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Contributor Limelight



Robin Banks - Illustrator

If you never saw **Robin Banks** playing drums with **The Mooks** or **Bombs & Beating Hearts**, you've definitely seen Banks' artwork taped up in the window of your favorite record store or coffee shop. Banks has been designing and screen printing gig posters since

2008, starting with a poster for **The Ergs!** show in Salt Lake. Since then, Banks has designed posters for **Kepi Ghoulie**, **Big D & The Kids Table**, **Save the Swim Team**, the **Asian Man Records** 15th Anniversary weekend, and many, many more. Banks had a brief stint as a *SLUG* illustrator in 2008 and returned to the fold in 2011, designing posters for our November 2011 and January 2012 *Localized* showcases. Banks' artwork was showcased for the first time at *Guthrie Studios* in October of 2011, with another show in February of 2012 at *Jed's Barber Shop*. Banks is available for freelance work, and you can see more of Banks' work (including his cat portraiture and tattoos of Satan) at design-flaw.tumblr.com.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Hey Dickheads,

I barely see anything political in SLUG, and I wanna know what you guys think about the recent bills on sex education and abortion. I think it's fucking pathetic that because the church and lawmakers can't control what we do with our lives, they take it upon themselves to fuck with the laws and regulations we have to live by. Forcing teens to learn abstinence only doesn't help, because they take away all the education they'd need about what happens if they decide to ignore it. And extending abortion waiting periods from 24 to 72 hours? Really? Do they really think women are just headed out to get abortions like it's a daily chore, and they didn't already spend time thinking it over before choosing that option? They need to tack another three days for women to agonize over it in hopes it will change their minds. All you ever hear from the right is that the left will make us a police state. Well Utah is practically dictated by the right, and we're getting there one Eagle Forum written bill at a time. What do you guys think?

Love,
Nancy

Hey Nancy,

Here's the deal: Political reporting is not our job. Of course we're gonna run a "political story" every now and then, but if you're forming your political opinions based on information you're getting from

Jon Stewart, Bill Maher and SLUG Magazine, then you probably aren't getting all the information you need. Whether you're one of the idiots blowing up my Facebook feed with annoying Ron Paul bullshit (a rich old white guy running for president? How revolutionary!) or have a "Green is Good" bumper sticker plastered on your SUV, you probably aren't as smart as you think. That said, the "abstinence only" education bill (which was vetoed by Governor Herbert, thankfully) was super fucking misguided. Kids are going to do stupid things, including having sex with one another, no matter what their bishop/congressman says. If they are taught about some non-stupid things, such as protecting themselves from STIs and how to prevent unleashing their horrible, horrible spawn upon the world, some of them are gonna listen and end the cycle of stupidity. But what the fuck do we know? Whether you're Left or Right, you're probably wrong. Political issues are much more complicated than either side would have you believe, and until you do your research and stop making knee-jerk reactions based on which side you think you're supposed to fall on, you should probably get off your stupid fucking soapbox. And Nancy, please understand that when I say you're stupid, I don't mean that you personally are stupid, but that every person, ever, is stupid.

**FAX, SNAIL MAIL OR EMAIL
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LOCALIZED
 By Alexander Ortega
 alexander@slugmag.com

Friday, April 13, come get your face electrocuted with wide-ranging, pumping punk from **Stark Raving Mad** and irreverent '80s hardcore from **Handicapitalist** at *Urban Lounge*. **Chainwhip** will melt the skin off of your face as they open the show with their screechy hardcore crust. Five bucks, punk as fuck, 21-plus for blood n' pus.

Over the course of the last few years, local bands **Dubbed**, **Negative Charge**, **Killbot** and **Shackleton** all shook the Salty City with killer punk and metal, and—as bands do—slowed down, retired and are now buried at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*. Luckily, four talented musicians from these bands possessed the power to take limbs and organs from their old bands to compose a totally new monster, Stark Raving Mad. "We were created out of destruction, essentially," says frontman Dave Sanchez.

Nick the Skunk and Mike the Bass formed the band in springtime of last year, after waiting 10 years for drummer Mikey T. to finally be in a band with them. Since Killbot had broken up, "it was a perfect storm because Mikey had no excuse to say 'no' anymore," says Mike the Bass. Mikey T. (also the drummer of **Visigoth**) felt no aversion to joining Stark Raving Mad, though: "It's basically because I have to have a punk rock band and a metal band," he says. "I've always done that. It's Mikey T. law." From that point, Skunk and the Bass instantly knew that they wanted Sanchez in the band due to his expertise on the guitar, and his vocal and lyrical style. The nascent band's comfortability from seeing each other play so many times and their long-standing friendships shot Stark Raving Mad out of the cannon to play their first show last summer.

Ever since, Stark Raving Mad has been blaring an eclectic style of punk rock that takes on

elements of ska, street punk, metal and folk—to name a few. Skunk says, "Mine and Mike [the Bass] rule to writing music has always been: Don't just use one style because, then, every fucking song ends up sounding like ... the last song and the last song and the last song." The fact that T. is a metal drummer underpins this approach where, for example, he can add double-kick action (usually more associated with metal) to propel ska-guitar rhythms from Skunk and Sanchez. "That's one thing for me, that's why I wanted to be in this band," says Mikey T. "We're diverse and that's why I like it quite a bit ... It's challenging and fun at the same time."

Musically speaking, Stark Raving Mad composes songs in a communal fashion. One member might be "dicking around" and stumble upon a riff that will catch the attention of the rest of the band, then, the band builds upon each other's work at practice without any necessary "reason or rhyme" as to how they approach songwriting. Each musician finds his niche as the song develops. "It just kind of happens naturally," Sanchez says. "It's like the world: There's a place for him, there's a place for me, there's a place for all of us!" Skunk adds, "Even Mikey [T.] writes guitar riffs, sometimes. It's pretty awesome." As far as lyrics go, Mikey T. leaves the writing up to the front line. Mike the Bass, according to Skunk, has been "churning out lyrics for, like, 11 years now," and Sanchez is also a primary wordsmith for the band. Skunk employs his prowess for shaping songs to be performed and caterwauled over aggressive punk beats

and progressions, working with Sanchez as to how vocal alternations should play out. "I like to think of Skunk as my editor," says Mike the Bass. "I get way too wordy—and I don't fucking sing, obviously—so he takes it and he chops it up into something coherent." Stark Raving Mad's selfless coordination results in two-fisted punk songs about the general malaise of life, but with a "smirking humor." Sanchez explains, "It's about looking around, acknowledging things that you see or hear that are sub-par, but they're always presented with this kind of tounge-in-cheek humor."

December saw Stark Raving Mad record their debut full-length with the one-and-only **Andy Patterson**. *Losin' ta Will it All* features eight blistering, multifaceted punk songs and one track, "Digging a Hole Without a Shovel," where Sanchez ad-libs an insightful message about the world, and how there are so many fucking people in it—"Seriously, they're fucking everywhere," he reflects. Although the band will no longer give a digital version of the album away for free as they did this January, *Localized* will be the official release date of the album, and a special *Burt's* release show will ensue sometime after April 13. "The only reason we basically need to charge for it is so that we can actually print the god damn thing and make fucking T-shirts and shit like that," Mike the Bass says. If you "like" Stark Raving Mad on Facebook, you'll soon understand why this release is something you will want to buy—shit's tight. You will be giving the band resources to print a secret visual goody that will depict the otherworldly emergence of Stark Raving Mad from the depths with their signature smirking humor. Trust me on this one.

Dave Sanchez - Lead Guitar/Vocals
 Nick the Skunk - Guitar/Throat
 Mike the Bass - Bass
 Mikey T. - Drums

Photo: Sam Milanta

A

fter Jake Gatenby, a Utah County native, met Connecticuter Box while traveling in the eastern U.S., the two continued their jaunts through the country and were stopping through Utah, where the rekindled *Raunch Records* and convivial music/punk scene led them to set up camp in Salt Lake. The two had only played folk music with each other until Box decided she wanted to get a drum kit, which Gatenby was stoked on because he didn't know any drummers in Salt Lake and wanted to play punk rock again. Now that they've found bassist Chris Nelson, who fits in the three-piece punk puzzle perfectly, Handicapitalist is on the prowl again: "I think for us being a three-piece playing really simple music, shit gets outta line," Gatenby says. "More so than most shows I go to."

Handicapitalist began in summer of 2010 with their original bassist, **Kyle Greene**. He only stayed with the band for the first few months, however, because he "moved to Idaho to have a baby instead of playing punk rock," Gatenby says. Then, in February 2011, came **Bob Thompson**. Thompson initially called Gatenby and "forcefully took over" the role of bassist, trying to get a rise out of Gatenby by just telling him that he was being in the band without consent. An unruffled Gatenby replied, "Cool," and the stage was a set for a few months. Down the line, though, Thompson and Box proved incompatible as bandmates. Nelson recollects humorous instances of Box and Thompson squabbling onstage, and Thompson head-butting local crusty **Critter** for taking the mic and screaming words to a song which he didn't

know. "It was kind of performance art for a while," Nelson says. Thompson eventually left Handicapitalist due to his relationship with Box, and various other reasons.

Box and Gatenby formally invited Nelson to join the band in November of 2011. Nelson gladly accepted the position, as he had always enjoyed Handicapitalist's performances. "Seeing them play, there's just a crazy energy. 'I've always had a soft spot for '80s hardcore ... It's just really fun,'" says Nelson. Upon practicing with them, he fit into their niche of playing simple, aggressive hardcore punk that feeds off of anger. "Chris has brought a lot to the table," says Box. The band creates songs based on things that piss them off, which often come up in drunken conversations while they're at band practice. Indeed, they play angry songs of a political nature—you'll hear Box scream, "I'm not a slave for minimum wage!" on their latest album, *Our Only Debts are Warrants*—but they don't necessarily have a defined political agenda. "I think that we just write songs about what we feel like," Box says. "I think we have songs that we're working on right now (hint, hint, wink) that aren't political at all, but just whatever we're angry about at the time just comes out." The band isn't necessarily all piss n' vinegar, though. "We also look at it [with] a fairly satirical approach, which, sometimes, people don't get, which makes it really fun," Gatenby adds. Although Box has a knack for playing other instruments, such as in her other band, **Folk Hogan**, and each member retains a mastery over their instruments, Handicapitalist's brand of punk rock has no room for artsy-fartsy dillydallying because of the intensity, speed and aggression of their style of play. Oftentimes they find themselves throwing out riffs that they find to be too technical.

Thompson, somewhat bewilderingly, has continued as a sort of third-party component of Handicapitalist that the band embraces in a love-hate sort of way. Even though he left the band after they recorded *Our Only Debts are Warrants* last July with **Andy Patterson**, he unofficially released their CD last September and sent it to various publications, including *SLUG*. "Bob's really into guerilla marketing," Box says. "Sometimes, I come home, and he's smoking cigars and drinking tequila [alone] on our porch, but then, when I get home, he leaves ... He's like our unofficial manager." Thompson even scored them a review in a national publication, *Maximum Rockroll*, who misinterpreted their song, "Smart Girls," whose chorus bellows, "I only fuck smart girls!" Box says, "*Maximum Rockroll* did, however, call us misogynist and sexist ... It was funny because it was just the kind of thing where you read the review and go, 'Wow. You didn't actually listen to the song at all, did you?'" Luckily, you'll be able to make that judgment call yourself, as Handicapitalist will have more 'official' copies of *Our Only Debts are Warrants*, along with T-shirts, patches and stickers available at *Localized*. "It's going to be a fast, furious, booze-fueled good time," Nelson says. Aside from *SLUG's* showcase of this racketsy punk band, you can catch Handicapitalist playing house shows around town as they wait for another viable, all-ages venue to come around: "If we could, I'd exclusively play all-ages shows," says Gatenby. Look for a new full-length from Handicapitalist to come out sometime this summer, and cheer them on as soon as their beloved **All Systems Fail** take them on their impending tour through Mexico.



Jake Gatenby - Guitar/Vocals
 Chris Nelson - Bass/Vocals
 Box - Drums/Vocals

Photo: John Barkiple

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GALLERY STROLL

Image courtesy Shilo Jackson

"Zola" by Magen Mitchell will be one of the many works on display at Kayo Gallery's Bad Art Show.

Strolling the Good, the Bad and the Hard to Get to
 By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

I've always believed art can be found anywhere, but after recently traveling America's scenic by-ways, I was in awe of how much art, good and bad, was available at every truck stop, gas station, roadhouse and teepee stand. Ah, the land of opportunity and the opportunistic—if there's a market for it, more power to you. I do suggest you move the art away from the rest-rooms, and I have to ask: Is taxidermy really art? This experience made me keenly aware of the depth and breadth of art that Utah has to offer. To help you wade through the volume of art showings, I've comprised a list of the best and the intentionally bad gallery offerings this month.

When I want to get my art, shopping and hipster-watching all in one evening, I head over to *Fice* (160 E. 200 S.). The art and fashion there are guaranteed to be cutting edge. The show opens Friday, April 20 and features work from **Prescott McCarthy** (yes, 4:20 kids, get your snickering out now if you need to—it's not very hip to laugh at 420 jokes). Your hipster fate will be sealed after being the first person to hash tag and start the trending of work and clothes you experience at this *Gallery Stroll* stop.

The *Kayo Gallery* (177 S. Broadway) has always been a place where experimental art can get a public eye, so what better place for a bad-art experiment? Owner **Shilo Jackson** wants to celebrate the bad art, for without it,

there is no criteria to judge the good. *The Bad Art Show* gives artists an opportunity to laugh at themselves and the mishaps and should-have-beens. The work will all be originals (no found art) and artists can laugh at themselves without mocking someone's sincere attempt. The show opens April 20 with an artist's reception from 6-9 p.m.

Who doesn't love a party bus? There's just something so magical about being transported with all your friends, eating and drinking all along the way and arriving at a party, or in this case, an art gallery opening. *The Central Utah Art Center* (CUAC) knows it's hard for Salt Lake County and Utah County residents to make the drive down to Ephraim for a gallery opening, so they'll make the drive for you. A touring bus loaded with free drinks from *Squatters Brewery*, video art by local, national and international artists, and 56 fellow art patrons will make its way from Salt Lake to Ephraim, Utah on April 27 for the opening of an exhibit featuring **Robert Mellor, Huginn Arason** and **Jared Steffenson**—tickets are just \$15. For more information or to pay in advance, visit cuartcenter.org and click on the partybus tab or show up at the bus with cash. To secure your spot, make a reservation by calling 435-283-5110.

My adventures into the underbelly of America have reinforced the notion that art is in the eye of the beholder, and Utah is fortunate to have a lot of art to behold. I feel lucky to have the opportunity to see the good with the bad, and I hope you will take advantage to get out and stroll.

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Mike Brown's MONTHLY DIRT

Twitter!
By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
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In an era where almost everyone is connected digitally through a cell phone, I've realized that I've grown up in a strange transitional time in regards to technology. When I first started trolling for puss in bars roughly 12 years ago, it was a much different process than, "Let me friend request you on the ol' FB, sneak in some Instagram pics of you and your friends, blog about it on my Tumblr, then text you my number only to receive no reply."

Back in 2000, rejection took a different, more direct route. You had to talk to the object of your affection face to face, get a land line number on a matchbook or napkin (a true player back then always had a Bic pen on), wait three to five days to call her, have an awkward conversation on the phone (no pussy-ass texting) and/or get permanent female leg closure confirmed IRL—that means "In Real Life."

That's just how it was. Can you imagine trying to get laid these days without using any form of digital networking outside of a good, old-fashioned phone call? Is that even possible? Has anyone had sex without somehow using Facebook or texting or e-mailing in the last five years? Outside of prison or marriage—which kind of is prison—that is. I'm surprised there isn't a Dos Equis Man beer commercial where the narrator is like, "He can get laid, without sending a text."

I'm using sex as an example, knowing fully that it's just one facet of humanity that the Internet age has dramatically affected. There are still dramatic leaps and bounds science needs to take to advance cyber-masturbation, but it's still amazing how all areas of our lives have changed over the last decade or so. It's like technology is right at the threshold where the robots are helpful to humanity, but they are about to take over, *Terminator 3* style.

One of those amazing digital tools that has affected me personally over the last year has been Twitter. I've become obsessed with it as of late, and I have noticed that a lot of my friends completely don't understand Twitter. The concept is simple, but its appeal might not be. As far as social media goes, it's kind of like Facebook and MySpace had a one-night stand of intense fucking while their retarded older cousin, Friendster, stood in the corner and watched. They tried to terminate

the pregnancy, but Twitter crawled out of the abortion bucket, grew up faster than either one of them could anticipate, and became its own special breed of monster—so big that almost every Super Bowl ad is now accompanied with a #hashtag. Twitter has not only become a new way to connect socially, but it's its own kind of marketing machine that must give **Rupert Murdoch** a boner the size of Texas.

I'll try to briefly explain how it works. You create an account using whatever name you want. For example, I'm @Fuckmikebrown. It can either really be you or it can be an alter ego or just a fake account. Instead of putting out a friend request, you simply follow or unfollow whoever you want. I choose to follow mostly rappers, NBA players and porno stars. Other tweeters decide to follow or unfollow you. You can also have a Twitter feed where you don't tweet at all and just follow a bunch of dipshits.

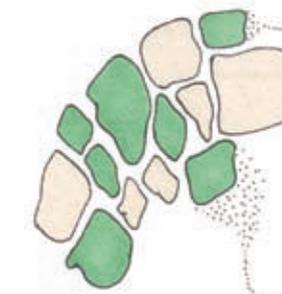
As far as sending out a tweet goes, you only have 140 characters to work with—not 140 words, but characters, as in letters and spaces. Everything needs to be blunt and to the point. No rambling on Twitter.

The bluntness and direct approach that Twitter utilizes has inadvertently turned it into a great shit-talking forum—another reason I love to tweet. If you want to tell me how bad my last article sucked, you have another medium to let me know. In fact, every tweet that I get about how bad this article sucks, I'm going to personally re-tweet, so all my followers will know what you think!

Watching different people talk shit to each other via Twitter is one of my favorite things. You know that awesome feeling you get when you see a couple fight in public? Where you're just, like, so fucking glad that it's not you getting barraged by some bitch for something stupid? It's like that, but publicly documented for your enjoyment.

Speaking of shit talking, Twitter has overtaken the sports world like no other. The majority of NBA ballers have Twitter accounts. I know it might sound pathetic, but I like to tweet at **LeBron James** and **Manu Ginobili** at least once a week, reminding them of what pieces of shit I think they are. It's satisfying. Sadly, **Kobe** doesn't tweet.

Since *SLUG* hits the streets on a Friday, I'm going to end this article with my own follow Friday, or #FF if you will: @LostTacoVendor, @NotBillWalton, @kfuckinp, @ChrisKaman, @fakejerrysloan, @aroughlife, @SLUGMag, @Johnny_UT, @DannyJWoodhead.



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I ought to be in Pictures



Photo: Chad Kirkland

By Princess Kennedy
facebook.com/princess.kennedy

Not too long ago I received a letter in my inbox from *McCarty Talent*. It was an agent who, as it turns out, I knew from San Francisco and has relocated to SLC. **Fernetta Gingerback**, as I knew him, told me that there was a role that I was born to play and that I should contact the agency ASAP for the exciting details about the production and audition. That was the huge turn off. When I hear the word "audition," I instantly get sweaty and clammy, because that word translates to "rejection." I promised a long time ago that I would only take a role if it was offered—I spent too much time in this life trudging from agent to audition once upon a time, and the whole thing left a bad taste in my mouth.

I ignored the email and got wrapped up in deadlines, actually forgetting the offer until I came across it a couple days later. I read it again and thought to myself, "PK, it's not about burning bridges. You've got to call 'em and thank them for thinking about you, and politely let them know your interests no longer lie in the silver." I got someone on the phone, and before I could get out my apologies, they talked up the audition—like they all do—for this TV Christmas special and said I better get my ass in gear because the audition was in two hours.

"Fuck that," I thought to myself. "You are crazy if you think I'm going to get myself all up in X-Mas tranny drag at 11 in the morning on a Thursday and drag my ass to the corner of 2100 South and nowhere to do the pony song-n-dance to be told, 'NEXT!'"

After a good half hour of hoeing and humming on the couch, I decided that since I am constantly searching for Princess-specific adventures to write about, auditioning for a TV show was just such an opportunity.

I did it. I threw on the sexy red satin D&G cocktail rock I own for holiday revelry, re-curled last night's bar hair and threw on a face, and before you know it, I was singing "Jingle Bells" in front of a camera, making for the silliest, fastest and easiest audition ever. While waiting for the cab, I started grilling the casting agent for the 411 on the production, pumping him for info only a highly skilled journalist could retrieve. Amid my questioning I could see that look in the agent's eye: I had charmed him and my confidence had piqued his curiosity as to what else I could show them. It's the key to getting a callback to an audition.

As soon as I got in the cab, I immediately called Ms. Gingerback to inform him that it was the easiest 10 percent he would ever make, because I bagged the audition and it was a no-brainer for them. I mean, basically, I was just going to play myself. After I found out it will be produced by ABC Family, air on ABC and come with a SAG (Screen Actors Guild) salary, I was hell-bent on getting the part—Momma needs a new face!

I was starting to think my streak was at an end when I hadn't heard from anyone in four or so days. I emailed the agency and did exactly what I never do—I let them know I was dying to know the status of my stardom. I was immediately

Last month Kennedy spent a week living the life of a glamorous star—hob-knobbing with B-list celebrities and hanging out in her very own trailer.

called back to inform me of the call-back with directors and producers in hand, which, for all intents and purposes, meant the part was mine. At this meeting I found out who was the star of the film, but I won't divulge in case I get the Spelling of her last name wrong. Ironically, she was also the star of the only gig

I was turned down from at the last second after being hired. It was a zip code show, and on the finale episode I was to play a joke stripper. I lost the part due to my chest tattoo—at the time it was too alternative, and the mostly black piece is too hard to cover.

I started to think of the other productions I've been in—some mainstream, like *Rent*, the motion picture. I have been featured in many independent films, winning a couple awards for stuff—like for one called *The Stoke*, I got best comedic performance at the *Brazil Film Festival*. Oh, and the time that I was on an episode of *Jerry Springer* for "He-She Love Confessions." These, mixed with my one-time music endeavors, probably add up to at least 15 hours of fame. That's enough for me to convince myself that someday, I can add a Golden Globe to my shelf of trophies.

Needless to say, I got the part. I spent a fun-filled week being a glamorous TV star with a trailer and craft services. I hob-knobbed with B-list stars. It was very exciting, and the biggest thing I've done to date. I will tell you all about it next December. In true Hollywood fashion, I had to sign a confidentiality clause, and, like I said, Momma needs a new face.

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Now starting their fifth year, *The Tin Angel* is Salt Lake's best groovy dining experience for the sophisticated but subversive, a home to dishes with a progressive food attitude. The restaurant is set in a converted 19th Century house with a new enclosed dining room, which opens onto a patio in warm weather. Progressive and groovy restaurants are my favorite kind—in the '80s, I worked at the best, forward-thinking, handmade food eatery in Logan: *Center Street Restaurant*, where I had the honor of washing dishes for the likes of **Vincent Price** and **Ben Vereen**. It was my introduction to the small, local café experience, with food that was unusual, made from scratch, and excellent.

The Tin Angel began with the ambition of a couple of young scenesters, **Kestrel Liedke** and her best friend **Robin Fairchild**, who dreamed about their project for years. Where to place their ambitions and how to present their particular artistic vision for scene and experience in Salt Lake became a reality when Kestrel married chef **Jerry Liedtke**. Jerry, having set up more than a few restaurants in town and out, and having worked in fine kitchens in Europe and at resorts, had a firm idea about menus and what makes a kitchen succeed. The women had the gumption to make it happen. Thus was born one of Salt Lake's culinary no-brainers—*The Tin Angel Café*.

Robin Fairchild, Jerry Liedtke and Kestrel Liedtke—the three masterminds behind *The Tin Angel Café*.



Photo: Barrett Doran

House-roasted Lamb Ciabatta with feta, balsamic red onion jam and pesto served with a side salad with apricot champagne dressing.



Photo: Barrett Doran

Part of what makes *The Tin Angel* great is its commitment to being a part of the city. Not that there isn't anything here that can't be found elsewhere, but there is nothing like it anywhere else, at least not here and now. It is firmly placed back in time, and in a different place. It is a homey-style space in a lived-in corner of Salt Lake bohemia. *Positively Fourth Street Studios*, once *The Painted Word*, and then, *The Word*, and before both of those *Raunch Records*, have all inhabited the red brick building next door. Before I was legal to drink in bars, I would walk from the University to *The Word* regularly for shows and coffee. Before that, when I was in high school, I would drive up with friends from Logan to buy records at *Raunch*. In my heart, this corner is a Soho, or Alphabet City, or Haight Ashbury to Salt Lake City. It has been bad and it has been good, and usually both at the same time.

The Tin Angel also has the great advantage of being located near one of the best places for procuring the freshest and highest quality in local produce. During the summertime, the *Farmer's Market* is located right across the street, which only serves to make their mission to provide as much locally sourced and seasonal food more possible. Jerry's cooking is somewhat autodidactic and intuitive, cooked on the fly with a surprising skill and finesse. He's taken the right lessons away from the various kitchens he's managed and worked in as a chef over the years. The cuisine is firmly based in great traditional cooking and spices. When an innovation occurs, it's a little serif on a beautiful typeface. Different, but not indifferently

applied. The food is priced appropriately for the high-quality, hand-selected nature of the ingredients, and the portions are European-sized and thoughtfully presented.

Although I have enjoyed a range of dishes over the years, I think the Risotto Tempranillo (\$18.50) is regularly the best risotto in town; add Duck Confit or Wagyu Short Ribs (\$6) as a perfect foil for the delectable vegetables cooked just to the edge of crisp. Valentine's Day found me eating here, where my table was adorned with fresh flowers from *Tri-Fecta*. I had Halibut, which Jerry said was really spendy and sourced especially for the meal. It was the very best fish I have had in Utah—fresh, soft and flavorful. My mouth pulled me back to San Francisco in 1982, to the other really great Halibut I've eaten. The pre-fixed meal included blue marlin, which was interesting, but not a lot different from shark. I should have gotten the clam chowder like my girl did. It was slightly floral under the rich coastal flavors. The desserts, particularly the Bread Pudding and Pear and Caramel Tart Brulee (both \$7) are serious, subtle and not too rich. These are sweets for a dark chocolate temperament.

Lunches at *The Tin Angel* are dominated by some great sandwiches: The Cuban Panini (\$10.50) is one of the few Cubans in this town, and it's a pork delight; the flavor finishes with homemade pickle. I don't know why every eatery doesn't have a signature pickled vegetable—it's always a joy to eat a new one. The House Roasted Lamb Ciabatta (\$11.50) has an earthy satisfaction at its core—the

enzymatic flavors of feta and the mature flavor of lamb are a great combination. This old-world set of flavors just calls for a big tannic wine.

The wine and cocktail list is right in the pocket. Not too many vintages to choose from, and most of the labels are available by the glass or bottle. Wine is \$7 a glass as a rule, and a healthy list of theme cocktails are about \$8. Try the Bloody Angel (\$6) with Scotty's pickled vegetables on a Saturday Brunch.

All restaurants have an ambience, often not intentionally directed, but there nonetheless. *The Tin Angel* feels like it is wheeling between freedom from direction and some pretty masterful special effects. One of the things I like in a restaurant, emotionally, is a feeling of trust, which requires that the service is watchful and the food is dependably very good—a place where time flies or doesn't, but the dining and conversation is outside of any concern for time. That's how I feel while I dine in these petal and vegetable-colored rooms with their quaint place-settings and comfortable chairs. The island kitchen, visible to diners in the front room, is small and seems to be set on a promontory. One's view of Jerry and crew is like watching puppet masters above the curtain. You know the magic is there, because you taste and feel it, but you only indirectly watch it happening, clouds over a neighboring village, dropping rain or streaming sunshine. A Kabuki kitchen—gestures and facial expressions tell you of the hidden knife and sizzling pan.



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SLUG MAGAZINE DOES SXSW
— BY ANGELA H. BROWN, ESTHER MEROÑO AND JEANNETTE D. MOSES —

For five days in mid-March, *SLUG Magazine* invaded Austin for the 26th annual *SXSW* music festival. Throughout our week, excessive Lonestar beer and delicious street cart food were consumed and our minds and eardrums will never be the same again after witnessing the array of musical acts. Here are some of our favorites.

The Black Ryder

03.17 at *The Iron Bear* at 10:15 p.m.

The Black Ryder is a band that I discovered and fell in love with during *SXSW*. I decided to go to this show on a whim—I'd heard good things from *SLUG*'s Editor, **Angela Brown**, who herself had only recently discovered them through the *SXSW* iPhone app. As we made the trek from Austin's east side with *SLUG*'s lead designer, **Josh Joye**, we joked about how the bar would be the perfect name for a gay bar. When we arrived, both of our suspicions about the night were confirmed—*The Iron Bear* is a gay bar and The Black Ryder is fucking rad.

Formed in 2007, this Australian band is the brainchild of **Aimee Nash**, on vocals and guitar, and **Scott Von Ryper**, also on guitar for this performance, which included a variety of U.S. guest musicians. Nash is a vocal powerhouse—she reminded me of a more psychedelic **Alison Mosshart**. Accompanying The Black Ryder's *SXSW* line up was bass player **Jennifer Fraser** (who played in **Warlocks** and currently plays in **ZAZA**). The dynamic between Nash and Fraser was my favorite aspect of the show. The women often faced each other as they played, creating a cool wall of sound as their instruments' noise bounced off of each other.

I may have been unacquainted with The Black Ryder when I landed in Austin, but all it took was one steamy, late-night show to convert me into a fan. — *Jeanette D. Moses*

Cro-Mags

03.15 at *Barbarella* at 1 a.m.

I had seen all of the music I wanted to that night, and been told the Cro-Mags put on a good show along with the band that preceded them, **Power Trip**, so I found myself at the *Barbarella* around midnight on Thursday ... and the *Barbarella* found itself some trouble.

I made my way to a spot of concrete off to the side, overlooking the pit and the makeshift stage they'd set up on the patio, which was about two feet off the ground and had a ridiculous awning over the top. After **Power Trip** took the stage (and I do mean TAKE—the first thing that came out of vocalist **Riley**'s mouth was, "Who here is underage? This venue is now YOURS!" and that's pretty much when the *Barbarella* shit itself), I began to re-evaluate my position, 'cause if a thrash metal band from Dallas could cause this kind of mayhem, the Cro-Mags' set might kill us all.

After **Power Trip** decimated the stage (and nearly shut the show down), Cro-Mags vocalist **John Joseph** got on the mic and told the crowd he'd been asked to relay a message: If anyone climbed onto the stage, the sound guy was going to immediately cut power. "I know that's not how we do things, but that's how it's gotta be," he said in his thick NYC accent. I knew the set was doomed. Starting off with "We Gotta Know," the Mags seemed a little subdued after the preceding chaos, but knowing these guys are a major part of hardcore history, I was impressed by the energy on both sides of the security guard wall—and things were getting fucking tense. A few songs in, Joseph introduced the catalyst: a cover of **Bad Brains**' "Attitude." I'm pretty sure the Mayan Calendar actually ended at this exact moment, 'cause all fucking hell broke loose, and the mic was immediately cut as promised, but it didn't matter cause everyone was screaming the words too loud to notice.

The show was over at that point, the Mags had played less than half their set, and were clearly as frustrated as the crowd, but I left with more energy than I'd had all week. I'm pretty sure I'll never see a show like that again, and guess what, boyfriend, neither will you. — *Esther Meroño*



Photo: Angela H. Brown

Australia's The Black Ryder impressed the entire *SLUG Mag* team at Austin's *Iron Bear* on 03.17. Lead singer and guitarist **Aimee Nash** was a powerhouse on-stage.

Diamond Rugs

03.17 at *Vegan Hotel* at 5 p.m. and *Lustre Pearl* at 1 a.m.

Diamond Rugs is **John McCauley** of **Deer Tick**'s newest project, an indie-rock super group featuring members of **Los Lobos**, **Black Lips** and **Dead Confederate**. During the two sets that I caught on March 17, they performed with 10 members, including three guitarists (**Ian Saint Pé** of Black Lips, McCauley and **Hardy Morris** of Dead Confederate), three percussionists (one of whom is **Bryan Dufresne** of **Six Finger Satellite**), Deer Tick keyboardist **Robbie Crowell** on bass and **Steve Berlin** of Los Lobos on saxophone, just to name a few. They were the group I was most excited to see during SXSW.

These professional musicians came together to create music that is killer. When the group went into the studio to record their upcoming self-titled album—which **Partisan Records** will release on April 24—they had no pre-written songs. Everything that made it on the record was created during the ten-day session. Oddly enough, this was evident when seeing them perform live: The set had an organic feel, flowing naturally but also feeling somewhat spontaneous, as the band members took turns singing different songs featured on the album.

In retrospect, the band looked a bit stiff during their 5 p.m. performance at the *Vegan Hotel*. McCauley commented more than once that they didn't have a lot of time to rehearse together, but the daytime show still found the entire front row dancing to the band's loose rock n' roll songs that feature obvious blues and country influences. I'll admit that I was slightly disappointed that Saint Pé had ditched the golden grill he typically rocks for both Diamond Rugs shows.

When Diamond Rugs took the stage at *Lustre Pearl* at 1 a.m., they had hit their stride and were clearly more lubricated than they'd been earlier in the day. This was quickly confirmed as audience members continuously brought rounds of shots to the stage. For the late night set, the band announced they'd be playing their entire upcoming album in order. This performance easily topped the daytime show. Saint Pé's banter between songs—although occasionally hard to understand due to his heavy southern drawl and obvious intoxication—was reminiscent of what he does when playing with Black Lips. McCauley dove into the crowd and held his guitar out for audience members to touch and play. Someone in the band threw a tambourine into the crowd—the guy standing next to me snatched it and played along to the remainder of the set. When 2ish a.m. rolled around, neither the crowd nor the band seemed like they were ready to leave—fuck, I would have been happy to hear the entire set one more time, but as the lights flickered on, it was clear that it was time to go. If seeing the Diamond Rugs perform together was a rare treat, I'm stoked I saw it twice. If this super group ever ends up touring, I'll be elated. —*Jeanette D. Moses*

Birmingham, England's Lady Leshurr performed her first gig on U.S. soil at a SXSW showcase on 03.16 at the *Driskill Hotel*. We predict this 21-year-old female MC who spits her rhymes at lightning speeds will be blowing up in no time.



Photo: Angela H. Brown

Girl in a Coma

03.16 at *Easy Tiger Patio* at 1 a.m.

My week at SXSW was powered by a slew of guitar slayin', throat shreddin', drum bangin' babes, and the Latina ladies of San Antonio trio Girl in a Coma were no exception. I pushed my way to the front of the packed crowd on the *Easy Tiger Patio* to stand directly in front of vocalist **Nina Diaz** and sing along to "Adjust," the opening track on their most recent album, *Exits & All The Rest*.

I'd seen these chicas play at *Kilby* last year (and interviewed drummer **Phanie Diaz** for *SLUG*'s November 2011 issue), but that show lacked the crowd energy present at this SXSW showcase.

Nina's voice is just so fucking flawless. She's got this rockably tremolo thing going on ... it's like **Patsy Cline** fused with **Elvis**. Makes sense that they'd cover Cline's "Walkin' After Midnight," which they played—to my delight—from their album *Adventures*

in *Coverland*. Their unique brand of Tejano rock n' roll is so much fun to watch live.

Fortunately, you don't have to take my word for it: Girl in a Coma is gracing *Kilby Court* on May 7. —*Esther Meroño*

Lady Leshurr with Rasltes

03.16 at *Victorian Room in the Driskill* at 12 a.m.

Hailing from Birmingham, England, Lady Leshurr's first performance off U.K. soil was her SXSW appearance on Friday, March 16. The venue was a converted hotel conference room with a small rented stage, mediocre lighting system and a PA. This set up was not surprising, but typical for SXSW, as almost every inch of Austin is converted into a music venue during the festival.

The band playing was Rasltes—four British-Jamaican

a go at a second live collaboration. With warmed-up vocals, she was ready to bring what I came for. Leshurr's voice buzzed, freestyle rapping at lightning speeds. She was an urban auctioneer, tongue-twisting her life's story with urgent velocity, yet discharging it with perfect diction. She bounced up and down as she spouted out words—like she was keeping time jumping to an imaginary jump rope. Around her fourth rap, two-dozen people joined the audience and Leshurr's energy soared. She confessed that she normally doesn't rap with a live band (she uses a pre-recorded track) and stated that after tonight's show with Rasltes, she was unsure she would be able to go back to rhyming over a CD.

She charmed Rasltes into staying for "just a few more," and sang out an improv rhythm for each individual musician to play. Rasltes immediately picked up her groove and Leshurr delivered another round of rapid-fire rap. The crowd was in a frenzy, begging for more. After the vocals ended, a drunken member of the crowd tried to clown the Rasltes lead vocalist, **Jahmel Ellison**, by challenging him to rap like Leshurr. Surprising bandmates and the crowd alike, Ellison rose to the challenge, took the mic and began freestyling. Leshurr battled back and forth with Ellison until her 30-minute SXSW time slot was up. Leshurr thanked the audience and invited fans to meet her stage left for autographs and pictures. Watch out **MIA** ... at the rate she's going, Lady Leshurr is sure to replace you. —*Angela H. Brown*

Mike Birbiglia

03.15 at *Esther's Follies* at 9:30 p.m.

I've been a fan of Mike Birbiglia since my stint as a cubicle minion a couple of years ago, when all I had to protect me against the life-sucking fluorescent lights and mindless, vending machine banter was **Ira Glass** and his contributors on *This American Life*. Birbiglia was one of my favorites, as his stories about Catholic school and sleepwalking disorders were guaranteed to take my mind off the carpal tunnel.

I had the chance to see Birbiglia's latest project, a movie based on his one-man off-Broadway show and book, *Sleepwalk With Me*, at *Sundance* this January. The film was one of my favorites from *Sundance*, and fortunately it was picked up by **IFC** so y'all might have a chance to see it, too. This is actually why Birbiglia was in Austin, showing *Sleepwalk With Me* during the film portion of the festival the week prior to the music. Fortunately, he stuck around and did a short, 20-minute stand-up act as part of the *Tuneln StandUp Showcase* at *Esther's Follies* on Austin's famous Sixth Street.

Louis Katz and **Jessi Klein** preceded Birbiglia, and by the time he hit the stage I'd been lubed with laughter and was ready for more. He came out with that shit-eating grin of his, a handful of note cards

and immediately mentioned how much younger than him we all looked. Nevertheless, he knew how to cater to us, and immediately started off with some new jokes all relevant to SXSW, a couple I'd already seen that day on his Twitter feed (@birbigls), but were even better in person.

The set was short and familiar, but Birbiglia's energy was infectious, and he seemed fueled by our "youth." He only had a few minutes left at the end, and asked what we wanted to hear. A bunch of us yelled "Sleepwalk" 'cause that story never gets old, but he went with the "rape mattress" joke instead. He paused in the middle and slapped his forehead, exclaiming that he hadn't told the joke in so long, he'd forgotten it, so we all exuberantly jumped from our seats and tried to fill it in for him (some of us might've been slightly intoxicated at this point ...). Overall, his performance was a worthwhile break from the music at SXSW, and I hope it's a refreshing break from all of our show reviews I know you've been sifting through. —*Esther Meroño*

This Will Destroy You

03.14 at *Swan Dive* at 1 a.m.

It was 1 a.m. as I walked all doe-eyed to the front of the stage at the *Swan Dive* for the *Suicide Squeeze SXSW Showcase*. It's difficult for me to describe what This Will Destroy You's music does to me ... You know when you were a kid, and there were fireworks going off, and you were with all of your friends on the Fourth of July, and some cheesy "America" country song was playing over the field, but it didn't matter 'cause you felt so happy and alive and grateful that you were a fucking American 'cause you didn't know any better, so your chest got tighter and your stomach hurt in a good way and you couldn't stop smiling? That's where This Will Destroy You takes me.

This show was no different, though their set at *Kilby* last year was more intimate. The highlight of the evening was their finale. They played "Little Smoke" off their latest album, *Tunnel Blanket*, starting slow and soft, then pausing for a split second of silence interrupted by a loud "crack!" from one of the guitar pedals and some super loud, heavy beats coming down on you like the wrath of god. The soft noise of feedback and distortion ended the night in standing Shavasana. I know this word is totally over-used, but damn, this band is epic. Rumor has it the band will be back through SLC in June. —*Esther Meroño*

This only covers a fraction of the music we all saw while in Austin. For *SLUG*'s daily coverage of performances by **Ume, **Gossip**, **Tycho**, **Bass Drum of Death**, **Mr. Gnome**, **The Allah-Las** and many more, visit slugmag.com/festivals.php. Also check out our exclusive photo gallery at slugmag.com/photos.**

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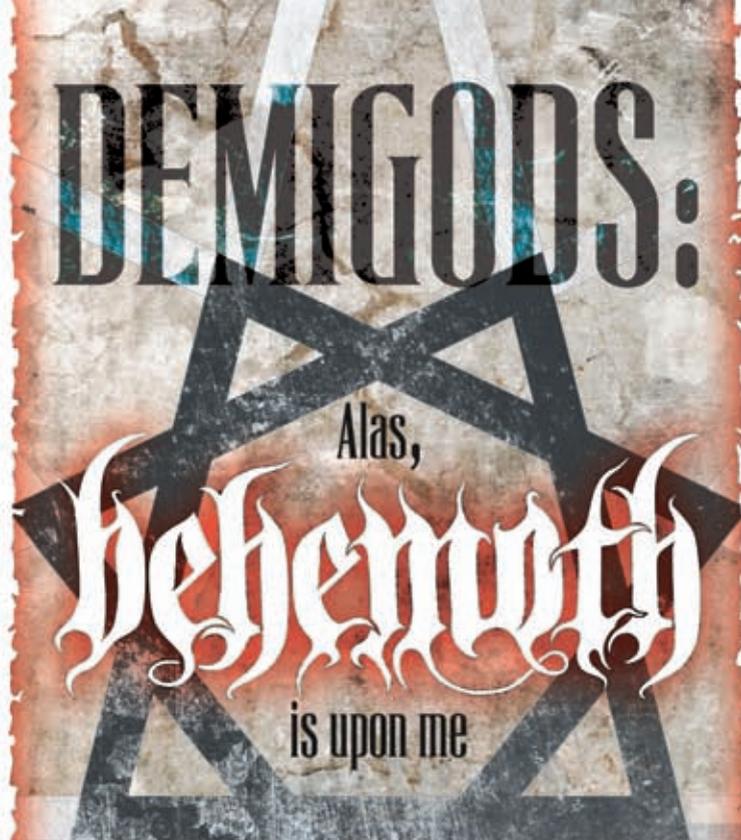
By Henry Glasheen
henryglasheen@msn.com

Calling it his "most precious child," Behemoth's guitarist and vocalist **Nergal** doesn't feel like reducing his music to a simple catchphrase. "I just grab my guitar, and pour all my emotions into new riffs and new songs, and the last thing I care about is whether it's in the 'blackened death metal' box," he says. "Behemoth is Behemoth." Though recent years have posed a slew of trials for the band—especially Nergal's leukemia diagnosis in 2010—he emphasizes that Behemoth is a "tight, solid unit again." With a long year of touring ahead, Nergal aims to bring better live production and renewed energy to make these tours "something that an extreme metal fan can be proud of."

"April and May are going to be the best months because we can tour the United States," says Nergal, anxious to get back on the road. "We're touring Russia, then South America and the U.S. in the coming months, then it's festivals in Europe." Such an intense touring schedule would prove difficult for any band, but Nergal seems to view it as a challenge rather than an ordeal. "Touring Europe didn't kill me," he says, but he still intends to find time for himself during the gaps of his tour. "I really want to find at least two weeks for my own personal vacation. I just want to fuck off somewhere where no cell phone can reach me. So I can really step in solid grass, and get away from everyday bullshit."

With such a rigid touring schedule, writing new music inevitably takes a secondary priority. Nonetheless, Nergal assured me, "I'm constantly writing." The band won't have much time in the rehearsal room, but he finds ways to record his ideas. "[I] put something together, wait two, three months," he says, "we play it again, try to change something, and it gets older and wiser." Even as he emphasizes that the songwriting process hasn't intensified yet, he claims to have "four solid rough catches of new songs." The band hopes to release a new full-length early next year. "[We are] just taking our time. We wanna make sure that the album we're going to put out is going to be a totally honest, sincere piece of music. It just needs time," says Nergal.

Nergal cites the Slovenian avant-garde band **Laibach** as a major non-metal influence for his music. "In front of me, I have Laibach's *Opus Dei*.



Polish metal demigods Behemoth will headline the inaugural *Decibel Magazine Tour* at *The Complex* on April 18.

It's hard, heavy stuff. It corresponds with the metal sound, but it's one of the few bands to really inspire me to write metal music." The band's influence on the metal movement is undeniable, and their hard-hitting martial industrial style has some definite resonance with Behemoth and the early death metal movement. "Their opus magnum was *Macbeth*. I remember **Morbid Angel**, back in the day, would be using *Macbeth* as their intros for their songs and I believe **Vader** did the same. It was a special time for a lot of metallers."

In the time since his 2010 bone marrow transplant, all signs seem to indicate that Nergal is winning his fight against leukemia. Following his departure from the hospital in January of 2011, his recovery has continued in a positive direction. "I haven't been taking the immunosuppressive drugs for a long time now. My morphology is like any normal healthy human being. I have no reasons to complain," he says. His focus has been on staying active and eating healthy, and he hopes that his recovery will continue.

At the time of his release from *Uniwersyteckie Centrum Kliniczne*, however, Nergal's financial situation was rapidly deteriorating. "I spent long months in the hospital, and I pretty much lost all my savings. I came out of the hospital with huge debt." However, he soon received an offer to participate as a judge on the first season of the Polish television show, *Voice of Poland*. "I got the offer about a year ago and I decided to take it, and it paid well. So, why not?" Nergal says. "It was a good deal for me. The cool thing about the whole situation is that me and my contestants won the program. And we won it with heavy metal." However, he has declined to return to the show for a second season, turning his full attention to touring with Behemoth.

"I know there [are] legions of extreme metal fans who are dying to see Behemoth, in probably the best shape ever," says Nergal. "It's been a while since we played in Salt Lake." With a laugh he says, "Salt Lake City, correct me if I'm wrong, is the capital of pornography in the United States. I'm really excited about coming back to your city, man."

On April 18, extreme metal demigods Behemoth will be playing at *The Complex* with support from black metallers **Watain**, the psychedelic doom grooves of **The Devil's Blood**, and **In Solitude**'s heavy metal jams.

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MORE THAN JUST A PARTY: 128 BEATS PER MINUTE



By Mame Wallace
Killthesh3p@gmail.com
Photos: Shane McCauley

Skerrit Broy stage dives during *Pitchfork Music Festival* in Chicago in 2010.

The cover of *128 Beats Per Minute* features Diplo in Ibiza.



Lee Scratch Perry in the studio with Diplo in 2010 in the U.K.

For photographer **Shane McCauley**, *128 Beats Per Minute* is a book based on what he describes as his three-year vacation—a time where he toured across the world with DJ and music producer **Diplo**, and his only responsibility was doing what he loved: taking photos. Although the book has been billed as a book about Diplo, for McCauley, it's much more than that. "I wanted to make this book about dance culture. I didn't just want it to be a book about Diplo; I wanted it to be about this music culture and this music movement," he says.

McCauley's photos bring life to the book and Diplo's intros at the beginning of each chapter—which are divided by country and paired with a playlist created by Diplo and set the atmosphere of the photos. Jamaica, Russia, Israel and the United Kingdom are just a few of the places featured in the book.

McCauley witnessed Diplo's rise to stardom and the rise of dance music, which the book documents, starting in 2003. McCauley first heard of Diplo and his *Hollertronix* parties from his friend, **Blair**, who could not stop talking about them. Apparently neither could the rest of Philadelphia. *Hollertronix* was hosted in the basement of a grungy Ukrainian club in the bad part of town, which eventually turned into the place to be for all the Philadelphia natives. "Everyone just got drunk and had a good time. It was a really special time in Philadelphia. Everybody who was around during that time looks back fondly at that party," says McCauley.

According to *128 Beats Per Minutes'* intro, **Sean Agnew**, a local promoter and friend of Diplo and McCauley, got a call from *Fader Magazine* during the time period when *Hollertronix* was blowing up. They asked him what was cool in Philadelphia, and his immediate answer

was *Hollertronix*. McCauley was hired to shoot photos of the event, and it was the same night he finally met Diplo, and took a few pictures of him in his apartment for the magazine.

Fast-forward to the summer of 2008: McCauley had recently returned from a stint living in LA when Diplo and Agnew were putting together the first **Mad Decent Block Party**. Diplo reunited with McCauley a day before the party and asked him to shoot it. "I shot [the party] like a photo essay, above the light, taking portraits of all the DJs, turntables, people, everything," says McCauley. Diplo dug the work and asked McCauley to come on tour with him to Europe and Israel. After that, whenever Diplo went somewhere crazy and cool, McCauley went with him.

The idea of making the book was born shortly after. McCauley and Diplo's manager, **Kevin Kusatsu**, shared a mutual vision. "We [realized], in 20 years, people will look back on this [time period] as a musical movement. It was like the *CBGB* book, with the pictures of **Blondie** hanging out with **The Jam** in the '70s. Nobody cared then, but now, looking at that photograph, it's like holy cow—that's Blondie and The Jam hanging out together," says McCauley. "We saw all these musicians doing really innovative things with music and they were all hanging out together. They were all going to get bigger in a few years. We wanted to make a book [documenting] everything around what [Diplo] does—the youth culture, the musical movement and all these places that had these very unique cultural nuances that were completely fascinating to all of us." **Erol Alkan**, **A-Trak**, **Brodinski** and **Rusko** are just a pinch of the big names that are in this book.

McCauley says the majority of the images were

shot using an old Mamiya 645 with a Kodak digital back, an old school Canon Rebel or a Canon 5D Mark, which he calls his favorite camera. Although party photography was gaining popularity as McCauley was shooting, he doesn't think that *128 Beats Per Minute* falls into that genre. "Although I am documenting parties, I feel like I'm not doing party photography. I hate party photography," says McCauley. "I'm trying to document a scene. I feel like there's a big difference between posting up 300 photographs of people getting drunk and documenting a music culture."

Although he says he despises party photography, he does admit that style of shooting helped him create the book. "Everywhere I went, it was easier to shoot fans. It would have been hard to explain to someone at a party that I'm not taking your picture for a stupid website, I'm trying to do this bigger cultural project and I want to photograph you for it. It doesn't come across quite the same way, especially in foreign countries where you don't speak the language," he says.

Despite watching the scene explode, McCauley is still blown away with what has happened to dance music. "If you had told me in summer 2008 dance music and DJ culture in America would be what it is now, I would have never believed you. Some people have an eye for what's next. [Diplo] has an eye for [that] and he's usually right. It's uncanny."

By the time you read this, *128 Beats Per Minute* will be available. Get a peek behind the scenes of Diplo's life, but also at the rise of dance music throughout the world.

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Photo: Chad Kirkland

COACHELLA

PACKING CHECKLIST



By Jeanette D. Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com

This April, I'll make my maiden voyage to the land of Indio, Calif. for the first weekend of *Coachella*. Although 2012 marks my first time, a number of my friends have been making the trek for years now. Considering how quickly both weekends sold out, I'm guessing many will be on the verge of losing their *Coachella* virginity. To make the first time a little less painful, I consulted some friends to create a handy *Coachella* packing guide. Enjoy!

- 1 Sunblock** - Three days in the desert sun isn't going to do any good for my pale complexion. I'll be packing SPF 75 to avoid blistered shoulders and skin that matches the color of my hair.
- 2 Camera with Non-Detachable Lens** - You'll need to leave the professional photography to the professionals, but it doesn't mean you can't tote along a small camera to document the fun. I'll be bringing my Diana Mini and plenty of 100-speed film.
- 3 Beer Coozie** - Keep your campground beers chilly once they emerge from your cooler!

- 4 Small Backpack or Fanny Pack** - Throw your important shit in one of these before you hit festival grounds. Since it's strapped to your body, it's less likely that it will get lost in the throngs of people.
- 5 Comfy Shoes** - You'll spend a lot of time trekking between your campsite and the festival grounds, and also around the festival grounds. A good pair of kicks will help keep your feet happy throughout the weekend.
- 6 Shades** - The sun will be brutal during daytime. Keep your peepers protected with a good pair of shades. Sunglasses are also the perfect way to hide bloodshot eyes after too many late nights in the campgrounds.
- 7 Cigarettes** - Everyone will run out. If you don't smoke, you'll probably be able to sell the things to your friends and randoms at a marked-up price.
- 8 Bikini Tops** - It's fucking hot and you'll want to be as close to naked as possible during the day. Bikini tops (and bottoms) will also make it that much easier to use the public showers in the campgrounds.
- 9 Wristband** - Forget it and you're fucked ...
- 10 A Plastic, Refillable Water Bottle** - You will get dehydrated. Don't waste your money on the water bottles being sold inside. There are water bottle filling stations throughout festival grounds.
- 11 A Hoodie** - The daytime will be unbearably hot, but once the sun sets, it might get chilly.
- 12 Beer** - Save some skrilla inside the festival grounds by keeping your campsite stocked. A veteran *Coachella* attendee recommended that everyone buy a personal 30 pack.
- 13 Flashlight** - These are good for making your way to the restroom at night, but also for locating ground scores. Treasures get dropped in the *Coachella* parking lot—money, gypsy flair and even drugs—be the first to find the loot!
- 14 Flip flops** - These are crucial for showers during the festival. The public showers are like dorm showers, but 1,000 times worse. Avoid odd foot growths.

Home At Last:

Signed & Numbered Frames the Future

By Cody Kirkland
againstcody@hotmail.com

Over the last four years, *Signed & Numbered* has lived a nomadic existence. What began as a tiny basement poster shop on Broadway expanded into a custom frame shop, necessitating various moves to locations around the Salt Lake valley. According to owners **Leia Bell** and **Phil Sherburne**, *Signed & Numbered* is staying put in their new shop on 2320 S. West Temple. With enough room to fit the entire operation under one roof, the mom n' pop shop has evolved into the creative home base Sherburne had envisioned nearly two decades ago.

Of course, before opening *Signed & Numbered*, the indie power-couple lived on *Kilby Court* and operated the namesake music venue. Unless you were born after 1993, or were exiled to Provo, you've been to a show at *Kilby Court*, you've seen Bell's gig posters all over Salt Lake promoting *Kilby* shows, and you probably have one of her magnets that you snagged from the ticket booth on your refrigerator. You also know that as Bell's art garnered recognition and her poster collection piled up, Sherburne sold the venue and the two pursued another avenue of livelihood—a poster shop and gallery, slinging gig posters and fine art prints from artists local and at large, including Bell's own work.

After multiple moves in their four-year existence, Signed & Numbered owners Phil Sherburne and Leia Bell say that their South Salt Lake location is where they intend to stay.



Photo: Katie Panzer

Thus, *Signed & Numbered* was born. Opened in the basement of *Slowtrain* (R.I.P.), the store thrived selling music-related art beneath the lauded independent record store. The business gained popularity as a major stop in Salt Lake's *Gallery Stroll* as Bell and Sherburne hosted several highly attended art events—in particular, the *Big Lebowski*-themed show in 2009. The show, titled *"This Aggression Will Not Stand, Man": Art Inspired by The Big Lebowski*, drew large crowds and made a buzz in poster-fiend circles (printmaking heavy-hitter **Tyler Stout's** movie poster created for the event is currently fetching \$2,000 on eBay) and helped build the *Signed & Numbered* following.

When they opened the first shop on Broadway in 2008, Bell and Sherburne hadn't planned on making picture frames. At first, the shop offered Ikea and thrift store frames, but the shoddy craftsmanship of the cheap frames didn't mesh well with the hand-made prints they were putting in them. "We didn't mean to be a frame shop, but seeing how badly the other ones were made ... We kind of had to be a frame shop, really," says Sherburne. With 17 years experience as a carpenter, Sherburne had the equipment and the know-how to get the framing side of the business moving. He says, "We were making it up as we went ... It started out as a poster shop and then I

got the tools back out and started making simple frames..." Bell adds, "It just kept evolving from there. We kept adding more and more frames and that started to become what people were coming to us for, so we had to get a bigger shop."

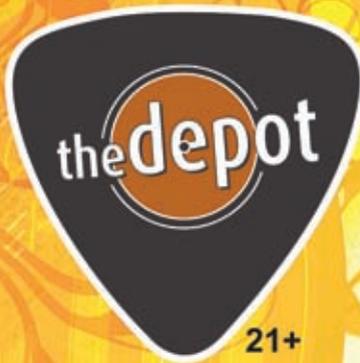
They moved the operation to the old *21st & 21st Coffee* building, next to *Blue Plate Diner*, but with limited gallery and poster space, they had to open up a second, posters-only location back on *Kilby*. As frame demand increased, Bell and Sherburne searched for a location where they could consolidate the gallery and frame shop. They settled on their current location on West Temple and moved the business once again. When asked how all this moving around has affected the business, Sherburne says, "It's gotten better every time. Every time we've moved, we've gotten more business."

The two couldn't have found a better place to let the business really take root. With enough space for a showroom and poster gallery, production area and full woodshop, *Signed & Numbered* has grown from the little mom n' pop poster shop into a thriving business with 10 employees: a collective of artists and artisans. "I had always envisioned this, a place where everything was together. Even before *Kilby* ... a place where craftspeople and artists ... could work together, where they could feed off

each other. And I think it's on that track now," says Sherburne. Apparently, the public has developed an insatiable appetite for all things framed. Even with 10 employees, the two say that business has been so good that they can barely keep up. "People really appreciate handmade things and notice that they're handmade ... Maybe it's worth it to spend a few extra dollars and buy something you know is well made, and made here, and made from environmentally [friendly] materials. I think that's important to a lot of people," says Bell.

This new direction in the business is just what Bell and Sherburne wanted. Sherburne, whose start in carpentry involved building expensive furniture for rich people, says, "I wanted to build something ... I can't describe it, but I think it's what we're heading into now ... I always wanted to build things that were more approachable and more ..." "Accessible?" suggests Bell. "Yeah," says Sherburne. "People that I know could appreciate them. Handmade stuff for people that I know."

Although they don't have any particular plans for upcoming gallery shows, Bell and Sherburne may have something in mind for later in the year. Until then, stop by *Signed & Numbered* at 2320 S. West Temple in SoSaLa and get some handmade stuff for people that you know.



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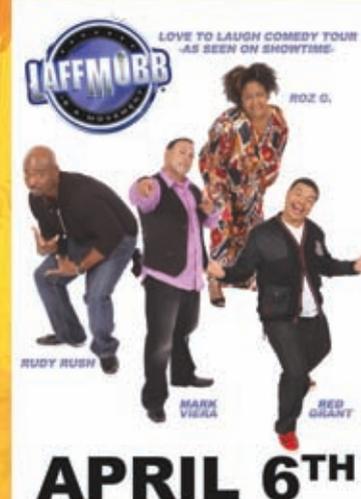
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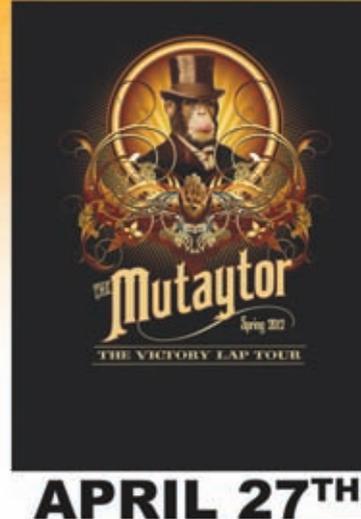
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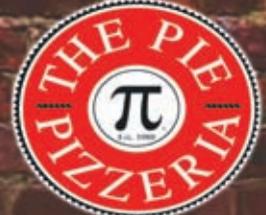
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RECORD STORE DAY

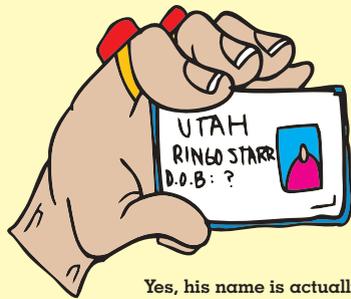
Comics by SLUG Staff

To celebrate the fifth annual Record Store Day, which takes place on April 21, 2012, we asked four Salt Lake record stores about the special relationships they've forged with some of their favorite customers.

RANDY'S RECORDS



Our favorite customer is a guy named Ringo Starr. He claimed the Beatles drummer stole his identity.



Yes, his name is actually Ringo Starr. We've seen his Utah ID.



Oftentimes, he'll wear an American flag top hat with Beatles paper dolls hanging from the brim, a smartly cut pink jacket and colorful rings on his fingers.

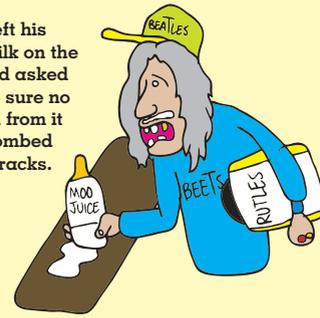
He's hard of hearing and becomes completely deaf when asked a question he doesn't like. (Example: "Ringo, could you not eat chips while handling those records?")



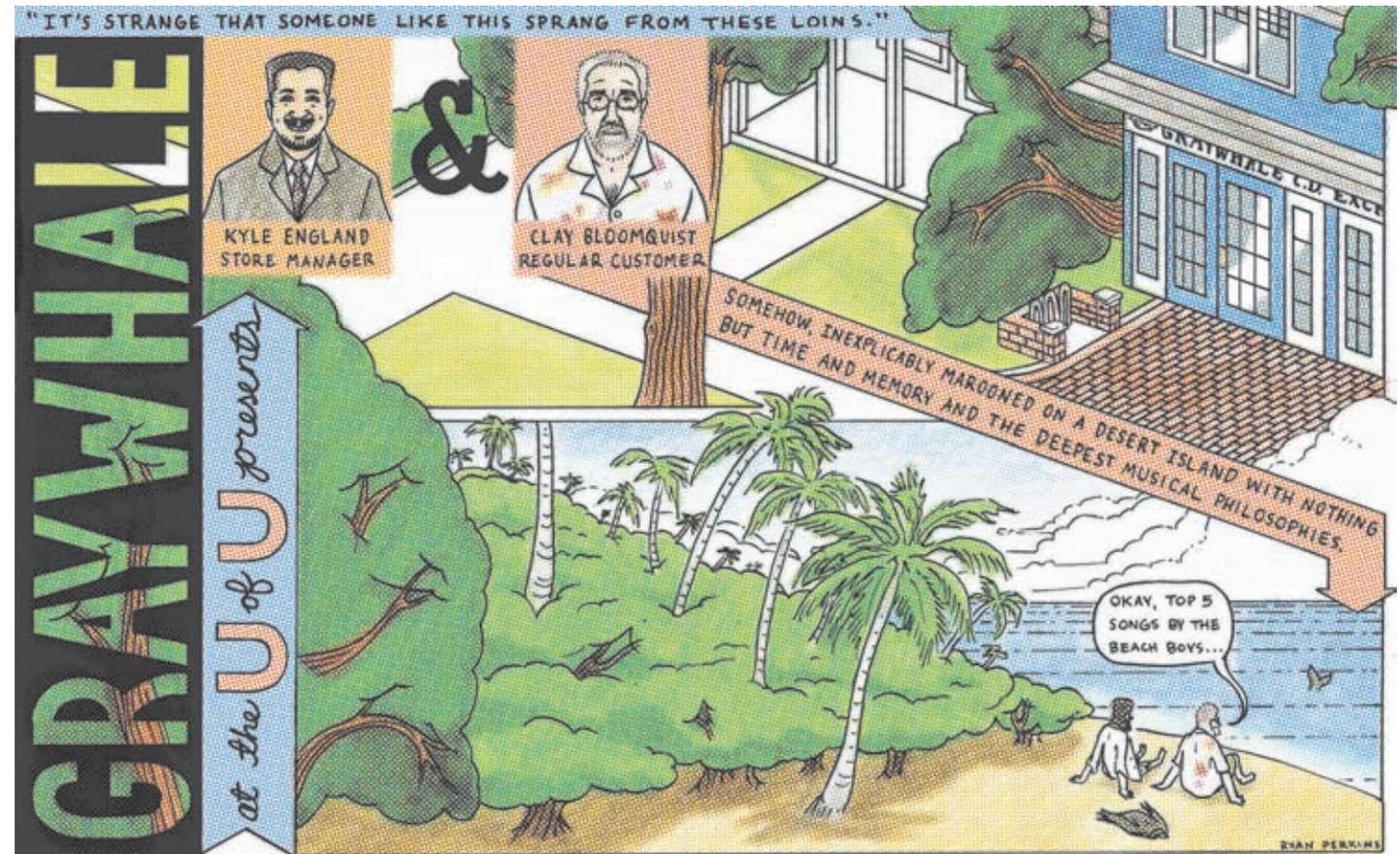
He exclusively buys Beatles records, spending upwards of \$100 on collectible 45s. He holds his money in a Beatles wallet.



Once, he left his bottle of milk on the counter and asked us to make sure no one sipped from it while he combed the record racks.



Illustrations by Dylan Chadwick



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THE SLUG Games

SHRED THE PARK AFTER DARK

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

Photo: Jesse Anderson

Front hand tail grab 180 boost.

Crooked nose press over the deadly closeout feature.

Photo: Jesse Anderson

some grown) turned up in droves to compete for bragging rights. With nearly 50 competitors, the table was set for another installment of *SLUG*-style madness. The course, designed by the *SLUG Games* coordinators and built by **Jeremy Cooper**, consisted of three different rail options. On skiers' right was a round flat-up-flat bar, centered was a short high bar to stair set, and skiers' left provided a few more choices with a closeout flat bar and a gap to down bar option. All the top rails funneled into a wide quarterpipe with a corrugated coping expanding nearly the entire length of the feature. Corralled atop the quarter behind the *SLUG* letters stood the MCs, **Trevor Hennings** and **Nick Adams**, and the judges. **DJ Goobers** provided the beats as the competitors stormed the course to get in some valuable practice hits.

It's pretty safe to say that this snow season has been a little disappointing. Luckily, we're in Utah and not anywhere on the East Coast, because even a below-average snow count still allows for fairly ridiculous base depths. Combine that with sunny skies and spring-like weather and you have the perfect conditions for park laps. Add in the state's finest terrain parks and you've got the ultimate training grounds. Mix in some local sponsors and a kick-ass magazine and you've got the last stop on the 12th annual amateur contest series of the season, *SLUG Games*, presented by Scion.

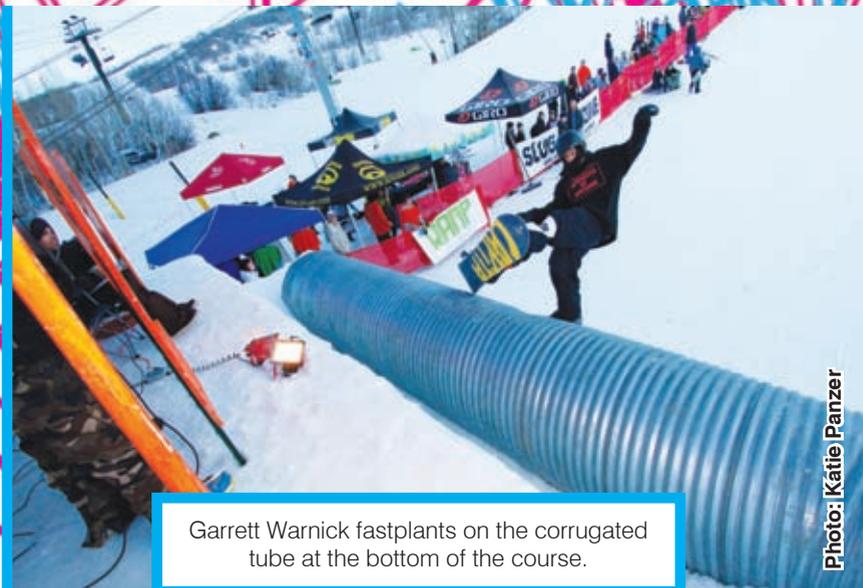
On Saturday, March 10, *Park City Mountain Resort* played host to *Shred the Park After Dark*, the second and final contest of the *SLUG Games* series. With the sun shining bright, deep into the late afternoon, the snow kids (some young,

The temps began to lower and turn the spring soup into snice (1/2 snow, 1/2 ice) pellets. After completing the short hike to the top of lower 3 Kings Terrain Park, the amateurs were off. Due to the amount of registered entrants and time constraints, 15-plus ams on single and double planks dropped, slid and raced back to the top of the course. Bonks, noseslides, blunts, firecrackers, fast plants, 270 on, 270 off highlighted the makes of the 20-minute session. The corrugated quarter came to serve as a point of interest as competitors tried aeries to appease the judges. With not a lot of vert, many riders found themselves falling victim to "the pit": the two-foot wide crevasse that separated the competitors from the judges/DJ platform. The first casualty was **Tyler Clark**. As he attempted to stomp a back flip, wildcat-style on the quarter,

Clark under rotated and drifted off the lip, clipped his nose and dented the corrugate. Clark hung out of the pit like a lawn dart, prompting the crew to fish him out. After the time expired, the judges deliberated and the top five skiers and snowboarders were inked for the amateur finals.

It wasn't until the older gents and ladies took to the course that the natural light was replaced by the sparkling glow of oversized halogen bulbs. Now aptly titled, the rest of the competitors began to lay down their top tricks in hopes of a spot in the Open finals. Whoever said that the older you get the more conservative you become obviously is not a competitive athlete. The growing mass of fans and supporters watched in awe as skiers spun in and out, over and onto every feature in sight. The snowboarders utilized the rail to stair set with 180 and 360 gap outs. Even the ladies tossed bangers, including front boards and lip slides on the long down rail. As the level of riding rose and the clock ticked, it was all or nothing for a few riders. Fortunately for us (not so much for them), we were rewarded with some brutal slams. Luckily, everyone made it out slightly unscathed and allowed our guilt to subside as the young guns made their way back up for the first final heat of the night.

The finals operated in the same capacity as the prelims, with skiers and boarders on course at the same time. This ultimately got the best of some competitors as collisions and snakes became abundant. Over the next 40 minutes I watched as the top skiers and riders gave it their all in order to take home the goods. In the end, only the top three from each division could claim



Garrett Warnick fastplants on the corrugated tube at the bottom of the course.

Photo: Katie Panzer



DJ Goobers kept the beats flowing all night from the base of the course.

Photo: Katie Panzer



James Saarela gaps the staircase with the skier equivalent of an Indy.

Photo: Katie Panzer



Fifty fifty to back one gapping the stair set.

Photo: Jesse Anderson

victory and the bounty of booty that awaited them on the podium. Taking the top spots in the Snowboarding Am Division were **Justin Aday**, **Cody Hyman** and **Jayden Naylor**. Sporting the ugliest pants of the night, Aday impressed with Miller Flips over the closeout and 270 bluntslides. Ski Am went to **Ayden Damitio** who landed two different 360 offs on two different features. **Christian Santini** and **James Saarela** completed the podium. Men's Open Snowboarding went to **Connor Gysin** with **Garrett Warnick** in second and **Tyler Blackburn** in third. **Trevor Jackson** took the Ski Open Division followed by **Scott Nelson** and **Matt Hefferman**. Although not a lot of women competed, those who did amazed everyone. **Lynn Neil** took home first place in the Women's Open Snowboarding barely beating out **Jamie Hill**. **Catherine Warchal** stood atop the Ski Division alongside **Jamie Crane-Mauzy**.

Thanks to everyone who competed and supported the contest. Thanks to ski judges **Dan Samond**, **Willie Nelson** and **Kimmy Sharp**. Thanks to the snow judges, **Steve Downs**, **Spencer Swalberg** and **Lena Nance**. Thanks to presenting sponsor, Scion and all the other sponsors, RampSports, *City Weekly*, War Regime, DaleBoot, Neve Outerwear, Giro, Blindside, Discrete, Salty Peaks, Saga, Milosport, *The Garage*, *Bar Named Sue*, *Jackalope Lounge*, Wasatch Beers and Whiskey Militia. For a full list of results see below.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Snowboard Am:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Justin Aday Cody Hyman Jayden Naylor | <p>Ski Am:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Ayden Damitio Christian Santini James Saarela |
| <p>Snowboard Open:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Connor Gysin Garrett Warnick Tyler Blackburn | <p>Ski Open:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Trevor Jackson Scott Nelson Matt Hefferman |
| <p>Snowboard Women's:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Lynn Neil Jamie Hill Molly Clark | <p>Ski Women's:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Catherine Warchal Jamie Crane-Mauzy |

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UPCOMING SCREENING & EVENT SCHEDULE

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FRI., APRIL 13 - 7:00PM

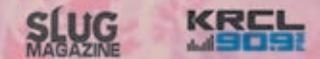
SHIT YEAR

Directed by Cam Archer / 2010 / 95 min.
Shot as a highly stylized expressionism piece, this film follows the isolation of actress Colleen West (Ellen Barkin) as she attempts to embrace her retirement. Isolation breeds bad behavior as Colleen begins to entertain herself, blurring the line between fantasy, hallucination and reality.



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WED., APRIL 18 - 8:00PM

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

Directed by Eugene Jarecki / 2012 / 110 min.
Skype Q+A with director after the film



In the past 40 years, the War on Drugs has accounted for 45 million arrests, made America the world's largest jailer, and destroyed impoverished communities at home and abroad. Yet drugs are cheaper, purer, and more available today than ever. Where did we go wrong, and what can be done? *The House I Live In* is not only the definitive film on the failure of America's drug war, but it is also a masterpiece filled with hope and the potential to effect change.

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														11:00 pm TUMBLEWEEDS BEST OF FEST
	8	SUN	9	MON	10	TUE	11	WED	12	THUR	13	FRI	14	SAT
					8:30 pm CAVE OF FORGOTTEN DREAMS				8:30 pm THROUGH THE LENS - 180			7:00 pm SHIT YEAR		
15	SUN	16	MON	17	TUE	18	WED	19	THUR	20	FRI	21	SAT	
				7:00 pm SON OF BABYLON			8:00 pm THE HOUSE I LIVE IN			7:00 pm CAVE OF FORGOTTEN DREAMS				
22	SUN	23	MON	24	TUE	25	WED	26	THUR	27	FRI	28	SAT	
				7:00 pm THE CITY DARK				7:00 pm WELL AND BACK AGAIN						
29	SUN	30	MON											

- | | | | | |
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CAMERON WOOD

BMX pro,
Jesus Carpenter,
Entrepreneur
... Anything Else?

By Lauren Paul • laurenpaul81@gmail.com

For the last 15 years, Cameron Wood has been perusing the back alleys and grungy side-streets of Salt Lake on his BMX bike. Throughout his many years of riding, he has cultivated an impressive amount of talent and respect in the sport. You've most likely seen him riding with other local pros, seen his face in other magazine snapshots or heard whispers of his name—he's been in the biz for a while. Instead of focusing on giving the public more contests or being a poster child for his sponsors, Wood is taking a more unique approach with his involvement in the sport. *The Wood Shop*, recently opened by Wood, is not just the sole BMX-only shop in Salt Lake, but it is also home to his unique, crafty carpentry designs. I was able to catch him one afternoon and learned how Wood is marking the BMX scene with his own fingerprint.

SLUG: What inspired the birth of *The Wood Shop*?

Wood: I decided to open my own shop because I wanted to distribute good bikes to kids in the west. Around April/May of last year, I started collecting wood pieces off the streets and began scrapping out—the grand opening was August 5.

SLUG: How have BMX-ers in the area responded to your shop?

Wood: A lot of people are showing me love. I'm the only BMX-exclusive shop in Salt Lake. Other shops have all kinds of bikes, like road or mountain, but I am specific to the BMX community. Some people have come in thinking it's just a wood shop, so I've been able to get a few carpentry jobs from that. The name of my shop comes from my last name, of

course, but it also represents my skill.

SLUG: What's your carpentry collection like?

Wood: It's super freestyle, with a lot of wood-burning pieces and some Pepsi and sprocket tables. I'm also trying to do a lot of BMX combined furniture that looks like bike products. I'm going for a grungy, motorcycle, BMX-club-type style.

SLUG: What is unique about your store that we should know about?

Wood: All of my displays are handmade. The shovels used to hang tires and frames are the actual shovels I used to build jumps at Tanner Park. I've probably spent a good 100 hours digging with each shovel before it snapped. Most of the time, shops just use slat walls with hooks to display product, but everything in my shop is custom. Having original designs adds a good touch.

SLUG: What is it like trying to run a business and be a pro rider?

Wood: I don't know if I would consider myself a pro—I'm sponsored. And those aren't even all the things I'm into. I build jumps for contests, too. I don't even have time for myself anymore—some bike rider took over my body, and I'm just going with the flow.

SLUG: If you don't consider yourself a pro, what do you consider yourself to be?

Wood: A BMX Hell's Angel. It's about having fun, really. Being pro is like a J.O.B., but this is a lifestyle. There are people so hungry to get paychecks



Cameron Wood on his bike in front of his shop.

and it changes the riding. The contests aren't judged right. Every dude does the same trick. I don't like the foam pit because I feel like it's cheating. Style and your own look is what you're trying to achieve.

SLUG: Is that thought unique to Cam Wood, or would you say other BMX riders are thinking the same thing?

Wood: Yeah, you're either a contest rider, and you go to Woodward to train and win, or you just go have fun riding down the road with your friends. Contests were real cool back in the day, but now they're just different.

SLUG: What advice would you give to riders?

Wood: Just ride. You see something and say, "I bet I could do that." That mentality didn't come for years, though. As time moved on, progression moved on, and suddenly, lots of things were possible. It was time spent on my bike that got me to be creative.

SLUG: Where's your head at when you ride? Any mental games?

Wood: Usually, I'm fired up and things come naturally. When I'm doing something scary and it's a mind screw, I usually go into it with, "I'm going to land this." Keeping positive vibes and staying on my bike and not on the couch helps keep my head where it needs to be.

SLUG: Are you a renaissance man, a businessman or a BMX rider?

Wood: I don't know what time I'm stuck in. I think I have about three or four split personalities inside of me. It just depends on the day, I guess.

Pop into *The Wood Shop* on 2212 S. West Temple in Salt Lake to check out this newest addition to the BMX community, and say hi to Cam Wood himself. Make sure to look 'em up on Facebook and at thewoodshopbmx.com as well.

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Cameron Wood, owner of the Wood Shop, Salt Lake City's newest BMX shop.

Photos: Katie Panzer

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BEAUTIFUL GODZILLA



Illustration by Ryan Perkins

Ladies, Leave Your Man at Home By Esther Meroño esther@slugmag.com

In light of the recent woman-bashing that the Republican party has wrought upon our brains through its war on *Planned Parenthood* and reproductive healthcare, and in celebration of the *Salt Lake Bicycle Collective's* 10-year anniversary this month, I decided to revisit the bi-monthly *Ladies Shop Night* hosted by the *Collective* for quite some years now and reclaim my feminine power among other bicycle-loving ladies. Most of the avid cyclists in town have heartfelt ties with the non-profit organization, and though my bicycle-mechanic skills begin and end with tire levers and a 15mm wrench, the *Bike Collective* is partially responsible for the onset of all my two-wheeled enthusiasm. It's there that I assembled (with the help of then-volunteer **Davey Davis**) my trusty green Mercier and rode it out the doors like a carefully planned child bursting from its appropriately-aged mother's womb—thanks to the safe-sex education she received in high school.

The thing is, bike shops intimidate me. I don't think it's so much that I walk into a shop and there's a whole bunch of dudes who know way more about bikes than I ever will throwing around bike mechanic gibberish—I've got mad respect for people who can do things I can't (yet) do. I guess I just feel a little sheepish walking in there and asking them to switch out my pedals when I purchased a fixed gear primarily for its low maintenance.

This is why the *Salt Lake Bicycle Collective* is one of the greatest places in all of Salt Lake, almost better than pizza night at *Sage's* (#fbg4lyfe). You pay \$5/hour for them to help you fix your own bike, or drop in during their volunteer hours to earn \$5/hour credit

on parts and time. It's a win-win, 'cause a tune-up at a shop is about \$50 and you ain't larin' nothin'. Not that I'll never go to a bike shop again—mad props to *Salt Lake Bicycle Co.* and *Saturday Cycles* for supporting all my random bike events.

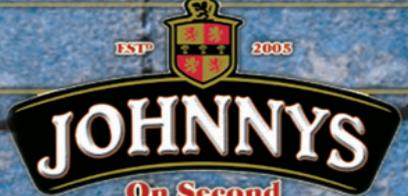
Ladies' Night at the *Collective* used to be a pretty big part of my month, even bigger than getting my period (believe it or not, **Rush Limbaugh**)! I'd ride my bike down there with my sister **Carla**, we'd hit up *Vertical* and chomp down a chik'n sandwich, then head in and either work on our own bikes with the help of ladies like "**Punk Rock Lindsey**" and **Meara McClenahan**, or provide others with our limited mechanical skillz as we learned more ... and I was learning shit-loads! Before I got a job as a copy editor for *SLUG*, which required me to sacrifice the *Collective* for a red pen and a furrowed brow on Wednesday nights, I knew how to true a wheel, cut down handlebars, dis- and re-assemble crank sets and perform basic maintenance like changing a flat and lubing a chain, among other things. It's also where I began recruiting for **Salty Spokes**.



Illustration by Dylan Chadwick

Now, it goes without saying that I could've learned all of those things with a bunch of guys around—it just would have taken a lot longer due to all of the stick-peeing I'd have to wait around for. In fact, **Jace Burbidge**, the current Night Shop Manager at the *Collective*, is the reason why *Ladies' Night* is still around. He didn't want to see it die after the gals who were running it decided to move on, so he stepped up and spearheaded its revival, taking on the role of manager and promoter. Jace was my go-to for the many mechanical questions I had on my visit as my Salty Spokes cohort, **Kenna O.**, and I took on a couple of flat tires. My inclination toward a "women-only" event like this lies in a deep-rooted societal flaw. There's just no getting around the fact that we still have a very outdated perception of "man," and that generally results in a bunch of guys who want to lube your chain while you watch their impeccable technique rather than show you how to take care of things yourself. Yeah, yeah, I heard it, too. I get it, I like to be needed, but I'm not going to rely on a pair of testosterone-pumped testicles to stick around long enough to fix my main means of transportation whenever it breaks down. Plus, I won't lie, it was always a little difficult to focus on mechanics when Davey's irresistible, boyish grin was flashing my way. I'm much more likely to learn when I'm surrounded by the nurturing familiarity of a pair of boobies.

Talking with Burbidge, it looks like the *Collective's* ultimate goal with *Ladies' Night* is to have it completely run by women, which I think would be pretty awesome. Maybe that awesomeness is you? Only one way to find out: Come to *Ladies' Night* at the *Collective* every first and third Wednesday of the month from 5-9 p.m. I promise it'll be worth it just to see your boyfriend's face when you tell him you can fix your own damn flat.



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PHOTO FEATURE



By Samuel Milianta
smilianta@yahoo.com

I took this photo of my friend, **Millionaire Michael** (real name withheld to protect his stock market status), last October at this strange spot on the outskirts of Oakland, Calif. This spot is in a city park in a really mellow neighborhood.

It actually used to be a skatepark in the 1970s. When the 1980s hit and skateboarding kind of died, the skatepark was torn out and the city turned it into a playground. This big, cement wave was all that was left of the original skatepark. It used to have these weird monkey bar things you had to curve through to skate, and was really difficult to get to. Recently, the playground was renovated and they made the runway wider and more direct. They also added some nice ledges to skate. It's one of those really unique spots that are always a blast to skate, and Michael had no problem shredding a 5-0 fakie on it on a very nice day in October. If you're ever just outside of Oakland, look for the skateable city park with a big green taco.

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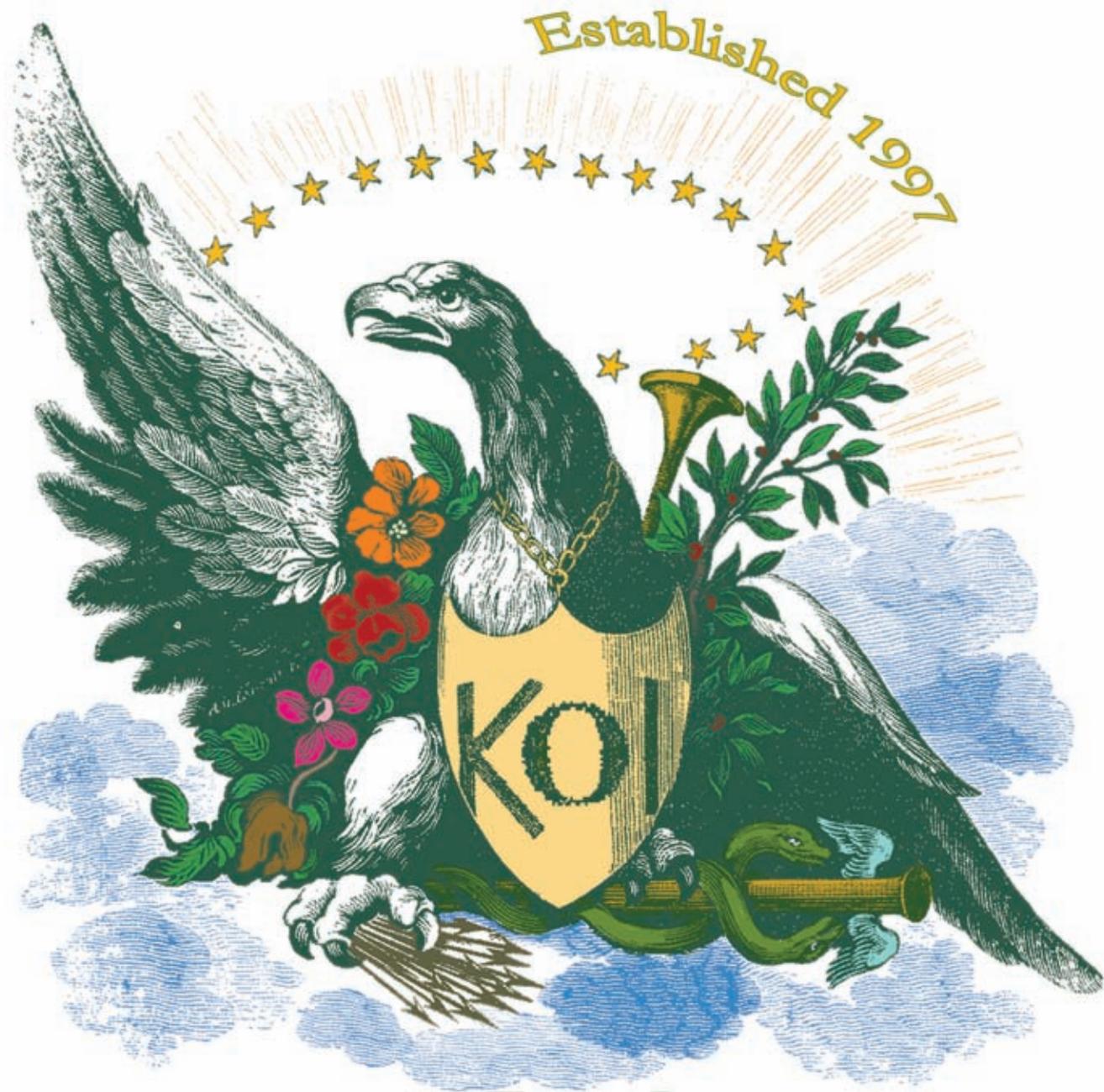
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PRODUCT REVIEWS

Bacon Freak

Bacon Soda
 Baconfreak.com



Offering a wide array of all things bacon, *baconfreak.com* has everything from bacon coffee and bacon jerky to bacon cookbooks. One of the coolest things I found was the Bacon of the Month Club, where you get two different flavored packages of gourmet bacon delivered to your door each month. You can also get a "BACON IS MEAT CANDY" shirt and a recipe book. Bacon and soda are two of my favorite things. Naturally combining them would be awesome, right? My roommate and I reluctantly shared this fantasy beverage next to the sink, just in case it didn't live up to our dreams. After popping the top and pouring two glasses, the dream of pork-flavored soda started to dwindle for the both of us. It smelled like cheap beef jerky and the color was a brownish pink. Hesitantly, I took the first sip only to find no more than a light sugar flavor followed by its overpowering odor. My roommate was in agreement about the lack of any noticeable flavor, let alone the taste of the king of breakfast meats. I took more sips off my glass hoping to find bacon nirvana, but I didn't. Nauseated and on the verge of losing my lunch, I poured what was left down the drain. This is purely a novelty soda and definitely not something you would drink willingly. Water and Bacon Bits would have tasted better than this soda. Join the Bacon of the Month Club instead and you won't be disappointed. —Eric Granato

Blender Bottle

Classic Blender Bottle
 BlenderBottle.com

When I first started working out, I was given the advice that in order to build my muscle tone fast, I should have a protein drink within 30 minutes of getting my ass kicked by a heavy workout. The premade protein drinks made me want to puke in my mouth, so I knew I was going to have to start mixing my own with a portable shaker. It was cheaper and easy to mix protein powder with water, but I always hated the fucking clumpy globs that would settle in the bottom on my shaker. So I gave up the portable protein drinks until I was handed this 28oz orange dandy for review. I gave the Blender Bottle the mobile test, and even tried adding in some of the items recommended on the neck tag (fruit juice, yogurt). Its BlenderBall® worked pretty damn well. It whipped up some good protein shakes that didn't have globs. However, the Blender Bottle is not perfect. It claims to have a leak-proof design, but I think this is one of its obvious flaws. The StayOpen™ flip cap is awkward and difficult to secure tightly. I didn't have problems while shaking, but I think I was holding it closed with my index finger. I ended up with a damp gym bag that smelled like ass (have you ever smelled liquid whey protein that has sat in a hot car for several hours after it was intended to be consumed?). Nasty shit, and I was displeased to find my entire car reeking like it. —Olivia Newton John

Earloomz

Bluetooth Headset
 Earloomz.com

I tend to geek out on gadgets, so I was psyched to review these Earloomz. First of all, the design on this particular headset is a **Patrick Nagel** design, **Rio**. Yes, that Rio, as in the cover of the **Duran Duran** album of the same name. So, I'm a kid of the '80s—sue me. There are about 30 different designs to choose from on the website. Once the headset was freed from its packaging (and like most small gadgets, the packaging is excessive) it took about two hours to charge the headset with the included charger. I was easily able to pair the headset to my phone. This Earloomz headset is very simple to use, with only one button to call/answer and redial. The volume is controlled by your phone. The headset was quite comfortable to wear—it features a thin, clear plastic arm which hooks over the top of your ear (it can be worn on either ear). This headset also has an ear bud-like component that fits comfortably into your ear. Other headsets that I've tried in the past didn't have this feature, and they felt as though they were flopping around on my ear. Regarding how the headset performed, even when my phone was at the highest volume, I was wishing that I could increase the volume a little bit more, especially when I was on the road. The Earloomz Bluetooth headset will set you back around \$60. —Diane Hartford

Fanny Wang Headphone Co.

On-Ear Wangs
 Fannywang.com

Shit you not, these headphones are called "On-Ear Wangs." If you don't think that's rad, you need to re-evaluate your adolescence. The Wangs are super modern looking: The exterior design is streamlined with a textured wave pattern on a matte finish, available in six different colors. I know the whole retro look is still in right now, but I really dig the futuristic design of the entire Fanny Wang collection—especially the bold colors. Aesthetics isn't the only thing putting this company five steps ahead. Fanny Wang has a patent-pending "DuoJack" that comes with every headset. What does this mean for you? Well, keeping up with the nostalgic, middle school trip, your friend can plug directly into your audio cable and listen to the latest pop-punk album you downloaded off Napster on the bus ride to the planetarium! Seriously, though, this DuoJack would've made 13-year-old Esther the most popular bus-seatmate in the history of field trips. Of course, your friend isn't going to get the same top-notch listening experience you are if they're not rockin' a set of Wangs as well. Oh man... What if your friend had some Wangs, and their friend had Wangs, and their friend had Wangs, etc., and they were all plugged into each other?! I better get credited on your future ad campaign, Fanny. —Esther Meroño

Hi-Tec

Sierra Mid
 Hi-Tec.com



Rising temps in the valley give way to the spring-thaw downtown, and it becomes prime trekking weather. The new Hi-Tec Sierra Mid is a classically designed crossover piece that has versatility built in. Starting from the ground up, the Sierra Mid offers superb traction with its tacky Vibram sole. For the urban dweller that likes to venture down a dusty trail, this shoe keeps you on top in most conditions. Cruising around the streets of SLC is comfortable in the supple leather upper, and the side vents keep

the feet at an even temp. Its smooth styling makes it eye-catching and the transition from trail to sidewalk is seamless. The Sierra Mid also grips pretty well on a longboard and further proves it has a variety of applications. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Liberty Bottleworks

Custom Water Bottle
Libertybottleworks.com



This Liberty water bottle is like the mag light of bottles. The most impressive feature of this 100-percent-recycled aluminum container is the click-in lid that indubitably ensures that the cap will not only stay on, but will not leak. A little peg in the bottle locks into a hole in the cap by way of a groove in the cap. Only the force of a human hand can lock or unlock it. In a way, it actually makes you realize how much you fuck up: If I drop the water bottle and it leaks, lo and behold, I didn't tighten the cap, so its click-in feature didn't take effect. When I made sure that the cap was clicked in, though, I threw the damn thing all over the place. Not a drop splotted my mom's carpet. The cap has arc-like extensions that are easy to hook onto a carabiner or some sort of strap while you cycle through the city or rock climb or whatever. What's more is that you can customize your own Liberty bottle online, or you can pick from one of their artist's designs or choose from a seasonal design such as this month's theme for Earth Day. What really surprised me was the price: Generally speaking, \$16 for a 24 oz. bottle and \$18 for a 32 oz. bottle. I'm fairly certain that the bottles at Whole Paycheck (Foods) cost more, so get onto their site and get your drink on as spring takes full effect. —Alexander Ortega

RIPT Apparel

24-Hour Printed T-Shirts
RIPTApparel.com

The latest geek-fueled fashion craze to catch national popularity has been the 24-hour T-shirt websites. A design is put online for a day to purchase and ship cheaply, but once that clock runs out, those designs are never sold there again. I've been purchasing these shirts from various websites for the past year, so imagine my joy when four were sent our way from RIPT Apparel. Like many designs, some of these have a double meaning, like the union symbol shirt pays tribute to the *Evil Dead* film series with a prominent shotgun and chainsaw: the "Kremlins" shirt features the cute and cuddly *Gremlins* wearing communist hats, and the "Sons Of Eternia" shirt pays homage to *He-Man* with a parody of the *Sons Of Anarchy* logo. The great benefit is that the designs change daily, which means if you find something you love, chances are you'll be the sole owner in your group, and you only paid 50% of the cost of a shirt at Hot Topic. The downside: They're mostly made of various thin fabrics, like ringspun,



notorious for shrinking in the wash. An added bonus: There's always someone who's never seen the shirt and will get the joke instantly. —Gavin Sheehan

Sanuk

Standard Streaker
Sanuk.com



I take a lot of flack from friends of mine about how I usually eschew real shoes for the more comfortable flip-flops, even in bad weather. "Comfort is comfort," I argue, as my feet get cold and wet. So imagine my joy at a pair of slip-ons that don't feel constraining or clunky. Sanuk makes a lot of shoes, from sandals to heavier, hippy-looking slippers, but the Standard Streaker is perfectly balanced in the middle. There's an awesome, mesh sock liner that provides for my needed comfort, and a sturdy rubber construction that feels like it won't fall apart in the first week like some similar shoes (cough, Vans, cough). Add that they come in a few great color combinations like my sexy, navy blue and orange, and I have the perfect shoe for almost anything. These are robust enough that I can ride my bike in cold weather, but light enough that I won't get sweaty feet doing the same thing in the summer. Nice work Sanuk—I'm hard to satisfy. —Rio Connelly

Udi's Gluten Free Foods

Udisglutenfree.com
Udi's is delicious. No doubt about it, they have accomplished their goal—"We bake for taste," it says right on the package. The problem I have,



though, is with the quantity and sometimes questionable quality of ingredients listed on this same package. As an individual with various food sensitivities, and therefore Udi's target audience, I am a compulsive ingredient-list-reader, and usually, the less I see on that list, the better. Now, in their defense, a couple of the products do alright, like the **Au Naturel Granola**, which is a nice, simple granola made with gluten-free oats, honey and oil. When it comes to the baked goods, though, these gluten-free replicas can be just as bad if not worse than some of their counterparts. Ingredients ranged from corn syrup (**Cinnamon Rolls**) to xanthan gum, a grody, non-nutritive ingredient found padding a lot of processed, gluten-free food (it's made from the same bacteria that causes black rot on certain veggies—yum!) With 28 ingredients in the **Omega Flax & Fiber** bread, I was a little creeped out before I ate some of this stuff. Still, I ate way more of the **Double Chocolate Muffins** and **Oatmeal Raisin Cookies** than I meant to, because they were delicious. Unfortunately, I did have a stomach ache the next day, so gluten-free or no, I still felt like shit after eating it. —Ischa B.

Vew-Do Balance Boards

El Dorado
Vewdo.com

Vew-Do specializes in making high-end balance boards, elevating them from a fun retro toy at Grandma's house to cross-training tools for athletes. The El Dorado is an advanced model that features a skate-inspired deck that comes fully grip taped, ensuring your feet stay right where they should. It also has a track with stoppers on each end so your ill-balanced ass doesn't end up on the floor—sounds funny, doesn't feel funny. This balance board is awesome for honing your balance skills with minimal risk so you can perform at your peak in any sport that calls your name. After knee surgery last season, I was left with extremely sub-par balance—I fall over while walking straight and standing still, and snowboarding has become a whole lot harder than it used to be. I would like to think I was once fairly competent in the snowboarding department, but now my lack of balance causes my upper body to randomly flail, making me look like the special kid who wandered away from the bunny hill. But Vew-Do will change all of this. The El Dorado provides more challenge than a typical balance board, due to the radial taper on the rock that creates a reduced riding surface. I've spent a few minutes every day on it, and I can already tell my balance is improving. Plus, it's actually really fun. By next season, I shall have my shred prowess back, all thanks to the guys over at Vew-Do. —Katie Panzer

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SLUG'S PICKS OF THE MONTH!

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Hello There Mr. Cop,

The reason for my writing you is that us females here in Davis County Jail have (quite literally) a very shitty issue to bring to your attention. I understand the necessity for the whole cruel and unusual punishment thing to keep the crazies in check. And I also understand budget cuts and "downsizing" and whatnot. But what I do not get is how we get denied our right to the most very basic of basic hygiene on the daily in here. Even being conservative, one roll of toilet paper is not capable of lasting not just one, but two people a whole week. And pads...that's a joke in here too. It's like pulling teeth just not to bleed on one's self. How do you split four pads between six women and make them last the entire night? Anyways, I guess what the question would be to you is this: in your professional opinion, do you think this inhumane behavior is a way to A: save a dollar from going to Bob Barker B: get "their" jollies or C: win some sort of sick contest or bonus?

Bleedin' 4 An Answer,
-Jailbird 11223

Dear Bleeder,
Wow! Never in my wildest ... well ... something, did I ever dream I'd be asked whatever it is you just asked me.

My first suggestion, and I know I'm anonymous, but by now you can tell I'm not a bleeder—oh yeah, dickweed patrol geek out there, feel free to plagiarize this idea along with the 434 others you've already used—maybe turn the pads over when y'all switch? Jesus, I don't know how to help you.

This I do know: Don't blame the Davis County Jail. They're most likely following an accepted policy.

Besides not bleeding monthly, I'm not a jailer (or PLAGIA-RIZER/wannabe Bonneville, predominant-faith enforcer). So, I imagine most jails follow some sort of nationwide HOMEPC policy. Yep, I just invented that acronym. I'm sure you'll see it in a large internet publication soon, but just to help ol' greasy seconds, it stands for Hygienic Oral Menstrual Excrement Policy (I checked with Mitt, and he approves this acronym).

Look at the drugs Welbutirol, Trazadone or many others. Psycho freaks in jail need them. But, does the jail, or most jails, dispense them? No. There are policies about drugs and, apparently, pads. God forbid the Pad Policy (known as P Squared to us in the know) transfer to tampons. I'm not quite sure how to flip those over. I asked my girlfriend, and she just broke my nose.

Whether you turn it over, swirl it, whatever, I guarantee that within a week you'll hear about PAD POLICY in some national, internet daily publication, or maybe in a campaign slogan promoted by the predominant faith. My suggestion, get your ol' man to put some money on your books for a decent, clean rag.

Sincerely,
Original Content (OC)

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BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

This set of beer reviews is inspired by the idea of keeping your brew brethren in mind. In this small boozing city of ours, we are commonly linked by our enjoyment of finely crafted libations. We need to keep our guards up and fight the evil piss-beer powers that be, and more importantly, promote growth of the industry by sticking together! So with that in mind, it is only appropriate that we talk about collaborative beers that unite both local enthusiasts and out-of-state supporters.

Red as Hell Ale
Brewery/Brand: Utah Brewers Cooperative
ABV: 5.5%
Serving: 750 ml Bottle
Description: This hellish brew pours a crimson red color with an off-white head that fades off with some lacing around the glass. The nose opens up with a biscuit-like aroma, sweet caramel and a soft, earthy hop undertone. The flavor is mellow with a toasted malt backbone, and pulls through hints of fruit and caramel in the end.



Overview: Getting my hands on this brew was a task to say the least. *The Bayou* and *Beerhive* were flying through the stuff. With a brew being released by one of the more popular local radio broadcasts (X96's "Radio From Hell"), they could not have put this in the brewing hands of anyone better than the guys at the Utah Brewers Cooperative. This red is malt heavy and too easy to drink—I highly recommend it!

Ready to Fly Amber Ale
Brewery/Brand: Shades of Pale Brewing Co.
ABV: 4.0%
Serving: 22 oz Bottle
Description: Ready to Fly comes out

of the bottle an amber/red hue with a foamy off-white head. The aromatics open up to an American-hop-dominant character of citrus and pine, with a balanced amount of caramel toast. The taste is a complex and flavorful compiling of caramel malt and grapefruit American hop with a dry, earthy finish.

Overview: This beer was a lightly run bottled brew by SOP for the US Women's Ski Jumping team. For such an outstanding beer, it hurts to see this come out on such a limited basis. This is a well-balanced amber ale with tons of flavor. Its overall balance meets kickass standards in my book. The Utah session beer is so heavily understated in the days of the high point bottle craze, but it's brews like these that keep my drive going for the love of the 4%.

CoHoperation India-Style Rye Lager
Brewery/Brand: RedRock Brewery
ABV: 6.9%
Serving: 500 ml bottles
Description: This unique, collaborative beer pours crystal-clear, tawny gold—not yellow—with a thin but persistent lace of white head. Behind this seemingly benign facade lurks a massive flavor, first hinted at in the aroma of fresh, fruity hops, some flowers and some light cookie or sweet-sugar notes. The first sip is a surprising wave of blueberry and blackberry that fades into juniper and then pine as the hops take over. The rye malt makes its presence known as a spicy dryness, which combines with the resinous feel, leaving a deliciously sticky sensation on your lips and tongue. All of these elements together come off fresh tasting and refreshing.

Overview: Holy crap, another collaboration beer in Utah? Red Rock worked with Oregon's Pelican Brewery to create this genre-bending lager. Hoppy, but smooth and complex without seeming crowded or loud, this beer will leap across party lines and make friends out of opposed groups of beer drinkers. The key is how the diverse elements—an extra grain, lager yeast, and both European and Oregon-grown hops—are used by brewers **Kevin Templin** and **Darron Welch** to create a balance that's greater than its parts. I'll endeavor to drink at least half this batch myself. Cheers to Oregon! Cheers to Utah! —Rio Connolly

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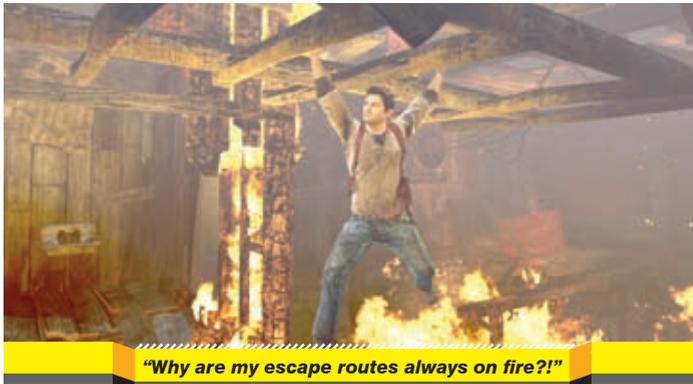
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GAME REVIEWS



Metal Gear Solid 3D: Snake Eater

MGS 3: *Snake Eater* was released onto the Playstation 2 during its golden age, and a large following gathered around the game. *Snake Eater* pushed the limits of the platform with expansive and emergent survival-based gameplay. Following the pattern of strange code names and encounters with eccentric foes, *Snake Eater* turned its eye to the Cold War for its setting. The story was simple, but filled with memorable characters with complex motives, and its visual design was inspired by the human, expressive style of '60s action films. You could use the environment to your advantage, using creativity and free tactical roam to experiment, and occasionally triumph. This remake for the 3DS follows that same tradition, and the enhanced graphics certainly add to the experience. The 3D option will be a sticking point for some people, as it makes the frame rate seem slower, and the cutscene graphics start looking choppy. During gameplay, however, 3D can help you gauge distances and more accurately time your precise, stealthy maneuvers. It makes up for the lack of a full console by immersing you in the environment. With or without it, the gameplay is pristine and tweaked well for the 3DS, but the controls can be somewhat weird unless you find the configuration that works for you. Accessing everything quickly makes this game much more viable for playing in short spells, because you can accomplish quite a lot in a very short period of time. The game is simple and organized in its approach, and its portable nature doesn't seem to detract from its better qualities. It's pretty pricey for an experience that you can essentially get on a home console with two other games at the same cost, but it's still an impressive game for the platform. —Henry Glasheen

Uncharted: The Golden Abyss

Uncharted: The Golden Abyss is the reason to own a Vita. There are a few others I can think of, but none as compelling as this game. You (as Nathan Drake) begin the game helping an "old friend" search out another lost Spanish treasure—thank goodness they had so many of them, or the writers at Bend studios wouldn't have had a game to make. Joined by the necessarily attractive companion, Marissa Chase, and the villain/friend who always screws you over, Dante, you head into the jungle to uncover the secrets of another lost civilization. If you've played previous installments of *Uncharted*, you'll settle into the gameplay without a second thought. The dual analog sticks of the Vita give you a perfect translation of the PS3 controller, and just like the console versions, the accelerometer can be used to lock in those perfect headshots. No game is totally perfect, of course, and the one place this game loses ground is the story. *Uncharted* is supposed to be packed with plot twists and betrayal, but the recipe used for all four games has hit the overused point. Plot twists no longer feel surprising—instead they feel like expected story elements begrudgingly included to fit the mold. The visually stunning world has you forgetting that you're playing on a handheld, and the soundtrack is as beautifully orchestrated as you'd expect from a AAA title. Start to finish in eight straight hours, I was enthralled with every moment of the game. Even being forced to take charcoal rubbings of statue engravings with the touch screen wasn't too much of a frustration. If you own a Vita, do yourself a favor and buy this game. What else do you have to do anyway? —Thomas Winkley

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BOOK REVIEWS

This is a Call: The Life and Times of Dave Grohl

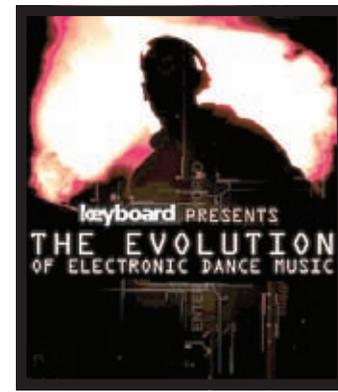
Paul Brannigan
Da Capo Press
Street: 11.29.11

I don't get off on that whole "idol worship" trip, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit to a few man-crushes. **Cliff Burton's** always gotten me all hot n' bothered. I have a completely absurd obsession with all things **Dave Wyndorf** ... and I've had a lifelong goal to one day rage with **Dave Grohl**. Burton's dead (I'm prone to tear up if I hear "Orion.") and Wyndorf gained a few extra chins (and swore off psychotropic drugs), so Mr. Grohl, the "nicest man in rock," is my final target for hero-boner soothing. *This is a Call*, **Paul Brannigan's** unauthorized Dave Grohl biography, pulls an exhaustive set of personal interviews with the subject tracing the drummer's musical career from DC hardcore basements to '90s superstardom with that one band fronted by that angsty fellow (you know, they wrote a song about teen spirit) through to his current vocation fronting the **Foo Fighters** and helping **Josh Homme** keep making the best records of his career. I hesitate to call the work "warts n' all," but it's extensive and certainly made me fall in man-love with Mr. Grohl even more. Lots o' little nuggets, like how he almost joined **Fugazi**, how he had a punk rock cousin who took him to his first show, how he had to go to Catholic school for smoking weed and how **Bob Dylan** once walked up to him and told him how much he liked "Everlong." A refreshing and thorough look into the life and psyche of one of the most vital and relevant forces in rock music today. Get it, 'cause it'll probably rank as the definitive one. —Dylan Chadwick

Keyboard Presents the Evolution of Electronic Dance Music

Peter Kirn
Backbeat Books
Street: 11.01.11

In a fantastic attempt to summarize the history and themes of electronic dance music, Peter Kirn has gathered interviews and articles from deep within the archives of *Keyboard* and *Remix* magazines. The book visits the pioneers of the genre in their shining moments of innovation and experimentation—everyone from **Kraftwerk** to **Depeche Mode**, **Frankie Knuckles** to **Juan Atkins**, **Aphex Twin** to **Daft Punk**, and many more of EDM's giants. The book stretches



back to 1982, and, in patchwork form, reveals the essence of EDM. **The Chemical Brothers** sum it up pretty well: "It's all about making sounds that no one has ever heard before" (159). Although Kirn does a great job of painting broad pictures about inspiration, musicianship and the joy of production, the real value in this book is the technical discussion. All of the artists are interviewed about their gear and the specifics of their productions. There are original reviews of the MPC60, the Roland TR-909, discussions on the merits and drawbacks of MIDI, FinalScratch and Ableton Live. When it's all laid out like this, it's easy to see just how much innovations in technology have influenced the sounds and styles of EDM, and follow the path through the rise and fall of gear, artists and genres, ending up in the present moment with a new perspective on EDM today. —Jessie Wood

Sugar House Review Volume 3, Issue 2: Fall/Winter 2011

Various
Sugar House Review
Street: 10.11.11

Celebrating their two-year anniversary, the *Sugar House Review* have released their fifth semiannual collection of poetry. While poetry isn't for everyone, and good poetry is hard to find, the editors over at *Sugar House Review* seem to do a fair job of picking high-quality poems. The layout is simplistic in nature, allowing readers to take in the rhythm and meter of the words on the page, visualize the lines and examine the meaning of it all. Poems by **Joanna Pearson** and **Kate Kingston** stood out most for me, but I wasn't disappointed by anything I read here. Check out sugarhoureview.com for submission info, poetry samples and to purchase previous and current issues. —Johnny Logan

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MOVIE REVIEWS

21 Jump Street Columbia Pictures

In Theaters: 03.16

If directors **Phil Lord** and **Chris Miller** deserve commendation for their adaptation of the '80s television show that transformed **Johnny Depp** into a star (sorry **Richard Grieco**), it's for the surprising twist on the film's total self-awareness of falling into Hollywood's lack of originality trap. The directing duo rely heavily on the theory of, "If you can't make fun of yourself, who can you make fun of?" which works terrifically for the film's tone, but, at times, is pushed too hard and almost tips the clever cup completely over. Luckily, it ultimately falls back on its foundation. **Channing Tatum** and **Jonah Hill** star as former high school jock/geek rivals who eventually find themselves partnered together as friends portraying brothers in an undercover police program recycled from the '80s. Their mission is to infiltrate a local high school and locate the supplier of the new drug HFS (Holy Fucking Shit) that's taking the students by storm before it spreads to other campuses. While only seven years have passed, the two quickly learn the politics of the teenage social structure have changed dramatically and adolescent life is much different (i.e. liberal-minded and accepting) than it used to be. Hill (who also co-wrote the screenplay) and Tatum restore the quirkiness of vintage buddy cop action/comedies as they slide across car hoods chasing perps wearing Peter Pan tights and skinny jeans (apparently both are hard to run in). While it seems revisions to earlier television shows and movies are being produced at an assembly line's pace, Lord and Miller take a chance by poking not only fun at the campy source material, but at themselves as well, and the end result is a hysterical comedy that's not afraid of

using excessive force in the filth department. *—Jimmy Martin*

Chico & Rita Luma Films

In Theaters: 04.06

Every so often, an unfamiliar animation studio reminds adults that feature-length cartoons don't always have to have farting elephants or vomiting tap dancing squirrels. Sure, the bright colors and musical numbers attract hordes of children, but the power of animation can still grasp the interest of older generations with the right content and appeal. The directing trio of **Tono Errando**, **Javier Mariscal** and **Fernando Trueba** have offered an exquisitely crafted love story that tracks the rise and fall of two Cuban artists. Chico, a pianist, and Rita, a singer, combine their talents to produce notable music, but the typical troubles life carries forcefully separate their bond and jeopardize their careers' and personal futures. While the story utilizes some boilerplate circumstances to carry the narrative, which makes its final act quite foreseeable, there's no denying the gorgeous animation flowing across the screen with abstract vibrancy. There's another element of admiration in **Bebo Valdés'** diverse original score that glides throughout the entire film, making you want to either get up and dance with its pulsating tempo or slide into a leather chair, scotch in hand and lounge about as the soothing rhythm brings you to a state of ultimate tranquility. *Chico and Rita* is a simple romantic tale complete with heartbreak, career comebacks and striking realism that carries the ability to make adults believe in the impact of animation once again. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Hunger Games Lionsgate

In Theaters: 03.23

Sometimes, a film distribution company is only as powerful as its most popular franchise. Warner Bros. just wrapped up *Harry Potter*, Summit Entertainment is still oozing out the remainder of the *Twilight* series but it's Lionsgate who's launching the next "big" series with **Suzanne Collins'** best-selling novel series, *The Hunger Games*. Set in a post-Apocalyptic world, a newly formed country is divided into 12 districts wherein each region is required to hold a lottery each year to select one male and one female, ages 12 to 18, to represent their land and compete in a fight to the death. Rather than witnessing her younger sister's certain demise after she's chosen to contend, Katniss Everdeen (**Jennifer Lawrence**) volunteers for the battle. Along with her District 12 male counterpart, Peeta Mellark (**Josh Hutcherson**), the two lower-class citizens are tossed into a life of luxury before they must utilize every survival skill as they compete for the enjoyment of viewers nationwide. **Gary Ross** grabs the reigns of this brutal concept and refuses to soften the blow, which is quite an accomplishment with a PG-13 rating. The filmmaking style, including the gritty and shaky camerawork, only adds to the raw nature that amplifies the realistic environment of this vicious future. From the supportive roles to the leads, the entire cast delivers exceptional performances. Lawrence is an actress with nothing but a well-deserved future ahead of her as she commands the film with a controlling presence, and Hutcherson, while slipping with earlier projects this year, proves much can be accomplished with a gifted actor's director leading the charge. Ross paints an eerie portrait of where the future of television programming and government conspiracies could be heading. *—Jimmy Martin*

Project X Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 03.02

Since screening **Nima Nourizadeh'**s found-footage party flick that follows three high school nobodies who decide to throw an insane house party for the sake of popularity, multiple real-life copycat parties have been thrown with over \$100,000 in damages and the death of one teenager. This was my initial worry about this poor excuse for cinema. Nourizadeh's irresponsible film has the ability to influence impressionable young viewers with the idea that they can get away with anything no matter the circumstances. Not only are his protagonists racist, homophobic and anti-Semitic, they learn absolutely nothing from their reckless actions. In fact, one father is almost proud of his son's irresponsibility. When one of your biggest gags involves

stuffing a little person into an oven, there's a major problem. At least the *Jackass* franchise had the common decency to post a disclaimer before their stupidity appeared on screen. To make the situation even more unbearable, the three lead actors are absolutely appalling. **Thomas Mann**, **Oliver Cooper** and **Jonathan Daniel Brown** are as amateur and one-note as they come, so maybe they deserve to star in an atrocity such as this. Now, don't get me wrong, I've had my fill of wild house parties. However, my teenage shindigs never concluded with assaulting complaining adults (who were initially cooperative with the idea of a party) with stun guns and destroying their property. I guess you can call me old-fashioned. This is the type of film where everyone involved, even the gentlemen on set supplying the catering, should be popped with a newspaper and told, "No!" Maybe I'm getting older, but not only would I call the cops on these destructive bigots, I'd pat myself on the back for doing so ... twice. With that said, the only Project Xs that should be allowed to exist star Ferris Bueller and monkey pilots. Give yourself two points if you understand that reference. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Raid: Redemption Sony Pictures Classics

In Theaters: 04.13

The plot for *The Raid: Redemption* is as simple as they come, and that's all it needs to be. Rama (**Iko Uwais**) is the newest member of an Indonesian SWAT team. They have been given an order to overtake a 30-story building complex owned by a legendary gangster, Tama (**Ray Sahetapy**) that also happens to house the city's worst criminals. With hundreds of henchmen prepared to die for their supplier and shady backroom deals that put fellow officers' loyalties into question, Rama is about to put his policing skills to the ultimate test. Director **Gareth Evans** serves up one of the most slick, skillfully choreographed, viciously brutal, non-stop action movies of the past decade! Uwais is **Bruce Lee**, **Jackie Chan** and **Jet Li** all mashed up into one single bundle of badass. To watch the unknown star mercilessly kick, punch, stab and shoot one guy after another is a thing of absolutely bloody beauty. Evans takes martial arts movies to the next level of intensity, which makes your heart pound frantically. From one guy being stabbed in the neck with a jagged fluorescent light bulb, to another being impaled with a serrated door frame, *The Raid: Redemption* is unlike anything you've ever seen before in the genre and one can only hope followers will use the film's inventiveness as a starting point for progression. *—Jimmy Martin*

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Gravetown

Demo

Self-Released

Street: 12.20.11

Gravetown = Kreator (old) +
Autopsy + Death Strike

Logan's Gravetown could be considered "the new(er) guys" in Utah's metal breeding grounds. For a demo, the production of the five tracks here is better than a good chunk of material I've come across that actually had album producers and mixers. Gravetown dish up some devious death n' thrash with the intent to respect the elder metal gods as well as bust the heads of "noobs." The dual guitar playing—rhythm and lead—works excellently, creating catchy riff tempos to percolate and keep listeners' interest. Both guitars have hints of nice, burnt-toast crusty tones. "Cosmic Enslaver" stirs up great memories of discovering greats like **Death**, early **Kreator**, **Venom**—hell, the list goes on. Gravetown deliver out the old influences with new school twists—the tunes sound like bands **Southern Lord** has been signing lately or artists **Hells Headbangers** have been supporting since they started. Add another notch on the belt of the local metal scene—there's no excuse not to go and check out a Gravetown show. —Byrer Wharton

Huldra

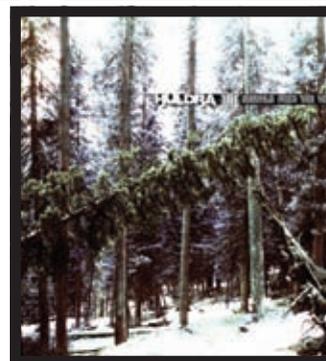
Signals From the Void EP

Self-Released

Street: 11.11.11

Huldra = ISIS + Cult of Luna +
Rosetta

Clocking in at nearly 45 minutes, this might be the longest EP I've ever heard—but I'm totally okay with that. Huldra's sound is firmly cemented in the spacey, weighty grounds of post-metal where ISIS and **Neurosis** trod before them, their songs building and crashing over striking keyboard passages, and punctuated by bellowing howls. Thirteen-minute opener "A Signal Permeates the Sky" sets the mood for the EP perfectly, building upon a slow rhythm and relaxed (yet



dark) vocals before exploding into an amped-out monster around the four-minute mark. After a flurry of guitars and synths, the tempo is brought down, only to be brought up again as furiously as ever with fierce, tremolo riffing, more howling, and, most badass of all (seriously), more piano. The EP also features a pair of shorter ambient tracks, providing a respite from the longer, more intense tracks, but it's in the 10-minute plus epics that Huldra truly shines. These guys are quickly becoming one of my favorite metal bands in Utah. Keep an eye out for their split with **Dustbloom** being released this month. —Ricky Vigil

Israel West

Hiphop Skateboard 101

Self-Released

Street: 12.27.11

Israel West = Nottz + Timbaland
+ Lostribe

My only real complaint with this album by local hip hop artist Israel West is how hard the vocals are to hear on some of the best songs. They often sound like they were recorded in a shower, or from down a hallway and the beats totally overwhelm them. These beats are huge, deep bass and synth with rattle-gitch drums—like a lot of other stuff these days, but overall very useful for when rolling in Escalades and such. There's quite a few "bitches" and "gangsta," but the hooks on "Going Crazy" and "Beat It Down" are radio-worthy for sure, with the appropriate bleeps over all the swears. I wish the personality of the various emcees had come

out more, but as it was, I could barely tell who was who. Let's hear a remastered effort—I'd pick it up. —Rio Connelly

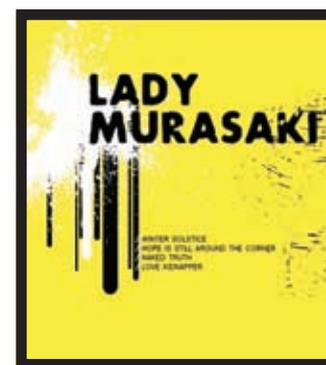
Lady Murasaki

Lady Murasaki (EP)

Self-Released

Street: 03.02

Lady Murasaki = The Seatbelts
- big band + Norah Jones



Had I not seen this band in person, I never would have guessed these soulful vocals came from a 6' Japanese woman commanding the mic with a classic Gretsch in hand. But this poppy five-piece rock group really isn't anything they appear to be, and that's a really good thing. All five members embrace the quirks that probably wouldn't gel with other bands they'd be better suited for, and utilize them to piece together this J-Pop four-track EP. The album itself is very beautiful, playing off lead singer **Amber Taniuchi's** vocal range chord by chord, as demonstrated on "Hope Is Still Around the Corner" and "Naked Truth." While the band excels in style, it slightly lacks substance, as with a lot of pop music, and it doesn't help that the band only put out four tracks. It will be interesting to hear what a full album sounds like when they finally make one. —Spencer Ingham

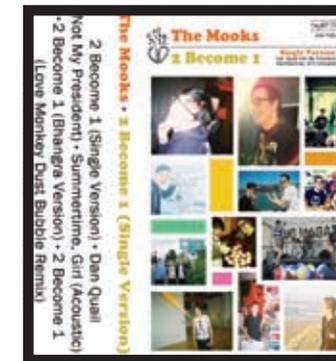
The Mooks

2 Become 1

Riot Nrrrd Records

Street: 12.28.11

The Mooks = The Steinways +
The Ramones + House Boat



Before hearing it, I thought that the title track of this latest Mooks release might be a **Spice Girls** cover—these are SLC's foremost purveyors of all things pop-punk and cuteness, after all—but that is not the case (though that probably would've been pretty cool, too). This "2 Become 1" is yet another great tale of nerdiness and heartbreak. References are made to X-Men, as our narrator compares his plight to Wolverine's impossible desire for Jean Grey, then goes on to wish his princess was not in another castle, à la Super Mario Bros. My only gripe is that the song is too goddamn short—I know this is punk rock and everything, but I wanna hear more. The tape also features the excellently titled "Dan Quail (Not My President)" and a neat acoustic tune called "Summertime, Girl," which features some cool, 8-bit-sounding synth and more lyrics about having crushes. There are also a couple of remixes of "2 Become 1," which are silly, but don't have a whole lot of staying power. And if you aren't cool enough to own a cassette player, you can download a three-track digital version at mooksuck.band-camp.com —Ricky Vigil

Pat Briggs and the T-Birds

First Sun

Self-Released

Street: 09.07.11

First Sun = Blind Melon + Roxy

Music + Dispatch

This album reminds me of the best band you heard at a college party in the late '90s and could never remember the name of—but I mean that in the best way. The instrumentation is softer rock, all shining guitars and thoughtful and adept rhythm-section backups. *First Sun* seems to owe as much to classic blues as it does to coffee-shop ballads, but pays homage to house-band standards like reggae and funk. This would make amazing driving music, cruising anywhere with prairies and big, expansive skies. "Bright New Day" is upbeat and lively, and the album opens with the raucous swagger of "Burn This House Down," but the overall pace is slower, showing off some tight playing and strong vocals from Pat Briggs himself. —*Rio Connelly*

The Plastic Furs

Does It Explode

Self-Released

Street: 09.10.11

Plastic Furs = Black Angels + The Warlocks + Black Tambourine



With a sly and energetic style, The Plastic Furs display a musical repertoire that spans the distance between dark, sexy psychedelia and supercharged rock tunes. The band's punchy drone sensibility meshes well with **Brian Mink's** hazy guitar reverberating through their washed-out tone. *Does It Explode* transfers seamlessly between steady tunes and loud, raucous riff-rock, but always present is **Justin Langford's** gritty, dirty bass, grumbling its vicious groove across their sonic landscape. "Kiss Collides" showcases Mink's shoegaze guitar in all its shimmering glory, but a true breakout track is "You See Nothing," which picks up the general tempo of the whole album just in time for it to end. "Cutting Chairs" eases back on the throttle

with a meditative, dreamy drone track of rich melodies and haunting wall-of-sound guitar solos just loud enough to hear over the sound of the band's unstoppable groove. —*Henry Glasheen*

S.L.F.M.

The Kissing Party

Street: 04.06.11

S.L.F.M. = Tiny Tim + Israel "IZ" Kamakawiwo'ole



Utah musician S.L.F.M. (A.K.A. **Jessica Davis**) has something unique. The music of a girl who sings with a distorted mic and plays with a distorted ukulele *The Kissing Party* may be an acquired taste. However, her voice goes into beautiful falsettos, taking a break from her usual barking alto with quirky and strange songs—all under 1:45—about love and heartbreak. The twisted-sounding uke and her scalding vocals make one smile, laugh or even grimace through the sometimes hard-hitting, original lyrics. *The Kissing Party* is a must-listen just to hear something new and unique. Then you can choose to love it or leave it. —*Portia Early*

The Summer Storm

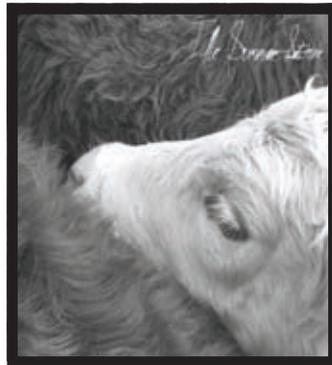
The Summer Storm EP

Self-Released

Street: 01.22

The Summer Storm = Shellac + earlier Thurston Moore

The Summer Storm is the kind of outfit that possibly would've thrived quite decently in the late '80s and might've even gotten a listen by **Steve Albini**, but repetitious guitar tones with spoken word in lieu of sung melodies has never been common. Ultimately, this would have made a better post-rock album—by which I mean that the album would have been better without the spoken word, or in the case of "January Flowers," without a vocalist who sounds like an overly timid **Stephen Malkmus**.



Brief pieces of spoken word might be fitting here or there, but not on three out of four tracks. The lead guitar keeps playing variations of the same jangly, snaky riff, over and over again. Whether this is a thematic element or a failure in the creative process, I cannot tell. Interesting album, but I got all the jangly, self-aware, sensitive-guy music I need. —*Gregory Gerulat*

Various Artists

Bass Machine Music 001

Bass Machine Music

Street: 03.05

Bass Machine Music 001 = (Joy Orbison + Disclosure)/Proxy

This compilation is the first release from Bass Machine Music, a Salt Lake-based record label run by local DJ and producer **Jon Rappaport**. What it lacks in length it makes up for in pure power—the songs are heavy, in-your-face innovations of the bass/house realm. The compilation kicks off with a collaboration between SLC local **Nate Holland** and French producer **Heblank**: a bass-driven, R&B powerhouse track that continues to delight me after hundreds of plays. The second track is a fast moving banger from SLC local **B8A**. It's reminiscent of **The Chemical Brothers** and perhaps because of that, manages to bring a fresh sound to electro house. **Zenajim** has unleashed the wrath of the gods with "Titan Sound," a beautifully masochistic song with some out-of-this-world synths and simplistic percussion to balance it out. The fourth track is a freebie—it's a collaboration between **JRapp** and **Cromie**, a delicious bass house follow up to their previous release. These guys just get more brilliant with each new track, so keep an eye out for future Bass Machine releases. —*Jessie Wood*

Veggie Stew

The Big Ben EP

Self-Released

Street: 10.25.11

Veggie Stew = Nickelback + Papa Roach + Limp Bizkit

Nü-metal meets butt rock on this thankfully short EP from Veggie Stew. Crunchy power chords and standard drums play under juvenile raps about partying and ego. The clichés abound here, so don't be surprised when you hear the rhyming of "Bacardi" with "party" or lines like "I'm a terror when I flow" from the lead singer. The four songs are actually really well produced with each musician coming through clearly and a nice polished balance to the sound. Out of the four songs, not a single moment of anything new or attention-grabbing could break through the obvious emulation of acts like **P.O.D.**, even on the slower ballads (yep, it has two). This might be just what some people are looking for, but I'm glad stuff like this isn't on the radio anymore. —*Rio Connelly*

Zero To Ballistic

1776 v2.0

Independent

Street: 12.16.11

Zero To Ballistic = Primus + '70s funk + decaf Megadeth + politics

Logan-based Zero To Ballistic describe themselves as "modern Paul Revere with guns at their hips, bullhorns at their lips and instruments at the ready," and their album reflects this passion for the state of the Union in its revolution-stoking lyrics. The band blends a few types of musical styles, including a sort of '70s funk groove that I imagine would play well at *Burning Man*; some punk influences—the sharp edges of which have mostly been whittled down—and even some old-school thrash metal. Opening track "A Word To The Knaves" is a good representative, with its opening riff clearly smelling of **Mustaine**. The biggest setback to this album is the vocals: Right away and throughout the album, they sound off-key and grating against the music. I would describe the vocalist as attempting a "**Barry Gibb** blended with **Les Claypool**" type sound, but not pulling off either one well enough to make it work. Unfortunately, they overwhelm any enjoyment of the music underneath, which, while mostly generic, is not bad in and of itself. —*Megan Kennedy*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Black Breath

Sentenced to Life

Southern Lord

Street: 03.27

Black Breath = Burning Love +
Doomriders + Entombed



Faster. More solos. More blastbeats. More gang vocals. More pissed. If this record doesn't give you whiplash, then you're listening to it wrong. These dudes got plenty of hype (and a fair share of hate) for their first album, which proudly wore its Swedish death n'roll influences on its sleeve. *Sentenced to Life* combines that swagger with the crusty Southern Lord style of hardcore, and it should deliver a swift boot to the face of the band's naysayers. "Feast of the Damned," "Sentenced to Life" and "Doomed" are sure to whip you into a caveman-like frenzy with their machine-gun drumbeats and hyper-speed solos, while the slower (but still awesome) sounds of "The Flame" and "Home of the Grave" will give your neck a well deserved break from all that headbanging you've been doing. If you're not too busy lighting some shit on fire, throwing a spear at a mammoth or spitting on the cross, pick this one up. —Ricky Vigil

Black God

//

No Idea

Street: 03.20

Black God = Black Cross +
Wipers + Killing Joke

I love being from Louisville. We make baseball bats, broadcast the most famous two minutes in equestrian entertainment and we've had incredible bands filter through our ranks (don't hate). The sonic union of Rob Pennington and Ryan Patterson (Woah! Same initials!) birthed one of the most resonant bands in my showgoing career, Black Cross, and while *Severance Pays*



was a stinker, Black God enlists more Derby City alumni, takes the reigns and more than makes up for it. Squeezing all the best elements of 'Cross (Pennington's impassioned gospel shriek, Patterson's incessant riffin') and squirting the goo through a squalid psych/post punk lens, *It* presents all the sinewy trademarks of '90s post-core present on 2011's debut with a squishier edge and some delicious wah-pedaling. "Cast You Out" rattles and moans like Greg Sage frontin' Jehu and "Quit It" bubbles like molten tar from Planet Wyndorf. Six bangers, Maximum Louisville, highly recommended. —Dylan Chadwick

Bleeding Knees Club

Nothing to Do

IAMSOUND

Street: 04.17

Bleeding Knees Club = Black
Lips + Wavves



Clocking in at under a half hour, this Australian-based teenage duo deliver short bursts of simple, sugary garage rock on their debut album. "Teenage Girls" opens *Nothing to Do* with punk rock drums and an infectious chorus "Teenage girls, you're my world."—The remaining 11 tracks fall in line in a similar fashion and reek of angst and teenage boredom. The music Bleeding

Knees Club plays is nothing new—"Problem Child," with its verse of "He'll throw rocks at your car, he's always drunk at the park, he's always late to school," sounds like a less-creative rip-off of Black Lips' "Bad Kids." They certainly aren't reinventing the genre, but it's difficult to write Bleeding Knees Club off because the music is so damn catchy. —Jeanette D. Moses

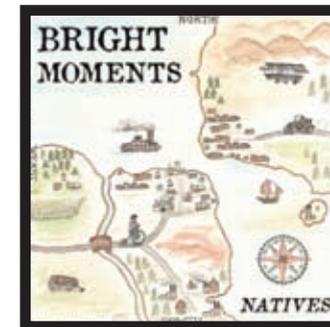
Bright Moments

Natives

Luaka Bop

Street: 02.21

Bright Moments = Hey Marseilles
+ The Dodos + Andrew Bird



Dreamy instrumentals, layered with wavering vocals, populate this release from multi-instrumentalist Kelly Pratt, known for his trumpet work with the likes of Beirut, LCD Soundsystem and Arcade Fire. Whether cracking his wispy voice over Fleetwood Mac-evoking dance anthems like "Behind The Gun," or going all Ben Gibbard on some slow and lazy piano ballads like "Drifters," Pratt seems totally at home. Ethereal electro-pop meets lo-fi chamber-folk, and gets a big-band treatment via the range of this artist and his crew of recording compatriots on loan from bands he's worked with. "Travelers" has an upbeat, drumroll-driven beat with a huge mariachi-influenced chorus, rich with horns, and deserves to be a single with its whistling hook. "Milwaukee," however, has a strange combination of accordion and rock drums that makes it my favorite on the album. *Natives* is definitely worth checking out. —Rio Connelly

Busdriver

Beaus\$Eros

Fake Four Inc.

Street: 02.14

Busdriver = Outkast + Frank

Zappa

There is not another artist like Busdriver. While he is generally classified as a hip hop musician, he dabbles in a plethora of other categories ranging from psychedelic to pop. *Beaus\$Eros* is unpredictable and innovative, and at first listen, might come across as absolutely bizarre—but given a second chance, becomes more and more worthwhile. Using scattered beats, untraditional spacing and a range of intriguing sounds, Busdriver is able to create a cohesive feeling, despite the free form he implements. I dig the track "Kiss Me Back To Life," which has a futuristic, drum-machine texture. Check *Beaus\$Eros* out if you're looking for something completely fresh. —Kia McGinnis

CHLLNGR

Datter EP

Time No Place

Street: 02.07

CHLLNGR = How to Dress Well
+ Holy Other



With falsettos akin to How to Dress Well laid over more direct yet abstract beats, CHLLNGR has made an EP that is three-fourths perfect. The sole exception to the impeccable quality of this EP is the second track featuring Cherry B of De Tropix (also known for her work as a backing vocalist/hype woman for M.I.A.). The track in question is called "Desire" and probably has the most solid beat of the entire EP, but the addition of Cherry B's vocals seem extremely out of place and almost awkward (she literally repeats one weak-ass line the entire time, in a voice unsuitable for the music). Other than that, the EP is great, with soft vocals slowly drifting over experimental and nearly dancey beats. It's great chill-wave for the summertime. —Cody Hudson

Choir of Young Believers

Rhine Gold
Ghostly International
Street: 03.20
Choir of Young Believers = Neil Young + Fleet Foxes + Bon Iver



Jannis Noya Makrigiannis has an amazingly smooth singing voice for a native of Denmark, and his collective band's gorgeous second album extends their orchestral pop sound while it remains wisely cemented at the forefront of it. Layering beats, lush orchestrations, keys and random electronic elements, tracks like "The Third Time," "Se-dated" and "Nye Nummer Et" are fairly representative of their sound. The oddly short—by their standards, anyway—track, "Patricia's Thirst," is still lovely, while the experimentation and gelling of their various fusions culminate on the amazing "Paralyse," which helps belie its true 10-minute-plus length. It isn't surprising that Makrigiannis/COYB's music has been featured on soundtracks, and perhaps nowhere else is this as evident than on the heavily orchestrated title cut. While majestic in its cinematic-like scope, if not a teeny bit overly sedated, Makrigiannis' vocals remain as potentially mesmerizing as ever. —Dean O Hillis

Craig Finn

Clear Heart Full Eyes
Vagrant
Street: 01.24
Craig Finn = Lifter Puller + The Hold Steady + Springsteen



Clear Heart Full Eyes is the first solo record by Brooklyn-by-way-of-Minneapolis singer-songwriter Craig Finn. This disc is vocally similar to Finn's work with The Hold Steady, but it differs stylistically. It

has a very roots-rock feel to it, skirting the line between some of the less flashy **Bruce Springsteen** narratives and the more typically pessimistic work of **Leonard Cohen**. Finn's voice sounds exactly like it always does on this one—a fact that will either further endear it to you or make you want to turn it off. If it is possible, these solo songs are even more story-like than anything he's recorded before—focusing on themes of solitude, displacement and uneasiness in one's own skin. It is much less complicated musically than anything Finn has attempted before. And even though I would love to hear a few rocked-up Hold Steady versions of several of these tracks, I understand how far they stray from the overall optimism normally associated with Finn. This album is calm and quirky and even quiet—you have to listen really hard to it. It feels a little like a clearance sale at certain points, but if you care enough to give it a proper listen, you will not come away empty-handed. —James Bennett

Damien Jurado

Maraqopa
Secretly Canadian
Street: 02.20
Damien Jurado = Sixto Diaz



Rodriguez + Chris Bell

Though the music on *Maraqopa* is not necessarily "psychedelic," it is most enjoyable when **Richard Swift**'s production leans in that direction. This record marks the second time Swift and Damien Jurado are working together, and the production is as much of a musical character here as Jurado's performance. "Reel to Reel" is one of my favorite tracks on the album, featuring spidery, high-register backing melodies and whirring tape echo. "Nothing is the News" was the right choice as the album's lead-in track. Building with overlapping guitar solos, and buried backing vocals awash in reverb, it is an ideal introduction for what is to come throughout the rest of the record. I had not heard any of Jurado's music before *Maraqopa*. It is an excellent introduction. —Timo H.

Dandy Warhols

This Machine
The End Records
Street: 04.24
Dandy Warhols = Love & Rockets + Primal Scream



This Machine, the eighth studio album for the Portland-based group, The Dandy Warhols, is stuffed with heavily crafted junkie tunes. Since the release of 2009's *The Dandy Warhols are Sound*, each member ventured in their own direction, exploring various projects, with lead man **Courtney Taylor-Taylor** creating a fictional **Kraftwerk**-like band, **One Model Nation**. The influence of this fictional band oozes slightly over the sludgy guitar and mechanical drums of album opener "Sad Vacation." The stripped-down, hypnotic, acoustic-driven "The Autumn Carnival" is co-written by **David J of Love & Rockets**. Taylor-Taylor croons in the lower register on "Rest Your Head," reminding me of the **Crash Test Dummies**, just replacing the "mmm's" with "ahhh's". The two-minute Squawky cover of the country classic, "16 Tons," is a strange, **Morphine**-and-**Tom Waits** love child. The album closes in classic Dandy fashion, with the intoxicating and spacious "Slide." *This Machine* is a good progression in the Dandy catalog and accessible in all the right spots. —Courtney Blair

Diamond Rugs

Self-Titled
Partisan Records
Street: 04.24
Diamond Rugs = Deer Tick + Black Lips + Los Lobos



Featuring Deer Tick frontman **John McCauley**, Deer Tick keyboardist **Robbie Crowell**, Black Lips guitarist **Ian Saint Pé** and additional members from Los Lobos, **Dead Confederate** and **Six Finger Satellite**, it's apt to call Diamond Rugs the indie super-group of 2012. "Gimme a Beer" and "Christmas in a Chinese Restaurant"—tracks which the band released as singles earlier in the year and prominently feature Mc-

Cauley's signature, nasally vocals—both make appearances on the album, but are some of the least impressive songs on it. Singing duties seem to be passed between a few members of the band, which keeps things interesting and keeps the songs from sounding too much like Deer Tick. The appearance of Saint Pé's Southern drawl on the album opener, "Hightail," makes for one of my favorite tracks. The influence from the members' other bands is always apparent, but never overwhelming—which is what makes the Diamond Rugs so fun to listen to. I wouldn't claim that the Diamond Rugs' outcome is greater than the sum of its parts, but I wouldn't mind if any of the members' main projects were briefly put on hold to explore what else the Diamond Rugs can churn out. —Jeanette D. Moses

Dirty Three

Toward The Low Sun
Drag City
Street: 02.28
Dirty Three = The Nels Cline Singers + Nick Cave & Warren Ellis: White Lunar



As a fan of Warren Ellis' work in **The Bad Seeds** and **Grinderman**, I tend to associate The Dirty Three with him more readily than with the group's other musicians. This is unfair, as each member of the trio is an equally valuable asset to the group. Drummer **Jim White** and guitarist **Mick Turner**'s free yet tastefully considered performances create a musically and tonally warm bed for Ellis' violin, which is often the lead instrument in much of the band's catalog. "That Was Was" provides a good example of the record's musical aesthetic and direction, but *Toward the Low Sun* is certainly worth hearing in its entirety. I was curious as to how Warren Ellis' time in Grinderman might have affected the sound on The Dirty Three's new release. As is the case with that band, the record's events of masterfully rendered chaos are my favorites. —Timo H.

Dreamend

And the Tears Washed Me, Wave After Cowardly Wave
Graveface Records
Street: 02.28
Dreamend = Neutral Milk Hotel + Kid Dakota + Applesseed Cast



And the Tears Washed Me... is **Black Moth Super Rainbow** bandleader **Ryan Graveface**'s sequel to 2010's excellent *So I Ate Myself, Bite by Bite* and cements Dreamend's move from folk-tinged post-rock to sweeping, agitated, multi-instrumental compositions. Like *SIAMBbB*, Graveface's lyrical inspiration on *And the Tears...* is drawn from a serial killer's diary Graveface found at a rummage sale. Where *SIAMBbB* focused on the process of turning inward impulses into violent acts, *And the Tears...* starts in medias res of a violent crime and then moves to the protagonist looking back on his victims with equal parts pathos-filled regret and detachment. The album ends with his death. This is an album full of ghosts. Graveface played all the instruments on the album, ranging from the standard rockist setup to banjo, organ and synthesizers. Like all Dreamend albums, this one comes in incredible packaging and artwork by **Will Schaff**. *And the Tears* is highly recommended. —Ryan Hall

DZ Deathrays

No Sleep
Dine Alone
Street: 03.06
DZ Deathrays = Bass Drum of Death + The Stitches + Les Savoy Fav + Deaf From Above 1979



DZ Deathrays take the en-vogue garage sound that has flooded the indie sound waves and mainlines some '77 punk snottiness into the mix of this five-song EP. In opener "No Sleep," vocalist **Shane Parsons** hawks out, "No sleep till you pass out, you gotta/Motherfuckers say I don't want it back now," which sets the cheap-liquor candor of his vocals atop the fuzzed-out, rock n' roll guitar. "Gebbie Street" is a dance rock number, reminiscent of **La Vida Bo-**

hème, and "Teeth" follows suit in more of a tonal sense—its noise-tinged blaring and erratic bass rhythm generate an electro feel to the track, even though the beat isn't a standard four-on-the-floor—yet it still retains its punked-out flippancy. "The Mess Up" balances out the speed with a **NOBUNNY**-esque vocal restraint. DZ kicks out a straight-up punk jam in "Blue Blood," which will have you screaming with them about poison. Like fun? Get this. —Alexander Ortega

Freshkills

Raise Up the Sheets
Bat Rabies Alert/The End
Street: 03.13
Freshkills = At The Drive In + Fugazi



This Brooklyn five-piece rolls up their sleeves with their post-punk, post-hard-core, post-cool sophomore full-length *Raise Up The Sheets*. Singer **Zachary Lipez** croons and wails his sardonic poetry lamenting the everyday horrors of love, sex, relationships and death as the machine-precise band swells from minimal beat and melody to fist-swinging muscle and noise. Lipez often sounds like **Jello Biafra** and **David Byrne** as he half-seriously says things such as, "Thought we'd grow up to be pirates. Instead we grew up to be graphic designers. Now what are we to do with all these ridiculous tattoos?" and makes references to novelist **Martin Amis** and possibly **Chris Farley**. The record closes on a somehow happily pessimistic note with "New Folksongs For New Buildings," the best-sounding song on the album. Also included is a bonus track—a weird, noisy dance remix of Freshkills' "Revelations" by **Nick Zinner** of the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**. Give *Raise Up the Sheets* a few listens—it'll grow on you. —Cody Kirkland

Graf Orlock

Los Angeles EP
Vitriol
Street: 04.10
Graf Orlock = Converge + Black Flag + Owen Hart

Graf Orlock are a valuable commodity with a slew of releases going back to 2004. The four-piece continue their disastrously punishing and continuously building legacy with their *Los Angeles EP*. "Quick on the Trigger" slays, burns and desecrates corpses in so many ways it's beyond ridiculous. The addition

of sampled movie gunfire in the track isn't a new idea, but damn, the way these distorters of noise do it makes you feel as if you're in the middle of a battle zone. The group's love or disdain for Hollywood continues as we get a slap of a bunch of **Robert DeNiro** sound-bytes, most coming from the glorious film *Heat*. Aside from the aforementioned track, which clocks in at a few clicks over four minutes, this EP flies fast, with only three other songs not even touching the three-minute mark. A fine ability of this EP is its "holy-shit," thought-inspiring tempo changes—in the course of 120 seconds, you get grind-styled riffing and drumming, D-beat face punches and dirge screams. "Violent and unapologetic" is an understatement here. If you haven't had a reason to hear these guys, chalk this album up as the number one reason. —Bryer Wharton

JD McPherson

Signs & Signifiers
Rounder
Street: 04.17
JD McPherson = Sam Cooke + Wynonie Harris + Big Joe Turner



Every once in a while, a record comes along and twists your brain in a knot, leaving you pondering if anything else will ever be this good. Igniting a fire with the rhythm and blues of the late '40s to the soul music of the early '60s, McPherson's voice breathes red-hot flames into his well crafted songs. The record begins with "North Side Gal," a jumping tune that captures that all-too-brief moment where R&B and rock n' roll were pretty much the same thing. It's all killer and no filler with this record, but one noticeable standout is the dark and emotional "A Gentle Awakening," with a beautiful string arrangement and the lonely icy notes of piano: This song is heart-wrenching. These boys have meticulously constructed a record that consists entirely of vintage music, but never sounds tired or old. There's something entrancing about this music and McPherson himself—its originality is firmly rooted in the amazing music that came before it, an honestly rare thing. —James Orme

John Wesley Coleman III

The Last Donkey Show



Goner Records
Street: 02.21
John Wesley Coleman = Jay Reatard + Violent Femmes
Judging by the drawings and barely legible handwritten track listing inside the album cover, John Wesley Coleman is undoubtedly insane. This air of weirdness permeates the latest record from this Texan garage-rock balladeer. *The Last Donkey Show*, a rock n' roll cowboy carnival released on Memphis garage juggernaut Goner Records, still channels a low-fi garage attitude, but shows off Coleman's musical dexterity as he strays from the raucous insanity of his previous work on solo projects and Austin group **Golden Boys**. Musically, the album is all over the place—frantic garage-punk songs with absurd lyrics about clowns giving away babies are mixed with vintage pop and sincere country love songs. Coleman makes it work, achieving a perfect balance of off-killer imagery and pop sensibility that sounds both timeless and totally unique. *The Last Donkey Show* has an easily accessible sound and is still interesting after a dozen listens. It is a madman's masterpiece, bound to see heavy rotation among fans of Coleman's labelmates **Ty Segall** and **Nobunny**. —Cody Kirkland

Lee Fields

Faithful Man
Truth & Soul
Street: 03.13
Lee Fields = Otis Redding + Charles Bradley
During the past 40 years, North Carolina native Lee Fields has become a funk and soul phenomenon. Thanks to the latest revival of soul, the seasoned master saw a second career comeback in 2009 with the release of *My World*. On his follow-up, *Faithful Man*, Fields continues to pack a wallop of emotion in his voice, focusing again on deep soul ballads, leaving the funk on the sidelines. One thing immediately noticeable is the strong backing female vocalist—whoever she is, she's a perfect match. There's a nice balance of originals and covers, including a smooth version of "Moonlight Mile." Lee shows off his swagger on the lead single, "You're the Kind of Girl," while his voice hits like thunder on "Wish You Were Here," belting out, "It's just not fair, wish you were here/Spend all my days, wasting way." Fields promises us he's a *Faithful Man*, but at the end of this 40-minute time capsule,

our heart is broken as he cries out "I played with your heart far too long" on the emotional "Walk On Through That Door." Prepare yourselves, people, you won't just hear this album, you'll feel it. —Courtney Blair

Lux

We Are Not the Same

Fanatic

Street: 04.03

Lux = Jesus and Mary Chain x (Material Issue + The Primitives)

Can there be such a thing as dreary pop? Apparently, because Lux embodies it. Restrained yet somehow upbeat, with psychedelic atmospherics and an electroclash sensibility, the tracks here could have been college chart hits in 1987 ... or 1994 ... or last year. With track titles like "A Study in Apathy (Drugs, etc.*)" and "Coroner's Office," Lux can't be taking itself too seriously. Formed in L.A. by two Seattleites, **David Chandler** and **Leah Rosen**, there's more Pacific Northwest rain than fun-in-the-California sun here by far, but something in the arrangements recalls 1960s girl bands. Standout tracks include "Little Cripple," "Out of Love," and the strangely electronic "The Window," but really, there's not a bad song here. A gorgeous album from a band that might really go places, if they can just get around to playing live. —Madelyn Boudreaux

Mark Stewart

The Politics of Envy

Future Noise Music

Street: 03.26

Mark Stewart: PiL (Skinny Puppy - N.I.N.) + a little Shaun Ryder + "basshead and sheet metal"

It confuses me when an artist's album can result in little-to-no commercial success, yet the lineup that participates is one of the utmost high caliber and reference. Choose instead to think about it this way: Mark Stewart is a well-kept gem of a secret, with a rabidly loyal fan base and critically acclaimed, humble beginnings that have built respect rather than chasing paper. With an album that is highly political, Stewart's punk roots and activism seem to coincide with some of most memorable world affairs of our lifetime. His sing-spit-speak delivery is often at the forefront, but he enlists a diverse smattering of other well-respected members of legendary bands, like **The Slits**, **The Raincoats**, **Lee "Scratch" Perry**, **Primal Scream**, **CRASS** and **Massive Attack**, to tell you in a nutshell that this world is fucked up and it's time to blow shit up. However, he will do it in the most interesting soundscape possible, mixing dark dub with electro-punk and industrial funk with straight-up pop, bucolic synths and dubstep drops. It sounds like an insane mixing of genres, and it kind of is, but it's also really fucking impressive. —Mary Houdini

Miike Snow

66 SaltLakeUnderGround

Happy to You

Downtown Records

Street: 03.26

Miike Snow = Bloodshy & Avant + Air + Animal Collective

This album is the happy clashing of dance pop and the group's old "underground" sound they cultivated. We're not sure if the band is big enough to already be eschewed by its cooler fans, but even they will closet-ly accept the solid pop-electro on this sophomore release, as long as it's not in a public manner. Every track is bound for glory, much like their self-titled album. Though the intro track strays slightly from their first release's style, they jump right back into what they're known for with track two, "The Wave," and my new Miike Snow favorite, "Archipelago"—think of it as this summer's "Girls" (Animal Collective)—infectious, hook-heavy and dream-layered. Here, more than ever, they rely on solid French electro-predecessors' super producers like Air, with a dash of **The Beatles**. That's right, I just compared them to The Beatles, Miike Snow is taking more than a hint from **Lennon**'s inflections this go-round, and they've begun to embody their contagious spirit, too. —JP

Polica

Give You the Ghost

Totally Gross National Product

Street: 02.14

Polica = Bon Iver + Spoon + GAYNGS

It's clear after a few spins that Polica vocalist **Channy Casselle** (GAYNGS) emerges as an auto-tuned goddess on this sublime, lilting and mellow LP. I usually hate the electronic fabrication of tuning, but somehow it works here as she collaborates with other GAYNGS member **Ryan Olson**. I have no idea how this concept would transfer to live performances, though. I might feel as if **T-Pain** had decided to hop onstage dressed as a really hot lady, although the pedigree of this group means (to some) that Polica can do whatever the fuck they want, with guests like Bon Iver's **Mike Noyce** on vocals and **Jim Eno** (Spoon) as the mixer. It's really delightful stuff, and instead of turning the music into a disgusting pop mess, the auto-tune imbues a haunting texture to the LP. This is worth a listen, if just for a lesson on how to use auto-tune. —JP

Poor Moon

Illusion EP

Sub Pop Records

Street: 03.27

Poor Moon = Fleet Foxes + Crystal Skulls

The thing that sucks about *Illusions* is that it's an EP and therefore, only five songs long, leaving me desirous for a full-fledged album. Poor Moon is a super group of sorts, consisting of members from Fleet Foxes, Crystal Skulls and **The Christmas Cards**, initially created as a side project. *Illusions* was recorded mostly in bedrooms

and practice spaces, which creates an intimate, organic sound. Implementing subtle drums and muted electric guitar, a slightly jazzy feel is woven in, the highlight for me being the vocals, which are smooth and smart. *Illusions* reminds me of a blustery autumn day, and I don't think you can go wrong with this little piece of goodness. However, of the five tracks, try out "People In Her Mind" for the best combination of talent and style from the bands represented. —Kia McGinnis

PS I Love You

Death Dreams

Paper Bag Records

Street: 03.08

PS I Love You = Silversun Pickups x Cap'n Jazz

PS I Love You made their mark with a gonzo LP that brought to mind **J. Mascis** on acid (or on more acid). Frontman **Paul Saulnier** has kept his distinctly erratic vocal style intact, but where their debut came close to the edge of schtick, *Death Dreams* present songs that are more fully formed and feel more justified in their idiosyncrasy. "Don't Go" even backs the amps down from 11, showing a band that can remain fascinating through other means than screaming guitar hooks. I don't know if maturation is exactly the right word for it, or something that the band was looking to achieve, but their second LP is a step forward for an already compelling band. —Nate Housley

Soft Swells

Self-Titled

Modern Outsider

Street: 02.28

Soft Swells = Telekinesis + MGMT before Congratulations



Notwithstanding the oceanic name and the infectious synthpop tracks, which are laden with subtle ties to the recent garage-surf revival, everything about Soft Swells presumably screams West Coast. On this self-titled EP, **Tim Williams** belts flutteringly atmospheric vocals reminiscent of Telekinesis's **Michael Benjamin Lerner** as **Matt Walsh** steadily builds crescendos via ebbs of positively unpredictable yet controlled club-pop textures, shown in the easily addicting "Put It On The Line," as well as "Lifeboats." The album doesn't go deeper than melodic ear candy as far as cerebral accommodations go, but given

the album's manpower (two dudes) and man hours (approximately a week), *Soft Swells EP* is quite the tour de force for a freshman effort. Fans of new wave synthpop who feel left in the dark from previous rank holders (MGMT went on to "sell art" and **Phoenix** went on to sell Cadillacs) can count this record as a capable fix. —Gregory Gerulat

Spectral Tombs

Carrion

Self-Released

Street: 01.19

Spectral Tombs = Deathspell Omega + Liturgy + Twilight

If you find yourself enabled with that gracious virtue called patience, Portland's Spectral Tombs' grim and entrancing debut full-length, *Carrion*, succeeds at capturing an audience's attention and is worth its time. *Carrion* doesn't ask any unanswered questions or tread new waters, but for a self-released album, its production speaks volumes in regards to its motives. It's one of those clean yet dirty records, and it's loud, boasting a heavy crust background with equally weighed, pure riffing and goopy, tart-thick atmosphere. The best quality here is easily the bass tone, and the volume it's presented at makes everything else sound like a hammer to hot steel on an anvil. Leave your pretensions or elitism for the folks that do nothing but find fault in everything, and you can discover things many people stare straight in the face and miss. —Bryer Wharton

Whitejacket

Hollows and Rounds

Self-Released

Street: 04.03

Whitejacket = Lennon/McCartney + Love Language + Broken Bells

Looking at the track listing, I was a bit worried at first, as the vast majority of the songs on this album are under three minutes, with a few even under two—but don't let the short tunes fool you. This is good shit. Several times I felt as though I was listening to **The Beatles**, such as during numbers like "Single Seagull." At other points in the album, I drew comparisons to **Pink Floyd**'s masterpiece *Atom Heart Mother*, thanks to a four-piece horn section playing along with the band in multiple tracks, like "Inside Out." Led by **Chris McDuffie**, the 10-piece band delivers beautiful harmonies and mellow soundscapes that will take you back in time. Because of the relatively short length of each tune, this album is a quick listen. Even though there are 13 tracks, they only amount to 35 minutes of playing time. It's one of those albums that you wish lasted longer, but instead, leaves you saying, "What the fuck? Is that all?" At which point, you can just listen to it again. —Jory Carroll

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

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

Friday, April 6

Ray Lawrence Jr, The Utah County Swillers – *ABG's* Jessie Davis, Samuel Smith Band, Marinade – *Bar Deluxe* The Stereofidelics, Four Leaves Left, Tuxedo Tramps – *Burt's* Bernadette Pauley, Du Kirpalani – *Egyptian Theatre*

The Roadkingz – *Frankie D's (Moab)* Rage Against the Supremes – *Hog Wallow* Protest the Hero, Periphery, Jeff Loomis, The Safety Fire, Today I Caught The Plague – *In The Venue*

Pyxis, Amorous, Unthinkable Thoughts, Cries of the Captive – *Kilby* Blue Letter, Maraloka, Worst Friends, Despite Despair – *Muse* Salt City Kings – *Paper Moon* Matthew Bashaw, The Hope – *Poplar Street Club* Josh Domingo – *Silver Star Cafe* Elizabeth Tobias: Let Them Eat Cupcakes, DJ Street Jesus – *UMOCA* Dubwise – *Urban* Ruts-N-Weeds – *Velour* Gravetown, Adipocere, Dethblo, Odium Totus – *Why Sound*

Add a Dash of Local Art with Erica Herbert through April 30 – Whole Foods Trolley Square Café L'Anarchiste, Hope & Time, Awful Truth – *Woodshed*

Saturday, April 7

Tony Holiday – *Bar Deluxe* Welcome To Floyd: Pink Floyd Tribute – *Burt's* Comeback Kid, Close Your Eyes, Foundation, Such Gold, Living With Lions – *Club Sound* Band of Skulls, We Are Augustines – *Complex* Bernadette Pauley, Du Kirpalani – *Egyptian Theatre* The Roadkingz – *Frankie D's (Moab)*

Ulysses – *Hog Wallow* Explosions in the Sky – *In The Venue* Candy's River House – *Johnny's* Burnell Washburn, JNatural, Pat Maine, Highdro, Dumb Luck, Hurris & Gig, The Nag, Oso Negro – *Kilby (7 pm)* Neon Trees – *Mountain View High School (Orem)* Trailer Boy Hoodz – *Notch Pub* Jim Derrickson – *Poplar Street Pub*

Fry Sauce – *Sand Trap* **Film: Tumbleweeds Best of Fest – SLC Main Library** Huckleberry Rail Jam – *Snowbasin Resort* Burnell Washburn, Jnatural, Pat Maine, Highdro, YZE, Dusk, Learical Mindset, Scenic Byway – *Urban (9 pm)*

68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Chris Merritt – *Velour* Jumble, Friends & Friends, Chase Talbot – *Why Sound* Oldtimers – *Willies* Bands and the Bandits, Glorious Bastards, South of Ramona – *Woodshed*

Sunday, April 8

Left Alone, Vena Cava, The Plastruds – *Burt's* Michel Camilo Latin Trio – *Capitol Theatre* More Hazards More Heroes – *Kilby*

Happy Birthday, Kyla Grant!

Monday, April 9 Stalemate Flesh – *Burt's* Polyphonic Spree, New Fumes – *Depot* **Artists Fighting Cystic Fibrosis Fundraiser – Gepetto's Restaurant** Dirty Ghosts, The Saintanne, Your Meteor – *Kilby* Lukas Nelson & Promise of Real – *State Room* Acid Mothers Temple, Phantom Family Halo – *Urban*

Tuesday, April 10

Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children McNuggits – *Burt's* Gwar – *Saltair* **Film: Cave of Forgotten Dreams – SLC Main Library** Neon Indian, Friends – *Urban*

Wednesday, April 11

Arliss Nancy, Calico Sage, Budnick – *Burt's* Yonder Mountain String Band – *Depot* Trenton McKeen – *Hog Wallow* Rubblebucket – *Kilby* Cults, Spectrals, Mrs. Magician – *Urban*

Thursday, April 12

The Insurgency – *Burt's* Feed Me, Teeth, Kill The Noise, Loki & Steez, DC Haze – *Complex* Sleigh Bells – *Depot* Mother of Pearl – *Hog Wallow* Foxy Shazam, Manic, Cadaver Dogs – *Kilby* **Plan-B Theatre Company: The Scarlet Letter – Rose Wagner Theatre (runs through April 22)** Feed Me – *Saltair* Stonefed – *Sand Trap* **Film: Through the Lens – SLC Main Library** Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune – *Sugar Space* Dom Kennedy, Johnny Utah – *Urban*

Midnight Vitals, Regal Beast, Bus People – *Velour* **Happy Birthday, Jory Carroll!**

Friday, April 13

The Jingoos, Black Hole – *ABG's* Utah Symphony: Mahler's Symphony No. 4, Beethoven's "Eroica" – *Abravanel Hall*

Underground Gypsy Cabaret – Bar Deluxe Truce – *Burt's* Ballet West: Emeralds, Petit Mort, Paquita – *Capitol Theatre (runs through April 21)* The Roadkingz – *Cheers To You* Chuck Ragan, Tom Gabel – *Complex* Stonefed – *Hog Wallow* Blood On The Dance Floor, Brokencyde, Deuce, Polkadot Cadaver, William Control, The Bunny The Bear, New Years Day, Haily Rose – *In The Venue* Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, The Pour Horse, The Dark Seas – *Kilby* Jeremiah Maxey – *Poplar Street Pub*

Dmitri Levkovich – *Rose Wagner* Plur: DARTH & VADER – *Saltair* Motherlode Unplugged – *Silver Star Cafe* Rusted Root, Skinny Listers – *State Room* Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune – *Sugar Space*

Film: Shit Year – UMOCA Hanni El Khatib, Sundelles, Max Paine & The Groovies – *Urban* Eyes Lips Eyes, Toy Bombs, The New Electric Sound – *Velour* Sugar Town – *Woodshed*

Saturday, April 14

Utah Symphony: Mahler's Symphony No. 4, Beethoven's "Eroica" – *Abravanel Hall* Creative Mosaics – *Art Access* Animal Magnetism: Watercolors by Caryn Feeney – *Art at the Main* Lady Murasaki, Charles Ellsworth & The Dirty 30, Rainbow Black – *Bar Deluxe* **Naturday – Brighton Resort** Wizard Rifle, Cornered By Zombies, Oldtimer, Simian Greed – *Burt's* Escape the Fate, Attack Attack!, The Word Alive – *Club Sound* RJD2 – *Depot* Wasatch Roller Derby: Black Diamond Divas vs Red Rockettes – *Derby Depot* Pour Horse – *Hog Wallow* Ascending Irony, Chasing Chance, Diamond Village, General Harrison, Headphone Theatre, Maybe Tomorrow, Monster Reality, Rev Mayhem, Stankbot Tyranny, Star-Off, Waiting on Alex, Waldronz – *In The Venue (3 pm)* Sepultura, Death Angel, Krisiun, Havok – *In The Venue (6 pm)* Matthew & The Hope – *Johnny's* Perfume Genius, Parenthetical Girls – *Kilby*

Cache Valley Cartel – *Notch Pub* Scotty Haze – *Peery's Egyptian Theatre* American Hitmen – *Poplar Street Pub* Christine McDonough Photography Reception – *Red Butte Garden* Sofa Sly – *Sand Trap* 10th Mountain – *Spur Bar and Grill* Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune – *Sugar Space* Tr3ason, Swamp Donkey, Fried Arm – *Why Sound* Screaming Condors – *Willies* Samuel Smith Band, Reckless Spirit – *Woodshed*

SLUG Localized: Handicapitalist, Stark Raving Mad, Chainwhip – Urban **Happy Birthday, Kelli Tompkins!**

Sunday, April 15

K. Flay, Cherub, Pat Maine – *Kilby* Pert Near Sandstone, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*

Monday, April 16

The Sky We Scrape, Eli Whitney, American Attic, Ilios – *Burt's* The Delphic Quorum, Ubik, Settle Down – *Muse* Jesus or Genome, Matthew Quen Nanes, Twin Plus – *Urban*

Tuesday, April 17

Utah Symphony: Magical Music of John Williams – *Abravanel Hall* The Delphic Quorum, 9 Worlds, Ubik – *Burt's* Tom Mills – *Complex* Eve 6 – *In The Venue* Huldra – *Kilby* Glowhouse – *Muse* **Film: Son of Babylon – SLC Main Library** School of Seven Bells, Exitmusic – *Urban*

Wednesday, April 18

Michael Dean Damron, Arliss Nancy, Brad McCarley, Morgan Snow – *Burt's* Behemoth, Watain, The Devil's Blood, In Solitude – *Complex* DJ Shadow – *Depot* Behemoth – *FYE (5526 S. Redwood Rd)* Jordan Young – *Hog Wallow* Bobaflex, Edisun, Atom Smash – *Liquid Joe's* Caveman, Tolchock Trio – *Urban* Damien Jurado, Peter Wolf Crier – *Velour*

Film: The House I Live In – Vivie Gore Concert Hall

Thursday, April 19

The Shell Corporation, Duluoiz – *Burt's*

The Naked and Famous, The Vacationer, Now Now – *Depot* SKPz – *Hog Wallow* Celtic Woman – *Energy Solutions* Ingrid Michealson – *In The Venue* Ewan Dobson, Gareth Pearson, Craig D'Andres, Stefano Barone – *Kilby* Withered Soul – *Sand Trap* **Film: Cave of Forgotten Dreams – Star Hall (Moab)**

The Quick & Easy Boys – *State Room* Cornered By Zombies, Oldtimer – *Urban* In-Store Author Event: David Rees – *Weller Book Works* Chimney Choir, Racecar Racecar, Twelfth Cut Free – *Why Sound*

Friday, April 20

The Suicycles – *ABG's* Utah Symphony: A Tribute to the Beatles – *Abravanel Hall* Emerging Student Art – *Alpine Art Gallery* Visigoth, Castle Axe – *Burt's* The Delphic Quorum, John Ross Boyce and His Troubles, Lip – *City Limits* Emilee Dziuk – *Copper Palate Press* Kettlefish – *Green Pig* Marinade – *Hog Wallow* Andre Nickatina, Mumbils, Fashawn – *In The Venue* Badfinger – *Egyptian Theatre* Deadgates, Stories of Ambition – *Kilby*

Pete Witcher – *Poplar Street Pub* Frack – *Sugar Space* Scenic Byway, Youth In Eyes, Dead the Poets – *Urban* Gallery: Natural Treasures – *Utah Arts Festival Gallery* The Fucktards (FREE SHOW) – *Willies* Children of the North, Mountain Hymns, Little Barefoot – *Why Sound* Veggie Stew – *Woodshed* Michael Dean Damron, Arliss Nancy, Brad McCarley, Morgan Snow – *Burt's* Behemoth, Watain, The Devil's Blood, In Solitude – *Complex* DJ Shadow – *Depot* Behemoth – *FYE (5526 S. Redwood Rd)* Jordan Young – *Hog Wallow* Bobaflex, Edisun, Atom Smash – *Liquid Joe's* Caveman, Tolchock Trio – *Urban* Damien Jurado, Peter Wolf Crier – *Velour*

Saturday, April 21 **Happy Record Store Day!** Utah Symphony: A Tribute to the Beatles – *Abravanel Hall* Sketches in Watercolor – *Art Access* Stark Raving Mad, Vena Cava, Draize Method – *Burt's* Rusko, Sigma, Big Fangs, Lady Syn – *Complex* Junction City Roller Dolls: Aces vs Banditas – *Davis Conference Center* Badfinger – *Egyptian Theatre*

Napalm Flesh Presents:

Gaza, INVDRS, Cornered By Zombies, Eagle Twin – Graywhale Sandy

Whiskey Fish – *Hog Wallow* Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Johnny's* The Cavesingers, David Williams – *Kilby* Rocky Mountain Olympus Leather Competition – *Paper Moon*

Matthew Bashaw, The Hope – *Poplar Street Pub* Rise Against, A Day To Remember, Title Fight – *Saltair* The White Buffalo – *State Room* Frack – *Sugar Space* Third Saturday Art Activity for Families: Monoprints – *UMFA* Tea Leaf Green, Silent Comedy – *Urban*

Queer Prom – SLC Library Vincent Draper and the Dirty Thirty – *Willies* The Commission – *Woodshed* 9 Year Anniversary Party- Piper Down

Sunday, April 22

Moustache and Beard Competition – *Bourbon House* **Happy Birthday, Megan Kennedy!** **Happy Birthday, Carla Meroño!**

Monday, April 23

Untimely Demise, Bloodpurge, Year of the Wolf – *Burt's* **Craft Lake Artist Workshop Series: Letterpress Mother's Day Cards – SaltGrass Printmakers** The Folka Dots, Hope & Tim Glenn, Choral Copse, Seafinch

– *Urban*

Tuesday, April 24

Go Radio, There For Tomorrow, Tonight Alive!, Tyler Carter, Simple As Surgery – *In The Venue*

Film: The City Dark – SLC Main Library Todd Snider – *State Room* Tennis, Wild Belle – *Urban*

Wednesday, April 25 Autostigmatic – *Burt's* Middle Class Rut, Secret Music – *In The Venue* Prestige, Ides of March, Eyes of Desecration, JFK – *Kilby* Phun With Physics – *Natural History Museum (Rio Tinto Center)*

Thursday, April 26

The Johnson Creek Stranglers, Tupelo Moan – *Burt's* Coreshot & the LTD's – *Hog Wallow* All Shall Perish, Carnifex, Fleshgod Apocalypse, Conduction From The Grave, The Contortionist – *In The Venue* Banks & The Bandits – *Kilby* Cat Fashion Show, Jokes – *Muse*

Film: Hell And Back Again – Ogden/Pleasant Valley Library The Step Twins – *Poplar Street Pub* Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company: Iridesence – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Chauvet Cave: A Portal to Man's Earliest Known Artistic Masters – *UMFA*

Real Estate, The Twerps, Spell Talk – *Urban* Joshua Payne Trio, Lunar Collective Dance Company – *W Lounge*

Friday, April 27 Old World, Please Be Human – *ABG's* Utah Symphony: Mozart's Requiem – *Abravanel Hall* Loom, Done, Sagat – *Urban* Sex Wax Sufers, Salt Lake Whalefishers, Hectic Hobo – *Hog Wallow*

The Mutatyor – *Depot* Revolver Beatles Tribute – *Hog Wallow* Garbage – *In The Venue* Consumed By Silence, Aecheos, Impurity of Mriya, Dethrone The Sovereign, The Art of Transcendence, Arsenal of Destruction – *Kilby* Satellites & Sirens – *Muse*

Matthew Bashaw, The Hope – *Poplar Street Pub* Fox Van Cleef – *Sand Trap* Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company: Iridesence – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Trash Bash – *Urban* False Witness, Autostigmatic, Broken Angels – *Why Sound* **Happy Birthday, Katie Panzer!**

Saturday, April 28

Utah Symphony: Mozart's Requiem – *Abravanel Hall* YYBS, Zuhg, Musical Chairs, Orion Walsh – *Urban* **Happy Birthday, Brian Kubarycz!** **Happy Birthday, Chris**

Marriott Library The Folka Dots – *Burt's* Overkill, Belphegor, Aborted, Suidakra, System Divide, Diamond Plate – *Complex* Snow Patrol, Ed Sheeran – *Depot* Wasatch Roller Derby: Midnight Terror vs Pikes Peaks Derby Dames – *Derby Depot* Gin Blossoms – *Energy Solutions* Tony Holiday & the Living Proof – *Hog Wallow* MZ Maliciouz, Twista, Staxx N Waxx Musik, Sicklake, Freddi Famili – *In The Venue* Tony Holiday Band – *Johnny's* Golden Sun, L'Anarchiste, Michael Gross and the Statuettes, Mason Jones and the Get Togethers – *Kilby* Jim Derrickson – *Poplar Street Pub*

Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company: Iridesence – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Blame Sally – *State Room* Influxdance Fundraiser – *Sugar Space* Washed Out – *Urban* Laserfang – *Willies* **Happy Birthday, Anna Johnson!**

Wednesday, May 2 Enter Shikari, Letlive, At The Skylines – *In The Venue* Hopeless Jack & The Handsome Devil – *Urban*

Thursday, May 3 Lovedrug, Discourse – *Kilby* Penagando Fogo (Catching Fire) – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Lotus Plaza – *Urban*

Friday, May 4

Charm City Devils – *Club Sound* Marinade – *Hog Wallow* Pegando Fogo (Catching Fire) – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Mason Jennings – *State Room* Dubwise – *Urban* **Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anyplace cool**

Proctor! Happy Birthday, Gavin Sheehan!

Monday, April 30 The Roadkingz – *Carol's Cove* Kittie, Blackguard, The Agonist, Darkblood, Hooga – *Complex* Ben Kweller – *In The Venue* Delta Spirit, Waters, Tijuana Panthers – *Urban* Musical Charts, ZuhG, Jumbie, Sarah Olsen – *Why Sound*

Tuesday, May 1 Never Shout Never, Koji, Kurt Travis, Renee and the Translators – *Complex* Imagine Dragons – *In The Venue* Dumb Luck, Task & Linus, YZE, Pat Maine, Pig Pen – *Urban*

Wednesday, May 2 Enter Shikari, Letlive, At The Skylines – *In The Venue* Hopeless Jack & The Handsome Devil – *Urban*

Thursday, May 3 Lovedrug, Discourse – *Kilby* Penagando Fogo (Catching Fire) – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Lotus Plaza – *Urban*

Friday, May 4 Charm City Devils – *Club Sound* Marinade – *Hog Wallow* Pegando Fogo (Catching Fire) – *Rose Wagner Theatre* Mason Jennings – *State Room* Dubwise – *Urban* **Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anyplace cool**

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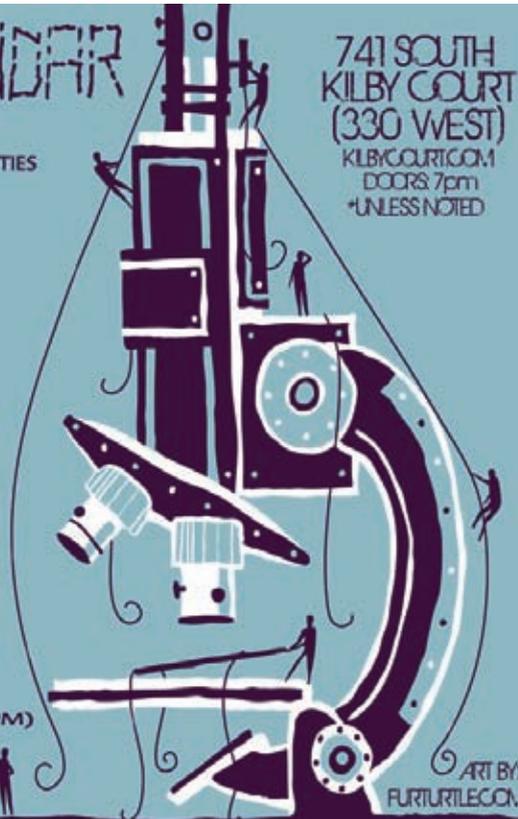
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KILBY COURT - APRIL CALENDAR

4/1 - BLACK TUSK, EAST OF THE WALL, MERLINS BEARD, TBA
 4/2 - KATIE VAN SLEEN, US THIEVES, DANIELLE ATE THE SANDWICH, THE BLUE
 4/3 - JPJ AND THE PAPER PLANES, THE FOLKA DOTS, BRADY PARKS & THE INDIANS, SECRET ABILITIES
 4/5 - RACES, NO
 4/6 - PYXIS, AMOROUS, UNTHINKABLE THOUGHTS, CRIES OF THE CAPTIVE (6:30 DOORS)
 4/7 - BURNELL WASHBURN CD RELEASE, JNATURAL, PAT MAINE, HIGHDR0,
 DUMB LUCK, HURRIS & GIG, THE NAG, OSO NEGRO
 4/8 - MORE HAZARDS MORE HEROES, TBA
 4/9 - DIRTY GHOSTS, THE SAINTANNE, YOUR METEOR
 4/10 - GOLDEN SUN, L'ANARCHISTE, MICHAEL GROSS AND THE STATUETTES,
 MASON JONES AND THE GET TOGETHERS (6:30 DOORS)
 4/11 - RUBBLEBUCKET, TBA
 4/12 - FOXY SHAZAM, MANIAC, CADAVER DOGS
 4/13 - NATHAN SPENSER & THE LOW KEYS, THE POUR HORSE, THE DARK SEAS
 4/14 - PERFUME GENIUS, PARENTHETICAL GIRLS
 4/15 - K.FLAY, CHERUB, PAT MAINE
 4/17 - HULDRA, TBA
 4/19 - CANDYRAT RECORDS: EWAN DOBSON, GARETH P, CRAIG D'ANDRES, STEFANO BARONE
 4/20 - DEADGATES, STORIES OF AMBITION (6:30 DOORS)
 4/21 - THE CAVE SINGERS, DAVID WILLIAMS
 4/24 - CHAIN & THE GANG, DYLAN ROE
 4/25 - PRESTIGE, IDES OF MARCH, EYES OF DESECRATION, JFK (6:30 DOORS)
 4/26 - BANKS & THE BANDITS, TBA
 4/27 - CONSUMED BY SILENCE, AECHOES, AECHOES, IMPURITY OF MRYIA, DETHRONE THE
 SOVEREIGN, THE ART OF TRANSCENDENCE, ARSENAL OF DESTRUCTION (6:00 DOORS)
 4/28 - GOLDEN SUN, L'ANARCHISTE, MICHAEL GROSS AND THE STATUETTES,
 MASON JONES AND THE GET TOGETHERS

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ADDITIONAL S&S SHOWS IN APRIL:

4/3 - YOUNG THE GIANT w/ GROUPOVE @ IN THE VENUE (6:30PM)
 4/7 - EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY w/ ZAMMUTO @ IN THE VENUE (7PM)
 4/19 - THE NAKED + FAMOUS, VACATIONER, NOW NOW @ THE DEPOT (8PM)
 4/20 - ANDRE NICKATINA, FASHAWN, MUMBL @ IN THE VENUE (7pm)
 4/29 - M83 w/ I BREAK HORSES @ IN THE VENUE (7pm)
 4/30 - BEN KWELLER, SLEEPER AGENT, THE DIG @ IN THE VENUE (6:30PM)
 CURRENSY, TRAMPLED BY TURTLES, YO GOTTI in MAY!

TICKETS FOR KILBY COURT SHOWS AVAILABLE AT: www.24TIX.com & GRAYWHALE ENT. (UofU), S&S PRESENTS SHOWS: www.SMITHSTIX.com

THE URBAN LOUNGE April 2012

01: THE COATHANGERS, WHITE MYSTERY, ESK
 02: BIG B, BLISS N ESO, BURNELL WASHBURN
 03: KRCL PRESENTS MR. GNOME, THE REDWOOD PLAN, THE BIGGEST ERN
 04: CHAIRLIFT, NITE JEWEL
 05: KRCL PRESENTS: FANFARLO, GARDENS & VILLA
 06: DUBWISE
 07: BURNELL WASHBURN CD RELEASE, JNATURAL, PAT MAINE, HIGHDR0,
 YZE, DUSK, LEARICAL MINDSET, SCENIC BYWAY
 08: CLOSED
 09: ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE, PHANTOM FAMILY HALO
 10: KRCL PRESENTS: NEON INDIAN, FRIENDS
 11: KRCL PRESENTS: CULTS, SPECTRALS, MRS MAGICIAN
 12: DOM KENNEDY, JOHNNY UTAH
 13: HANNI EL KHATIB, SUNDELLES, MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES
 14: SLUG LOCALIZED: HADICAPITALIST, STARK RAVING MAD, CHAINWHIP
 15: PERT NEAR SANDSTONE, PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS
 16: JESUS OR GENOME, MATTHEW QUEN NANES, TWIN PLUS
 17: SCHOOL OF SEVEN BELLS, EXITMUSIC
 18: CAVEMAN, TOLCHOCK TRIO
 19: CORNERED BY ZOMBIES, OLDTIMER
 20: DANKSQUAD 420 SHOW: SCENIC BYWAY, YOUTH IN EYES, DEAD THE
 POETS
 21: TEA LEAF GREEN, SILENT COMEDY
 22: CLOSED
 23: THE FOLKA DOTS, HOPE AND TIM GLENN WITH THE CHORAL COPSE,
 SEAFINCH, RYAN TANNER
 24: TENNIS, WILD BELLE
 25: THE SWINGING LIGHTS, LADY MURASAKI, NEW BODY ELECTRIC, YYBS
 26: REAL ESTATE, THE TWERPS, SPELL TALK
 27: TRASH BASH!
 28: WASHED OUT, MEMORYHOUSE
 29: EARLY AT 7 PM: YYBS, ZUHG, MUSICAL CHARIS, ORION WALSH
 29: LATE AT 11 PM: M83 AFTER PARTY PRESENTED BY NIGHT FREQ
 30: KRCL PRESENTS: DELTA SPIRIT, WATERS, TIJUANA PANTHERS

Coming Soon:

MAY 01: DUMB LUCK CD RELEASE
 MAY 02: HOPELESS JACK & THE HANDSOME DEVIL
 MAY 03: LOTUS PLAZA
 MAY 04: DUBWISE
 MAY 05: THE DRUMS
 MAY 07: GRAMATIK
 MAY 08: SHENANDOAH DAVIS
 MAY 09: BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE
 MAY 10: DEER TICK
 MAY 12: ROBOTIC PIRATE MONKEY
 MAY 14: KHAIRA ARBY
 MAY 16: MARGOT & THE NUCLEAR SO & SO'S
 MAY 22: ACTIVE CHILD
 MAY 23: HERE WE GO MAGIC
 MAY 24: XIU XIU
 MAY 31: THE DONKEYS
 JUN 02: BOB SCHNEIDER
 JUN 13: THE PARLOTONES & RYAN STAR
 JUN 15: CORROSION OF CONFORMITY
 JUN 23 & 30: CRUCIAL FEST!

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