the reverb, but more likely it's the weird influences and experiences that pop up in the band members' day-to-day lives. For example, Valdean works for a company that manufactures machines that monitor electromagnetic frequencies. Their main customers are the United States government and its legions of spooks—the FBI, CIA and NASA—but the devices are also popular among ghost hunters and UFO fanatics, who believe that paranormal beings emit electromagnetic waves.

Also creepy, Hattingh works as a magician's assistant, which means that she gets sawed into thirds on the reg. She also performs as a clown under the name **Boobilboo**. Like some kiddie version of **Jesus Christ**, she claims that her best trick is turning peanut butter into jelly. "I've found that what's funny to little kids is also funny for drunk adults," she says.

So not only do the members of the band know how to create some of the best western-influenced rock n' roll this far north of the Sonoran Desert, but they are experienced entertainers as well.

Rifamos will be playing at *Craft Lake City* on Saturday, Aug. 13 at *The Gallivan Center*. The only real excuse to miss their set would have to be something life threatening, like the bite of a gila monster.

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it foot, it ears



By Brian Kubarycz
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Emerging within a musical climate increasingly populated by power duos, it foot, it ears is one more local duo, but a duo with a difference. It foot consciously renounces the displays of might offered by local favorites **Eagle Twin**, a band they still greatly admire. To the contrary, it foot searches for ways to surrender power, to create music structured around states of syncope, stuttering and collapse. It foot, it ears consists of **Jason Rabb**, former guitarist of Salt Lake thrashpunk legends **The Bad Yodelers**, and Nick Foster, multi-instrumentalist/percussionist known as one half of **Palace of Buddies**. I met it foot behind *Sam Weller's*, in the American Towers plaza, a rough acre of barren concrete chosen by Rabb as a fit location for a game of marbles between both members of the band. "I think this will make talking easier," said Rabb, escorting me out of the bookstore.

Standing in the Brutalist architectural site, devoid of plant life and all color, I was struck by the blankness of the space, like a sheet of loose leaf. It felt not just empty, but aggressively so, as if deliberately withholding anything to make the body comfortable or set the eye at ease, as if designed to block writing. Nowhere to set my bag, no table to write on, I lacked my bearings. Rabb, intent on marbles, stepped into the middle of the concrete and crouched over to trace out a circle with a piece of bright blue chalk. With another minimal addition of pigment, he drew an X as a locus of action, then began laying his agates out. Rabb said, "The rule of play is knuckle-down."

My encounter with it foot would be on their terms. This controlling of the situation could have appeared inhospitable, but the band's evident curiosity about how such imposed conditions might open new possibilities made the gesture feel more playful and inclusive. Preparation, preconditions and restrictive rules are axial for the band. "Jason prepares his guitar as **John Cage** prepared the piano, fitting it with alligator clips. They rattle and buzz as he plays," Foster told me. Rabb, in turn, described Foster's kit. "It's literally a junk setup, made of found objects, old shovels and brake drums."

We discussed the ingredients combined in it foot, it ears, but it became clear that the band's method, and their achieved sound, is more fundamentally the result of subtractive than additive methods. This is hardly to say Rabb and Foster are not composers—they are, in the strict sense. The two met in the Music Composition program at the University of Utah. There, they took required courses in performance technique and analysis. "We did drills in percussion rudiments and we studied **Bach** chorales, but what really interested us was more modern music," says Foster. He says that it's only

recently he can look back on music pedagogy with some appreciation. Rabb's opinion is less ambivalent. "I hated school," he says. Still, it seems both musicians have retained from formal education an ability to use rules and restrictions creatively.

"Nick holds me to the rule of 'No Strumming'," says Rabb. By proscribing this most banal convention, it sacrifices one compositional means, and thus opens the door on a broad field of awaiting alternatives. What is true of chord patterns and progressions is also true of rhythms, tempos and melodies. The result of such exclusions, though initially stark, is a swooning, surging Mannerist sound, devoid of groove but for that very reason always squirming with anxious energy. Consequently, while Rabb and Foster, who deliberately play from sheet music during performances, name their product "chamber rock," it makes as much sense to call the work of this duo "a cappella rock," concerted madrigals with electric guitar and percussion.

To use current names, it foot sounds not unlike the clattering, thumping rumpus of **Tom Waits** and underground guitar hero **Marc Ribot**. Rather than bawling witty hawker's doggerel, as does Waits, Rabb opts for Sprechgesang, "singing" of the sort developed by expressionist composers **Arnold Schoenberg** and **Kurt Weill**. This technique refuses to fall into either full singing or mere speaking, but willfully occupies the uncanny interval between them. Conceive of such a voice, taken off the operatic stage and set down beside a campfire, and you may grasp why it foot, despite their chamber references, also call their music folk. "Academic," says Foster, "but blues, too."

This refusal to separate high and low parallels a refusal to divorce art and life. It makes sense to view Foster's penchant for tossing and serving salads during performances in such a light. For it foot, no metaphysical limit divides musical instruments from cooking tools. Against the elitist claim that appreciating true art requires some higher faculty of judgment, it foot proposes, through music and cuisine, that it's all just a matter of taste. "I prefer dark greens," says Foster. "Kale, chard, beet tops." While bands from more recognized genres may strive to be hip, funky or punishing, it foot, it ears prefers, said Foster, to be "wholesome."

it foot, it ears will perform as part of *Craft Lake City*, on Saturday, Aug. 13, at *The Gallivan Center*. Their music, as well as information on other upcoming gigs, can be found on their website: www.itfootitears.com.

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Yusef, a first-generation Pakistani engineering student, moves off-campus with a group of Muslim punks in Buffalo, NY. His new "un-orthodox" housemates introduce him to Taqwacore—a Muslim punk rock scene that only exists out west.

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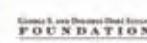




Photo: John Carlisle

Mikey Mook - Guitar/Vocals
Davey Mook - Bass/Lead Vocals

Stevie Mook - Guitar/Vocals
Robbi Mook - Drums/Vocals

THE MOOKS



By Ricky Vigil
ricky@slugmag.com

Every genre has its ups and downs, its offshoots and revivals, its evolutions and its cash-ins, but one thing is for certain: "Pop punk will never die." These are the somewhat sarcastic words of Davey Mook, (who asked me not to use that quote—sorry Davey). From **The Ramones** and **The Dickies** in the early days of punk to **The Queers** and **Screeching Weasel** in the '90s and **Teenage Bottlerocket** and **The Ergs!** in recent years, pop punk has never completely gone away. The genre provides a home for young, loud, snotty weirdos who don't mind their rebel music being filtered through **The Beach Boys**, bubblegum, comic books and shitty horror movies. The Mooks have been doing their part to keep pop punk alive in Utah since 2008, and at *Craft Lake City*, they'll unleash their firestorm of cuteness upon the masses.

The punk scene in Salt Lake has a reputation for being diverse (or splintered, depending on who you ask), so when The Mooks formed, they felt the need to fill a particular void. "When we first started we were playing ska music and wanted to sound like **The Suicide Machines**," says Stevie. "But after our first or second show, we got really into **The Steinways** and **The Ergs!** and stuff like that, and we thought, 'Oh, let's play music like this,' 'cause there really isn't any music like this in Utah."

Robbi says, "That whole resurgence of pop punk coming out of New York and New Jersey got a lot of people excited. It started coming out of lots of places all over the country, and changing a lot." The band had the Utah pop punk market cornered for more than a year, but experienced mixed reactions. "People don't like pop punk because they think they can't dance to it. You can dance to it, you can jump up and down and have fun, but people like to skank, and it's stupid," Mikey says. "Or they just wanna throw down," says Davey. The band encourages prospective dancers to learn the twist or various other dance moves featured in '50s beach movies for maximum enjoyment of their shows.

The Mooks' first album, 2009's *The Snuggle Sessions*, is firmly rooted in the late '00s East Coast pop punk style—there are even two songs that namecheck The Steinways. It's nasally, nerdy, simple and crammed with plenty of "whoa-ohs." The band became somewhat inactive when Robbi moved out of state, but recorded *Like You Like You*—on a single microphone in a basement—when he visited Salt Lake in late 2009. The band only made

18 copies of *Like You Like You*, but it can be heard on their Facebook and MySpace pages. "We'll probably include it on our discography collection in five years, *A Plethora of Musical Cockslaps*," Davey says. Just before *Craft Lake City*, The Mooks plan to record their second album. They hope to release a cassette single with an exclusive B-side and a vinyl LP sometime this fall. There's still plenty of pop punk to go around, but they cite The Ramones, '60s girls' groups and surf music as stronger influences this time around.

Seemingly at odds with the inherent silliness of pop punk, three quarters of the band are vegan and straight edge, while Mikey says, "I'm not vegan or straight edge—I'm LDS." In addition to their **Minor Threat** parody ("Straight A's") and songs that reference X-Men and Super Mario Bros., The Mooks are open to tackling somewhat more serious topics. "We have a song called 'Burn Down Burt's.' It's about punk becoming stale in Salt Lake. Once you get past 21, a lot of people just start going to Burt's shows and reminiscing about the old days rather than making things happen," Robbi says. "We tried to have a song about being atheist, but it didn't come out as naturally as we wanted it to. We always talk about trying to bring more of that stuff into our music."

Even though they've been on tour, they are staples at *The Underground* and *Boing!* and have played to a packed house at *Kilby Court* on multiple occasions. The Mooks can't help but feel nervous before shows. "If a show isn't in a basement or a garage of some kind, it's a pretty big show for us," Davey says. The prospect of playing in front of thousands of people at *Craft Lake City* is definitely intimidating, but Davey has a surefire plan to get over his jitters: "I think I might just get on stage and throw up and start crying." Robbi says, "If we just stand in the back and remember not to play ridiculously fast because we're nervous, we'll be okay." The band also looks forward to playing to a new, unfamiliar audience. "I'll be fuckin' happy not to just see the same ten people at a show," Davey says. "They might get it a little better and actually dance," Robbi says.

Catch The Mooks at *Craft Lake City* on Aug. 13 at *The Gallivan Center*. Look for their new single and album this fall, and keep an eye out for fliers announcing their annual super secret Halloween cover band show. And while you're at it, learn how to dance without looking like a goon.

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14 Sunday Brunch 11-2p	15 industry night (present sips & tips card for 1/2 off apps)	16 open mic	17 FUNK & SOUL NIGHT DJ Chase One2 DJ Godina	18 Thursday Concert Series After Party feat. Staks O'Lee MARINADE	19 PUNK & SKA feat. DJ VOL	20 Arts for Hearts Fundraiser
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Kumiko Morse

The third annual Craft Lake City on August 13 features over 180 artists—a new record for the alternative arts and crafts festival. Learn more about 10 of the artists who will be selling their handmade wares at the festival on the following five pages.

By Katie Panzer
panzerphotography@gmail.com



Photo: Katie Panzer

"I grew up in Japan and everyone learned [origami] folding when we were in preschool or kindergarten," says Kumiko Morse. After moving Stateside, she spotted origami jewelry on the Internet and thought, "Hey, I can do that." Channeling the traditions she was taught as a young child with her new-found inspiration, Morse began folding again, creating her first pieces of origami jewelry in May 2010. After a lot of experimentation, she found techniques that would allow her to turn her paper-folding skills into wearable art that is both beautiful and unique.

All of the paper that Morse uses is shipped to her from Japan. "When I get the paper, I don't get to choose which ones I get, so it's always a surprise," she says. The element of surprise is part of Morse's creative process. The variation in the papers she gets means that most of her pieces of jewelry are one-of-a-kind. Origami, in its nature, is a very delicate art form and, on its own, is not durable enough to be worn. Using a

top-secret liquid coating, she is able to make the fragile origami nearly indestructible. "I got one wet and tried to smash it and I couldn't," she says, describing the durability of her creations.

Recently, Morse began to integrate more expensive materials—such as sterling silver hardware and Swarovski crystals—into her jewelry. "I noticed that some cheap materials rust really fast, but I was worried if they were too expensive, people wouldn't buy them," she says. To satisfy both cheapskates and spendthrifts alike, Morse says she uses a range of materials so that everyone can find something pretty that's in their price range.

While Morse enjoys her craft, she doesn't see it ever becoming a full-time job. "I really enjoy folding and making this stuff. When I'm motivated I can do this all day for a week and then sometimes I don't want to do it at all, so it depends on my motivation." You may not find her creating her jewelry around the clock, but Morse definitely has a passion for her craft. Hopefully she will be gracing the crafting scene with her presence for the foreseeable future.



Photo: Max Lowe Media

By Cody Hudson
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SLC native Evan Memmott got his start in the painting and drawing program at the University of Utah, but quickly realized that his cartoonish style wasn't going to fly in the more traditional art program. After a couple of printmaking classes, Memmott realized he had found a program far more suited to his style. "In painting and drawing they want to teach you how to paint and draw this certain way, whereas in printmaking there is an emphasis on how to print correctly, but the printmaking is up to you," says Memmott. After spending late nights with his fellow students (you can't print at home without the equipment) he began to appreciate the communal aspect as well as the stylistic freedom. Memmott made some pivotal friends through the program and arranged a show for himself at *Copper Palate Press* last summer. He sold nearly every print he showed—even

managing to sell a few prints to *Copper Palate* figurehead **Cameron Bentley**. His successful show allowed him to become associated with the printmaking group, and despite not being a live-in member, Memmott

has supported the group by organizing/completing projects and helping provide supplies.

A first time *Craft Lake City* artist, Memmott's work is on the pop art end of the spectrum and heavy on appropriation—think sci-fi/comic book nerd **Andy Warhol**. Memmott's cartoon-like style of printmaking should make for an interesting and affordable booth with buttons for \$1 and prints for around \$35. "I'm not going to try and sell for a whole bunch to some kid my age who can't afford it," says Memmott.

All of Memmott's ideas start out in pen and pencil before making their way to a digital form and finally a carved press and printed form. The subject matter ranges from sci-fi stuff (including pretty sweet *Star Trek: DSN* Quark and *Star Trek: TNG* Worf masks) to his Utah history inspired work. Growing up in the Beehive state, Memmott draws much of his inspiration from the Deseret culture, with many of his prints featuring the notorious Mormon figure **Brigham Young**, whom Memmott cites as his most drawn subject. With a deep love for his home state and its small—but fierce—art scene, Memmott plans on continuing to watch and help Salt Lake City flourish artistically.



Evan Jed Memmott

By Ischa Buchanan
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Ian Prowess and **LaLa West** of Dreamland Sideshow have discovered that following their dreams is the recipe for happiness. Inspired by revolutionaries such as Jazz-singer/civil rights activist **Nina Simone** and Danish philosopher **Soren Kierkegaard**, Dreamland Sideshow generates a general sense of free-thinking, free-being and free-expression. "Be that self which one truly is," a quote by Kierkegaard used by Prowess on the *DreamlandSideshow.com* website as part of his personal bio sums it up rather nicely.

When asked who the ideal wearer of Dreamland Sideshow's couture concoctions might be, Prowess and West assure me that everyone should rock it—who doesn't need a miniature top hat in their life? In fact, the top hat is one of the foundation pieces of their collection, a favorite among the festival-loving crowds who devour their custom-made goodies, and has even been worn by the likes of **Richie Sambora** of **Bon Jovi**.

To create their fabulous fashions, they use recycled leather scraps from upholstery companies, vintage clothing and fun trinkets from old grandfather clocks to build the pieces, cutting down on the green spent to create them, as well as keeping it

green, environmentally speaking. Their line is made up of lace and ribbon decorated hats, hoods, vests and cuffs, all sorts of fabric fantasies, including some ready-to-wear clothing, as well as lots of sweet leather gear with studs, lace and anything else they can adorn these delightful pieces with.

In addition to clothing, Dreamland Sideshow also sells jewelry and glassware as part of their regular offerings, created by friends of theirs within the burgeoning art scene in SLC. "It's such an interesting environment, being so over dominated by the Mormons, it kind of creates a situation where artists clique together," says Prowess.

Help feed these fabulous starving artists by treating yourself to some retail therapy. "We've re-vamped our vending approach, just bringing out the smaller items, under \$100, lots of cute affordable stuff," says Prowess. Check out some of their goodies online at *DreamlandSideshow.com*, or, to truly adore them, come check out the real deal, in the flesh, one-of-a-kind creations at *Craft Lake City*, as well as at the *Twilight Concert Series* on Thursday nights throughout the summer.



Photo: Chad Kirkland

Dreamland Sideshow



By Gavin Hoffman
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Jorge Arellano may be best known around Salt Lake City as the frontman for the long-running punk band **All Systems Fail**, but after a very successful showing at the 2011 *Urban Arts Festival* and participating in the upcoming *Craft Lake City*, that could very well change. "I started doing stencil art with my friends," says Arellano. "At that time, we didn't have an option to do silk screening, so spray painting was the easiest thing to do, and the easiest way to spray paint on clothes was to use a stencil."

Upon moving to Salt Lake, Arellano abandoned stencil art for many years until he created a few pieces for All Systems Fail—most of which he never even showed the band. He began creating stencil art again, quite secretly, but his talent and love for the art couldn't be hidden forever. His first public showing was at the *Urban Arts Festival* in May, and he was overwhelmed at the response. "I wasn't ready for it. I took pretty much everything I had, and after only a half-day, I had sold every piece I brought."

Arellano is markedly humble about the attention given to his art. "It feels good.

Sometimes with the band, we practice for weeks or months without doing anything new, and we go home from practice and think 'Why are we doing this?' But then we play a show, and we all realize why we do the band in the first place. I feel the same way about my stencils." He still creates his art in a somewhat secretive manner—he works on single pieces for months at a time, sometimes without showing anyone.

Aesthetically, Arellano's art is an extension of his personal beliefs and his personal history. Some of his pieces are extremely stark and pointed: One in particular depicts a four-year-old girl with a look of absolute fear in her eyes and proclaims "I Could Be Illegal," which speaks to Arellano's feelings toward so-called illegal immigration. Another piece of a fourteen-year-old girl with a bandana covering her nose and mouth, and brandishing a machete, is somewhat open to interpretation. While some have remarked that Arellano's art is quite dark, there is no denying that the talent involved, and the messages conveyed, are absolutely worthy of attention.

Jorge Arellano



Photo: Sam Millanta



Tiffany Blue

By Jeanette D. Moses
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Tiffany Blue created her first pair of polymer clay earrings in the fall of 2009 after she became

disappointed by the high prices of jewelry for stretched ears in local stores. Like any girl, Blue wanted a variety of options to hang from her stretched lobes, but at approximately \$100 per pair, it just didn't seem realistic. Shortly after purchasing a pair of wood spirals for her ears, a visit to her mother's house set things in motion. "[My mom] uses polymer to make little clay figurines. One of them had a door that looked like wood. She said it was made from polymer," says Blue. After that, Blue began researching the toxicity levels of polymer and how it was certified to make sure that it would be earlobe friendly.

Blue opened her *Etsy* shop in October 2010 and has since seen her business skyrocket. "I was working my full-time job during the day and then coming home and working 8-10 hours at night," says Blue. This past June, Blue quit her day job. Blue currently focuses full-time on creating one-of-a-kind pieces for both stretched and normal-sized

lobes. Her designs run the gamut from simple spirals to decadent dangles that curl in and out in a dizzying manner. The majority of Blue's pieces fall between \$20-\$35 per pair, although Blue says a really intricate custom piece can run as much as \$85. Although the prices run lower than some other materials, Blue warns that Peach Treats are not to be stretched with. "[Polymer] is porous like wood or bone. Only people with healed lobes should wear it."

Blue's pieces can be found locally at *SLCitizen*, *Iris Body Piercing*, *Awakening Heart*, *Healing Mountain Crystal Company*, *Signed & Numbered* and *Underground Ink*. She also has portions of her line in Denver, London, New York, Chicago and New Mexico. She attributes her enormous growth to the awesome craft community in Salt Lake City. "A big part of it is just the kindness of people who live in Salt Lake City," says Blue. She cites photographer and SLUG marketing coordinator **Bethany Fischer**, *Craft Sabbath* founder **Meg Griggs** and those who have modeled for her as huge assets to her success. "They have really pushed my business and told people about me and I'm really grateful for it," says Blue.



Photo: Patiri Photography

By JP
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The married couple behind Reclaimed Wreckage, **Chris** and **Lisa Brown** are as unexpectedly unassuming as the products they salvage. When you enter their house that fact is confirmed as you're immediately struck that this is no average couple in no average home. Their home is decorated with self-done artwork. A small shelf above their laundry area is decorated with Buddhas and bamboo. Tractor tire inner tubes, bike tubes, old vinyl and random bits of plastic become malleable in their hands as the detritus is transformed into the couple's current passion: reclaimed and upcycled byproducts of industry used as material for backpacks, messenger bags, belts, guitar straps, clutches, bags, earrings, watch bands, vests, garden sunflower décor and more. "It's a little bit of everything. We basically do whatever the hell we want," Lisa says.

That is a main theme for these out-of-the-box thinkers given the impetus for the creation of their joint venture. It began with a desire for Lisa to find a durable diaper bag for their son Captain Chaos (not his given name). Lisa used to be in the same camp as other naive mothers of her generation, intent on buying store brands for their perceived reliability. "People care more about buying

something dirt cheap than they do about something that's going to ..." Lisa starts as Chris adds, "... last and actually work," and Lisa finishes, "... be quality. If I hadn't started making bags, I would have spent hundreds of dollars on bags, whereas if you invest a little more money you can get something ecologically responsible and it's going to last a lot longer," Lisa says.

Store-bought bags could not withstand Captain Chaos, so Lisa started looking to discarded byproducts as a cost-effective, durable material and solution for her own bags. A farm field near Heber still yields the sought-after tractor tubes that farmers abandon on the side of their fields, lest they immediately pay the removal fee. This is where the Browns found, and still find, reclaimable, vulcanized gold. Their bags sport rivets, satin-lined interiors and zippers. Lisa has expanded even more into upcycled vinyl product creation, as displayed by her windchime-like earrings.

If you aren't able to make it to this year's *Craft Lake City*, you will soon be able to purchase their expanded line inside of *SLCitizen* or online at reclaimedwreckage.etsy.com.



Photo: Ruby Claire

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By Chris Proctor
chrisproctor@slugmag.com



Photo: John Carlisle

While AJ Wentworth attended the *Institute for Integrative Nutrition* in New York City in 2009, he worked at a local deli and made raw chocolate bars in his spare time. "I would spend an evening making chocolate and would take it all to school and give it away. After doing that for three or four months, I started packaging it and learning how to make it look good," says Wentworth. It didn't take long for students at his school to start asking why he wasn't selling the homemade chocolate, and what started as a hobby turned into a way to make four to five hundred dollars in a weekend at school. From there it became a passion.

Wentworth started touring the country doing festivals and sourcing raw, organic and fair-trade cacao out of Ecuador. Wentworth uses an heirloom cacao bean by the name of Arriba Nacional, grown deep in the rainforests of Ecuador, completely free of any kind of hybridizing or grafting.

Wentworth sets himself apart from most chocolate makers by using honey to sweeten his chocolate as opposed to agave or high fructose corn syrup. "[Honey] is such a spiritual food in the sense that it's been used for thousands of years. It's anti-bacterial, anti-fungal, high in B vitamins, it's a longevity food," says Wentworth. "I want people to understand that they can have chocolate every day and not feel guilty about it. It's so nutritious and my products are so medicinal, and it's funny because we just think of chocolate as junk," he says.

Wentworth currently operates Chocolate Conspiracy out of a kitchen he shares with Renee's *Gluten Free Heaven*. His line of bars features five flavors: Goji (an Asian berry), Maca (a South American root), Wild Spice, Mint and Dark. In the near future, Wentworth has plans to release a premier series of 12 chocolate bars, and a specialty line of three bars featuring honey sourced entirely from local farmers.

Wentworth knows all there is to know about chocolate, and nothing gets him more excited than sharing his passion with the world. Chocolate Conspiracy is blasting away myths and misconceptions surrounding chocolate and blazing a path for high-end chocolate makers here in Utah.

3rd ANNUAL Artist CRAFT LAKE CITY

AJ Wentworth

By Mary Enge
maryenge@gmail.com

her design, "A lot of the setup process is very similar," she says.

Amanda Powell loves creating custom, one-of-a-kind pieces of artwork for her customers—but in this case she isn't referring to the tattoos she creates at *Lost Art*. Miss Amanda's Art and Such is Powell's line of purses, wallets, jewelry and small paintings carefully handmade and customized by Powell herself. Her jewelry is made of hand-tooled metal, but incorporates softer, more feminine materials such as ribbons, beads and feathers. Her handbags and wallets are a colorful collection of vintage pieces customized with tattoo-inspired acrylic paintings.

Powell's line of unique earrings also provides an alternative for those of us with stretched ears who believed that "dainty dangle earrings" were no longer an option. Powell's collection features long, feminine hanging earrings that work perfectly slipped through an eyelet or tunnel as well as similar styles for regular piercings.

Powell says that the great thing about her crafting and her tattooing is that "you're collecting artwork, but instead of hanging on your walls in a room in your house, it's on your person, so you have it with you all the time." Her work can be playful, intricately beautiful, or simply badass, but it's always one of a kind. The nature of her craft means that no design can be duplicated, and no matter what you choose, you'll walk away with a unique, artful accessory.

Stop by Powell's table at *Craft Lake City* on August 13, peruse her new *Etsy* store at *missamanda63.etsy.com*, head into *SLCitizen* or glance around her artist profile at *lostartattoo.com* to support this talented local artist.

3rd ANNUAL Artist CRAFT LAKE CITY

Amanda Powell



Photo: Katie Panzer



Colt Bowden

By Lance Saunders
info@slugmag.com

Colt Bowden's versatile artwork—whether it be a hand-painted sign, letterpress print or jigsaw linocut sculpture—has the ability to transport viewers into another world. Bowden is the designer of this month's cover and he creates what has proven to be part of a vibrant, forgotten subculture that infiltrates and eradicates the monotony of everyday life and dissolves any aspect of mechanical reproduction. Starting off by doodling as a child and then moving onto sign painting three years ago, Bowden's first piece of public work was interior/exterior design and signage for *Sammy's Café* in Provo. Bowden's assertion that he "makes things by hand," is a humble under-statement of his craft.

Originally from Magna, Utah, Bowden spent part of his childhood in Maryland and moved to Brea, California after high school to pursue skateboarding and his art. After returning from his LDS mission to Hawaii in 2007, Bowden worked on the celebrated children's television show *Yo Gabba Gabba!* and later moved back to Salt Lake City with his wife Abi in order to finish his schooling at BYU.



Photo: Sam Millianta

lengthen or shorten here

The nature of Bowden's art is time consuming and may thus seem like an anachronism in today's digitally fueled world. It is that very reason he chooses media that makes one slow down, embrace gradual methods of construction and command an attention to the integrity of skillfully crafted detail. "I own and operate a 1930s Vandercook letterpress, with which I make linocuts, wood type and hand drawn imagery. I also do a lot of folk art—train and hobo related subject matter mostly, bearded faces painted on old skateboards, 2x4s and sides of boxcars." Bowden says his art has a "Great Depression—1920s to early 1940s look, back when doing things by hand was at its peak." In a world that is now over-saturated with mechanical reproduction, Bowden gracefully resorts back to the old ways. "I read a lot of old sign painter books from the early 1900s. My great grandfather was a printer, linotype operator and type professor," says Bowden. "I suppose it runs in the family."

At *Craft Lake City*, Bowden will be selling his distinctive style of hand-painted signs, sewn paper doll art, music boxes, letterpress prints and handmade bow ties. Check out his recent works at voilapress.com.

Miss size 12

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

Bekah Long sold unique vinyl chalkboard decals at the previous *Craft Lake City* festivals, but this year she's moving forward with a new crafting venture called *Whim*. A clever acronym for "Wheels In Motion," *Whim* features handmade bicycle seat covers and tool rolls designed by Long with the help of her boyfriend, **Jon Glover**.

After a trip to Amsterdam earlier this year, Long was inspired to broaden her crafting horizons. "It's mind blowing how many bicycles were there," she says. "Because they're always on their bikes and they have leather seats, they just put shower caps or plastic bags on them. I thought [a bicycle seat cover] was something that would add pizzazz. There's a huge bike scene in Salt Lake right now, so I thought I'd take a stab at it and see if I could come up with something that would let people show their personalities a little more than they already can on their bikes."

Wanting to find a material that was waterproof, durable, inexpensive and cruelty-free, Long experimented first with oilcloth, but found it difficult to sew with. "Then I came across laminated cottons, which are still waterproof, they come in a ton of prints, they're

easy to sew and they work perfectly," she says. *Whim's* cruiser-size seat covers work much like fitted shower caps for your saddle and come in a variety of prints, though she is open to customizing. "I'm madly in love with houndstooth, I think it's the best print that's out there, but I may have something else, like polka dots, that everyone else thinks is great," she says. *Whim's* waterproof tool roll is priced well under the hundred-plus price tag that comes with a leather Brooks tool roll, and is just as handy, complete with straps to tie under your saddle or handlebars.

Plans to expand the accessories *Whim* offers are already underway—Long is currently working on a seat cover pattern to fit a Brooks saddle for fixed gears and hopes to merge *Spell It Out Designs*, her vinyl decal venture, with *Whim* for more unique bicycle accessories.

Ride on down to *Craft Lake City* on August 13 at the *Gallivan* to see *Whim* in action, and keep an eye out for the upcoming *Etsy* shop. Those interested in Long's chalkboard decals can still find them online at etsy.com/shop/spellitoutdesigns.



Photo: Katie Panzer

Bekah Long



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Product Reviews

IHSQUARED
Belt Buckle
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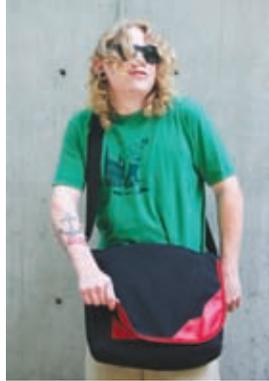


"Do you wear belts?" This was the question posed to me by a fellow SLUG staffer one sunny afternoon. "Yeah, I use them to hold my pants up," was my response. Jokes aside, I have recently become very fond of the belt buckle. I like the ability to change belts and keep the same eye-catching centerpiece perfectly positioned above my crotch. I was particularly stoked on this wooden buckle from local artist **Isaac Hastings**. IHSQUARED's latest work is a walnut and sapele base with a figured maple inlay. My first thought was "Wow, this thing is baller. I could eat sushi off it." After wearing it for a week, I was quite impressed by the craftsmanship and durability. The rear clasp is bomber and I will never fear my drawers dropping in public. You can check out Isaac's work on his website at IHSQUARED.com and at *Craft Lake City* on August 13.
—Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Velo City Bags
Pedestrian Bag
Velocitybags.com

Velo City is probably the best handmade bag company in Utah. All of designer **Nathan Larsen's** bags are made to order, so you become the co-designer. With multiple colors to choose from for each part of the bag, the possibilities are nearly endless. The outer shell is made of heavy-duty nylon and the liner is thick
44 SaltLakeUnderGround

vinyl so, short of taking it swimming, your gear is sure to remain dry. The bag I designed was the medium (14 in. wide) pedestrian. Of the many



optional extras, I opted for the interior back pocket with Velcro closure as well as interior and exterior side pockets. The back pocket fits my laptop like a glove, and with all the other pockets, I don't have to dig through the bag to find what I need. The only thing I wish I had also gotten is the shoulder pad—if you plan to pack more than an iPod, headphones and a notebook, the pad is essential. With the high quality materials and workmanship, I have faith that this bag will last me over 10 years. Velo City will be selling their wares at *Craft Lake City* starting at \$25, and they are worth every penny. Take that, Jansport!
—Eric Granato



Heavenly Sevens
Briefcase/Backpack
Preston Smith at Heavenly Sevens

has taken the hands-free convenience of a backpack and paired it with the aesthetics of a briefcase. Although an interesting idea, this briefcase/backpack hybrid serves better as a novelty than as a practical way to carry your belongings. The main drawback is the fact that you can't fit much more than a laptop and a notebook inside, and if you're riding a bike, the contents get thrown around quite a bit. The way in which the straps were attached to the briefcase is sturdy, but it seems like there wasn't much effort put towards making it look seamless. Aside from that, the briefcase looks used, like it was found at the DI, which is either a pro or a con depending on the person. If, in your book, originality pulls more weight than practicality, then this pack is a perfect fit for you. Check out his work at *Craft Lake City*.
—Chris Proctor



Sweet Kiwi Crochet
Pink Monkey Hat
Sweetkiwicrochet.etsy.com

One huge perk of being a parent is that you get to dress your kids up in crazy outfits all the time. I have most recently been glad to throw one of **Kandice Oster's** crochet hats into the clothing mix. Through her company, Sweet Kiwi Crochet, Oster sells a wide array of handmade crochet hats and beanies, which resemble monkeys, birds, bees and other designs that are great for kids. The designs are also available in a variety of colors. My daughter, **Alice**, was stoked to try on her very own monkey hat. The hat itself is comfortable and non-

restricting, while appearing to be very well crafted and durable. Alice is a big fan of the design, and often pulls the hat off to have long chats with the monkey. Oster also makes hats in adult sizes and styles as well as other accessories such as crochet beards, flower headbands, and more. Make sure to check out pictures and ordering information at SweetKiwiCrochet.Blogspot.com, and check out her booth at *Craft Lake City*.
—Ben Trentelman



Tiny Robot Factory
"I Hurted My Arm" SLUG-Bot
tinyrobotfactory.com

Since my landlord is a dick and has a "no dogs" policy (which is total bullshit ... I've seen your puggle, second floor guy), having my very own robot seemed like a pretty awesome alternative. Even though Japan is years ahead of us when it comes to creepy sex-bots, Tiny Robot Factory is way ahead of the curve in the cuteness department. Each chubby little robot is sculpted by artist Sunny Tellone from clay and wire and finished off with acrylic paint. They don't move, but since their primary functions include standing quietly and radiating love, that's totally fine. Besides, my particular model sported a grossly adorable "hurt" arm, so if he were able to move on his own I'm sure something would've taken out one of his gigantic googly eyes. These darling little bastards start at \$30, and each robot is completely unique. Throw your dog out the window and become a slave to the cuteness at *Craft Lake City*.
—Ricky Vigil

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ELECTRIFYING LATE-20S SKATEBOARDING: THE BOLTS OF THUNDER STORY

By Giuseppe Ventrella
info@slugmag.com
Photos courtesy of Bolts of Thunder

Bolts of Thunder Gone Wild is an upcoming skateboard video due to premier August 12. This video is a little different than what you would expect to see from most professional and local videos. It's not filmed in HD and there probably aren't any names you will recognize from local or national videos. What this video does have is a bunch of skateboard "lifers." People who have grown up skateboarding and moved on to having real jobs, going to college, getting married and all the adult stuff we all loathe and fear. However, everyone in this video is still skating hard and having a lot of fun doing it. Most of you whippersnappers out there better hope you're skating half as hard at the age of most of these guys. I interviewed **Jon** and **Matt Hart**, the two brothers behind this video to get the inside scoop on *Bolts of Thunder*.

SLUG: Who or what is *Bolts of Thunder*?

Jon: To answer this, we will refer you to the purpose statement on the *Bolts of Thunder* blog: "*Bolts of Thunder* is an underground movement of skaters, posers and wannabes that have come together to make skate videos, wreak havoc on the man and the war machine, and contribute nothing to the general populous of the world. But we have fun doing it." *Bolts of Thunder* is kind of like fantasy football leagues, only for skaters. We provide that magical outlet that the average working class American is so desperately searching for.

SLUG: In this day and age of large scale skate productions mostly filmed in HD, what inspires a bunch of mid-to-late twenties college students to make a full-length skate video?

Jon: We've all grown up skating, and we love to do it. Making *Bolts of Thunder* videos is no different than when we used to use our friend's

dad's VHS video camera from the '80s and made "Level 8" on our VCR. It's all about being with your friends and having fun. In our opinion, a lot of skate videos are losing the fun of it when they focus way too much on the art aspect of filming, editing and time-lapses of worms crawling on the sidewalk. Of course, people can make cool videos, but we never saw skate videos turning into these overly dramatic art projects. We'd much rather watch people skating and having fun than watch vibrating toys and cars driving on freeways in skate videos. *Bolts of Thunder* keeps its videos at the fun level and stays out of the artsy realm of skating.

SLUG: Who exactly is in the video?

Jon: The five people from the first *Bolts of Thunder* video all have full parts: **Nick Edwards (Nedward Skillet-fingers)**, **Dan Shaw (Danny Boy)**, **Dave McDonald (Dave is Gnar)**, **Matt Hart (Hartattack)** and **Jon Hart (Hartbreaker)**. We have since recruited other friends, and **David Law (no nickname, only David Law)**, **Brian Hart (Captain Ahab)**, **Weston Colton (Father ThunderBolt)**, **Sam Milianta (Slappy Sam)**, and **Garrett Taylor (Ultimate Garry)** will all have parts as well. There will also be footage of other Thunder Bolts (friends of Bolts of Thunder) that couldn't get enough footage for a full part, like **Tyson Cantrell (T-Diddy)**, **Brandon Miller (Alcohol-Free Miller Time)** and **Tyler Braithwaite**. Word on the streets is **Ammon Thompson** will make another appearance.

SLUG: Matt, I know you have done some insane grass rides ... what would you say is the gnarliest one to date?



Brian and Matt Hart. Brotherly grass ride.



Dan Shaw, rock fakie in Paris.



Matt Hart shredding at Creteil.

Matt: Maybe this one that I did a little while ago in London. It's like a 45-degree angle hill and it's pretty tall, and at the bottom of it you have to weave between these benches or else you're a goner. And the cement feels pretty hard at the bottom when you slam. So that's probably the scariest one, but I've got future plans for the hill.

SLUG: I know you took *Bolts of Thunder* international recently and filmed some stuff in France. Tell us briefly about your living conditions and experiences in Paris.

Jon: France was awesome, and we were super lucky to have good friends over there we could stay with. For Paris standards, we had a good-sized apartment for the seven of us to stay in, so that was rad. However, the little wiener dog that lived there thought it'd take advantage of having visitors, and it began to systematically psychologically break us down. It especially detected a vulnerable target in Garrett and went after him, pissing and farting on him. It eventually



Garrett Taylor, 5-0 grind.



Jon's Hands.

photo: Lauren McDonald



Dave McDonald, long 5050. Paris



Dan Shaw, Dave McDonald and Matt Hart in Paris.

drove Garrett mad and he spent the last couple days with a bottle of Febreze in his hands, compulsively spraying anything that had been outside that day. He's since fully recovered, and we're all on good terms with the dog now.

SLUG: Can you tell the story about getting in a fight with some kids in Paris?

Matt: It's the classic tale of East versus West, and the West won. This is how the West was won. These three gypsy kids tried taking Dan's stuff when we were at the Eiffel Tower. We were checking out this rail that's there, and they started grabbing at Dan's board and stuff. They were in their late teens, so they were big enough to think they were pretty tough. Of all the tourists there, I don't know why they chose to mess with us, but they apparently saw us as easy targets for theft or something. I pushed them away when they tried taking Dan's stuff. Then they

came back a minute later and were mad that we flipped them off earlier, so they started talking real tough and getting up in our faces. Jon and Dave speak French, so they were telling them in French to get out of there, we didn't want to fight. Then one of the kids, the smallest one there, tried grabbing Jon by the neck. I didn't hesitate in retaliating, and before the kid could even get his hands on Jon's neck, I grabbed him by the neck, carried him about six feet away, choked him, and slammed him on the ground. Then Jon and Dave hit one of the other kids with their boards. We could have really messed them up, but we stopped there. A cop ended up coming and beat up one of the gypsy kids. We got off with no trouble at all.

SLUG: This is the second *Bolts of Thunder* video. Can we expect it to be an epic trilogy? Is there a possibility that it will end up being a six-part series after the prequels are released twenty years down the road like *Star Wars*?

Jon: Yeah, expect to see more *Bolts of Thunder* videos in the future. We'll make them as long as our wives let us, which should be for several more years. We've always contemplated the possibility of making and releasing the prequels to the first *Bolts of Thunder* video. They are based in Yugoslavia in the '70s during the reign of **Tito**

the Dictator, and they are a three-part series. They're called *Survival of the Thunder Bolt*, *Crazy Bread* and *the Thunder Bolt Thief* and *Thunder Bolt Rapids*. When our budget is big enough and the technology exists to put our vision onto the silver screen, we'll make them.

SLUG: Who is coming up in *Bolts of Thunder*? Any hot amateurs in the video we should be keeping our eyes on?

Matt: There are really no up and comers, we're pretty much all on our way out. The average age of *Bolts of Thunder* riders is 29. We're trying to recruit a younger generation so that *Bolts of Thunder* will live on for years to come.

SLUG: How many hours of bonus footage can we expect on the DVD?

Jon: A lot. We'll have all our trailers on there, tons of other footage and whatever other random stuff we can think of. We don't put it on YouTube because we're too lazy to do that. But we put the bonus stuff on the DVD, and it's fun to watch. If you get a copy, watch the bonus features. If you want a copy, request it on our blog under the "merchandise" section.

SLUG: Will *Bolts of Thunder Gone Wild* ever be released in Blu-Ray?

Matt: I don't even know what Blu-Ray is, so we probably won't. We'll give a copy to **Chris Ray** (former *Transworld* and current DC filmer), if that's what you're talking about.

SLUG: Who do you think will have a part that will wow the audience in the new video?

Matt: Dan Shaw. Whether or not you know him now, you will know him after you see his part. Also, Dave McDonald is straight up insane. He filmed his entire part in just over two weeks. Our hat goes off to him because he just gave it everything he had for two solid weeks in Paris and killed it. David Law's part is amazing. He's such an amazing skater, he can do more tricks switch than any of us can even do regular. The only problem for us is trying to show how good he really is when we film him. His part does a pretty good job of showing how good he is.



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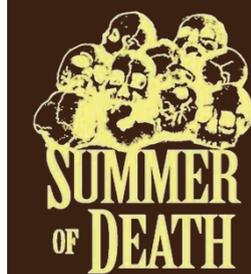
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PAJAMA

By: Chris Proctor
chrisproctor@slugmag.com

On July 16, SLUG Magazine's Summer of Death skateboard contest series celebrated its twelfth anniversary with the Pajama Jam, presented by Quiksilver and Natty Light. This year, the tradition continued at the Skate 4 Hornies warehouse and we couldn't have been more excited with the park that **Todd Ingersoll** and friends built. The main feature, which saw the majority of the action, was a mini-ramp drop into a stair set with a hubba and a handrail. It could also be hit from the opposite direction with enough speed. The rest of the course featured various rails, boxes and ledges with a four-foot quarter pipe on the far end. Up for grabs this year were skate decks and swag for all the podium skaters, and cash prizes for first place Am, second place Open and first place Open.

more than 10 skate decks via a game of Spin-the-Bottle SKATE, and generally keeping people happy with tons of other free swag.

The crowd this year may have been our most diverse to date with tons of fresh faces, young and old, showing up to skate or show their support. Our all-star cast of judges, **Jared Smith**, **Dirk Hogan** and **Panda Pauley**, had prime seating on the balcony overlooking the entire course. As the spectators shuffled into the warehouse and the music blared, it seemed the stage was set for an epic afternoon, so our MCs **Eric Hess** and **Billy Ditzig** grabbed their mics and kicked things off.

The kiddies were the first to take to the course and as usual, each tre-flip, backside flip off a ledge or feeble down a handrail landed by a 12-year-old brought me back to the realization that I will never ever be as good a skateboarder as these kids. For the Am division, **Colton Anderson** took third while brother **Caden**

Anderson snagged himself the second place spot, but it was **Jorge Martinez** who took enough risk and landed enough bolts to take first place and mountains of fame and glory.

The Open division saw a stack of new faces mixed in with some familiar ones, and neither disappointed. **Caleb Flowers**, no stranger to Summer of Death contests, showed up with some seriously stylish skating and got a lot of cheers out of the crowd. **Ozzy Henning**, emerging as one of the smoothest and most versatile skaters around, landed a slew of technical tricks down the stair set, and he made it look easy. Best Trick was a tough pick because there were so many bangers being thrown down the stair set, but it was **Noah Olson** who sacked up and landed a tre-flip 50-50 down the hubba with textbook precision to take home the trophy. Ozzy Henning received the Honorable Mention for his remarkable performance. **Taylor Mineer** snagged third place overall. **Noe Rodriguez**



Terrell Moss sticks a sick back blunt down the hubba.

Photo: Katie Panzer



360 Kick Flip

Photo: Jesse Anderson



Caleb Flowers, Wallie back lip.

Photo: Sam Millanta



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Terrell Moss backtail.

Photo: Peter Anderson



Chill Panda.

Photo: Sam Milianta



Epic creator.

Photo: Sam Milianta

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Winners of the Open division:

(L-R) Taylor Mineer, Logan Summers, Noe Rodriguez.



Winners of the AM division:

Best Trick Winner:



Noah Olson

(L-R): Colton Anderson, Jorge Martinez, Caden Anderson

came out of nowhere and killed it in the final round to take second place, and it was none other than **Logan Summers** who skated just a little bit better than everyone else to take first place, which awarded him a complete set-up, cash prize and tons of other prizes from our sponsors. Last but not least, **Israel West**, another *Summer of Death* regular, deserves a special shout out for winning the pillow fight and proving that he has no fear when faced with swinging goose feathers.

As always, we could never do this without the help of our sponsors: Quiksilver, Natty Light, Skate 4 Homies, Saga outerwear, Milosport, Salty Peaks, Annex, Blindside and Technique.

For information about our second and final skate contest of summer, visit summerofdeath.com and "Like" our Facebook page.

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Ramp Locals

on a Sunny Day in the Northwest

By: Giuseppe Ventrella



Photo: Sam Milianta

Jackhammer does a wallride at the Kingston skatepark in Kingston, Washington.

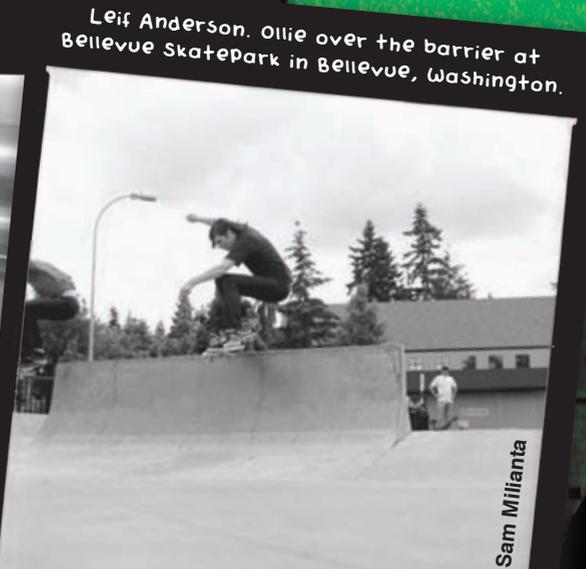


Photo: Sam Milianta

Leif Anderson. Ollie over the barrier at Bellevue Skatepark in Bellevue, Washington.

I used to think Go Skateboarding Day was a stupid holiday. For me, every day has been Go Skateboarding Day for the last 15 years. You should be able to meet up with your friends and go skate every day, not just on June 21. I also don't like the idea of having an organized event at a skate park. You can go to a skate park any day. It's a bust-free, safe spot to session any time. If you're going to make a special day for skateboarding, why not do something that you wouldn't usually do on this day?

Now that I've talked shit on every skateboarder's favorite holiday, let me just say that I really enjoy Go Skateboarding Day. I had a near death experience four years ago on Go Skateboarding Day (major surgery) and now I celebrate that day as if it were my last day to live. I still don't believe you should spend Go Skateboarding Day doing all the things you could do any day. I think it's a day to explore and have some adventures. It's a day to breathe the new life into skateboarding, not stagnate at your local skate park.

This year for Go Skateboarding Day, I decided to explore something new and head to the Northwestern United States. I had never been to Seattle, Wash. before and felt it was time to experience some new terrain. I flew in early the morning of June 21 ready to skate and have a good time.

I am lucky enough to quickly jump into a skate gang in any town I visit, and Seattle was no exception. I was inducted into the **Ramp Locals** (obscure 1980s skate reference) upon arrival. I was lucky to never experience any run-ins with our rival gang, **The Daggers**, on this trip.

One thing I learned very quickly was that everyone in Seattle has nicknames. My friend **Jackhammer** picked me up in downtown Seattle and we quickly caught a ferry to a town called Kingston. It was in Kingston that I met the locals such as **Buggs, Gringich, Gnarido, Mr. Mayor, George** and **Janderson**. All of these guys shredded this park pretty hard and it was an amazing park. It looked like it had been made by a tribe of locals who had been living in the nearby woods. It's crazy to look at the parks in the Northwest and realize that these places were actually built by a city. They seem a little too gnarly and rough around the edges to be an actual city park. Gringich gets the MVP award at this park for killing it harder than anyone on his thirty-sixth birthday.

From Kingston, we drove for about ten minutes to end up on Bainbridge Island. We made a stop at a local grocery store for barbecue supplies and headed to the local skate park. It was another amazing park surrounded by woods. The entire park was rugged

transitions with pool coping. It was definitely not an easy park to skate, but most of the guys made the best of it, including George, who did a tailslide in the medium bowl. We ended the day riding the ferry back to Seattle at night.

The amazing thing about this trip was that Go Skateboarding Day quickly became Go Skateboarding Week. Jackhammer showed me around all the local spots as well as the plethora of skate parks in the Seattle area. We ended up seeing a powerslide contest as well as a skateboard photography art show. A ramp jam and several sessions at *Innerspace*, an indoor park, also took place. I have not skated this hard since my 20s, and it was perfect weather the entire time.

By the end of the week, I found myself wondering why I always thought Go Skateboarding Day was a stupid holiday. I had finally realized that it's not a dumb holiday, it just needs to be longer than one day. I am hereby requesting that Go Skateboarding Day still begin on June 21, but shall henceforth be Go Skateboarding Week. This is a call for all skateboarders: Next year, plan a trip that begins on June 21 and get out and skate stuff. Go somewhere you've never been and meet new people. Skateboarding has the advantage of not being exclusive to one location. It's actually better when you explore new places. See you on the road!

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Beautiful Godzilla:
Baby Got Back
By **Esther Meroño**
esther@slugmag.com

This month's blog is brought to you by **Sir Mix-A-Lot** and his appreciation of fine, fat bot-tomed girls. Unfortunately, being an FBG isn't all limo back seats and baked goods. Aside from finding a pair of jeans to go over my voluptuous assets (thank the fashion gods for jeggings, right?), finding the right saddle on which to rest those back pockets has become a real ... well ... pain in the ass.

Now, a lot of cyclists will tell you that the berth of your behind doesn't matter as long as your "sit bones" are resting on the back of the saddle, supporting most of your weight so that your soft, sensitive baby making organs are free of friction. As a fat bottomed girl who has had her sit bones measured for a women's specific saddle, I'm here to tell you that's a load of bullshit, as my ass cheeks completely envelop my seat like a fat girl in a g-string, and it's about as comfortable as it sounds. Not that friction is a bad thing, but rubbing up against a hard saddle for 10 miles in the middle of summer isn't my ideal way of getting off, and it shouldn't be yours, even if it's the only self-pleasure you can indulge in without having to tell your bishop.

Aside from getting a wider seat, a few other options have been suggested to me, two of which sound both appealing and appalling: padded bicycle shorts and chamois cream. I have yet to see a plump roadie, so I'm going to assume that unless you were in the dressing room with me the day I tried on padded bike shorts, or were a part of the

unfortunate audience at the *Bike Bonanza* fashion show for which I was a model a couple of years ago, you've never seen what they look like on an FBG. I can see how they'd aesthetically benefit an ass-less woman, but what it added to my backside was quite unflattering. Basically, it looked like I'd shit myself and was just walking around with the dump in my underpants. That description will probably keep my boyfriend from touching me for a while, but hey, I've still got a hard saddle to rub up against! Of course, like most practical articles of women's clothing, padded bike shorts may look horrendous, but damn are they comfy to ride in. If there are any other women out there who want to sport these, sweat pants, boob tubes and terry cloth robes around town with me, I could definitely use the support in making comfort fashion friendly.

As for the chamois cream, well ... lube does make for a slippery good time. I can see how schmearing the stuff all over your parts prevents saddle herpes and chafing on long rides, but there doesn't seem to be much of a point for an urban cyclist such as I, who spends most of their saddle time riding around downtown and only has to bike about a mile to get to the *SLUG* HQ (and *SLUG* already makes me sooo wet.)

It seems that my best option is to head down to one of my favorite bike shops and take a few saddles out for a test ride. Chances are I'll have to sacrifice aesthetic for comfort, but this time I won't settle: It takes a special kind of saddle to appreciate and satisfy an FBG.

Books Aloud

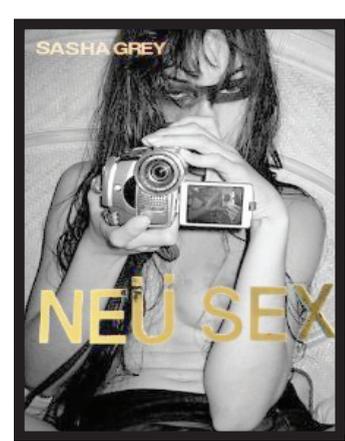
The Hurricane Lamp: poems.

Sundin Richards
Otis Nebula Press
Street: 04.05

Sundin Richards is many things to many people—a beautiful boy genius and a promise gone to seed. He is also a substantially talented poet, as his new book demonstrates. *The Hurricane Lamp*, as its name suggests, is both sentimental and antique. In illuminating, it darkens—written here in easy central-casting conceits of **Tom Waits**, and here in the surprising turns of later **Robert Creeley**. These short lines are free from the responsibility of the moderns and the existentialist desires of the confessionalists, but like them here is a reaction to western romanticism, fist-throwing and rambunctious. Richards uses his pages as coy confession, obliquely and without actually enumerating experiences or making accusations at any particular person or event. This is a book of sorrows and ecstatic yelps. Sometimes the spitty bluster of the late **Pound** is echoed, its fury and confusion as to how "It wrecks the / heart in its / chamber," is followed with soap opera logic: "That's high on my/ tough shit-o-meter/ so belly up and order," At its very best the stanzas are inscrutable and satisfying like sushi. Richards' command of the lowbrow word in the service of a moment's epiphany is mind-tasty in a **David Foster Wallace** way. A bar-room poet, **Caliban**-like, he translates gold light and black clouds from the sky of imagination onto paper, for you. —*Duncan Shroud*

varieties of cupcakes by only slightly tweaking a few master recipes. It also includes tips on why certain ingredients will work better than others (I had no idea that the acidity of cheap cocoa would prevent a good rise). It encourages the reader to bake in small soufflé cups, eliminating the need for special baking pans and making cleanup a snap. In all, this is a fantastic and gorgeously photographed book (photos by **Zac Williams**) that will allow you to litter your next dinner party dessert table with several dozen varieties of mini gourmet cupcakes. Just don't try to open a shop afterwards. —*James Bennett*

NEÜ SEX



Sasha Grey
VICE Books
Street: 03.29

In our *American Idol*-centric society, everyone wants to be famous. Internet media and the ability to access anything, anywhere have only fueled our lust for notoriety. Composing a book of photos of yourself scantily clad is an obvious choice for any porn star looking for a little extra fame. Sasha Grey has done just that in the new book/photojournal *NEÜ SEX*, and she has done it quite well. Filled to the brim with photos taken by herself and her fiancé, the photos reveal a little more about Grey than just the usual penetration expected from a porn star. Along with the plethora of photos, there are a few short stories littered throughout, covering a range of things from life, society's beliefs and yes, sexuality. This is one of those books that I recommend checking out for a glimpse into the more personal side of someone in such a gritty industry. At the very least, it makes for a great conversation starter as a coffee table book, or I guess if you had nothing else to do, you could use the photos within as some spank bank material. Either/or, it's still worth a look. —*Alpha Braith*

Mini Cupcakes

Leslie Fiet
Gibbs Smith
Street: 03.01

Miniature cupcakes have really caught fire in Utah over the last few years, partly because Utahns have an incredible sweet tooth and partly because it's hard to feel guilty about eating such a tiny dessert. But trend or no trend, mini cupcakes are awesome. It is even more awesome, then, that Leslie Fiet was able to distill the brilliance of her commercial miniature cupcake empire into a handy, if slightly undersized, cookbook. Fiet is the owner of **Mini's Cupcakes** in Salt Lake City—the first bakery in Utah to specialize in gourmet cupcakes. Many other shops have popped up since hers, and very few of them have been able to stick around. This cookbook gives us some insight into why her bakery has so much staying power. Not only does the book walk us through the steps of crafting truly gourmet desserts, it also allows the reader to create many stunning

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Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

I can't believe how quickly summer has blazed by—it's either the amount of fine beer that has been pumping through the beer shelves (and our veins), or it's global warming's refusal to give us decent summer weather. I'll take the former on that one. The craft beer scene in Salt Lake has made a significant dent in the big guys and is on the cusp of doing even more damage. Thanks to our Utah brewers for keeping our palates entertained with a selection of styles. Raise your glass to each other and enjoy this high-point lineup for what is left of the summer heat.

Big Cottonwood Amber Ale
Brewery/Brand: Utah Brewers Cooperative/Squatters
ABV: 5.75%
Serving: 12 oz Bottle

Description: This newest member to the Utah beer lineup pours a crystal clear amber color with a light-tan head. The aroma is a balanced bread/caramel malt character with a firm piney American hop kick. The flavor is citrus forward and finishes on the palate with caramel and more hops.

Overview: This is yet another fine Squatters Pub crafted beer that has gotten enough of a crowd following to make it into the regular lineup of the Utah Brewers Cooperative. The original recipe came from the Squatters Emigration Amber Ale, a pub regular, before being beefed up in alcohol and with a bit heavier hopping regimen. This is an ideal summer drink for the hop heads who want a well-rounded amber.

Hop Syndrome Lager
Brewery/Brand: Epic

Brewing Co.
ABV: 4.5%
Serving: 22 oz Bottle
Description: Off the crystal clear pour, this lager puts off a small white head and aromas of light toasted malt, lemon hops and sweet honey. The taste is smooth with very clean, bready malts and finishes off with a light grassy pine hop finish.

Overview: The newest addition to the Exponential Series, the Hop Syndrome is a hopped-up lager using a newer "high alpha" (really bitter) Calypso hop that has recently hit the market. While this may sound unpleasant to the light-beer consumer, these hops are well balanced and add a pleasant characteristic to the beer. Fret not, Natty sippers—sack up, and drink a beer that comes in a manly bottle.

Summerset Saison
Brewery/Brand: Hoppers Grill & Brewery
ABV: 7.4%

Serving: 750ml Bottle
Description: This saison comes out of the bottle honey/gold in color with a nice frothy white head. The aroma is a complex blend of yeasty spices, citrus hops and bright fruit. The flavor leads to balanced malts, spices, fresh fruit characters and an all-around mellow hop character.

Overview: I've never really offered myself to another man, other than Michael Landon and Steve McQueen, but Donovan Steele, with brewing skills like this, just made me switch teams. The saison yeast is known in the industry to be one of the hardest yeasts to handle, but Hoppers' Head Brewer Steele has put his yeast-handling skills to the test and won. This is my new favorite of the year. Cheers.



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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,
What does it feel like to enforce laws that you personally consider immoral? If the law called for you to stop black people from drinking at "white" drinking fountains, would you enforce it?
Sincerely, skeptical of your entire institution—Mike Abu

Dear M.A.
Define "immoral." Your morality and mine, I guarantee, are two different things.

Like, I find the idea of an adult male desiring sexual intercourse with a 7-year-old boy or girl to be so appalling and evil that I think offenders can never be rehabilitated and should be incarcerated forever, or, honestly, just done away with. People who collect and distribute pictures of child/adult sex acts are pretty much the lowest form of shit to me and so totally evil I don't really comprehend or accept the practice's existence. I would not work those cases. I couldn't. If I did, you'd be even more skeptical of my institution, but I guarantee you'd pay a hell of a lot less in jail taxes. You know, fewer freaks to incarcerate.

Regardless of how immoral or evil I think it is, there are those who don't agree with me. Just this last year, the Pope in his Christmas address to the world provided a hint of his feelings on the subject. He said pedophilia wasn't really considered an "absolute evil" as recently as the 1970s. He also suggested that child pornography is more and more considered "normal" by our society. Seriously? The leader of one of the world's largest religions thinks it's becoming "normal" for adults to look at pictures of small children engaged in sex acts?

Sorry, he and I differ 180 degrees. I again ask you to define "immorality." If you're asking about enforcing laws I consider as bad law, that's a different issue. If you're asking about me enforcing laws that would make me a hypocrite, that's another issue.

I'd like to think I'm not a hypocrite by not writing speeding tickets. Do I stop people for speeding? Sure. It's reasonable suspicion which then allows me to contact them and determine if they have warrants, illicit narcotics, guns, maybe drank the wrong water—all the bad stuff. I speed too much, even in my POV. So, I don't write speeding tickets. I make sure the person isn't a wanted felon with a gun or getting ready to sell your kid an ounce or take naked pictures of them, and I tell them to buckle up and drive carefully. Say it's 3 a.m., only car on the road, and I watch it run a red light. I stop them to make sure they're not DUI, and then I thank them for being careful when they went through the intersection. At least they stopped.

Felony crimes or domestic violence crimes, cops have little discretion and generally arrest people. However, there are many crimes in the misdemeanor category where cops have a lot of leeway. For example, fornication. No cop ever seriously enforces this law. Utah code says - Fornication (76-7-104)

- (1) Any unmarried person who shall voluntarily engage in sexual intercourse with another is guilty of fornication.
- (2) Fornication is a class B misdemeanor.

Cops are some of the biggest fornicating-law-breaking fuckers out there. If we tried to arrest people for gettin' busy, our hypocrisy would make me just as skeptical of my institution as you are.

You bring up a very good point, though. Think about how hypocritical your state Legislature is here in Utah for even enacting this law or leaving it on the books. Tell me all of them don't have a piece of ass on the side, and if you nail someone other than your spouse, the punishment is even worse.

I'll tell you who never violates this law: polygamists. Dude wants that nice piece of ass down the road? Just marry her. If she's a child, though, make sure you have her parents' permission. That makes it all okay.

I doubt you can find an "immoral" law in this country anymore. Class is so protected now that all the laws as you describe them have been gone for years. -Cop

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Movie Reviews

Beats, Rhymes & Life: The Travels of A Tribe Called Quest

Sony Pictures Classics
In Theaters: 08.12

Beats, Rhymes & Life serves as a comprehensive look at one of the most influential hip hop groups to come out of the East Coast. The film traces A Tribe Called Quest from their roots in Queens, through the creation of their five albums and to their eventual and unexpected breakup in 1998. Longtime fan and first-time filmmaker, **Michael Rapaport**, joined the band during their 2008 reunion tour on Rock the Bells. Despite not having recorded any new material in the last decade, the group played to sold-out crowds across the country and their fan base continues to grow. Rapaport weaves together archival footage, present day interviews with group members and live performances from the 2008 tour to create a story that exposes the inner turmoil that led to the band's initial breakup and the unresolved personal conflicts that continue to plague their members. At times the film comes off in the vein of the Metallica documentary *Some Kind of Monster*—making long-time friends **Phife Dawg** and **Q-Tip** seem like dysfunctional men with overly large egos. After an argument breaks out on tour between the two, you wonder if they're pushing forward for the wrong reasons—a sentiment that is reiterated when members of **De La Soul** state that they hope the 2008 performances are the last for A Tribe Called Quest. Regardless, *Beats, Rhymes & Life* successfully captures the intensity and energy of one of the most innovative hip hop groups of an era. —*Jeanette D. Moses*

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 2

Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 07.15

The last two installments of the Harry Potter franchise have been nothing but expository build up to a grand finale encounter. So, after having sat through over five hours of explanatory conversations and intensified teasers, the call for an impressive conclusion has never been in such high demand. In the final chapter, Harry (**Daniel Radcliffe**) and his band of magical misfits must avoid capture and certain death from Lord Voldemort (**Ralph Fiennes**) as they seek to discover and destroy the hidden horcruxes that provide the evil sorcerer with the gift of immortality. Director **David Yates** skillfully stays consistent with

58 SaltLakeUnderGround



the dismal tone established in the previous endeavors, yet adds a heightened level of severity that actually makes viewers fear for the characters' safety. From beginning to end, Yates takes the audience on a non-stop thrill ride that begins with a bank vault heist and ends with a magnificent battle for Hogwarts that would make **Peter Jackson** smile. It has been an exciting decade-long journey watching Radcliffe, along with his series co-stars (**Rupert Grint** and **Emma Watson**), mature from adolescent newcomers into seasoned actors capable of carrying one of the biggest film franchises ever, and their final portrayal as **J.K. Rowling's** creations certainly delivers. The only unappealing aspect comes in the film's final moments when viewers are given a glimpse of their beloved characters 19 years into the future. Rather than using the brilliant CGI utilized throughout the rest of the film to properly age the cast, shoddy make-up and gray streaks in their hair is the outcome. It's definitely not the final bow one would hope for, but it doesn't disrupt the film's overall achievement. —*Jimmy Martin*

Horrible Bosses

New Line Cinema
In Theaters: 07.08

If you've ever had a job working in the "real world," you can probably recall at least one supervisor who was arrogant, unreasonable, sexist or possibly a flat-out drug addict. In **Seth Gordon's** homage to **Alfred Hitchcock's** *Strangers on a Train* and **Danny DeVito's** *Throw Momma from the Train*, three friends find themselves stuck in unappreciated positions with the most revolting bosses imaginable. **Jason Bateman** stars as a workaholic desperately seeking a promotion from his demonic supervisor (**Kevin Spacey**), but soon discovers it'll never happen, no matter

the number of hours worked or family funerals missed. The multiple sexual harassment encounters **Charlie Day** endures as a dental assistant from his sexually-aggressive employer (**Jennifer Aniston**) may not seem traumatizing to most, but Day's abilities to conjure up awkwardness between the two certainly says otherwise. Finally, **Jason Sudeikis** actually adores working for **Donald Sutherland**, but when the old-timer croaks, the company is left to his immature cokehead son (**Colin Farrell**). The three self-proclaimed victims determine their lives would be better after the deaths of their bosses, and a devious plan is launched with the help of an ex-con (**Jamie Foxx**). While it may be hard to root for three protagonists about to commit murder, the charisma and brotherly chemistry offered by the trio is enough for audiences to forgive the impending criminal acts. Bateman (the straight man), Sudeikis (the pervert) and Day (the loon) all do well at playing roles they've perfected, but it's the supporting cast who take a step outside their comfort zones who add the special ingredient required to make the film memorable. While witnessing Farrell as a balding junkie who takes pleasure in being as offensive as possible is devilishly delightful, it only enhances the raunchy filth excreted from Aniston's mouth. —*Jimmy Martin*

Larry Crowne

Universal
In Theaters: 07.01

It may be unusual for a film about two middle-aged loners searching for love to be released amongst the crowd of battling wizards, flying gods and World War II super soldiers, but it's actually a refreshing twist to the summer mix. **Tom Hanks** stars as Larry Crowne, a former Navy cook turned department store employee who is laid off when his company learns that he never earned a college degree and therefore cannot progress up the corporate ladder (a violation of company policy). Rather than searching for a similar job, he enrolls in community college to better his life, but finds more than an education in his charismatic speech professor (**Julia Roberts**) who's had enough with her porn-addicted husband and handles the abysmal situation with a glass of scotch. With the help of his trendy classmates, Larry discovers not only a fresh perspective on fashion, but a new outlook on life as well. Hanks (acting as director and writer) achieves what was thought to be impossible and revives the dormant charm and likeability Roberts hasn't showcased in years, but

it's the never-ending (sometimes a tad overboard) charisma Hanks excretes that makes the film even more pleasurable. Sure, the pairing of America's sweethearts is sweet enough to make anyone an instant diabetic, but it's enjoyable to witness the artists do what they do best. As for story, Hanks has crafted a simple independent project that most likely wouldn't voyage far beyond the festival circuit because it's a romantic plot that's been made before, but no one can blame the guy for using his celebrity-status to generate a movie he wanted to make. —*Jimmy Martin*

Transformers: Dark of the Moon

Paramount
In Theaters: 06.29

It's hard to be excited for the third (and hopefully final) chapter to **Michael Bay's** vision of the 1980s toy franchise, especially since that last project was such an abomination, the director himself apologized for the blunder and promised to rectify the situation. Was the master of "Drool Cinema" capable of mending the millions of shattered dreams he left behind? Nope! Unbeknownst to the general public, the Space Race in the 1960s was not only a mission to be the first humans to reach the moon, but to also be the first humans to explore an alien crash site that contained a weapon crafted by the mechanical human-allies, the Autobots. Over 40 years later, the secret is revealed and the evil Decepticons have made their final stance to obtain the weapon, annihilate the human race and eliminate the Autobots once and for all. Once again, Bay has neglected to produce a *Transformers* flick that largely focuses on the one thing moviegoers want to see ... fighting robots! Granted, the final 25 minutes incorporates robots punching each other, but when it takes 130 minutes of drivel dialogue, **John Malkovich's** worst performance to date and a mind-numbing romantic triangle plot between **Shia LaBeouf**, Victoria's Secret model **Rosie Huntington-Whiteley** and **Patrick Dempsey**, it's simply unacceptable. LaBeouf delivers the same sarcasm he is known and adored for, but Huntington-Whiteley offers nothing more than a delectable ass-shot every now and again, which is exactly how Bay introduces her character. Since it took Bay a year to apologize for the disgrace that was 2009's *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen*, I expect another apology next summer for this all-star blunder. —*Jimmy Martin*

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CD Reviews

All Shall Perish
This is Where It Ends
Nuclear Blast
Street: 07.26
**All Shall Perish = Job For A
 Cowboy + Black Dahlia Murder
 + serious groove**



All Shall Perish fans have been on pins and needles ever since hearing of the departure of guitarist **Chris Storey** and his writing prowess. But I bid you rejoice, fans: *This Is Where It Ends* gives us everything the band has mastered, and while it's not the progressive leap of its predecessor, it's just as addicting. "Procession of Ashes" has signature dark melody and drums like machine-gun fire, blending seamlessly with multilayered, chanting vocals and speed-picking. "Spineless" is fast enough to break necks, and drummer **Adam Pierce** can keep up with shredding guitars and continues to impress. "The Past Will Haunt Us Both" has a seriously catchy riff, wonderful use of layered screaming in the breakdown, and a tension-building structure. "In This Life of Pain" is the opus, with half the song dedicated to a heart-shredding piano interlude, thick with darkness, before it explodes into blast beats and one of the best solos on the album. There are hardly any clean vocals compared with *Dreamers*, except as occasional background harmony. New guitarist **Francesco Artusato** was a great find with his technical and yet classical influence; in particular, **Hernan Hermida's** vocal grooves blend excellently with his style. This album was absolutely worth the hype—and the wait.
 —Megan Kennedy

Big D & the Kids Table
For the Damned, the Dumb and the Delirious
SideOneDummy
Street: 07.05
**Big D = Suicide Machines +
 Mighty Mighty Bosstones +
 Dropkick Murphys**

It's hard to maintain interest in a genre as stagnant as ska (or maybe I'm just old and out of the loop), but these Boston boys have never let me down. After the weird ska-punk-bubble-soul of 2009's *Fluent in Stroll* and the heavy reggae style of 2007's *Strictly Rude*, *For the Damned* has been touted as a return to the band's punk rock roots. More than just that, this album is a showcase of everything that Big D does well. There's seriously something here for every kind of Big D fan: energetic skankers for the kids ("Clothes Off"), Boston bar punk ("Best of Them All"), slow-rolling mutant reggae ("Roxbury") and thrashy ragers ("Brain's-a-Bomb"). Vocalist **David McWane's** relaxed delivery sounds like a less mumbly version of **Tim Armstrong's** signature drawl and the horns are strong but never overwhelming. More than just ska and more than just punk, Big D and the Kids Table are at the top of their game with *For the Damned, the Dumb and the Delirious*. (*Utah State Fairpark: 08.06*) —Ricky Vigil

Cerebral Ballzy
S/T
Adult Swim
Street: 07.26
**Cerebral Ballzy = Circle Jerks
 + early Clit 45 + Black Flag +
 Dead Boys**

As they pounded through Salt Lake last June, Cerebral Ballzy planted this nasty, '80s hardcore-styled stink bomb that's ready to give you an ear infection. This self-titled release harks back to the caustic **Keith Morris** days of Black Flag with songs about skating and doing drugs. Vocalist **Honor Titus** shouts simple, catchy choruses that will get stuck in your head, such as "Office Rocker! Office Rocker!" (if you say it aloud, you can catch the pun). In terms of instrumentation, the guitarists stick to the tried and true method of strumming power chords as ferociously as possible while drummer

Abe Sanabria alternates between minimal rock beats and fast motherfucking D-beats. The guitarists will throw in a simple lead or two, like in the opener "On The Run" and "Don't Look My Way," but nothing too fancy. If you want a good soundtrack to drink Kamchatka and skate to, pick this up and mack on some broads.
 —Alexander Ortega

City of Ships
Minor World
Translation Loss/Sound Study
Street: 07.19
**City of Ships = ... Trail of Dead +
 Burning Brides + Dredg**

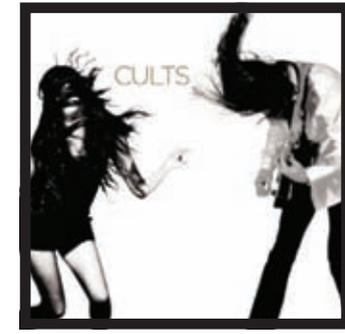
There's more than enough interesting alt-fuzz-rock on *Minor World* to keep both the shoegaze-indie gals and the heavy-rock guys happy. "Clotilde" opens the album honorably, with melodic hooks, big guitars and intelligent ambience. After my first listen, I wanted to classify this album as another attempt to rewrite **Far's** *Water & Solutions*, but this really isn't the case. Contemporary bands seem to be more and more afraid of juxtaposing quiet songs with loud songs these days, worried that people will just skip one or the other. But City of Ships does well finding a palatable balance, or palatalance, on *Minor World*. There are certainly moments of unnecessary, borderline whiney musicianship, but City of Ships navigates around these emo whirlpools skillfully. One could mosh to the aggressive "Tantric Engineer," then step side-to-side, head down, holding hands with that significant other to "Darkness at Noon." It's a pleasant surprise. —Andrew Roy

Crystal Antlers
Two-Way Mirror
Recreation Ltd.
Street: 07.12
**Crystal Antlers = Les Savy Fav
 + Comets On Fire + Flamin'
 Groovies**

Crystal Antlers have always shown a lot of promise and have really had an exciting buzz about them since they formed in 2006, having the explosive energy to be a serious psych-rock contender for the long term. With this album, they come really close, but still manage to miss the mark. The fact that they soldier on with a revolving

door of lineup changes doesn't help solidify their messy sound (vocalist/bassist **Jonny Bell** is the only original member). They open up this album with a hard, fast rock number full of circus-style keys, not really exemplary of their sound, which feels like a mis-step. However, while it feels like they stumble out of the gate, they really hit their fuzzy stride after a few songs, and really seem earnest about showing their range with songs like "Fortune Telling," a beautifully done melodic piece, and "Knee Deep." I suggest skipping to track No. 3, "Summer Solstice," and playing through to the end. Still expecting great things from this band. —Mary Houdini

Cults
S/T
Columbia
Street: 06.07
**Cults = Love Like Fire + Neko
 Case + Fiery Furnaces**



There's something really innocent and satisfying about Cults' major-label self-titled release. **Brian Oblivion** and **Madeline Follin** seamlessly use drum loops, glockenspiel, synths and electric guitars to create a sound that is at once a '60s pop throwback and a modern-day dance party playlist contender. "Go Outside," a track that blew up on the Internet last year, is infectious, insanely danceable and sweeter than poisoned Kool-Aid. All that sugar doesn't always spill over into the lyrical content, though. While Follin's voice is flitting over the songs like a child playing hopscotch, her themes are sometimes heartbreaking, depressing and as dark as the band's namesake. —CG

Earth Crisis *Neutralize the Threat*

Century Media

Street: 07.12

Earth Crisis = Earth Crisis



The Syracuse straight-edge warriors are back with their second release in the past two years, and what's old is new again, and what's new is being mimicked by the old on their latest record. There are moments of *Neutralize* that are reminiscent of *Gomorrhah's Season Ends*, in either the sound or the way that album branched out musically from genre tropes. Unfortunately, more of the record feels like a rehash of derivative metalcore from the present and falls squarely in mediocre territory. Credit should be given where credit is due, and Earth Crisis, particularly **Karl Buechner's** lyrical content, hasn't strayed far from their bread and Earth Balance butter. However, in the post-'90s world, Earth Crisis seem to be playing a caricature of themselves. Political ideas grow and change with wisdom, but it seems like Earth Crisis is stuck in the cartoonish politics that informed their releases from over a decade ago. *Neutralize the Threat* is not a stinker—it hits hard at times, but it's not the fist-pumping, thought-provoking treatise that it could have been, either. —Peter Fryer

Helms Alee *Weatherhead*

Hydra Head Records

Street: 06.21

Helms Alee = Kylea + Melissa

Auf der Maur + Botch

Helms Alee is the kind of metal band that makes you think, "Jeez, there really are a ton of solid, original bands



I've never heard of out there." This album really is like a big math rock musical about a metal band. Helms Alee is the brainchild of **Ben Verellen (These Arms Are Snakes, Verellen Amplifiers)**. You want to talk smart metal? Tracks like "Elbow Grease" and "8/16" are demonstrations of Helms Alee's diverse taste: from straightforward, hard-hitting gut-metal, to lessons in rhythmic rock. *Weatherhead* offers plenty of breaks for your ears as well. "Music Box" and "Anemone of the Wound" both set a mood worthy of any long drive up the canyon at sunset. Repetitive, calming instrumentation is only good for so long, and Helms Alee knows that. Whether it's loud, quiet, or somewhere in between, they understand how to keep the music fresh. Here's a solid, original band you've now heard of. —Andrew Roy

I Set My Friends on Fire

Astral Rejection

Epitaph

Street: 06.21

I Set My Friends on Fire =
From First to Last + Hawthorne
Heights + Enter Shikari

I Set My Friends on Fire are a bastard, snotty, spazzed-out version of **Refused**, continuing the trend of mixing techno beats with hardcore that began with 1998's *The Shape of Punk to Come*. Now, ISMFOF are nowhere near as good as Refused, but they are pretty good. They have a knack for making every song original enough to not blend in with the next track, and their use of electronics mixed with fast metalcore on songs "Infinite Suck" and "Excite Dyke" are top notch. They also do well when things are slowed down, and track six, "Developer, the Horn" shows the band's clean and atmospheric side. Based on the 11 tracks of *Astral Rejection*, I think this just might be the real shape of punk to come. (*Utah State Fairpark: 08.06*) —Jon Robertson

Jeff the Brotherhood *We Are the Champions*

We Are the Champions

Infinity Cat Recordings

Street: 06.21

Jeff The Brotherhood = early
Kings of Leon + Descendents +
Beautiful New Born Children

There's nothing complex about Jeff The Brotherhood or their new album, *We Are The Champions*. But that's not just a good thing—it's fantastic. This is pure, American garage rock, no matter what anybody says. It's not studio polished or auto tuned, nor is it pensive. It's just loud, fast, blues-and-punk-informed electric guitar over tight drumming. Made up of two brothers (neither of whom is named Jeff) and based in Nashville, the best part of this record is



how natural it feels. It's like the **Black Keys** made a snotty teenage punk album or the Beautiful New Born Children slowed things down occasionally. These guys seem to be totally at home in the material and never try to make it more than it needs to be. My favorites so far are "Shredder," the lazy cruiser "Diamond Way" and the sing-along "Wastoid Girl." I hear they destroy live, too. —Rio Connelly

Larry and His Flask *All That We Know*

Silver Sprocket

Street: 06.21

Larry and His Flask = Old Man
Markley + Mumford & Sons +
Legendary Shack Shakers + Pine
Hill Haints

Rootsy, bluesy, smart and rockin'—four nicer things to say about a record I couldn't come up with. "When the time has come to take my last breath, I hope I don't die in no hospital bed." Lyrics like that give *All that We Know* this incredible feeling, like this was the band's last shot at recording an album, so they just went all out. However, they created such an amazing and eclectic record—the point is that they did just that, with each track as good as or better than the previous, and each having its own personality. The even stream from bluegrass to jazz to punk, and so much more, challenges the listener to accept that, no matter what you call it, this is perfectly crafted music. With radiant vocal harmonies, versatile, searing guitar and rhythms that span from jaunty to haunting and banjo to spare, this Oregon combo has my jaw dropped by their skilled playing and creativity that is rarely my privilege to hear. This band may be the sole reason for me buying a *Warped Tour* ticket this year. (*Utah State Fairpark: 08.06*) —James Orme

Las Kellies S/T

Fire Records

Street: 07.05

Las Kellies = Delta 5 + Lizzy
Mercier Descloux + The
Raincoats

Overlook the memo mentioning the all-girl, post-punk-garage-revival brewing in Latin America? Lucky for us, the

ladies of Las Kellies are here to bring the States up to speed. Las Kellies are three ass-kicking Argentinean ladies, **Ceci Kelly, Betty Kelly & Sil Kelly**, channeling the spirits of **Ari Up (The Slits)** and **Poly Styrene (X-Ray Spex)** on their self-titled third effort. The trio even hired The Slits', *Cut* producer, **Dennis "Blackbeard" Bovell**, and the result is a stunning album of fast-paced minimal rhythm. "Prince In Blue" leaps into action with Delta 5-esque basslines and Slits-y attitude. "Keep the Horse" and "Bling Bling" are drenched in **Gang Of Four**-esque guitar jolts combined with **Cibo Matto's** vocal stylings. The ladies have done their homework, covering **ESG's** "Erase You" flawlessly and do their best **B-52s** impression on the instrumental "Cous Cous," which would fit perfectly sandwiched between "Planet Claire" and "Rock Lobster." —Courtney Blair

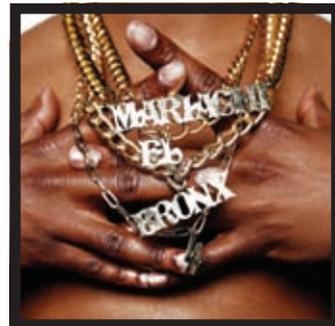
Mariachi El Bronx *Mariachi El Bronx II*

ATO Records

Street: 08.02

Mariachi El Bronx = Mariachi +
The Bronx

I'm almost convinced that this band cannot get any better than they are



on this album. This is a pretty bold statement, I'm aware, but when the album starts with a song about "Four different lovers and 48 roses, I need a confessional that never closes," it's obvious that they know what the fuck they are doing. It blows my mind that the guy crooning into the mic with strings, trumpets and accordion backing him up is the same guy shredding eardrums in The Bronx. As The Bronx, they are black band T-shirt-clad hardcore kids, and as Mariachi El Bronx, they look stunner-hot in traditional mariachi getup—black, of course. There is absolutely nothing bad about this album. There is an instrumental song with occasional whoops and hollers entitled "Mariachi El Bronx," and "Map Of The World," a song for the ladies, rules as well. The album slows down (as much as mariachi can be slow) near the end, but delivers just as excellently. The whole album is the smoothest, most heart-wrenching shit around. —Kyla G.

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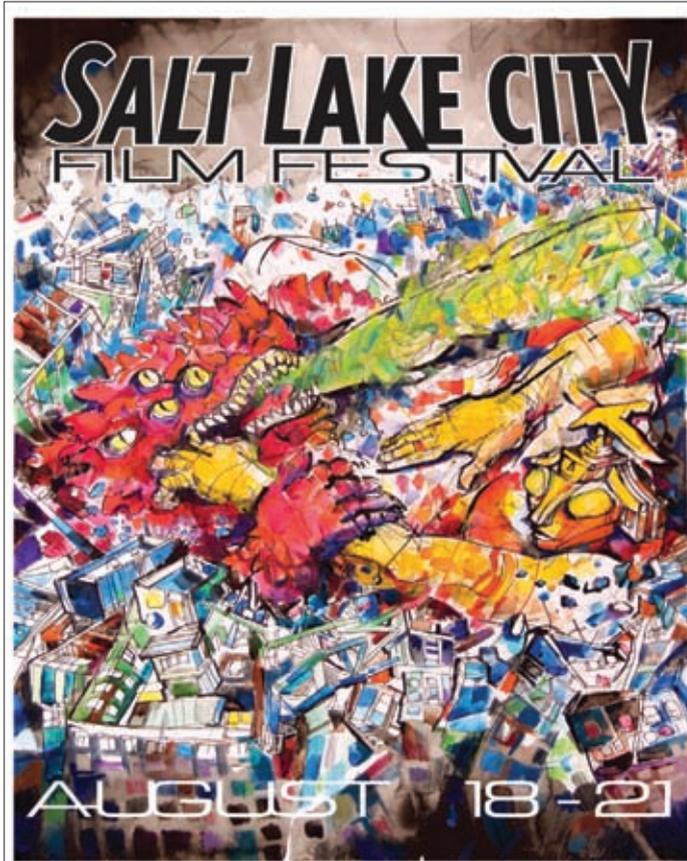
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WED	Midweek Marinations w/ Matt O.
THURS	Obsession w/ Teresa Flowers
FRI	The Vapors w/ Miss Bee & Scarecrow
SAT	Boom Snap Clap w/ Bob E.
SUN	How Did I Get Here? w/ Little Dave



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The Daily Calendar

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 5
 Summer Owls, Sabrina Fox, Wayward Bellydance, Hathor Dance – *Bar Deluxe*
 Maren Parusel – *Burt's*
 DJ Fresh, Liquid Stranger, Drumlojik, Havoc N Deed – *Complex*
 Bryon Friedman – *Downstairs*
 Film: 500 Days Of Summer – *Pioneer Park*
 Comedy: Kurt Swann, Chris Zapatier – *Egyptian Theatre*
 Dearspeak, Logan Kendall – *GoGo37*
 The Huckleberries, Sidestreet Blues Band – *Green Pig*
 The Rubes, Spell Talk – *Hidden Hollow*
 Smooth Money Gesture – *Hog Wallow*
 Dirtbags Don't Die – *Lindzee O'Michaels*
 Dream Eater, Rat Face, Prime Time, Real Estate – *Muse*
 Roby Kap – *Pat's*
 Get Down Boys – *Piper Down*
 Utah Symphony – *Snow Park Lodge*
 Infamous Stringdusters, Ben Solee – *State Room*
 Dubwise – *Urban*
 Driftless Pony Club, Moth & The Flame, Dacia Chant – *Velour*
 Clarksdale Ghosts – *Vertical*
 Diecast, A Balance of Power, Guttshot, Erimus – *Wee Blu Inn*
SATURDAY, AUGUST 6
 B. Side, Mad Max – *Bay*
 Muckraker, Speitre, Dethblo – *Burt's*
 The Beginning At Last – *Complex*
 Diecast, Riska, Balance of Power – *Dawg Pound*
 Ritz Reunion 3 – *Depot*
 DJ R.O.B. – *Downstairs*
 Blue Trees, Sugarartown – *Garage*
 Bike To The Drive-In – *Liberty Park, NE Corner*
 Ultraviolet Catastrophe, The Crylics, Slow Motion Characters – *Muse*
 Kimball Arts Festival – *Park City*
SLC Farmers Market – Pioneer Park
 Warped Tour – *State Fair Park*
 Sweet Sounds of Summer, Jefferson Montoya, Mechanical Skies – *Sugar Space*
 Tim McGraw – *USANA*
 Cuthroat Beer Bash – *Uinta Brewhouse Pub*
 Those Darlins, White Arrows, Motopony – *Urban*
 Kris Zeman – *Vertical*
 Comic Relief: Alternative Letterpress Forms Workshops – *Willard Marriott Library, Fourth Floor*
SUNDAY, AUGUST 7
 Drone Throne, Eagle Twin, Oldtimer, Jesust – *Burt's*
 Ashlee K. Thomas – *Downstairs*
 Amos Lee – *Gallivan*
 Get Down Boys – *Garage*
Salty Streets Flea Market – Kilby
 Destroy Nate Allen – *The Mout*
 People's Market, Johnny Durango, Arienette – *International Peace Gardens*
 Jerry Jeff Walker, Jame Cotton Superharp – *Red Butte*
 Kung Fu Vampire, 2-4-1 – *Club Sound*
 Gatorade Free Flow Tour – *We Are One Skate Park*
Monday, August 8
 Girl in a Coma, ESX – *Burt's*
 Mr. Big, Heartbreak Hangover – *Complex*
 Tessa Barton, Grey Fiction, The Orchard, Storming Stages & Stereo, Thunder Power, Craft Spells, The 321s, Andrew Shaw – *Kilby*
Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com
 Film: Taqwacores – *Tower*
 Dntel, One AM Radio, Geotic – *Urban*
TUESDAY, AUGUST 9
 Atomic Mom – *Downtown Library*
 Palace of Buddies, Tolchock Trio – *Main*
 Jimmie Vaughan and the Tilt-A-Whirl Band – *State Room*
 September Say Goodbye – *Why Sound*
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10
 Briant Ernst, Marinade, Tony Holiday – *Bar Deluxe*

Sunday Valley, Tupelo Moan – *Burt's*
 Nekromantix, The Brains, The Pagan Dead – *Complex*
 Kick Butt, Rachel Slawson – *Muse*
 Troubadours – *Red Butte*
 We The Kings, The Summer Set, The Downtown Fiction, Hot Chelle Rae, Action Item – *Club Sound*
 Cody Canada & The Departed, Amarillo Highway – *State Room*
 Calexico, Jay William Henderson – *Urban*
 Gravetown – *Why Sound*
THURSDAY, AUGUST 11
 Intercept, Argyle – *Bar Deluxe*
 It Foot It Ears, Vitamins – *Garage*
 Brian Ernst – *Hog Wallow*
 Tribal Seeds, Seedless – *In the Venue*
 Lord Huron, Bright Whistles – *Kilby*
 Radiation City, Bearclause, Gigawhat!?! – *Muse*
 Scotty Haze – *Pat's*
 Bright Eyes, Wild Nothing – *Pioneer*
 G. Love and Special Sauce, Trombone Shorty, Orleans Avenue – *Red Butte*
 Prince Po, Rheteric Ramirez, Futuristic, D Strong – *Urban*
 Chasing Kings – *Velour*
FRIDAY, AUGUST 12
 EARL, Lazy Billy & The Pillows, Heathen Ass Worship – *Bar Deluxe*
 Michael Dean Damron – *Burt's*
 Broken Silence, Blended Rootz – *Downstairs*
 Dumb Luck, Flight Crew, YZE, Lyrical Mindset, The Nag, DJ Vagif Museyev, Phill Maggio, Smash Brothas – *Kilby*
 Transportation, Holy Water Buffalo, The Patwa Reggae Band – *MeanPony Productions*
SLUG Localized: Dusk One, Masters of Death, ZebraFish (DJ Knucklz) – Urban
 Side Dish, HOLD – *Muse*
 Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival – *River's Edge*
 Women's Redrock Music Fest – *Robbers Roost*
 Topxnotch, Gunner, Thousand, Hitchhiker – *Underground*
SATURDAY, AUGUST 13
 Junior Giant, Parlor Trix, Brumbies – *Bar Deluxe*
 Reaction Effect, Dead Gates, Orion's Wrath, Hooga – *Burt's*
Craft Lake City – Gallivan
 DJ Bentley – *Downstairs*
 Long Distance Operator, Merit, Earl – *Garage*
 Martyred Outlaw, Shadowseer, Banana Recycling Club – *GoGo37*
 Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
 In Fear and Faith, Vana, A Loss For Words, Close To Home, Ten After Two, Chunk! No, Captain Chunk!, Adestria – *In the Venue*
 Molten Blue – *Johnny's*
 Ride to Tour of Utah Circuit Race – *Liberty Park, NE Corner*
 Tara Craig, Janey Lyon – *Muse*
 John Butler Trio – *Pioneer Park*
 American Hitmen – *Poplar*
 Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival – *River's Edge*
 Robert Earl Keen, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm – *State Room*
 M Section, Dr. Drug, Hobnob – *Underground*
 Palace of Buddies, Zangiev, The Whittaker Sisters – *Urban*
 Riksha – *Utah Desert (Dirtfest)*
 Folk Hogan – *Woodshed*
SUNDAY, AUGUST 14
 Otter Creek, Paul Boruff, Tara Craig – *People's Market*
Urban Flea Market – Library Square
 Jonny Lang, JJ Grey, Mofro – *Red Butte*
 Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival – *River's Edge*
MONDAY, AUGUST 15

Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com
 Donna the Buffalo – *Jupiter Bowl*
 Praise United – *Liberty Park*
TUESDAY, AUGUST 16
 Kottonmouth Kings, Kingspade, Johnny Richter, The Dirtball, DJ Bobby, D-Loc, 100 Monkeys, Kissing Club – *Complex*
 Stickup Kid, Fever Dreams – *GoGo37*
 Bowling For Soup, Dollyrots – *In the Venue*
 Sunderland, Conducting From The Grave, Scale The Summit, The Contortionist, Structures, Volumes, Rings of Saturn – *Club Sound*
Whole Foods Art Show: Leai Bell – Trolley Square Whole Foods
 Gipsy Kings, Nicolas Reyes, Tonino Ballardo – *Red Butte*
 Futr Kids, Nolens Volens, it foot, it ears – *Library Square*
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17
 AWOLNATION, Wallpaper, New Regime – *Complex*
 Peter Frampton – *Red Butte*
 Mammox, Staples – *Underground*
 Whitney Morgan – *Urban*
 311, Sublime – *USANA*
THURSDAY, AUGUST 18
 Parachute, Goo Goo Dolls, Michelle Branch – *Deer Valley*
 BB King – *Gallivan*
Salt Lake City Film Festival – Broadway
 Staks O' Lee, Marinade – *Garage*
 Freddie Fa-Mill, DJ Seanny Boy – *Hotel*
 Ghostland Observatoy, Phantogram – *Pioneer Park*
 Skate Drive-In – *Nunn's Park, Provo*
 Steve Hornbeak, Richard Marx – *Sandy Amphitheater*
 Dances With Wolves – *Urban*
Friday, August 19
 Cute Lepers, Something Fierce, Victims Willing – *Burt's*
 Patwa Reggae Band – *Downstairs*
 Gallery Ströll – *Downtown SLC*
Salt Lake City Film Festival – Brewvies, Post Theater, Tower Theater
 All Time Low in-store signing – *Taylor'sville Graywhale*
 Holy Water Buffalo, The Trappers – *Hidden Hollow*
 All Time Low, Mayday Parade, The Cab, We Are the In Crowd – *In the Venue*
 Nearly Naked, The Direction, Red Bennies, Vinyl Williams, Flow – *Kilby*
 Tweed Ride – *Liberty Park, NE Corner*
 Pimps of Joytime – *State Room*
 Contact Improvisation Workshop – *Sugar Space*
 Tapes & Tapes, The Chain Gang of 1974 – *Urban*
 Tessa Barton, The Technicolors – *Velour*
 Patsy Ohio – *Vertical*
 Comic Relief: Alternative Letterpress Forms Workshop – *Willard Marriott Library*
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20
 Top Dead Celebrity, Muckraker, Dwellers – *Burt's*
 Atmosphere, Evidence, Blueprint, DJ Babu, Prof – *Complex*
 Jesse Marco – *Downstairs*
 Folk Hogan, Last Days of Summer Scooter Rally – *Garage*
 Drop Top Lincoln – *Hog Wallow*
 Peezy da Golden Child, Damez, Nipsey Hussle – *In the Venue*
Salt Lake City Film Festival – Brewvies, Post Theater, Tower Theater
 Electric Talk Show – *Johnny's*
 DeadGates, My Final Estate, Uncomfortable Silence – *Kilby*
 Chance, HOLD – *Muse*
 Crenshaw, Casaba, Cantaloupe – *Red Butte*
 Contact Improvisation Workshop w/ Chris DelPorto & Leah Nelson – *Sugar Space*

Mindstate, Sick Sense, Skinwalker – *Urban*
 Tr3ason, Unthinkable Thoughts, Deicidal Carnage, Downfall – *Why Sound*
 Osiris – *Woodshed*
SUNDAY, AUGUST 21
 Groove Garden – *Garage*
 Adele – *Gallivan*
 People's Market – *International Peace Gardens*
Salt Lake City Film Festival – Post Theater, Tower Theater
 Brandi Carlile, Ivan & Alyosha – *Red Butte*
 Salt Lake Film Festival After Party – *Urban*
MONDAY, AUGUST 22
 Death Cab For Cutie, Frightened Rabbit – *Maverik Center*
Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com
TUESDAY, AUGUST 23
 Karma to Burn, Oldtimer – *Burt's*
 Action Bronson, Task, Linus – *Hotel*
 Milk Carton Kids, Moccasai – *Kilby*
 YYBS, The Lionelle – *Urban*
 Laurelin Kruse – *Why Sound*
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24
 Worth Fighting For, The Toros – *Burt's*
 KMFD, Human Factors Lab, Army of the Universe – *Complex*
 Young Jeezy – *In the Venue*
 Mister Heavenly, Waters – *Kilby*
 Aesop Rock, Kimya Dawson, Rob Sonic, DJ Big Wiz – *Urban*
THURSDAY, AUGUST 25
 Utah County Swillers, Ugly Valley Boys – *Garage*
 Sole & The Skyriker Band – *Kilby*
 Lupe Fiasco, Big K.R.I.T – *Pioneer Park*
 Punch, Loma Prieta, The Thousand – *Underground*
 Bass Drum of Death, Spell Talk, Max Pain & The Groovies – *Urban*
FRIDAY, AUGUST 26
 DieMonsterDie, Zombiance – *Burt's*
 Collie Buddz, New Kingston – *Complex*
 Revolver Beatles Tribute – *Downstairs*
 Midnight Conspiracy, Cool Hand Luke, RoboRob, Alastair – *Metro Bar*
 Dusk One, MC Type, Tulsa, Jonny October – *Muse*
 Film: Mid-August Lunch – *Pioneer Park*
 The Weepies – *State Room*
 Soulway Spaceman, Welcome to the Woods – *Why Sound*
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27
 Orbit Group, Burnell Washburn, Birthquake – *Bar Deluxe*
 Folk Hogan – *Burt's*
 Los Rojas, Thunderfist, Charlie Don't Surf – *Garage*
 The SKP'z – *Johnny's*
 Melani Devaney – *Muse*
 Carbon Leaf, Chamberlin – *State Room*
 Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*
 Gene Pool – *Vertical*
 Carbon Leaf, Chamberlin – *State Room*
 Comic Relief: Alternative Letterpress Forms Workshop – *Willard Marriott Library, Fourth Floor*
 Ugly Valley Boys, The Slick Shifters, Big Fin Dragsters – *Zoe's Roadhouse*
SUNDAY, AUGUST 28
 Ogden Concert Band – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
Smashbash – Gallivan
 People's Market – *International Peace Gardens*
 Return to Forever IV, Dweezil Zappa Plays Zappa – *Red Butte*
 Talkdemonic – *Urban*
MONDAY, AUGUST 29
 Dr. Sketchy's Anit Art School – *Bar Deluxe*
 Givers – *Kilby*
Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com
TUESDAY, AUGUST 30
 Groundation, Kevin Kinsella – *State Room*
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31
 Film: Beats, Rhymes & Life: The Travels of A Tribe Called Quest – *Red Butte*
 Def Leppard, Heart, Eric Watson – *USANA*
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1
 Mac Lethal – *Kilby*
 Thievery Corporation – *Red Butte*
 Two Gallants – *Urban Lounge*
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2
 Amon Amarth – *Complex*
 Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
 Sweatshop Union – *Urban*
 Linen Closet – *Why Sound*
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A U G U S T

- 2: Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, The Old World, La Noche
- 4: Worst Friends, Utah, Harmon's Heart, Jesus or Genome
- 5: DUBWISE
- 6: KRCL PRESENTS Those Darlins, White Arrows, Motopony
- 8: DNTEL, The One AM Radio, Geotic
- 10: KRCL PRESENTS CALEXICO, Jay William Henderson
- 11: PRINCE PO (Organized Konfuzion), Rhetoric Ramirez, Futuristic, D Strong
- 12: SLUG LOCALIZED: Zebra Fish (DJ Knuckles), Dusk One, Masters Of Death
- 13: SLC FILM FESTIVAL FUNDRAISER: Palace of Buddies, Zangiev, The Whittaker Sisters
- 16: Whitey Morgan, Triggers & Slips
- 17: The Pour Horse
- 18: Dances With Wolves
- 19: Tapes & Tapes, The Chain Gang of 1974
- 20: Atmosphere After Party: Mindstate, Sick Sense & Skinwalker

- 21: SLC FILM FESTIVAL AFTER PARTY
- 22: One Less Reason
- 23: YYBS, The Lionelle, LeBaron
- 24: Aesop Rock & Kimya Dawson
- 25: Bass Drum of Death, Spell Talk, Max Pain & The Groovies
- 26: Laserfang, No Nation Orchestra, Palace of Buddies
- 27: Puddle Mountain Ramblers, The Old World
- 28: Talk Demonic, Bright Archer
- 30: Marcus Bentley
- 31: The Mesa Billies

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AUGUST 2011

1. The Hague, Michael Gross & The Statuettes, Small Town Sinners, Summerteeth
2. Walter Meego, TBA
3. ABSTRACT RUDE, Burnell Washburn, JNatural, Pat Maine, Hurris & Gig
5. The Chevalier CD Release, YYBS, WeDropLikeBombs, Dustbloom, Gestalt (6:30 doors)
6. GAZA, Bone Dance, TBA
7. Salty Streets Flea Market (12-6pm) Bands: Sleepwalkers, TBA
8. Thunder Power, Craft Spells, The 321's, Andrew Shaw
9. Paper Falcon, Austin Wade, Justin Carter, Tommy Gunn
10. LOUD AND CLEAR: Tessa Barton, Grey Fiction, The Orchard, Storming Stages & Stereos (6:30pm)
11. Lord Huron, Bright Whistles
12. Wasatch Renaissance Presents: THE GREATEST FLOW ON EARTH! (a hip hop showcase): Dumb Luck, Flight Crew, YZE, Lyrical Mindset, The Nag + DJ Vagif Museyev, Phill Maggio, Smash Brothas
13. The Lionhearts, TBA
15. Mariah Cary Richard, Stevie Moon, Dylan Osborne, Emily Thornton (6pm doors)
16. Static Survivor CD Release! (6:30 doors)
17. Cherish the King, Rejoin the Team, Society Mis-call (6:30pm)
18. Stag Hare, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Alak, Pregnant, Religious Girls
19. The Direction's Nearly Naked Farewell - feat: The Direction, Red Bennies, Vinyl Williams, Flow
20. Deadgates, My Final Estate, Uncomfortable Silence, For Tomorrow We Die, Freedom Before Dying (6pm doors)
22. Beware of Safety, Theta Naught, TBA
23. Milk Carton Kids, Buddy, Moccasai
24. KRCL PRESENTS: MISTER HEAVENLY - Feat: Nick Thorburn (Islands/Unicorns), Honus Honus (Man Man), Joe Plummer (Modest Mouse/The Shins) & Michael Cera - also performing: Waters
25. SOLE and the Skyrider Band (anticon), Dopethought, TBA
26. The Spins, TBA
27. The Party Scene, The Never Ending Summer, Exit of the Envious, Video, Michael Howell, Clay Summers (6pm doors)
30. The Folka Dots, TBA
31. Just Three Words, TBA

also! S&S PRESENTS: Aug. 20th - ATMOSPHERE @ The Complex

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