

# SLUG

VOL. 24 • ISSUE 294 • JUNE 2013 • ALWAYS FREE • SLUGMAG.COM

# MAGAZINE

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# SLUG Magazine

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**Editor:** Angela H. Brown  
**Managing Editor:** Esther Meroño  
**Editorial Assistant:** Alexander Ortega  
**Office Coordinator:** Gavin Sheehan  
**Copy Editing Team:** Esther Meroño, Alexander Ortega, Mary Enge, Cody Kirkland, Johnathan Ford, Alex Cragun, Rachel Miller, Katie Bald

**Cover Photographer:** Weston Colton  
**Lead Designer:** Joshua Joye  
**Design Team:** Eric Sapp, Eleanor Scholz, BJ Viehl, Lenny Riccardi, Chad Pinckney, Mason Rodrick

**Ad Designers:** Kent Farrington, Sumerset Bivens, Christian Broadbent, Kelli Tompkins, Maggie Call, Eric Sapp, Brad Barker, Paden Bischoff, Maggie Zukowski, Thy Doan  
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**Office Interns:** Carl Acheson, Robin Sessions, Alex Cragun, Chandler Hunt

**Illustrators:** Ryan Perkins, Phil Cannon, Benji Pierson, Maggie Zukowski, Sean Hennefer, Robin Banks, Timm Paxton, Dylan Chadwick, Eleanor Scholz, Jared Smith, Steve Thueson

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**Videographers:** Slugger, Brian Baade, Brock Grossi, Candida Duran, Matthew Pothier, Audrey Newhouse, Perrylayne Deker-Tate, Cole Quartuccio

**Ad Sales:** SLUG HQ 801.487.9221  
Angela Brown: sales@slugmag.com  
Nate Abbott: nate@slugmag.com  
John Ford: johnford@slugmag.com

**Marketing Manager:** Karamed Puriri

**About the Cover:** Up-and-coming local **Forrest Huber** has a thing for fire hydrants. Really. He wants to ollie a hundred of them. Since the '80s, skaters have used this common street fixture for an obstacle. Huber's baside 180, shot by *SLUG* photographer **Weston Colton**, is as classic as it gets. See more on pages 36-39.

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## Contributor Limelight: Weston Colton – Photographer



some freelance adventures, he still makes time for skating and keeps up to date with all the local up-and-comers, hence his feature on **Forrest Huber** this month, Weston's first-ever *SLUG* cover. He says he enjoyed this assignment because, "Skating around downtown and shooting what you find takes me back to my early days skating with friends." Check out Weston's work within the pages of every *SLUG* issue, go to [westoncolton.com](http://westoncolton.com), or follow him on Instagram @westoncolton.

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# Dear DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

It's 3 AM right now and I can't sleep. Why? Because my roommate is pressing hams in the room above me. Right. Above. Me. I don't mind the fact that he's getting some, good on him and all that shit, but does he have to be loud? Do they have to call out plays (e.g. "Suck my..." or "Put your...")? Does she have to adjust her pitchy groans based on the distance between the Plateau and Climax? I usually put on headphones and crank up Converge, Pig Destroy, Eagle Twin, anything to bleed over their spam spanking and boots knocking, but tonight it isn't cutting it. How the fuck do I get them to fuck when I'm not home or to at least keep it down? I'm courteous with my sex, why can't they give me the same respect? Please refrain from "tie on the doorknob" solutions, this isn't the sixties and I'm not John Belushi.

Here's to sleeping,  
Gotti Bitchaboutit

comes down to ... **IMAGINE two sets of pitchy groans. You see, Gotti, your problem isn't your roommate, it's your lack of imagination, and your failure to see opportunity when it's literally banging on the ceiling. So here's what you do: Rather than wreaking havoc on your eardrums with Pig Destroyer, take those headphones off, light some candles and might I suggest pressing play on some Al Green, or if you're feeling bold, R. Kelly. Once you get comfortable, feel free to participate—and get creative! I'm sure there are plays you have yet to hear. You know, Gotti, people in Amsterdam pay a lot of money for the kind of experience you're getting for free. Not to mention, if you're having "courteous sex," it sounds like you might want to whip out some pen and paper once you're done with Rosy Palm and her five sisters, 'cause I can guarantee no one's getting off in your room with that attitude.**

Happy humping!  
XOXO SLUG

Dear Gotti,

As the roommate of two lesbians, I feel ya, man. Imagine two sets of pitchy groans ... and this is what it really

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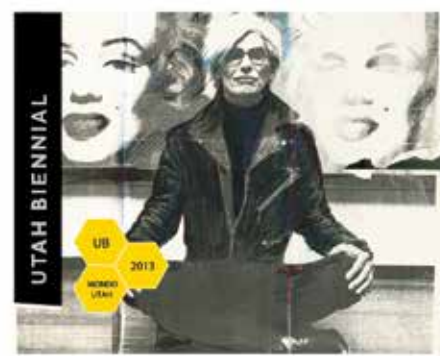
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2011 2012 2013





(L-R) Jason Heckenible, Fred Jenkins, Doug Walker and Jeff Kilpatrick of The Insurgency kick out a tight punk rock set every time they hit the stage.

## LOCALIZED

By LeAundra Jeffs  
u0615922@utah.edu  
Photos By Martín Rivero

This month's Localized, on June 15, showcases two hard-rocking groups of completely different spectrums. Salty old-school punkers **The**

**Insurgency** and dusty vagabond gypsies **Hectic Hobo** will share the stage and are sure to generate two sets you can easily jerk your limbs to. To round out the evening, indie-blues cross-pollinators **The Red on Black** will be opening. Per usual, the event is 21+ at *Urban Lounge*, free until 10:30 p.m. then \$5 at the door. The show is presented by *GigViz.com*, the ultimate online-viewing tube for you underage babies, child-addled hermits and those in faraway lands.

### THE INSURGENCY

Like a true band of misfits, The Insurgency sauntered across *The Republican*, beers in hand, and introduced themselves with gusto and a few silly jokes. The Insurgency (**Doug Walker**, vocals; **Jeff Kilpatrick**, guitar; **Jason Heckenible**, bass; and **Fred Jenkins**, percussion) are experienced performers in many walks of music, and have described this particular group, out of all the others they have played with before, as the one that both pushes them the most and works most cooperatively together. Their hard work has formed a gritty garage punk ensemble that apparently has all the elements—except a steady fanbase. Well, the boys deserve better than that, so let me inform you of the ins and outs of why this band has become another one of my local favorites.

Walker formed The Insurgency more than 10 years ago—the remaining members of the band came together later. “Jeff lives across the street, so he came over and started playing. We lost some members and gained some members ... Now, I’m with these guys,” Walker says. When the current lineup began playing together, they all squished claustrophobically into Walker’s basement. Soon after, they realized Kilpatrick has a large basement that they had been overlooking. It’s been so convenient that, four years later, they’re still playing with the full, live setup at Kilpatrick’s house.

Last December, the band recorded their second album, *121212*, and have spent their remaining time playing shows around Salt Lake. “I’ve been in the process of doing all the cover work [for the album]. We hope to have it all printed up and ready to go for

the show in June,” Walker says. The Insurgency tend to pride themselves most on the exceptional sound of their live shows. “A comment that we often get is that the band is really tight. We rehearse beforehand, so we know what we are going to play before we go on,” Kilpatrick says. At every show, they close with one or two covers, which all members see as important to help give a boost to the bands following them. This rounds out the show, and allows for a reminiscent sense of closure to their set.

“Insurgency” is a loaded word, so I asked Walker to describe to me what his band’s name means to him. “I came up with it with the guy I played with before. To me, it means a rising up or an overcoming,” he says. This weighs heavily on their lyrical content, which tends to be political. “I pull mostly from my school background in political science. I think most of what I have to say has some type of political bend to it—maybe not overtly, but there’s something there,” Walker says.

All four band members adamantly described their music as fast-paced. With their specific focus, The Insurgency feel they can easily set themselves apart in the local music scene. “If you listen to our album and then you listen to us live, you would think either we were better live or just as good as the album,” Walker says. Kilpatrick’s style reinforces the band’s cogent live performance—he says, “I don’t use any guitar pedals or effects. I plug my guitar straight into the amplifier and go. It doesn’t seem like I see that very often.” According to Jenkins, The Insurgency are multi-dimensional, and are especially good at being obnoxious, in addition to having a “good dynamic range and a real driving feel,” he says.

Heckenible, Kilpatrick and Walker played music in Salt Lake long before The Insurgency, so they have a good grasp on how the punk rock scene has changed over the last 10 years. “Through the years that I’ve played, I’ve noticed a lot of people have matured, and their music has gotten better. There are younger bands coming out, and they’re just kicking our asses, so it’s our job to step it up. Even as a player of my age, I can get a lot of inspiration from the young kids,” Heckenible says. Jenkins has only been in Salt Lake for eight years, but during that time has come to appreciate many things about the local music scene. He says, “Compared to any place I have ever been, Salt Lake City has an open mind. You can play any type of music here, and often people expect the creativity.” Walker rounds it out with a sentiment I can ALWAYS get behind: “I think *Burt’s* cleaning up their bathroom has to be the best thing that’s happened to punk rock in the last 10 years ... Maybe 20!” he says.

### HECTIC HOBO

A breeze drifted over the back porch of *The Woodshed* as four members of Hectic Hobo sloshed their steins of “hef” (or porter) around and laughed raucously. We decided to sit down on the dusty back stage in a powwow circle to make things more personal. Hectic Hobo (**Marcus Stevens**, bass; **Todd Johnson**, drums; **Hasen Cone**, vocals and rhythm guitar; **Nicholas Newberry**, accordion and harmonica; **Eric Peatross**, keys; **Sam Osimitz**, fiddle and saw; and **Ranger**, lead guitar and banjo) are a band of semi-reckless individuals who play a grimey, American style of nomad rock. I’ve seen them live a few times, and subsequently had shots of whiskey placed in my fist by one band member or another until I ran away into the night. With this sort of past experience, I was excited for what the interview had in store.

The band formed in March of 2009 between Johnson and Cone, who went to college together. “Todd and I both went to *Utah State* for school and we both played in other bands up there. We ended up on a spring break trip together in Mexico, and shit got crazy,” Cone says. Since then, members of both of their previous bands have joined together to create the modern hobo troupe.

Every time I get into a conversation about Hectic Hobo, I hear a different description of their music style. I was interested in what the band had to say about their sound. “In my head, it’s a country band, but I don’t know that people describe it that way. We call it Wild West gypsy rock after several attempts at naming it,” Cone says. Newberry agrees. He says, “I think it’s a melding of styles. I describe it as the **Avett Brothers** meets **Gogol Bordello**, a melding between Americana, folk and bluegrass.” After those descriptions, I’m not surprised fans have a hard time articulating what the Hobos play. They mesh together so many different styles of music that, from song to song, you’re hearing different genres.

One of the most interesting aspects of their music, is their choice of lyrical content. “All of our songs are about mischief and mayhem. There is always an element of defying authority or people going crazy,”

Cone says. He pauses, and continues, saying, “Every one of our songs are stories that are semi-autobiographical and also fictional. It’s always about someone snapping and doing crazy shit. It’s my interpretation of the fucked up state of the world.” Stevens piped in with an even more interesting sentiment: “Murder and insanity, drug abuse,” he says. Cone writes the majority of the music and brings it to band members at practice to write their parts for and collaborate on. Because Cone spearheads the writing process, the band moves cohesively from one song to another.

After a year of touring and playing concerts in Salt Lake City, the boys are ready to start recording another album. “Our first album was in 2010 and our second in 2012, so we’re on target to release another in 2014. This will be the best-sounding and most fun album so far. We’ve done the mixing and mastering ourselves in the past. We need an eighth hobo to step in behind the glass,” Johnson says. The band has picked up a few new members since the last recording session, and this is sure to modify the tone for their third venture. “We have been writing songs with all seven of us. We were a four piece when we recorded the album last year, and now that we have a bass guitar, keys and a fiddle, we’ve been writing parts and having solos for them,” Johnson says. They already have the music written and ready to go (and even practiced), because they currently play their new

music at their shows—they just have to find time in their busy touring schedule to record.

The newest member of the band, Stevens, has a grasp on what it’s like to attend a show both as a musician and as a supporter. He says, “Before I was a member, I was a fan, and I think the shows have a lot of good energy. There’s definitely rock n’ roll elements and a little country feature. There’s folk and minor keys that make you feel like you’re hearing music from the East. It’s an all around good experience. Being onstage is even better.”

Before I let them skip back inside to mingle, I asked how they lived up to what Newberry called the “hobo mystique.” Cone told me that both he and Peatross have experienced the traveling lifestyle. “I have a million hitchhiking experiences in my life. Hitching sounds like a scary thing because of the horror-movie influence in America. Really, anyone that is bold enough to pick up a hitchhiker usually has an open personality and vice-versa. Eric, our keyboard player, is an actual hobo,” Cone says.

After an hour of laughing until my ribs ached and a few screams of “Squirrels are bastards!” from Newberry, we all jaunted back inside for yet another beer. This *Localized* is going to blow the roof off of *Urban*, and I can’t wait to see it happen.



(L-R) Todd Johnson, Eric Peatross, Sam Osimitz, Ranger (top), Nicholas Newberry, Marcus Stevens (middle) and Hasen Cone (front) sift through genres in the nomad rock of Hectic Hobo.





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In 2006, the 25-year-old filmmaker Jason DaSilva was on a beach with his family when, suddenly, he fell down and couldn't get back up. Doctors told him he had multiple sclerosis. Being a filmmaker, Jason picked up the camera and turned it on himself.



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DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR-ROUND

## STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

This coming-of-age comedy-drama film written by and starring Chris Colfer is also based on his novel. After senior Carson Phillips is struck by lightning and killed in his high-school parking lot, he recounts the last few weeks of his life.



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It's no secret that many purveyors of modern cuisine emphasize the speed at which they can fill an order and send customers on their way. This practice has opened the floodgates of cheaply produced food that is harvested in gigantic processing factories, frozen and then shipped all over the country. Not only is this practice unappetizing, it is slowly killing the romanticism that comes from going out to eat.

Throughout my culinary journeys, however, I've had the pleasure of coming across a few establishments that are holding out against the growing tide of mass-produced faux meat and trafficking cryogenically frozen vegetables from halfway across the country. These are restaurants where food is prepared to be enjoyed, not scarfed. *Les Madeleines* has been around for a decade, and I wish I had taken advantage of its complete culinary catalogue much earlier than I did. My first trip to *Les Madeleines*

had more to do with serendipity than anything else. I happened to be in the area, found myself craving something sweet, and popped in to scope out their selection. I was just going to get something little, but I was lured into the siren song of their specialty—the Kouing Aman (\$5.50). It looked like a golden brown flower in full bloom, and I knew that this was the reason that I came to this particular restaurant to satiate an impromptu sweet tooth. This little delight originates in the Brittany region of France, and *Les Madeleines* is one of the few places in America where you can get one. Of course, I mangled the pronunciation during my order—it's “queen a-mahn” just in case you find yourself preparing to order one for yourself or, perhaps, have one shipped anywhere in the country.

I took it outside and meant to continue whatever it was that I was doing before my detour, but as soon as I took a bite, I stopped cold. The first few bites are filled with this caramely crust that is perfectly light and crisp. Once the middle is exposed, a whole new texture reveals itself as a buttery and chewy miracle. Had this been a donut or other variety of baked good, I would have downed it quickly and moved on. This, however, demanded that I stop whatever I was doing and pay attention.

The Kouing Aman is not the only thing that *Les Madeleines* takes seriously. Chef **Romina Rasmussen**'s talent has been featured on Food Network and in *Food & Wine* magazine, and she has established an environment that takes “made from scratch” to the next level. “If we can do it ourselves, that's what we do,” Rasmussen says. It's this dedication and attention to detail that inspires dishes like Pannatone French Toast (\$6.95), an eggy breakfast delight filled with raisins that comes served with maple syrup and a bowl of citrus fruit. I expected the fruit—a medley of grapefruit, orange and blood orange—to become overly sour when eaten alongside the sweetness of the syrup, but it all worked together nicely. After Rasmussen explained the arduous process that goes into making genuine Pannatone, I felt guilty for eating it so quickly. It's a mixture of two different doughs—one of which began from a starter that Rasmussen created last fall. Before the dough is even ready to bake, it has

to sit and “proof” for nearly two whole days. When it's finally ready to come out of the oven, it has to be dried upside down for around six hours to keep its structural integrity.

*Les Madeleines* also features a lunch menu, stocked with sandwiches and salads, with daily specials depending on seasonal ingredients. During one of our lunch visits, my wife ordered the Sesame Chicken Wrap (\$9.95) and I got the Madrid Sandwich (\$10.95). The sandwich came with an order of Pommes Frites (half \$2.95, full \$4.95), which is a good place to start, as they caught me completely off guard. They were so perfectly crispy and chewy that it's almost vulgar to call them French fries. Served with a deceptively simple garlic aioli, these are far more than a side dish.

The sandwiches were also excellent, in very different ways. The Madrid is an open-faced sandwich with Serrano ham, roasted asparagus, a fried egg and a melty blanket of Manchego cheese. Though this sandwich is ideal as a brunch entrée, I could feasibly eat it either as breakfast or at three in the morning. It's rich, comforting, and each ingredient shines on its own as well as in the dish as a whole. The Sesame Chicken Wrap is a lighter option, with strips of roasted chicken cloaked in butter lettuce and a rice wrapper. When dipped in the accompanying miso dressing, it tastes like a refreshing spring roll. The chicken stood out to me as especially delicious, and Rasmussen mentioned that it was roasted to perfection on-site—which explained why it had such a fresh flavor.

Even when grabbing a quick lunch or breakfast, it's impossible to not leave with one of their pastries or cookies for the road. These range from \$.95 to \$3.95, and I recommend the dulce de leche-filled Alfajores, the buttery Shortbread Cookies and their beautiful Macarons—the Bali was my favorite.

Whether you're in the market for an indulgent breakfast, a light lunch or something sweet to save for later, *Les Madeleines* promises a place for those looking for a break from the speed-obsessed world that we now live in.

Les Madeleines' Kouing Aman and Madrid Sandwich demand your attention with each bite.

Photo: John Barkiple

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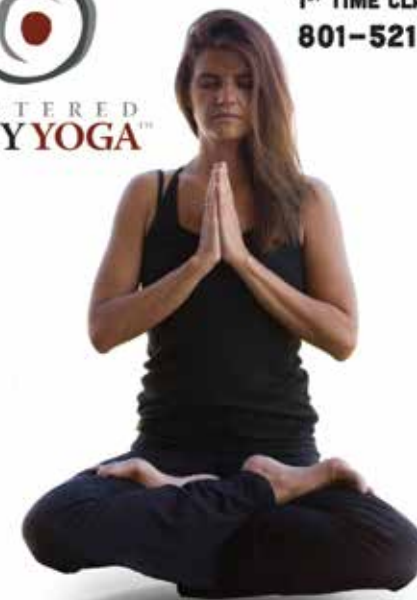
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One thing I absolutely love about writing my *SLUG* column is that I've been able to document some of my life experiences—something I wish I had done more regularly in the past. I'm constantly being reminded of some amazing things I was able to experience.

Very recently, during a spring-cleaning fury, I was reorganizing the bookshelf and came across an old journal. It wasn't any old journal, but the log I kept when I was 23 and did a study abroad in Paris. I hate to fess up to this, but feel I must—the year was 1993. Yep, 20 years ago! If you can't believe it, how do you think I feel? It was a magical time and one that has never been far from my mind.

I plopped in the Victorian club chair next to my big, black bookcase and started to delve into my own past through the journal. Like an alien abduction, four hours disappeared. I just sort of sat there in a dream state, experiencing it all over again. Who was this person? I felt like I was reading someone else's personal thoughts—the feeling I'd get after reading my sister's diary. I felt embarrassed at how stupid I sounded or acted at times, and amazed at how well I knew myself and what I learned that I still carry with me.

I'm going to share a couple of my entries from that summer abroad, but first, the prologue: I had just finished at the U and was doing an internship. Most of what I did was shop, fuck boys and sunbathe by the Seine. Most embarrassingly, I was a HUGE candy raver, and almost immediately latched on to this god-like creature named **Michele**. He was the big X dealer on the scene, and my summer consisted

of one roll after another, but 'twixt and 'tween the haze were moments of clarity, like this one.

July 27, 1993 – 9:55 p.m.

Yesterday I stayed all day with Michele but now it's the next day and I'm learning a big lesson so I better write it down. Being a minority sucks, and right now I feel sorta...lost. I'm hanging out with Michele and his friends and trust me, I don't need to understand the language to know I'm basically some players current fuck. I've been hanging around him and his friends now for a couple months and I just don't speak. I get this creepy feeling like I'm some sort of ghost, like I'm not even in the room, just watching. Michele tells me his friends like me, but how could that be possible? I'm just the person that's standing, lounging behind or making out with their friend.

I sit and listen and watch all of them engulfed in conversations about food and wine and sex and all I can get is a key word or phrase I understand, which isn't much, again makes me think I'd be wise to stop ditching French lessons to hang out with "sigh" Michele.

How did this happen? How did I get so involved in his life in such a short time? I told myself NO BOYS this summer! Ya right! I'm in France mother fucker and this is something I'll never forget; coming back home to America and leaving my heart in Paris, star crossed lovers divided by borders, but DO I want that? To think that just last week I was at the American embassy applying for a long stay visa and writing letters to people in SL that I wasn't coming back and to start sending stuff. Oh well, the only one

I don't regret sending was the one to quit my job, I hated that fucking hell hole anyway. I better make a call to mom and Shane [best friend circa '93] to warn them of the posts to come.

What was I thinking? Okay, from here on out no more rash decisions. What happens when I DON'T have anyone to stand behind? I need to promise myself that the only thing I stand on is my own two feet. I'm in charge of my own destiny and from this point on, people lounge behind me.

Holy shit! I just successfully cracked my first joke in French and everyone laughed! What a great feeling! I wanna keep it, salute.

July 28, 1993 – 6 a.m.

Same night as usual. We raved our brains out in the basement of some totally right on art gallery all night and took ecstasy, 'cept this time I did what they call candy flipping—X and acid, whoa! I loved it, of course.

It was kind of romantic as I fell behind then stopped and watched Michele and his rowdy friends fade and eventually disappear down Rue St Dennis, knowing this would be the final memory of my Parisian lover...

I think it's time for me to start immortalizing some of my history and life lessons. I've started compiling some of my past (I revile the sound of "memoirs"), and, at the risk of sounding pretentious, will try to get them published. As people get older, there becomes this incredible need to leave a legacy—and who the fuck cares if mine's all about partying?



# DESIGN OF THE DEVIL'S HAND?



Before we begin, I'd like to start with an invocation, and invite you to ponder what the Devil means to you. Do cliché images of red creatures with horns, wings and flames come to mind? Perhaps images of Norwegian black metal come through, as churches burn in flames and pagans flirt with death? Or maybe Lucifer is just some simple dude who goes bowling on weeknights.

The archetype of "The Devil" holds such multi-layered meanings that vary from person to person and across cultures. With such broad connotations that vary between darkness, evil, debauchery or immorality (the list goes on), the infamous idol holds a distinct position that is used to describe ways that we see ourselves, and how that translates to the ways that we see people outside of ourselves. Artists **Robin Banks** and **Justin Nelson-Carruth** are opening up the doors of *The Mandate Press* on Friday, June 21 for an exhibition that expands these diabolical conversations in their show, *Design of the Devil's Hand?*

The two local artists started the process by talking to friends and bouncing their ideas off of each other while working at *The Rose Establishment*. *Design of the Devil's Hand?* has become an opportunity for them to meditate deeply on their own ideas of the Devil, and they've stumbled across some intimate truths in the process. The original inspiration, initially proposed by Banks, came with the notion of what it means to be an individual. "People talk about how we're all made individually, and we're all beautiful, little snowflakes,

(L-R) Local artists Robin Banks and Justin Nelson-Carruth hope to curate a diabolical conversation with their Devil-inspired gallery show.

and how beautiful it is ... 'Why is that a good thing?' is something that I don't think anyone really questions—they're just like 'Oh, individuality! That's great!'" Banks says. Printmaking turned out to be the most appropriate medium to embody this concept, as it repeats patterns and prints multiple copies of the exact same image, and removes the idea of individuality or uniqueness typically sought in a single piece of work.

*Design of the Devil's Hand?* is not meant to be totally reactionary, per se, but is intended to open up a new conversation about our commonalities. Banks says, "If you really uncovered people's dark parts, we probably all have a lot in common." By being in an area that is surrounded by religious imagery, Salt Lake is a key place to open the door to this type of dialogue. "Salt Lake is split—it's pretty extreme on both sides. But I don't think that we're unable to make conversation because of it. That's something really nice about Salt Lake. All of the artists have different views, and I was surprised how excited some of the artists I approached were about it," Banks says. Nelson-Carruth counters with the thought that these ideas are more universal than what religion may posit, even in a state such as Utah. He says, "'God' and 'The Devil' are just these archetypes that have never really been a part of my life, and they represent something that's basic to me, which is good and evil. I don't call them 'Jesus' or 'The Devil,' but with the show, the title poses a question that asks how you identify with this. It could be from a religious background, or an atheist background. It can be universal."

The two invited around 25 local artists, including **Sri Whipple, Trent Call, Korey Martin, Mary Toscano, Nic Annette Miller, Skyler Chubak, Tyler Densley**, artists associated with *The Mandate Press*, *Cathedral Tattoo* and more, to contribute a piece that reflects their thoughts of the Devil, with the dimensions of a 6 x 8 in. or 11 x 14 in. print, requiring that they use an off-white background and limit their palette to four colors. The artists are welcome to choose whatever type of printing they want, which will include varieties between screen printing, letterpress, copper etchings and block

## DIABOLICAL AFFINITIES THROUGH PRINTMAKING

By Brinley Froelich  
brinleyfroelich@gmail.com  
Photos: Talyn Sherer



prints. While they originally planned to limit the requirements more to create a sense of unity, the two nixed that idea in favor of open artistic interpretation. "We tried to keep the artist rundown of the show descriptive, but not enough where it leads artists too much, and it's been really amazing to see where people are going with it," Banks says. Nelson-Carruth agrees, and says, "With the artists that we've talked to, it seems like there's a really nice subtlety that's coming out in the work. It's not just graphic representations of devils doing devilish things—there's a lot of thought going into it, and it's kind of bringing out this dark side in people that I've known for a while, and I've never really heard them talk about it."

With *The Mandate Press* set up for letter pressing, the space is perfect for the artists and their ideas, and its open layout is conducive to rearranging to fit their needs. Rather than hosting a typical art show that can feel awkward as people stand around and stare at walls, the two have received support from a lot of local companies, including *Squatters*, who will provide their Outer Darkness and Hell's Keep beers, food carts (including *City Dogs*) to savor your gluttony, bottled iced coffee from *The Rose Establishment*, along with some carnival-esque cutouts with images of the Devil. You can wash all of that down while **DJ Andy Cvar** spins some devilish soul, blues and jazz throughout the evening. The Devil's hand will play an engrossing part in this hell-raising event, and will take place on June 21 from 6 p.m. till whenever the Devil goes to sleep.

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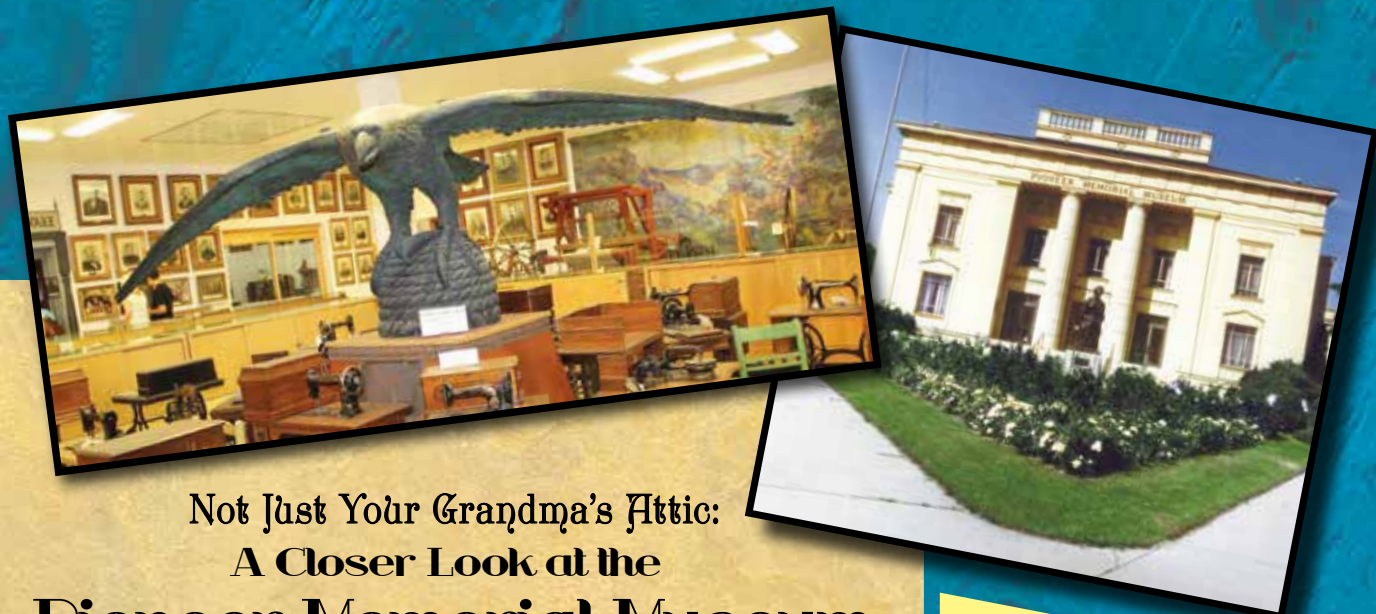
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## Not Just Your Grandma's Attic: A Closer Look at the Pioneer Memorial Museum

By Anna Kate Gedal / [annagedal@gmail.com](mailto:annagedal@gmail.com) / Photos: DUP Photo Department

The first time I visited the *Daughters of Utah Pioneers' (DUP) Pioneer Memorial Museum (PMM)*, a cyst had taken up residence on my ovary and so walking was out of the question. My best friend's grandma, our tour guide, asked for a wheelchair on my behalf, and when the docent presented it to us in the museum's foyer, ushering her to get in, she proudly explained that it was for me, the sickly 22-year-old. Despite being heavily medicated and unable to articulate thoughts coherently, I left the museum in awe. I'd never seen anything like it. As a history nerd and a historical kitsch connoisseur, I knew I needed to work there. With the help of my adoptive grandma, I signed up to be a docent, and for the time I spent in Utah, I was a faithful volunteer for eight months.

Sometimes, I feel like a walking advertisement for this museum, as I discussed it with just about everyone I'd met in Salt Lake. No one seems to have visited it following an unremarkable school trip in fourth grade. Seriously, people, I promise that this museum is so much more than just the dusty, two-headed lamb in the basement. Let's get a few misconceptions out of the way. "At the *Pioneer Memorial Museum* we celebrate all pioneers, including the indigenous peoples who inhabited this territory before 1847. We have artifacts representing a variety of people who were in Utah before 1869 [the year the Transcontinental railroad was completed]: African American, Jewish, Chinese, Catholic—even some Tibetan printing blocks!" says **Kari Main**, the museum's Artifacts Office curator. The DUP is technically a non-denominational organization that welcomes any daughter (ladies only) who can trace a direct line to someone living in the Utah Territory prior to 1869—all of these peeps are welcome. There is a male counterpart organization: the Sons of Utah Pioneers. I'm still searching for my Daughters of Utah connection. Until I find it someday, I am stuck with the title of Associate Daughter.

Even within Mormonism, among its early leaders and followers, there was a rich diversity of ideas and a genuine culture-making effort nearly upon arrival in the Salt Lake Valley. Another thing to keep in mind is that the pioneer period coincided with the Victorian era. This was a profoundly weird time in the Western world—a time marked by an obsession with death. Death was a particularly salient theme for Utah settlers, as it was so much a part of their daily lives. At the museum, pioneer thrift and Victorian Americana intersect in the peculiar. Main mentions that most visitors find the *PMM's* collection of hair art to be its most bizarre set of artifacts: "Victorian hair crafts were extremely popular, and we have an amazing collection of hair art," she says. "Rather than finding it creepy, I am simply amazed at the dedication and precision of craftsmanship in these intricate (and delicate!) works of art." She insists the spookiest relic is "a chair in the Toy Room on the second floor of the Carriage House. The seat of the chair was made from the family's favorite cow, and they used the skin from around the cow's face. You can see the eye holes in the chair seat. I'm not sure how anyone (particularly a child) could have found that chair inviting!" she says. Toy coffins, an infant's skeleton and family pictures with dead relatives are also in the collection—if you can find them.

The museum consists of six floors in total, all jam-packed with the most mundane and exceptional relics, attesting to the multiplicity of the pioneer experience. Virtually nothing is in storage. Main explains, "The museum itself is an artifact, from the architecture meant to replicate the old Salt Lake Theatre to the placement of the artifacts in cases. The museum represents over 100 years of dedicated women working tirelessly to preserve the pioneer history in artifacts and documents."

The floors are organized in no obvious chronological order or by any obvious logic, but that's also the museum's charm. Some cases are devoted to

**Left:**  
Underneath  
the wings of this eagle,  
a collection of sewing machines  
evinces the *DUP Museum's* organiza-  
tional scheme: similar objects differ-  
entiated by family ownership.

**Right:** The *DUP Museum* is home to  
family relics and heirlooms, a true  
covenant to old-school, DIY museum  
curation.

specific families, while others house collections of specific objects. "Can you imagine seeing an average toothbrush from 150 years ago?" Main says. "We are also unlike other museums because, in our conceptualization, the value we place on each artifact is ownership. For example, that one brass bucket in the case of 20 other similar brass buckets becomes important due to who originally owned it. This is noticeable to the visitor because we display practically every artifact we own, no matter how many other similar ones we have." There are cases comprised solely of handmade lace, eyeglasses, tools and entire rooms of chairs and carriages. Having interned there for eight months, I can say with certainty that I saw something new every week.

The museum is nestled next to the State Capitol at 300 North and Main Street. This place, I might add, boasts an amazing gift shop stocked with 1960s Technicolor-fabulous postcards for sale at mid-century prices. It's free, and is open year round Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., until 8 p.m. on Wednesday nights and, June through August, Sundays 1 p.m.–5 p.m. Main says, "I think most people would be amazed at the diversity of the collection we have on display—it sounds cliché, but there is truly something to interest everyone."

You can find more information about the museum and the DUP organization by visiting its website, [dupinternational.org](http://dupinternational.org).

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[L-R] Cliff Meyer, Jeff Caxide, Aaron Turner and Chino Moreno will surprise and satisfy with their new project.

Photo: Travis Shinn

When Deftones singer Chino Moreno's name becomes attached to your band, the level of anticipation jumps the scale from a niche genre to many worlds of music lovers. Moreno isn't backed by just any musicians in Palms, though: Three members of the now-defunct ISIS (drummer Aaron Harris, guitarist Cliff Meyer and bassist Jeff Caxide) have the musical chops and experience to make any musical project stand out, and are far from a backdrop to let Moreno's well-known croon or scream play the keynote. Palms' self-titled debut album drops on June 25 via Ipecac Recordings, with tour dates in the wings. SLUG caught up on all things Palms with drummer Harris.

"What we do is hard to describe. It's not metal and it's not typical rock. I think there will be elements where people will recognize sounds that ISIS had. It will be somewhat familiar, but it will also sound new and different," says Harris. He mentions that it took some time after ISIS disbanded for the players to process the mark that they left on the music scene. The band that everybody initially hacked as a wannabe Neurosis post-hardcore band morphed itself into something nobody saw coming. Harris said the players still had the old ISIS practice space, and when they realized the practice space didn't fit their new direction, they had the opportunity to get a new space overlooking downtown LA, where things started to take shape and they began recording songs. "It was kind of awkward and weird at first. We didn't go in with any preconceived ideas. We did know that we wanted a singer—we didn't want it to be instrumental," says Harris.

The bond, between Moreno and the other members of Palms, came out of Harris' friendship with the Deftones. On a hike with Harris, Moreno asked what the three members were up to, and Harris told him they were working on new music. Harris wound up sending the new tunes to Moreno, who demoed his voice for the tracks, and Palms came to fruition.

Even though Palms and Isis are separate musical entities, they are not actively avoiding comparisons between the bands. The musical tones in Palms are reminiscent of Isis simply because the bands feature the same musicians. "I think it's just our sound—it's how I play drums, how Cliff plays guitar and [how] Jeff plays bass," Harris says.

That almost-trademark-ISIS tone filters through in Palms, which may initially inspire listeners to feel that this is simply ISIS with Moreno singing. "Future Warrior" and "Patagonia" especially have that twang that Isis made so relevant on their last few albums. "I did want it to be full and make those heavy moments in the way the heavy moments in ISIS hit, so I think, subconsciously, I was trying to mimic that, somewhat," says Harris. As Palms' debut progresses, it ventures away from ISIS' sound. "Mission Sunset" and album closer "Antarctic Sunset" depart into shoegaze, as Moreno sways his vocal style in unfamiliar ways.

Moreno definitely adds a unique element to the music created by Harris, Meyer and Caxide, though. "He's a really dynamic singer. He can be pretty, he can be sort of sexy, he can be in your face, sort of angry and pretty nasty sounding. I really admire him and his sound," Harris says.

Palms' debut comes across as a work of album-oriented music. There is strength in each song, but they come off more as pieces to the puzzle that complete the picture of the Palms debut. "It's not a first-listen record—people are going to have to listen to it a few times. A lot of my favorite records throughout my life are like that ... The first time you hear it, you say, 'Well, I don't know how I feel about it.' Then you start discovering these little things, and then those little things become really important to you, and then they end up being some of your favorite records," says Harris.

I find that the music that isn't the easiest to ingest becomes some of the best stuff for your ears, just like eating your veggies does for your stomach. In the end, it all turns out that it's the best for you. Palms don't feel like they're trying hard to hammer a musical view into your skull. The band's music is open-ended and up for listeners' interpretation. The band initially seem like a little bit of ISIS and a little bit of Deftones, but the harder you crunch, the bigger the taste it's going to leave on your auditory palate.

## UP IN PALMS

Palms interview with Aaron Harris

By Bryer Wharton  
bryer@slugmag.com



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Let's say you're bored one night. It's a weeknight in Salt Lake City and you have zero to do. Never mind that stack of homework or business expense whatever on your desk. You want to watch the sportsball game on TV! And have a beer! And play pub trivia! Then you want to listen to a band! During all this, you want a burger because it's your cheat day. Luckily for you, there is one place in town that does all of the above, not only once a week, but nearly every day. That place, this mecca of entertainment and food, is *The Green Pig Pub*.

Opened by **Bridget Gordon** in 2009, *The Green Pig* has been a popular hangout spot with something for nearly everyone. Even the pickiest of your friends would be satisfied. Gordon, who decided she didn't want to work for anyone else and already had the experience of running a restaurant (*The Bird Café*), came up with the idea of opening her own place when her former employer, the deceased *Port O' Call*, closed its doors. She and husband **Steve** worked overtime to have the building complete in 10 weeks—that abandoned mattress store on the corner by my house has taken longer to become a dust bowl than the time it took for Gordon to open a restaurant. The building was crafted with a waste-not mentality, using recycled building materials. "We painstakingly hand-pulled a lot of nails from old framing materials and reused it when we framed in *The Pig*," Gordon says. Also recycled are the bar itself from *Port O' Call* and plates from the DI, so don't feel bad if you break one (but seriously, if you're breaking plates in a public setting, maybe chill out).

*The Green Pig* draws inspiration from a formerly divey bar in San Francisco, *Hamburger Mary's*. "They had excellent food, excellent service and nothing matched," Gordon says. The menu contains dishes ranging from quesadillas to sirloin steaks and a specialty Kobe beef burger—not run-of-the-mill bar food. Everything, save for the bread, is made fresh and in-house. "We're not just basic bar food—we actually put thought into our food," she says. People rave about the sandwiches, including my dad, who won't shut up about how good the Cuban is. Gordon is also very passionate about her burgers. She says, "A lot of other bars are just getting into the burger competition, [but] we've been doing a great job with our burger since we've opened. People really overlook our burger."

If you're not hungry (how can you not be hungry? I'm *always* hungry when I enter a pub even if I just ate six bread rolls), maybe you're just there for the music scene. You made a good choice because *The Green Pig* has a crazy variety of performers every week. Monday night, blues musicians can join in an open blues jam—an opportunity for musicians to listen to other artists and sign up to play with each other. Thursday, Friday and Saturday feature a roster of entertainment including DJs, bands (such as Steve's band, **The Gamma Rays**) and trivia nights—both general and adult.

*The Green Pig* has brought life into an area that once seemed abandoned. Nestled in the historical district known as Exchange Place, the restaurant has brightened up the space on 400 South between State and Main with Gordon's revamp of the building in ways like restoring the windows from tiny port holes (old laws stated bars couldn't be seen from the outside) to their original size. Some changes can't be made to the 107-year-old building, like adding more sig-

nage and lights, because it is considered a historical site and that would make too much sense. But Gordon has definitely revived a once-dead area. "I kind of put a little life into Exchange Place," she boasts. Even without the lights and signs, people still know where to find it, and often come out for one reason: the breathtaking rooftop patio.

Buildings in Salt Lake are close together and often connected, which doesn't allow for much restaurant patio space, and makes *The Green Pig's* patio even more unique. It is the only restaurant in the valley with seating on the roof: 1,000 square feet of beautiful outdoor seating with a view that other restaurants would kill for, which Gordon is proud of. "I'm doing something that nobody else has. A lot of the other bars are reaching out to me on how to do this," she says. Restaurants from all over the valley are coming to her for advice on their own rooftop patios, granting her bragging rights. People always want more, though, so Gordon has begun the endeavor of expanding her patio from 1,000 square feet to 3,000. By next summer, you'll be able to enjoy the hotly talked-about food on the patio with three times as many people, and think about all that work you can put off to have fun for a night. Whether you're an indoor person who just wants to enjoy a sports-something, or a party animal ready for some DJ action on the roof, *The Green Pig* is the place to go any night of the week. Trust me: The food, the view and the fun vibe are all worth it.

**The Green Pig Pub owner Bridget Gordon boasts an airy Downtown rooftop patio space in Salt Lake City.** ▼

You can find more about *The Green Pig Pub* at [thegreenpigpub.com](http://thegreenpigpub.com).



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# CRUCIALfest PICKS

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



Photo Courtesy Black Acid Devil

Black Acid Devil will bring their crushing stoner rock from Boulder, Colo. to Crucial Fest on June 28.

Now in its third year, *Crucial Fest* is Salt Lake City's own annual music festival featuring punk rock, hardcore, hip hop, heavy metal and more. For 2013, *Crucial Fest* is expanding yet again. Taking place from June 26 through 29, and now being sponsored by the City, *Crucial Fest* 2013 will feature over 60 bands playing at seven venues across four days. Local heroes, national touring bands, handpicked headliners and first-timers will all be represented at this year's fest, and *SLUG* spoke with Head Festival Organizer **Jarom Bischoff** about some of the bands he's most excited to see perform at this year's installment.

## Cicadas (06.28 @ Wasted Space)

**Bischoff:** They're one of my favorite local bands. Cicadas is **Kim Pack**, who plays in **Subrosa** and was in **Loom**, on violin, and **Anson Bischoff**, who is my little brother, on drums. It's two-piece experimental doom metal with a violin that's played through a ton of pedals and comes out really sludgy and low-end. I think they're the best thing going on in Salt Lake as far as experimental stuff. They used to wear masks and had live

painting going on during their live shows, but I think they're moving away from that and focusing more on being a band and less on their performance persona. They've been doing a lot of writing and are ready to record. They don't have a lot of Internet presence or a Bandcamp or anything, so they're still very new in that respect, so they're probably the "new" band that I'm most excited about.

## Hurris & Gig (06.28 @ Bar Deluxe)

**Bischoff:** Their whole theme is Salt Lake City-centric—their music really feels like a little slice of Salt Lake culture. They share the similar feeling I have that Salt Lake is largely overlooked, even more so in the hip hop scene than in the rock scene. I've been trying to think of someone to compare them to, and they'd be good for fans of **Atmosphere** or **P.O.S.**, but I think they're unique enough that there really isn't anyone to directly compare them to. I talked to **Scott Knopf (Atheist)**, and he referred me to Hurris & Gig. As *Crucial Fest* keeps going, I'd like to bring more and more hip hop.

## Day Hymns (06.29 @ Shred Shed)

**Bischoff:** Now that **Gaza** is done, Day Hymns will probably be a more serious project instead of just a side project. Their lineup is **Jon Parkin** on vocals, **Elliot Secrist** from **God's Revolver** and **Worst Friends** on guitar, and **Charles Bogus** from **Parallax** is playing with them as well. I haven't seen them play with him yet, but I could see them being awesome. **Oz**, who plays bass in **Iota** and **Bird Eater**, is also in the band, and he's one of my favorite bass players. They sound like classic 2002-era, straightforward hardcore. It isn't super technical as far as having a bunch of time changes—it's almost **Rage Against The Machine**-sounding at times, with huge riffs.

## Jr. Worship (06.28 @ Wasted Space)

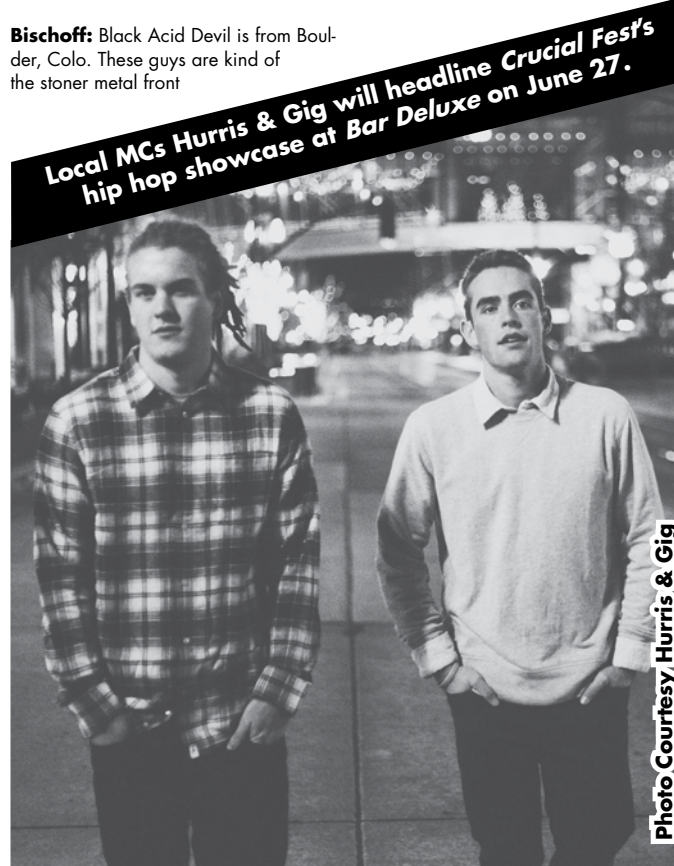
**Bischoff:** These guys are from Portland. I was trying really hard to get **Prize Country** to do a reunion show this year, and they were close, but Jr. Worship is pretty [similar to them]. They play San Diego-style punk rock—**Hot Snakes** or **Drive Like Jehu** kinda stuff. **Jake Depolitte** from Jr. Worship used to live in Salt Lake and played in **The Kill**, **Iodina** and a number of other bands in the late '90s.

## Black Acid Devil (06.29 @ Wasted Space)

**Bischoff:** Black Acid Devil is from Boulder, Colo. These guys are kind of the stoner metal front

runners on this year's lineup. They rock really hard and have really loud gear—you'll wanna wear earplugs when you see them. They're reminiscent of **Queens of the Stone Age**, **Kyuss**, **High On Fire**—stuff like that. They played *Crucial Fest* last year, and their recordings impressed me, but their live stuff is way better.

That's just the tip of the iceberg. *Crucial Fest* will also be hosting a few bands playing their first shows: **Jetty** (featuring members of **Pilot This Plane Down**) perform at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on June 27 and **Die Off** (featuring members of **Starvict**) will make their debut at *The Shred Shed* on June 29. The final day of the festival, Saturday, June 29, will also host a street fair on Exchange Place, featuring local artists and vendors as well as acoustic music. Toronto hardcore rockers **Burning Love** will also be headlining at *The Shred Shed* that night with a performance that promises to be memorable and very, very sweaty. Wristbands that allow entry into any *Crucial Fest* show are just \$30 and can be purchased at the website or any *Graywhale* location, or you can chance it and pay \$10 at the door of any *Crucial Fest* show, though wristband holders are given priority. Visit [crucialfest.com](http://crucialfest.com) for the complete lineup and daily schedule.



Local MCs Hurris & Gig will headline Crucial Fest's hip hop showcase at Bar Deluxe on June 27.

Photo Courtesy Hurris & Gig

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Standing in the living room of **Eli Morrison's** Salt Lake home, one of the first things that catches my eye is his large and well-organized collection of vinyl records. Probably in the neighborhood of around 1,000 records overall—a quick skim reveals everything from **Black Flag** to **Sonic Youth**, as well as newer groups like **Black Moth Super Rainbow**. When I stop and take a closer look at the large section of Sonic Youth albums, Morrison notices, and he pulls out several rare, first-edition copies, such as the 1983 EP *Kill Yr. Idols*.

At that moment, I realize this cat isn't like most people, let alone other musicians. He's someone who doesn't give a fuck about trying to make music that will be a hit on the radio, or even something that all the hipsters will talk about incessantly over coffee. Morrison's goal is to push the musical boundaries of genres like blues, punk and rock, to create a unique, brand new sound, which he dubs "avant-retro." With his band Pink Lightning, Morrison is staying on the same path he's always been on, where there is no defined path, or as Morrison puts it, "There's still beach sand that has not been walked on yet."

Formed in 2007, Pink Lightning is a trio of 40-something musicians who have been around the local music scene for decades, and who have known each other for just as long. Morrison is on guitar and lead vocals, "**Bad**" **Brad Wheeler** lends his impressive harmonica chops along with some pedal steel guitar and vocals, and **Josh Belka** rounds out the band on drums, percussion and vocals.

Soon after forming, the band landed an opening gig, and they quickly released their self-titled debut album to promote at the show. The band recorded *Pink Lightning* live in one day, after Wheeler and

Belka learned the songs the previous day. Despite the rushed process in the studio, the band remains pleased with that record, and describes it as just a "snapshot" of what they were at the time. With the album out and receiving praise, Pink Lightning began to play shows extensively all along the Wasatch Front. But about a year after the record came out, Morrison said the band was "headed towards a dead end," as everybody had some "stuff" going on in their lives that needed to be dealt with. The hiatus lasted until a few years ago, when Morrison and Wheeler were hanging out and, as Morrison recalled, he told Wheeler, "You're here and I'm here, we might as well play some goddamn songs." With the two playing together again, new songs quickly formed, and Belka was brought back into the mix as Pink Lightning returned to the studio in 2012.

The new album, *The Unbeatable Sound of Plastic*, which comes out on June 28, was recorded with the same live essence of the first album, but this time around, Morrison took about five months to polish it up. The band builds on the same, unique style of the first album, which sounds as though **Iggy Pop** and **the Stooges** went on a weekend bender at a Texas bar with **Jack White**. The solid, new album features several tracks with a very accessible sound to them. For example, tunes like "Kitten Inside" and "Across the Line" contain some catchy melodies that would fit in nicely on any radio station like **KRCL**. The song "My Jungle" also stands out among the other bluesy tunes as the band dives into a psychedelic theme, with Morrison concocting some great, trippy sounds on his guitar. And while the first nine tracks consist of original material, one of the gems on the new record is the final track, which is an "illicit" 12-minute cover of the **Bauhaus** tune, "Bela Lugosi's Dead."

Recorded at **Salt Lake Recording Services**, Morrison worked extensively with engineer **Brad McCarley** "every Tuesday and Thursday," tweaking and mixing the album. Once that task was complete, **Mike Sasich** then mastered the 10-track album. Wheeler described the recording process as he and Belka being "the ingredients," Morrison and McCarley as "the bakers," and Sasich as "the guy who put the frosting on it."

The record is being released on the **8ctopus** record label, which Morrison started back in 2007. The release of *The Unbeatable Sound of Plastic* marks the 26th release on the label. Aside from Pink Lightning, Morrison is also using the label as a way to release records from other bands he's been in over the years, such as **The Moths**, **Ether**, **Purr Bats**, **Pretty Worms**, **The Wolfs** and **Vile Blue Shades**. Though Morrison doesn't make money from releasing these albums on his own label, he takes pride in doing it anyway, and is glad that his music is out in the world, leaving footprints on unknown beaches.

The CD release party for Pink Lightning's *The Unbeatable Sound of Plastic* takes place on June 28 at the *Urban Lounge* with **Breakers** and **Tupelo Moan**. The first 100 people will receive a ticket for a free physical copy of the band's new album. The limited edition run of 300 copies includes a booklet with lyrics to all the songs, along with some great artwork by artists **Jason Pierson** and **Xkot Toxsik**, and a surprise toy inside the package as well. If you never managed to see Pink Lightning the first time around, please get the hell out of your house on June 28, and come down to *Urban* to see a show that you'll remember for a long time to come.

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Full of Hell will bring their aggressively cathartic music to Salt Lake City on June 13.

Photo: Kris Allen Carter

# Full of Hell



Beautiful Mutilators  
By Ricky Vigil  
ricky@slugmag.com

**R**udiments of Mutilation, the sophomore album by Full of Hell, to be released on June 11, is not an easy listen. It begins with harsh, piercing noise, slowly followed by wails from vocalist **Dylan Walker** and shambling, rumbling drums. An explosion of crusty blastbeats and hardcore riffs break the tension before the band delves deep into a downtrodden doom sound, with Walker's voice channeling chaos all the while. This is intentionally ugly music—music that is designed to make you feel the worst of humanity. “We want to make really harsh, negative music that induces pain,” Walker said in a recent phone interview with *SLUG*. “It’s kind of beautiful in a way.”

Since releasing their debut album, *Roots of Earth* are Consuming my Home, in 2011, Full of Hell have been building a steady stream of momentum. The band has toured with the likes of **Gaza**, played SXSW, released numerous splits and have seen their fanbase grow larger and larger. In fact, the vinyl pre-order version of *Rudiments of Mutilation* sold out in less than a day. Walker is humbled by the response to his band, and is glad to see audiences reacting to its growth. “I think the jump from our first LP [to the new album] is rather large. As soon as we released the first album, I was kind of over it. I wasn’t overly proud of it, not because of what my bandmates had written, but more because of the vocal mix and the lyrics,” Walker says. This is part of the reason that the band has released new music so consistently: so they remain excited about their musical output, and are able to challenge themselves.

The beauty of pain and suffering is a strong theme throughout *Rudiments of Mutilation*, and a dichotomy that attracts many listeners to aggressive music in general. “It’s really cathartic to write negative music,” Walker says. “I don’t really feel like a negative person—I feel well balanced. A lot of that has to do with the fact that I’m able to use this as an outlet for that kind of emotion.” On this album, Walker challenged himself to delve into his own personal pain and release it through his lyrics. His experience finding his best friend’s body, dead from a drug overdose, helped shape his mental approach to songwriting on *Rudiments of Mutilation*. “It was the strangest feeling. It was the saddest moment of my entire life, but it was so beautiful and miserable. The only thing I could think of was what his mother would think and how awful it was,” he says. “That stuff definitely helped propel the album.”

Full of Hell’s sound is unequivocally ugly, and one of the key ways that they are able to create their unique sonic character is by incorporating harsh noise into their songs. “When we were forming the band, we had all these ideas to create a band in those areas of extreme music—powerviolence, grindcore and all that stuff—we were always fascinated by experimental electronic music,” Walker says. He namechecks **Eric Wood** of **Man is the Bastard** and **Throbbing Gristle** as influences, and it’s the elements from those musical endeavors that help Full of Hell stand out from their contemporaries in the increasingly crowded world of extreme music. “We thought, if we were able to incorporate that stuff, it would really open up a whole other world of sound in general—you aren’t limited as much, and there’s so

much room to explore. We’re still just cracking the surface,” Walker says. The noise is incorporated much more fluidly into *Rudiments of Mutilation* than on earlier Full of Hell works, and adds to the painful experience that Walker and his bandmates are trying to create.

Another key aspect that sets Full of Hell apart is their intense live performance. I experienced the band live at *Raunch Records* in Dec. 2011 and was floored by their energy. These four fresh-faced kids looked pretty far from threatening before they began their set, but as soon as Walker unleashed harsh noise onto the crowd and the band began pummeling their instruments (I legitimately thought the drummer was going to hurt himself), all jaws hit the floor. “All the bands I liked growing up were extremely intense, and I guess I just wanted to be like them and take it to another level,” Walker says. “I don’t like people like **G.G. Allin**, who would just straight up throw feces and attack you, but I like to be completely floored by the energy of a band. I don’t think we’re the most energetic band, but I want it to be intense when you watch us.”

Full of Hell’s music is not always easy to listen to, but beyond the ugliness of its surface lies a beauty. The power of expression and the ability to channel raw emotion transcend the music’s bleakness, allowing listeners to connect to something, to feel and to revel in their own misery. You may need to dig deep to find it, but there is a lot of pleasure to be found in Full of Hell’s sound. Experience it for yourself when they play *The Shred Shed* with **Seven Sisters of Sleep**, **Cult Leader** and **Rile** on June 13.

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(L-R) Max Savage, Sean Yeaton, Andrew Savage and Austin Brown prefer not to calculate their music's structure in Parquet Courts, letting language and music coalesce naturally.

Photo: Ben Rayner

## Written in Random

To me, “songwriting” usually evokes an image of deadbeat longhairs dinkin’ around on their instruments and crushing PBR cans one after the other, as any vestiges of the “creative process” dissipate into trite stereotypes of punk or indie musicians. Parquet Courts, however, generate images of notebooks and struggle. Guitarist and vocalist **Austin Brown** says, “[**Andrew Savage** (guitar/vocals) and I] both just write a lot ... Through the practice of writing, sometimes, on those good days, I can sit down and a song will come out or a lyric will come out that I can feel inspired by later.” Listening to *Light Up Gold*, their sophomore album released on **What’s Your Rupture?** this past January, it’s no wonder that they’ve been creating a buzz over the first part of this year. Their simple, **Modern Lovers**—meets **Pavement** sound maintains a sense of minimalism, yet the album presents listeners with a challenge, a crookedness. As I witnessed at SXSW in March, Parquet Courts exhibit a nonchalant, enigmatic energy at their shows—it’s engaging, and they’re coming to Salt Lake City.

Parquet Courts began in Brooklyn in December of 2010, and released their first album, *American Specialties*, in 2011. During their time in this band, Brown and Austin, the two main songwriters, have transcended the idea of solely being musicians by way of their writing habits. *Light Up Gold* follows simple song structures, where each track has, on average, about two parts, the guitars

play simple chords, and drummer **Max Savage** (Andrew’s brother) usually plays straightforward rock beats. The melodies that Brown and Andrew supply each other, though, create a noodly counterpoint that makes the songs on the album difficult. Before any instruments enter the equation, Brown, speaking for himself, says that he writes short stories, plays and poetry, and that the two have both submitted work to *Tasty*, a zine, and reviews to *The Talkhouse*. From there, jamming with Max and bassist **Sean Yeaton** mnemonically summons the guitarists/vocalists’ writing: “[If we] get a good groove going, Andrew or myself will just grab our notebook real quick and flip to a page of whatever we have written down and just spill it down on top and see what sticks,” says Brown. Their approach to making music comes across as uncontrived—listening to “Master of My Craft,” the first track of *Light Up Gold* (which Brown wrote and sings), exhibits Brown’s knack for making rock n’ roll. His delivery of “Death to all false profits around here we praise a dollar you” in the song retains a lackadaisical hip hop swagger amid the song’s garage-band catchiness while he references New York scene politics, obfuscating the subject matter of his struggles with coming of age as an artist.

“The songs that I wrote that are on the record are based on specific events,” he says, whereas Andrew succeeds at being direct and referential to various

pieces of a narrative puzzle, but in a “tasteful way,” which lends to his knack for imagery. Andrew’s lyrics, written out, appear as uninterrupted chunks of text that comprise a song (as opposed to Brown’s stanza structuring), and come off as being more stream of consciousness: “N Dakota” reads, “Train death paintings, anti-meth murals color the ghettos of N. Dakota. Bismark tractor association, coffee and toothpaste. This was vacation.” Parquet Courts are quick to inform writers and media types of the authorship of each song before being interviewed. Though it is to help avoid misattributions of one band member to songs they didn’t write, it’s an interesting lens into the way Brown and Andrew create, respectively (Yeaton wrote and sings solo on one track on *Light Up Gold*, “Disney PT”). Brown, aurally, comes across as more laid-back, while Andrew emits succinct, choppy spurts of language, which solidify each song’s rhythm.

Perhaps the method by which Parquet Courts have succeeded the most is their devil-may-care attitude to the final product when they’re creating. “Honestly, I try not to consider the audience whenever I’m writing and recording music. I think that’s where a lot of bands go wrong, and also, a source of great anxiety for me,” Brown says. “I think

By Alexander Ortega  
alexander@slugmag.com

that we just write music that we like, and we try to write it to be immediately satisfying for us to play and to hear ... To even consider [the audience’s] opinion in the creative process is a huge mistake.” Up through their recording of *Light Up Gold*, the band’s songs were still being developed, whether through gradually shaping a song over the past couple years, such as with “Yr No Stoner,” or writing it during their three-day album recording session, like with “Careers In Combat,” in which both Brown and Andrew sing. With either approach, Brown asserts that nothing in Parquet Courts is calculated, and the final manifestation of their songs is what happens in the studio.

Besides hitting Salt Lake at *Urban* on June 18, Parquet Courts have been staying busy, and recorded a new album between the end of April and beginning of May, which will be released at an undecided date. Keep an eye out for this band, and make sure to catch them when they drop by. Brown says, “I hope to see everyone there ... They’re filming the sequel to *SLC Punk* at our show ... I’m not supposed to tell anyone—it’s supposed to be a secret—but I’m telling you so you can spread the word.”







Illustration by Robin Banks

## Eighties Fan: A Conversation With CAMERA OBSCURA'S TRACYANNE CAMPBELL

By Christian Schultz / [christiankarlschultz@gmail.com](mailto:christiankarlschultz@gmail.com)

"I think I'm always optimistic," says Tracyanne Campbell from her flat in Glasgow. "It might not seem like that, but I think I'm always, ultimately, trying to look on the bright side." As the leader of the Scottish group Camera Obscura, Tracyanne Campbell needs hardly any introduction at all—she's one of the brightest-shining indie stars of the last decade. From a diverse body of influences, ranging from classic country to melancholic British indie-pop, Campbell and her bandmates have built a stellar body of work, replete with catchy tunes and supremely bittersweet, sardonic lyrics. It's music that you'll want to listen to while riding your bike through town on a sunny day, or while doing the wash outside your two-flat, or while strolling through the hills above your midsize city contemplating the next Johnny-come-lately that's gonna sweep you off your feet. Ultimately, Camera Obscura remains a heartwarming outfit of pop that documents the great universals of life, love, heartache and tender affection.

Over the band's 17-year-and-counting career, they've released records with three seminal indie labels—Spain's **Elefant**, America's **Merge** and lately, Britain's **4AD**. Campbell briefly explains the band's development as such: "The band was an idea around '94. We started learning to play instruments and trying to write songs. We had our first single in 1996, but it was 2001 before we made an album," she says. They found a friend in **Belle & Sebastian's Stuart Murdoch**, who produced their beautiful, early single "Eighties Fan." The great critical reception

(including generous lauding from the late **John Peel**) of their 2001 debut, *Biggest Bluest Hi-Fi*, and 2006's *Let's Get Out Of This Country* set Campbell on a Scottish indie-pop pedestal that is sometimes hard to dismount.

Scotland—Glasgow especially—has a rich, independent pop heritage, which Campbell views ambivalently: "To a certain extent, we may be influenced by other Scottish bands, but it's to do with the fact that they've done it," she says. Camera Obscura is often considered a plain indie-pop band in the Scottish tradition (of bands like **Orange Juice**, **Lloyd Cole** and the **Commo-Jions** and **The Pastels**). "I don't care what people call us," says Campbell. "A lot of the time, we're pop, so, fair enough," she says. What Campbell and company have over the indie-pop masses is a singular fusion of melancholia and exuberant music—beyond jangly guitars and tambourines, they color their songs with vibrant, orchestral flourishes. Pop has great advantages—according to Campbell, "There's no filter—it penetrates right into your heart and soul. It's easy to listen to, it makes you happy, it can make you sad," she says.

With the group's new album, *Desire Lines* (released by 4AD on June 4), Campbell enriches her infamous melancholy with American friends and friendly voices. "When we made *Desire Lines*, we were optimistic," says Campbell. "I think we had to be, for many reasons." They recorded the new album in Portland with producer **Tucker Martine** (who has worked with **The Decemberists**

and **Sufjan Stevens**, among others), on a recommendation from Merge label-mate **M. Ward**. "We specifically decided that we would make a record in the States this time," she says. "I was brought up listening to a lot of American music—we all were," she says. Among her influences, "American country music is a big factor, and Motown and Soul, American pop music, California pop music as well," she says. The group's previous two albums were recorded in Stockholm, Sweden, where time constraints prompted more spontaneous, sometimes rushed recordings. "For [*Desire Lines*], we had a bit more breathing space: [Martine's] a very patient producer," says Campbell. **Jim James** (of **My Morning Jacket**) and **Neko Case** provided backup vocals on a couple of tracks, also. "We were delighted that Jim and Neko could sing on the record," she says. "They're two of my favorite singers, ever, on the planet—it was almost surreal to think that they actually took part in our record." Case joined the band in the studio to record backing vocals for the track "Fifth In Line To The Throne." "She's just a ball of energy—a very funny, clever lady," says Campbell. "She worked really hard, spent quite a few hours banging it out—it was a thrill."

Camera Obscura will be embarking on an American tour in support of *Desire Lines* this summer. "The prospect of going on tour to the States is a fun one," Campbell says. "I just hope that people are looking forward to seeing us—we're looking forward to getting back." She's excited to come back to Salt Lake as well: "It's a place that we haven't been too often," Campbell says. "I guess I'll just have a surprise when I arrive."

We'll make it pretty, Tracyanne—see Camera Obscura's bittersweet heart swell at *Urban Lounge* June 26.

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# Forrest

## DOES DOWN

PHOTOS AND WORDS  
BY WESTON COLTON  
WESTONCOLTON.COM



2



1

**F**or this article, **Forrest Huber, Jovi Bathemess, Sam Milianta, Gabe Dusserre** and I met up near the library Downtown. We parked our cars, and set off on our boards to skate and shoot spontaneously—organically, if you will. While Forrest is the focus of this piece, I think it is important to note that we were rolling as a small group of friends. The friendly dynamic and atmosphere that was created helped some of these tricks come to life. These photos were all shot on two Saturdays in downtown Salt Lake City. We didn't get all the photos we wanted to—sometimes a spot gets the best of you, sometimes you get kicked out before you even get a chance to skate—but we had fun, and that is all that really matters.

1

"I really got to know Forrest Huber about two years ago when it was decided that he was going to start working at *BC [Surf and Sport] Sandy*. It was immediately apparent that he has a great energy about him, is outgoing and up for any task at hand. Those qualities that make him a great employee also make him an amazing skateboarder. Since he started working at *BC*, we have become great friends. Whether it's a trip

to Vegas (where he had to get his picture taken with every street performer), skating Downtown as he's blasting over every fire hydrant, or selling skate product, he has the ability to make everything more fun with his contagious, high energy. His ability to push himself and try new things also helps motivate everyone around him. Forrest skates for *BC Surf & Sport*, *Toy Machine*, *Bro Style*, *Pig Wheels* and *Dekline* footwear." —*Jovi Bathemess*



3

2

The ollie is the foundation of nearly every trick in skateboarding. Forrest finished off the second Saturday with this *Trolley Square* bar hop on the edge of Downtown.

3

I've always loved wall rides—they remind me of **Natas** and **Mark Gonzales** from the first skate magazines I ever read in 1990. With timeless style, Forrest easily handles this high-to-low wallride.

4

This is the one exception where we left Downtown. We drove up to the *University of Utah* to skate this bump to bar. Forrest got an ollie and this frontside 180 before the campus police rolled up on us and put a stop to the session. That ended the day, and we headed to *Este* for some pizza.



4





5



6



7

**5**  
Forrest, backside 50-50. "When street skating finally became an acceptable form of skateboarding, skaters started to venture away from the backyard ramps and mall parking lots of the suburbs and into the city. Spots began to consist of alleys, hydrants, metal loading docks and every other inch of Downtown. Forrest is the embodiment of this. There are no real spots or lines. The entire street is the spot, and what happens between stoplights is the line."  
—Sam Milianta

**6**  
The super-smooth concrete at skateparks has made us all soft. Street skating brings all sorts of challenges to getting a trick. Rocks, cracks and scantily-clad club girls in the alley were all obstacles Forrest dealt with when he did this frontside 50-50 transfer into the bank.

**7**  
Downtown is constantly growing and evolving. New spots are popping up all the time, sometimes only for a few days. Other spots have been around for years, but haven't been skateable for one reason or another. If you keep your eyes open, you might find some new concrete has been poured, and suddenly, that rail you've looked at forever is perfect for this feeble transfer into a driveway bomb.

**8**  
I think **Chong** did a manual off these ledges back in a '90s **Dirty Hessian** video—*Deth* or *Stigmata*, I believe. It's likely that Chong skated these ledges before Forrest was born. I love the look on kids' faces when I tell them that **Mark White** kick-flipped the IBM stairs over 15 years ago, or that there used to be a handrail down the middle and **DJ Chavez** boardslid it with huge, soft wheels. Downtown has a rich history of skating. It's quite possible that this sandstone ledge has been 5-0'd

before, but that's not important. Forrest had never done it before. You just hit spots and then move on before you get kicked out.

**9**  
Forrest, backside 180 nosegrind. "We live in Utah, home of the greatest snow on Earth. Snow just happens to be an enemy of the skateboard, so, to adapt, most of us have become accustomed to skating garages and indoor spots. At this point, it's just another way that street skating has had to adapt over the years."  
—Sam Milianta

"Skateboarding Downtown has a lot to offer that can't really be found elsewhere. For me, it's the spontaneous nature of it that makes it so enjoyable. You never really know who you are going to see, the traffic you will have to deal with or what you are going to skate. Generally, all that is really known is the

starting point, because Downtown lends itself to be one big skate spot. Why pick a single spot to drive to, or confine yourself to the controlled environment of the skatepark, when you can fully utilize the freedom that skateboarding is intended to give you when skating Downtown?" —Jovi Bathemess



8



9



**Tracy Taylor ▶**  
Professional DJ,  
amateur Thai cook,

# ART FAN

## THE MUSTANG EXPERIENCE

By Mike Brown • Instagram: @fagatron

Photos: Chad Kirkland



**Mike Brown wants to be a race-car driver when he grows up—one of those things is possible.**

When I was a little kid, grownup people would often ask me what I wanted to be when I grew up, as they so often do. I never ask kids this question because, quite frankly, it's a stupid question and unfair to expect a child to know what shitty career they want to fuck up their adulthood with. But since kids are mostly stupid, I guess it's a good icebreaker when you feel the need to start a conversation with a child.

For whatever reason, I would always answer this question by saying I wanted to be a scientist when I grew up. I'm not really sure why I would say this, since I didn't like science in school. Now that I am grown up, the only things I have down to a science are things like shoplifting and how to dump a girl and still have sex with her. Adult humans seemed to think I was smart when I told them that a scientist is what I wanted to be, so maybe that's why I said it.

After driving a souped-up Mustang GT around the racetrack at the *Larry Miller Motorsports Park* last week, I should have said I wanted to be a goddamn racecar driver.

My first experience at *Miller MotorSports Park* was a few years back when I did a cover story on guys who like to drift their cars. Drifting is like when you just get your license and steal Mom's car to go do some wicked doughnuts in the snow—but there's no snow. It amazed me how *Vin Diesel* and the *Fast and Furious* movie series could inspire a hobby and a lifestyle.

That day, I was lucky enough to meet pro skater **Bucky Lasek**, who was hanging out with **Park Beutler**, local skate ripper and fast car driver when he's not skating. Bucky is now a racecar driver, and also has a hidden talent where he can smoke a cigarette with his butthole, as he demonstrated in an early *Big Brother* skateboarding video (Insert your own tail pipe joke here).

My second time to the track was a few months ago. I met up with **Jason Smith**, pro racecar mechanic for *Miller Motorsports Park*. He's also a driving instructor, but not your average driving instructor teaching awkward teens how to hold a steering wheel at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock. He teaches dudes how to drive fast as fuck on a racetrack.

Jason showed me around the garage he worked in—it had more Mustangs than a dude ranch. After a quick tour, he asked me if I wanted to ride in a Raptor around the racetrack. I had no idea what a Raptor was, but apparently, it's a souped-up Ford F-150 that can jump in the air if desired. Duh, fuck yeah I wanna ride!

The racetrack was covered in a good six inches of snow, which basically made riding around in a Raptor funner. We were hauling balls on the snow covered racetrack, and I'm asking Jason questions as he's overcorrecting tight turns, and I'm thinking to myself, "How does anyone talk and drive like this at the same time?"

After a couple laps, Jason says to me, "Hey! You should come out in the spring and take the Mustang Experience!" And I'm thinking to myself, "I'm very open minded, but I'm not having sex with no horse, at least not for free." I was completely off base with what



**Mike's cat, Jet Pack, makes a fitting hood ornament.**





the Mustang Experience was, but without thinking that I may be getting into some seriously kinky shit, I said, "Sure!" Lucky for me, the Mustang Experience at Miller Motorsports Park is a class you can take where you learn to drive the Mustang GT racecars. Sound like fun? Fuck yeah it's fun. Driving fast is fun, driving muscle cars is fun and riding shotgun with a pro racecar driver makes me need to find a new word in the dictionary that means "fun times 10." Anyone can do it, even if you drive like my 97-year-old grandma, who can't drive well, or fast, at all—not because she's an old lady, but because she's dead.

You start the Mustang Experience by taking a crash course in racecar driving. They teach you how to properly negotiate a turn and go over other basics, such as "Don't drive on the course backwards," and "Please don't text and drive the racecar at the same time." Although, I must admit, as soon as I sat in my racecar, the need to Instagram was pretty overwhelming. I noticed they didn't say anything about driving the racecars drunk, but that's probably a given.

After the class, you get to know the track while driving around in a minivan with the other dudes taking the class as the driver tells you what not to crash into. They make you sign a waiver beforehand saying you will pay 40 grand if you do, somehow, total the Mustang, but seriously, I don't know how big of a retard you would have to be to do that. Even if you spin off the track, you would still be pretty safe.

Then it's time to fire up the engines. The anticipation of hitting the track while the engine is revving is pretty sweet. I reached for the stereo in hopes of some AC/DC or anything else that would get me juiced while driving fast, but I noticed that the stereo didn't work. I brought this up to Jason in the follow-up interview, and he said

that was intentional. Oh well, I probably shouldn't be fishing on the FM dial while whipping around the racetrack.

This was literally the first time I had ever driven a muscle car. The power and stability was a bit of a step up from my current whip, an '06 Jetta. We took about 12 laps following the driver going as fast as we wanted—pretty fucking fun to drive like that without worrying about my insurance rates going up.

After we were done whipping around the track, we got to ride shotgun with the racecar driver to see how the big boys do it. Jason and his buddies have home field advantage and know every curve of the track like it's been their wife for the last 50 years. Riding shotgun was almost as much fun as driving.

I thought that because of my superior Mario Kart skills, driving a racecar would be second nature for me. In fact, I thought it would be easier than Mario Kart because I wouldn't have to worry about taking a turtle shell up the ass while trying to take a turn at 70 mph. How hard could racecar driving really be? I drive a fucking stick shift almost every day of my life. Can you really consider a guy an athlete for making left turns? Yes, you can. Turns out racecar drivers aren't just athletes that turn left. Doing that shit right is pretty fucking hard.

Special thanks to Jason Smith and John Gardner for letting me pretend to be a racecar driver for a day. I would highly recommend that anyone interested in driving fast, awesome cars take the Mustang Experience, or any of the other racing school classes you can sign up for at Miller Motorsports Park. It's not just that place in the middle of the desert with the go-karts. Seriously, what else are you planning on doing with your boring, stupid life? Go to [millermotorsportspark.com](http://millermotorsportspark.com) for more information.



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Real Salt Lake's loyal supporter group, Salt City United, bring the ruckus to Section 9 at the Rio Tinto Stadium.



# SALT LAKE TILL I DIE

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



"Olé, olé olé olé, Real, Salt Lake!" repeats, increasing in volume, on the south end of the *Rio Tinto Stadium* on a Saturday night. The stands are full, and red, gold and blue are the colors of choice, except in Section 9 at ground level behind the south goal, where a menacing row of black-clad hooligans wave flags and lead chants over a banner printed "Salt Lake's Finest." Their energy and rage fuels my adrenaline, and I can't help but join in. It's my first **Real Salt Lake** game alongside the infamous **Salt City United** supporter group.

SCU was founded by President **Trev Poulson** and a group of his friends in 2009, spawned from the already established **Rogue Cavaliers Brigade** the same year a floundering RSL defeated the **LA Galaxy** and pushed through their underdog status to win the MLS Cup. The supporter group, loosely fashioned after Euro-style ultras, started as a way to bring friends together, and has grown from 10 or so members to 50-plus. "Everybody in the original group, I've been friends with for years, decades," Poulson says. "Liking soccer is one part of it. The friendship and the family of the group [is the other]. I know I can count on anyone here."

Soccer culture outside of the United States exceeds the intensity and fan frenzy of any NFL, NBA or MLB sports fanatics. I go into this experience knowing that most of SCU's members come from Salt Lake's controversial hardcore past, so I join the tailgating festivities expecting to have a **Hunter S. Thompson**-esque experience among straight edge thugs. The group is definitely intimidating, wearing Salt City United printed gear only available to official members—T-shirts, jerseys, jackets and scarves—ominous "Wreck Everything" and "Salt Lake Till I Die" slogans abound, tattoos aplenty.

As *SLUG* photographer **Jake Vivori** and I introduce ourselves, we're made to feel welcome. Vegan food and beer is offered, and most seem eager to explain the complicated league rules to me, show off their RSL tattoos and brag about away-game conquests against their ultimate rival, the **Colorado Rapids**. They're not the hardline hooligans I was prepared to meet. Many of them played soccer through Parks and Rec. as youngsters (and currently play in men's leagues), but once adolescence kicks in, our all-American society deems soccer a sport for Third World pansies and dropouts. Already part of the counter-culture through their hardcore, vegan and straight edge ties, the members of SCU see this as an extension of that rebellion against the conservative norm, and another way to join together for a cause expressed as a parallel to their adolescence. "[Soccer] is off the beaten path. People have preconceived notions of football fans, baseball fans, basketball fans. This happened to be something that, when we started going to it, we could get really involved in a lot more," says Poulson.

Though some may deem their exclusivity and fraternity-style membership pretentious and uninviting, it's what makes SCU a united force to be reckoned with, and leaders among the other supporter groups—and they're not even official. Unlike **La Barra**, RCB and the **Royal Army** (of which Poulson is also the founder and president, unbeknownst to many), Salt City United have managed to maintain supporter group privileges without submitting to the front offices. "They tried to tell us, 'You have to be an official supporters group—you have to submit a member list of every member you have to get these benefits,'" says Poulson, who declined after putting the decision up for a group vote (how all decisions are made). "It's not like we're doing anything illegal, but the spirit of the supporters culture [asserts that] we control our own section and do what we want."

Once in the stadium, I stand in the bleachers behind the SCU members in Section 9, and immediately, they start taunting the players. In exchange for less profanity (they were begged by the offices to end their "We fucked your grandma" chant after it spread and became loud enough to be heard through TV broadcasting), they're given more control over their section. The other groups around them try to involve SCU in their own chants, knowing the power and energy behind their voices, and **BJ Viehl**, SCU's Capo (and *SLUG* Designer), is able to lead them in some of their own. Poulson explains this to me, saying, "We're so passionate about it, and not saying the other groups aren't passionate, but sometimes they need an extra oomph. I'm pretty strict with [SCU members] ... We don't want someone who's going to sit four rows back and watch the game while eating a hot dog."

The family, friendships, energy and all-around positive attitude of Salt City United are definitely appealing as I look down at the group from my perch a row back. A chant starts up that soon becomes my favorite: "I'm Salt Lake till I die. I'm Salt Lake till I die. I know I am, I'm sure I am. I'm Salt Lake till I die." As a kid, my family moved around a lot—across the ocean and across the state. Salt Lake is the first place I don't hesitate to call home—the only place I like to brag about. That's what these chants feel like, and what I think Salt City United means to a lot of its members: It's a place of belonging, where they come together with friends and family to boast about their hometown. Though some call it a vice, it's pride—a valuable measure of self. I'm Salt Lake till I die.

Find more information about Salt City United along with recordings of their chants at [saltcityunited.com](http://saltcityunited.com). Go to [realsaltlake.com](http://realsaltlake.com) for a schedule of upcoming matches. An extended version of this article can be found at [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com).



# Product REVIEWS

**Jelly Belly**  
Extreme Sport Beans  
jellybelly.com

I felt pretty special when a package containing jelly beans personally addressed to me arrived at the SLUG office. Did I have a secret admirer? Had my mom sent me a well-meaning but ultimately embarrassing Valen-



tine's Day present? No—these were Jelly Belly Extreme Sport Beans, which promise “quick energy for sports performance”—their marketing person probably saw a picture of me online and thought, “He looks like he enjoys ingesting jelly beans and will believe anything.” One day while riding Trax, I realized I was going to miss my bus, and was supposed to meet a friend at a specified time, so I was gonna have to walk a sizable distance in a short amount of time. Luckily, I remembered I had the Extreme Sport Beans in my bag, and quickly scarfed down a pack, roughly 30 minutes before activity, as suggested. I didn't really feel any more energized while powerwalking down 2100 South, so I busted out another pack to replenish my energy (once again, as suggested) and rewarded myself at each stoplight with two or three jelly beans. By the time I got to 500 East, I was full of about 30 jelly beans, and did not feel energized in any way, so I threw the beans away. I don't think I would use these again, as they had no real effect on me. Also, they tasted like Flintstones vitamins, and not in a good way. I'll stick to Mountain

Dew and non-gross jelly beans, thank you. —Ricky Vigil

**Mirza Minds**  
1:Face Watch  
1facewatch.com

Mirza Minds released the 1: Face Watch line this past April. These watches are truly unique with a mir-

rored face that hides the L.E.D. time display until you push one of the stainless steel side buttons. They come in six colors—each color denotes a different charity that portions of the proceeds are donated to. For example: with every five red watches sold, enough money is raised to provide one month worth of life saving care and medication for a child living with HIV/AIDS; every white 1:Face watch ordered feeds 16 destitute children around the globe and so on. You can order a watch directly from their website, or for you mall goers, they can be found at your local Journeys outlet store. The reasonable price tag on the 1:Face Watch brand is only \$40, making it an affordable addition to your timepiece collection. Mirza put a great deal of thought into the construction of these tickers. An alloy frame provides a solid foundation, the bands are made of a durable polycarbonate silicone, tempered mirrored glass limits any cracks in the face. I like the idea of the watches and the campaign, but I did not enjoy wearing the watch. It felt cumbersome and was far too “loud” for my personal style. When it comes to supporting a charity, I prefer every last

penny of what I donate to go directly to the cause, but if you need a fresh timepiece for the summer and a warm feeling deep in your cockles, pick one of these guys up. —Eric Granato

**NOW Trail Bars**  
Trail Bars and A3 Action Snax  
nowtrailbar.com

We've had some misconceptual debates regarding the definition of the word “granola” recently. NOW Trail Bars, however, have managed to deliver countless gluten-free snacks that any health-oriented adventurer can appreciate. Starting with NOW's traditional bars, the usual cranberries, coconut, almonds, cashews, etc. are easy flavors to pick out. The twists come with the addition of chia seeds in the dry ingredients and manuka honey in the glue. Turns out that the seeds in your chia pet are also really, really good for you. Manuka honey is also known for minimizing healing time and providing energy. My favorite part of this product line are the A3 Action Snax. Imagine the exact replica of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, only in the form of delicious little health squares. They have a take on Rice Crispy Treats, too. The granola bars themselves came off as a little too bird-food-tasting for my liking. Nonetheless, NOW Trail Bars will be an excellent pick-me-up for anyone looking for that quick fix. —Tim Kronenberg

**Stronger Faster Healthier**  
Omega-3 Oils & Whey Protein  
sfh.com

As a marathon runner in training, I'm willing to try all the wheatgrass, fish oil, protein pack, electrolyte-infused products I can get my hands on, especially when the company is called Stronger Faster Healthier. This product line also came recommended to me by two trusted female friends, a triathlete and a cross fit maven, so I knew I was in for the hard core. Unfortunately hard core is sometimes hard to swallow. The SO3 Super Concentrate Omega-3 in either Tangerine or Chocolate was still essentially slimy fish oil, and would be better served as a gel capsule. In my best Bill and Ted voice I must say, “Whey? No whey!” Whey protein is amazing for recovering from intense workouts and long runs, but, as you would expect, it's got that protein shake taste even if it's

masked in chocolate. While I did enjoy the taste of the Vanilla Recovery Whey, I'm not convinced it made me stronger or faster. Based on the price point, I'd expect dramatic results and better taste, so for now I'll stick with the Muscle Milk I can pick up at the local grocery store. —Mariah Mann-Mellus

**Tarina Tarantino**  
Various sparkling Items from her recent collections  
tarinatarrantino.com



Fuchsia-haired, Hollywood jewelry designer Tarina Tarantino launched her contemporary costume jewelry line in 1995. Since then, she has made a name for herself in the fashion accessory world, glamorizing divas like **Lindsay Lohan, Katy Perry** and **Pink**. Tarantino's work is handmade and hand-assembled in the USA—a socially conscious business practice that most jewelry designers can't brag about. I discovered her work in 2005 and have become a diehard fan, collecting her pieces ever since. This year, I scored a purple necklace from her Modern Mollie line, a black Lucite cameo ring, her infamous “I Hate You” ring (now the second one in my collection), a Tilt-A-Whirl necklace with carved Lucite skull, rose, cameo beads and Swarovski crystals—including matching bracelet—and my personal favorite, the Electric Aztec “Tooth” bead necklace with matching bracelet. Tarantino has two boutique stores in Milan and Los Angeles with a third due to open in NYC this year. Her designs—ranging from colorful crystal hair clips to over-the-top sparkling necklaces—are available at [tarinatarrantino.com](http://tarinatarrantino.com). —Martha Bowker

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Illustration by Ryan Perkins

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## Maudlin Bikes

By Esther Meroño  
 esther@slugmag.com

Type "girls on bikes" into Google Image Search. Seriously, pick up your iPhone and do it right now—just keep in mind it's NSFW unless you're employed at *SLUG*. #myjobisbetterthanyours (Editor's note: The *SLUG* office does not condone the use of pornography during office hours—unless it's vintage). For those of you who don't give a fuck or who own ironic flip phones, basically what pops up is a page of butts and bikinis (Oh, NOW you'll search, huh?). Most of the thonged m-asses are straddling bullet bikes, but there's a tattle of tits and cheeks resting on top tubes and Brooks saddles. How this aesthetic crossed over from car and motorcycle culture into cycling is beyond me, but I imagine it was a product of the '80s: a time that will forever be remembered as the decade that the fashion industry managed to pull an "Emperor's New Clothes" hoax on the whole of Western society, and will inevitably lead to a "There's something I've gotta tell you" talk before we get intimate with our alien neighbors. Seriously, the '80s could result in our world's destruction—depending on how well E.T. takes "stirrup leggings" and "shoulder pads."

Obviously, as a feminist, I have issues with objectifying women for capitalist gain, but I'm more offended by these images as a cyclist. I completely understand the marketing logic behind photos of half-naked women sucking the tail pipes of lifted trucks and gyrating to a revving engines between their legs. In my experience, the guys who buy those types of vehicles are dealing with some daddy issues, if you know what I mean, and having a motorcycle or a big truck gives them the boost they need to feel like "real men"—the kind of guys that sexy ladies supposedly want to fuck. (For the record, nothing does it for me more than a man who knows how to spell and can fix my wireless connection—someone's gotta fuck the Peter Parkers of this world.) I've always thought cycling was more enlightened than "sex sells" marketing plays and misogynist fumbles at "art," though. Sure, there are plenty of men with manhood

qualms, riding bicycles, to whom that type of imagery might appeal, but most of the guys I know pedaling in the bike lane are getting "faggot" calls thrown at them from those "real men," and are hardly fazed by it. For many of them, riding a bicycle is long-lasting, genuine empowerment that doesn't necessitate fake boobs and bleached hair to validate their manhood.

Cycling has helped immensely with all of my insecurities—I was swayed into the bike community after a particularly self-deprecating relationship failed—but I never thought that it might do the same for men as it does for me until one of my guy friends recently expressed how he felt like such a badass after riding through this particularly nasty winter. I could totally relate. Even though I admittedly spent most of this winter driving my mom's station wagon (it's not even a Subaru), I still brag about the three consecutive winters I rode through Utah blizzards, strapped into Velo City pedals and hunched over my handlebars, bawling into the space heater as my extremities thawed once home. You don't see any motorcycle heroes on the road during inclement weather—they're at home getting nagged by their silicone girlfriends.

BTW, just because you have tattoos, big boobs and/or are a size two, ladies, does not mean that modeling should be your go-to career choice. I'm guilty of Instawhoring every once in a while (though most of my objectification is of food, #fbg4lyfe), but if I see photos of you in lingerie, next to a bike you can't ride, be prepared for a sprints challenge. I'll sic **Ali K.** on you, and then maybe you and your photographer boyfriend will feel silly enough to pedal away instead of perpetuating these tasteless stereotypes of women and marring both yourself and the cycling community. Is it too much to ask to type "girls on bikes" into Google and actually see a girl RIDING a bike from an angle that doesn't focus on her butt crease? Hey, Peter, help me figure out Google Analytics so we can rig a page full of **Jessica Gilmores** fucking killing it in an alleycat—I'll make it worth your while.

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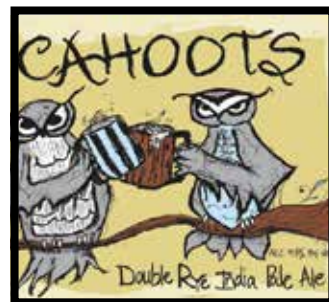
# BEER REVIEWS

**Beer Reviews**  
**By Mike Riedel**  
**mikey@slugmag.com**

By now, my beloved readers, you're probably figuring out that this whole craft beer thing is more than just a hoity-toity way of "enhancing" your karaoke voice. Many of you are actually discovering that it's far better to stimulate your tongue than just numb it.

This month, we're going to take you to another level. You've gotten to know barley (and wheat-based) beers, amber ales and hefeweizens—now I want you to experience rye beers. Rye malt has a slight herbal spiciness that sets it apart from other grains. I beg you to step out and try some of these locally available examples.

**Cahoots Double Rye IPA**  
**Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Co.**  
**ABV: 9.4%**  
**Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle**



**Description:** This one is brand new from Uinta. This beer pours a gorgeous, orange-ish copper color with good carbonation and a small, white head. Holy shit, there's a huge punch of fresh citrus and spice going on from the generous hops and the rye. Some tropical fruit and orange peel aromas come through, too, with some faint toffee rounding it out. Fresh hops come first on the tongue, and are citric and slightly herbal with some tropical fruit flavors—not over the top, but good bitterness, with some noticeable spices—possibly from the rye and hops. The malt is solid enough to balance the hops, and there are slightly sweet hints of toffee and fresh bread. The finish is on the bitter side.

**Overview:** This beer was a collaboration between Uinta and award-winning homebrewer **Chris Detrick** as part of the Pro/Am Competition for the 2012 Great American Beer Festival. It is so balanced and fresh-tasting that my taste buds were squealing with each sip.

**Rio's Rompin' Rye**  
**Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co.**  
**ABV: 5.4%**  
**Serving Style: 22 oz. Bottle**  
**Description:** This rye pours a hazy, almost murky, burnt orange with one finger of off-white head. The nose is grassy/fruity with a bready rye spiciness. The taste starts with bready malts, fruity and sweet. The hops are herbal, earthy and spicy. There's a nice balance between the bread, hops and rye—malt and bready at first, then hops and spice. The finish is clean and smooth, and the aftertaste is slightly bitter.

**Overview:** It's a nice, approachable beer. This one is a little more traditional than the other two. It feels full and round for as light as it is, and isn't as hoppy as its counterparts. If you want to make the teacher happy, start with this one and get to know the rye malt on a more personal level.

**Hop Rod Rye**  
**Brewery/Brand: Bear Republic Brewing Co.**  
**ABV: 8.0%**  
**Serving Style: 22 oz. Bottle**  
**Description:** The Hop Rod Rye pours a dark tea color with brilliant ruby highlights. The nose is sweet with caramel/toffee and a piney, citrus grove spiciness. The taste is big and malty at first, then wham-o! The hops hit with a lovely grapefruit and hop oil finish. This is full of spicy rye bread and malt to give it a nice, chewy flavor and overall feel. The finish is quite nice with dry graininess and a light, minty grapefruit.

**Overview:** This is the only rye beer in the group not made in this city. It is a great, robust beer that rewards sipping, but begs you to keep it up so seductively that the glass is empty before you know it. It's very drinkable without any real notice of the 8 percent ABV, so watch your pretty lil' heads, class—simply one of the best rye beers I've ever had.

Cheers!



Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,  
One time I saw two cops trying to arrest each other. They were both saying «you're under arrest.» «No you're under arrest.» Nu uh, you're under arrest.» And so on. so I guess my question is, would it come down to whoever said it first, or maybe it's whichever cop has more friends he can call for back up? Maybe they have to put the cuffs on each other and sit there on the curb and wait for another cop take them in? Who does the judge side with if they're both cops?

Just wondering, Love Tom Tucker.

**Tom, my love,**

*I've never heard of that, ever. There are millions of stories of cops getting arrested, obviously by other cops, but, in your scenario, somehow I'm sure alcohol was involved.*

*Cops can arrest anyone for a felony offense, even other cops, if they have probable cause that the person (or cop) committed the offense. Misdemeanors (lesser crimes) are a different matter. Cops can only arrest people, or other cops, for misdemeanors (such as petty theft, assault, DUI, trespassing, etc.) if the misdemeanor crime was committed in their presence.*

*Let's use reckless driving as an example. You can't call the cops and say your neighbor cop was driving recklessly—"ARREST HIM!" The cop would need to see the neighbor cop driving recklessly in order to arrest him.*

*However, if you, Tom, were willing to arrest your neighbor cop, provide evidence and testify in court, the cop could facilitate by providing you the paperwork. Yes, for those of you in the know, that's why sometimes you, as the citizen complainant, have to sign the ticket: You're actually making the arrest. Go to a party and get your drunk, obnoxious ass kicked and want the cops to clean up for you? You will have to make a witness statement complaint and indicate that you will press charges, because it was a misdemeanor not committed in the cop's presence. There are a few exceptions, but there's not enough space to get into that here.*

*In terms of your scenario, neither cop could arrest the other. They might try, but it ain't gonna happen. Any cops that showed up due to the disturbance might arrest the two for being idiots in their presence. Most likely, they'd just call the doofuses' wives to come pick them up. A district attorney or city prosecutor wouldn't even consider filing the case, let alone letting it go to a judge.*

*I can promise you that if your scenario were to play out as indicated, those two cops would most likely not be cops any longer.*

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# Gallery Stroll



## Goodbye Old Friend: An Ode to Kayo Gallery

By Mariah Mann Mellus  
mariah@slugmag.com

Salt Lake's urban landscape is in constant flux, whether we're talking about 30-story cranes creating multi-million dollar projects, or the closing of some of our favorite mom-and-pop businesses. In the blink of an eye, things change—I've grown to accept this. Of course, I prefer time to say goodbye. When I found out the Kayo Gallery would be closing on July 13, all other Gallery Stroll activities ceased to interest me. Over the last nine years, I've followed the struggles and triumphs of this little gallery, which launched several careers, showcased international artists and anchored the Broadway Gallery Stroll scene.

In the beginning, young entrepreneur **Kenny Riches** opened the Kayo Gallery as an extension of his parents' Avenues frame shop, with the goal to provide a place for Utah's emerging contemporary art scene. In 2008, a daring young artist and businesswoman, **Shilo Jackson**, purchased the gallery from Riches. In an interview I conducted with Jackson in 2010, she reminisced on her early motivation to take over the budding gallery. "I really respected what Kenny had started and had a deep appreciation for what he wanted for Salt Lake," she said. "It was never about turning a profit—owning a gallery is a labor of love, but I do it because I'm passionate about the arts and I think this space is important for Salt Lake."

Jackson's passion for art and desire to expose Salt Lake to the best local, national and international art created an incubator for artists to experiment, play with installation and collaborate. Annual shows like the small works anniversary series *Round* and the *Cigar Box* show gave artists permission to break out of their "box" and allow the freedom to experiment with talents and mediums.

Landing nationally acclaimed artist **Tony Fitzpatrick** was a special treat for Jackson, who worked very hard for years to bring the East Coast artist here to Salt Lake. Another hard-won and worthwhile moment for Jackson was organizing established local artists **Brian Kershnik** and **Cassandra Barney** for a show in 2012, which she says was a highlight of the gallery.

Having amazing shows, unfortunately, isn't enough to keep the lights on. I have spent plenty of time bitching about how patrons need to purchase art and not just admire it on the gallery wall. Eventually, artists (or in this case, a gallery) will no longer be available for your viewing pleasure. Six years of operating in the red takes its toll on not only your psyche, but also your bank account, which forced the closure.

Closing shop will not be easy. Jackson noted how much she will miss the local merchants on 300 South. "The business community around here is like a family—we've all had each others' backs," she said. However, she is thrilled with the prospect of a legitimate vacation and of Gallery Strolling strictly as an art patron.

For the last hurrah, opening June 21, Kayo Gallery is hosting a surreal show for a surreal time. Artists **Sri Whipple**, **Jeff Christensen**, **Emily Wood**, **Chad Crane** and **Natalia Pierandrei** will usher Kayo out of existence and remind us why it was so good while it lasted.

In the words of Kenny Riches, "Kayo was born from a desire to see change in the SLC art scene. I feel like it accomplished its goal, but it's a shame it won't live on forever ... I hope to see other young people doing the same, but taking it even further and beyond the hills of SLC."


What's next? When one door closes, another business opens. Look for an exciting new project from **Ron Green** of the *Green Ant* and company taking over Kayo's space late this summer.



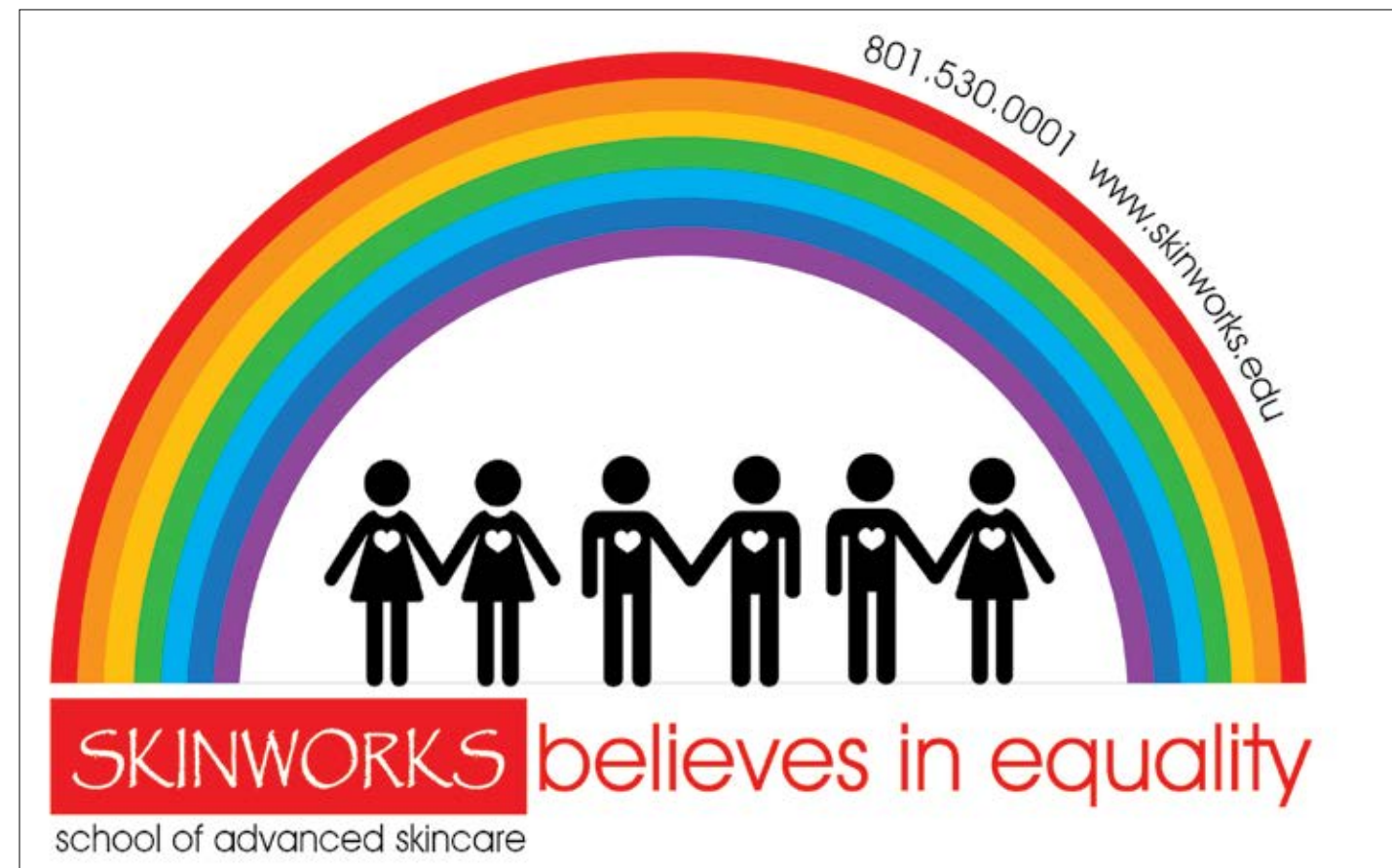
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## GAME REVIEWS



This is the last time I call Aquaman lame ...

**Bioshock Infinite**  
**Irrational Games/2K**  
**Reviewed On: Xbox 360**  
**Also On: PC, PS3**  
**Street: 03.26**

When we meet private investigator Booker DeWitt at the outset of the highly anticipated *Bioshock Infinite*, he's on a boat off the coast of Maine, heading to a lighthouse to complete a debt-clearing assignment: kidnap a girl from the flying city of Columbia. But from the moment Booker steps into the deeply religious world of 1912 Columbia, it's clear there's something dark underneath the bright utopia—mysteries that will slowly reveal themselves throughout the game. Always a series known for its deep philosophies and social critiques, *Bioshock* has been revered more for narrative than gameplay. This is still true to a degree in *Infinite*, but there's much more variety in how players can approach encounters with enemies: Rechargeable abilities called "vigors" can be found about the world, which give players powers to turn the tide of battle in their favor. For example, "Bucking Bronco" will suspend enemies in midair, and "Murder of Crows" sends a wave of flesh-eating crows flying toward the bad guys. It gives just enough life in every battle to make *Infinite* separate itself in the crowded genre of first-person shooter, with unique qualities that the story and characters take even further—including Elizabeth, one of the most layered, well-written female characters in recent memory. Titles like *Bioshock Infinite* only come along a few times a generation, and give me hope for the next console cycle looming on the horizon. It's one of the most ambitious AAA-budget titles ever, executing a difficult, thematically complex narrative with confidence, while constructing a beautiful, mystery-filled world in the sky to tell it in. Openly philosophical and deeply emotional, *Bioshock Infinite* is the most satisfying gaming experience I've had in a long, long time. —Randy Dankievitch

**Injustice: Gods Among Us**  
**NetherRealm Studios / Warner Bros. Interactive**  
**Reviewed On: Xbox 360**  
**Also On: PS3, WiiU**  
**Street: 04.16**

*Injustice: Gods Among Us* gives players the opportunity to pick their favorite DC superheroes, with whom to mercilessly bludgeon opponents. With a massive starting roster reaching across multiple story arcs, and plans to expand via DLC, I'm glad to see this game live up to the promises of its developer. Nether-Realm previously developed *MK* vs. *DC* and *Mortal Kombat 9*, both which were reasonably fun, but lacked in areas that technical fighting game players needed. Although *MK* was a step in the right direction for frame data and was loads of fun, it still lacked a technical aspect brought by its other counterparts in the fighting game world. *Injustice* fixes that issue. With a few technical tweaks, incredible single-player story and a phenomenal cast, this DC brawler is everything you could hope for from a fighting game. The levels are well designed, richly detailed and highly interactive, which adds an entirely new dynamic to fighting. If your character is one with super strength, you can use large elements in the game to smash your opponent for quick damage. If you are a character who doesn't wield strong physical prowess (i.e. Batman), you can use the environments to escape, or to trap your opponent instead. The combo system functions on a chain system, as opposed to *Street Fighter's* link system. What this means is that as long as you input the commands within the window of opportunity in the right order, your character will complete the combination, leaving the strategy to be built around avoiding your opponents' attacks and countering when he is exposed. Whether you use Aquaman to feed your opponents to various sea creatures or power slam them from space as Superman, this game has something for everyone. Comic-book junkie or not, this game is for you. —Thomas Winkley

## Zine REVIEWS

**Paper Instagram**  
**Samuel Milianta**  
**Self-Published**  
**Street: 05.01**



Salt Lake's Sam Milianta publishes zines more often than an iPhone junkie adds new photo albums to Facebook—he's already released at least six this year. His photo zines are typically black-and-white, photocopied chronicles of skate sessions, late-night wanderings and portraits of friends and strangers on the street. In the full-color *Paper Instagram*, Milianta strays from black and white territory. Shot on medium-format and 35mm film, Milianta's 24 photographs take us on a weeklong trip around Los Angeles. Images of gawking tourists on Broadway and **Chris Swainston** brandishing a gun sit alongside Skid Row tarp houses and the *Griffith Park Observatory* "Just like **James Dean** left it," says the text. Milianta's familiar, cool-looking guys smoking cigarettes and photos of people taking photos still make an appearance, but *Paper Instagram* still feels fresh and personal, like you're hanging out with the photographer himself. It's way more rewarding than scrolling down with your thumb on a screen, too. There are only 32 copies printed, so dig \$6 out of that change jar real quick. Milianta will also trade a zine for pizza or knick-knacks instead of cash. Email him at [smilianta77@gmail.com](mailto:smilianta77@gmail.com) or bump into him at the Downtown *Este Pizza* for a copy. —Cody Kirkland

**Paramour Magazine**  
**Issue #1: Summer 2012**  
**Various Artists**  
**Self-Published**  
**Street: 10.12.12**

*Paramour Magazine* is a queer DIY print publication and Tumblr that features numerous collaborators working in different mediums. This first issue offers up "Johnny," a hunky Adonis, as the muse for eleven "brother" artists. The zine's artwork—photos mostly—all explore male homoeroticism. A short story titled "The Long Dream" is interwoven throughout the zine, covering transgressive literary territory explored by writers such as **Jean Genet** and **Georges Bataille**. The story opens with a lyrical scene in which a guilt-ridden male beauty named Jonah dreams of "interrogating" beautiful angels. Pages later, its revealed the guilt has come from irreversibly fucking things up with his beloved now-ex-boyfriend through lust and an onset of disease. Then alone, Jonah falls for "The Impossibly Beautiful Man," who promises him an oblique opportunity for a cure. The accompanying photography is equally oblique, erotic and reflective, if not outright tragic. No word on a second issue, but you can check out some of this one at [paramour-zine.tumblr.com](http://paramour-zine.tumblr.com). —Christian Schultz

**Slay Team:**  
**The Poser Wars**  
**Lizzy Green**  
**Bazillion Points**  
**Street: 01.31**

**Metallica, Megadeth, Slayer, Anthrax ... and Exodus!** History likes to keep it cut and dry, but heads know that there IS no Bay Area thrash without **Paul Baloff, Gary Holt** and an army of beer swilling, bong-ripping, circle-pitting maniacs ... So, it's under that banner of cartoonish buffoonery and wild eyed party-ocity that this comic was created. Unearthed in inky fanzine glory, *Slay Team* served as a fan-only comic by Exodus friend and superfan **Lizzy Green**. Detailing their graphic exploits of fightin', thrashin' and layin' waste to all things **Crüe** and **Poison**, this faithful reproduction touches on all the ham-fisted nihilism and spasmodic energy that made Reagan-era thrash metal such a nascent stateside musical development. A perfect accompaniment to the already larger-than-life mythos of one "poser disposer" Paul Baloff, *Slay Team* is a lovingly detailed revisit to a classic album (these were given out to fans during the *Bonded by Blood* tour) and in memoriam of a fallen metal hero. What's that? You DON'T want to see cartoon reproductions of glam-central poodleheads getting disemboweled with chainsaws? Then keep on walking, bruh. —Dylan Chadwick

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# Movie REVIEWS

**Black Rock**  
LD Entertainment  
In Theaters: 05.17



What starts out as a brave comedy that isn't afraid of offending anyone in the room quickly turns into a hackneyed horror film that follows a paint-by-numbers screenplay, which sadly offends everyone in the room ... but for all of the wrong reasons. When three childhood friends (**Katie Aselton**, **Lake Bell** and **Kate Bosworth**), who've grown apart over the years, decide to spend a weekend together camping on a remote, wooded island, it would appear that their lives may have taken a turn for the better, but when an accident results in the death of a random acquaintance, the girls find themselves fighting for their lives far away from civilization. With most horror films, the antagonist must instill fear into the audience, or the production is a failure. Aselton does achieve a distressing tone with seclusion and an inability to escape death, but her biggest blunder comes in the form of her killer, played by **Jay Paulson**, who only inspires laughs rather than terror with his unbelievably campy performance. To make matters more pretentious, Aselton attempts to justify a scenario in which her main stars must romp around the island in the nude in order to survive, but, in the end, it comes across as gratuitous nudity that hasn't been encouraged since the last *Friday the 13th* film—at least they acknowledged their superficiality.

—Jimmy Martin

**Dirty Wars**  
IFC Films  
In Theaters: 06.07

Director **Richard Rowley** shadows

investigative reporter **Jeremy Scahill** into the secretive world of covert military operations in the Middle East as the United States attempts to win the war on terror no matter the means or consequences. It is a documentary about “the seen and the unseen,” according to Scahill's monotone and dreary narration. After examining an attack on a small village in Afghanistan involving an American-trained Afghan police officer and two pregnant women, Scahill unearths an incredibly dark side to the armed forces' actions, which, in turn, spirals into an out-of-control tale of illegal killings of innocent civilians spanning outside the war zone and into countries where no documented wars have been declared. Rowley and Scahill refuse to dilute the subject, and they shouldn't, as they present images of the victims' lifeless bodies sprawled across charred landscapes. These are certainly images that can't be unseen or forgotten. With films like *Zero Dark Thirty* gaining critical acclaim as they concentrate on the more justified military actions, Rowley focuses on the darker side of combat as he chases a mysterious, elite group of soldiers known as the Joint Special Operations Command (JSOC) as they essentially take control of the entire war. With inside contacts revealing their horrifying encounters with the U.S. government's past and current leaders, Rowley forces audiences to question whether, at times, they should be so proud to be an American.

**Last Shop Standing**  
Blue Hippo Media/Proper Music Distribution  
Street: 04.23

Released to coincide with this year's Record Store Day, this new documentary reflects the state of local record stores around the U.K. Despite the gloomy title, this film mostly takes a look at the history of record shops, both the good and bad times, and shines an optimistic light on the future for store owners. While it's evident that there are far fewer independent record stores open today than there were in the '70s and '80s, the fact is that in 2013, the majority of store owners have seen an incredible boom in vinyl record sales over the last several years, and no longer have to worry day-to-day about closing up shop. It's likely that digital music

sales will always outnumber physical purchases, due to convenience, but with CDs becoming less and less attractive, vinyl is getting more popular. With interviews from about a dozen shop owners, this film shows that it is not only the loyalty the public has to their local record stores, but also how the resurgence of vinyl records is largely due to teenagers who discover their parents' old record collection and get hooked on it. Aside from the shop owners, musicians like **Johnny Marr** and **Billy Bragg** also offer their personal stories and insight about record stores. Although it's very interesting and informative, the only downside of this doc is that it crams a shit-ton of interviews and names into about a 50-minute running time, which makes it a little bit hard to keep track of everyone you see in the film. But overall, this is a great film about record stores, and even though it's told from a U.K. perspective, the same thing is taking place here in America.

—Jory Carroll

**Star Trek Into Darkness**  
Paramount Pictures  
In Theaters: 05.15



The obsessed-with-secrecy director **J.J. Abrams** and his crew of the USS Enterprise return to the glossy sci-fi world of warp speed and phasers when Captain Kirk (**Chris Pine**) must learn the true meaning of leadership after a lone assassin (**Benedict Cumberbatch**) declares war on Starfleet. Along with his Science Officer/First Officer, Spock (**Zachary Quinto**), Uhura (**Zoe Saldana**) Kirk must chase this superhuman murderer into enemy territory, but what he discovers may unravel the foundation of his morality. For the sake of fun, I'll try to remain as spoiler-free as possible.

That said, in 2009, Abrams flipped the Star Trek universe on its head by remolding the established facts of the franchise. It was a gutsy move, but it worked. This time around, former plot points and scenes are rehashed with little creativity. Rather than a reboot, it's a remake in some instances. As in 2009, the imagery is stunning, the action is top-notch, the acting terrific and the comedic beats are timed precisely, but the loss of that edginess to follow one's own path somewhat hinders the final product. When you know a director like Abrams is capable surviving off the beaten path, even when the hordes on fans are screaming for blood, it's a letdown to see him apply the brakes for familiarity.

—Jimmy Martin

**Stories We Tell**  
Roadside Attractions  
In Theaters: 05.17

In this unique and introspective documentary, Canadian actress/director **Sarah Polley** (*Away From Her*, *Take This Waltz*) compiles a narrative around the life of her mother, actress **Diane Polley**, who died when Sarah was 11 years old, and the mystery surrounding a specific time period, which leads to a surprising discovery. The film features lengthy, heartfelt interviews with all of her siblings and some of her mother's friends and colleagues, along with home video footage and shots of her father, **Michael**, narrating his side of the story in a sound studio. Polley's focus is incredibly intimate, which comes off a little masturbatory at times, but feels sincere, and her family is warm, open and amiable. It could definitely use some additional cuts, though, as it comes in at nearly two hours. At the halfway point, it started to feel like I was looking through a friend's entire collection of family video while their grandpa droned on and on—we've all been subjected to or been the subjects of a “baby book” moment, and two hours is too much if there's no blood and guts involved. However, I did leave the theater with a renewed desire to revisit my family history. Overall, it was a well-done documentary that was both interesting and inspiring, but probably not a film you'd want to spend too much time waiting in line for.

—Esther Meroño

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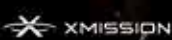
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# Local MUSIC REVIEWS

**Chivers Timbers**  
*Freedom + Stability*  
**Elmoyd Music**  
**Street: 11.10.12**  
**Chivers Timbers = Tom Petty + Royal Bliss + Pearl Jam**

Chivers Timbers’ debut release is a 10-track ode to lo-fi rock n’ roll with a little reggae infusion. The album blends together sounds that were heard more prominently in the early ‘90s—the acoustic guitar taking the lead while the electric provides harmonics in the background. The rhythms found on *Freedom + Stability* are simple, and so the listeners ears are drawn to the vocals. **Quinn Chivers** sings the melody, while the band provides background harmonies, making their vocal makeup sound akin to the likes of **Dispatch**. The vocal dynamic, showing through the most on the track “Box Elder Street,” is the band’s strength. Though Chivers and the band sing with plenty of soul, there is a general blandness about this album that I believe stems from the lack of diversity in their sound. The entire album is essentially the same tempo and rhythmic pattern, save for the last song, “Sydney Sage.” *Freedom + Stability* isn’t anything too impressive, but it is worth a listen. —Chris Proctor

**Daniel Day Trio**  
*Black on Black*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 12.17.12**  
**Daniel Day Trio = SLAJO + Joshua Payne Orchestra**

*Black on Black* is composed of the well-known Trio’s ambiance-enhancing, jazz-infused covers of a wide range of artists and genres. Recorded during a live performance on **KRCL**, *Black on Black* possesses every element that you would hope to hear from a live performance. The Trio recorded with no set list, so there are a few transitions between songs that seem a little jumbled, but once everyone is on the same page, everything flows nicely into a recognizable and nostalgic tune that is easily appreciated. Guitarist **Geoff Miller** and bassist **Dave Bowen** provide resonating waves of sound that come together nicely. Miller’s effects define his sound—no element of the original song he is covering is lost, as it is fun discovering songs like **Oasis’**

“Wonderwall,” or **Journey’s** “Don’t Stop Believing” as they are organically expressed. I can now enjoy the unique feel that the Daniel Day Trio provide at any venue for a fraction of the cost on my own front porch. —Ben Trentelman

**Einstein In A Patent Office**  
*Supernova Sounds*  
**Mareld Records**  
**Street: 03.11**  
**Einstein In A Patent Office = The Album Leaf + Apparat + Pelpp and Avandraken**

“Supernova sounds” is right! This album is a fantastic voyage through time and space, ambient but driven, with a totally modern production, but somehow still takes me back to my favorite classical songs. Instrumental and moody, it can soundtrack whatever you’re doing, or (if you’re a freak like me) can distract you entirely from what you were doing because you can’t help but wonder ... about the music, about life ... It’s a truly fabulous album. It’s a five-song opus, lasting only a short but sweet 13 minutes, and worth every second. A jab of Eastern influence here (“Em’s Dirge”), a bit of **Mozart** there (“Nightmare Music”)—it is right up my alley, and you should proly take a stroll down this way. Love this local! —Ischa B.

**Exer Ovu**  
*Fell On a Faultline, Rose In A Church*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 03.08**  
**Exer Ovu = Violent Femmes + Reggie and the Full Effect**

Sometimes it’s easier to say what genre elements a band *doesn’t* have, but after listening to *Fell On A Faultline, Rose In A Church* for the umpteenth time, I’m rigidly confident that Exer Ovu is definitely not your garden-variety act. For starters, the band is a product of a single dude who double tracks his voice on top of a (at most) two-instrument arrangement—which is predominantly acoustic guitar—that’s comparable to a modest freak-folk band. Along with his rapid strumming, his lackadaisically throaty vocals sound like **Girls’ Christopher Owens** (“Virtue”) mixed with the peaking shrills of **Mindless Self Indulgence’s Jimmy Urine** (“Tiger”). It’s almost entirely subjective,

as if the 15 tracks on *Fell On A Faultline, Rose In A Church* are aesthetically solid, but you can definitely tell Exer Ovu had a shitload of fun making them. —Gregory Gerulat

**Eyes on Kites**  
*La Distancia*  
**Trevor Smith Music**  
**Street: 11.20.12**  
**Eyes on Kites = The Album Leaf + Tycho**

From the onset of listening to this album, I was intrigued, and multiple listenings have only opened up more of that initial fascination. I’m partial to compositions that lack lyrics, with the notion that they can free your mind in a way that words limit you. Throughout *La Distancia*, **Trevor Smith** has placed together a world of dreamy and soothing compositions that are conducive to an untying of thoughts. The comfort is reflected in the song titles, with “Play Fights in the Kitchen” and “Hidden Mothers” expressing a homey perspective. I’d recommend this album to be used as a study aid or to be played to ease tension. —Brinley Froelich

**Genre Zero**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 03.22**  
**Genre Zero= John Vanderslice + Jeff Mangum**

Although they’re not bringing a new and original category of music to the table, as their name would suggest, Genre Zero usher a style of power alt-rock that I wish was more common in today’s local scene. With their recently released EP, vocalist Joshua Isbell wails in a **John Darnielle**—esque fashion to an upbeat, percussive tempo and rolling violin textures. The lyrics (which read like Beat poetry when on paper) consist of bittersweet ballads of lost affection written in the first person. The only criticism I can muster for this EP is that the violin rhythms are a bit distracting from the other elements. Whether it be a mixing error or an intentional aesthetic signature, it’s only a minor nuance when contrasted with the weight of the EP as a whole. Regardless of whatever genre they’re branding themselves, their songs are catchy and effective. —Gregory Gerulat

**Richard Tyler Epperson**  
*Falling Between the Stars*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 01.08**  
**Richard Tyler Epperson = Nick Drake + Jason Mraz + Thurston Moore**

My first few listens to Epperson’s debut album were spent wrapping my head around the surprisingly textured arrangement of his songs. Considering he plays all of the instruments (minus percussion) himself, it’s a pretty impressive debut. In addition to a large repertoire of musical ability, Epperson doesn’t seem tied to just one genre. While songs like “At Your Door” and “We’re Alright” have a future in the sun-drenched pop-folk realm of **Jack Johnson**, songs like “Awake” and “Save My Life” would be more at home in the fuzzy electronic world of bands like **The Faunts**. That being said, it’s hard to nail down Epperson’s individual style. The arrangements and genre-hopping are a testament to his musical ability, but I would like to see his next album focused around carving out a piece of turf for himself. —Alex Springer

**The Staff**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 07.01.12**  
**The Staff = Stevie Ray Vaughn + Jonny Lang**

Despite being nowhere near the glorious South, local blues rock band The Staff have still managed to conjure up the spirit of the genre and its homeland on this well-polished EP. Lead guitarist/vocalist **Will Roney** has the kind of deep, honey-soaked voice that is perfect for the melodious, jazzy trip his band is taking you on. The band members are all seasoned enough to know how to establish the traditional elements of this sound, and then expand on them with their particularly skilled songwriting. The result is a delicious groove that lightens your mood and makes you want to get up out of your chair. The Strong ballad “Brenda Hattingly” is one of the most genuine and sweet songs I’ve heard in a while, showcasing the kind of emotion this genre is built on. Whenever I reach for this EP, it demands at least a week in my rotation. The Staff are a hidden gem. —Megan Kennedy



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# MUSIC REVIEWS

**Austra**  
*Olympia*  
**Domino Records**  
**Street: 06.17**  
**Austra = Zola Jesus + Blouse + Chairlift**

2011's *Feel It Break* was essentially **Katie Stelmanis'** bedroom project. For their second album, Stelmanis was inspired by touring with Austra and created *Olympia* in a studio setting with her bandmates. The album is brighter and more playful than their first, and features sounds that risk damaging their image of gothic darkness. They seem to be leaving arbitrary labels behind, though the lyrics here are just as dismal as before. Stelmanis' vocal performance and song structures are more confident. The songs here are all great explorations of pop configurations—"Painful Like" has been around for a while now, and it's a standout dance-pop tune. "Home" begins stripped bare of most recognizable Austra elements, with only Stelmanis and a riveting staccato piano that builds to a quiet crescendo with complementary instrumentation. *Olympia* still has its flashes of gothic pop, too ("Hurt Me Now," "What We Done?"). Feel the challenge that this fresh group necessitates—climb the heights of *Olympia* and soar with Stelmanis. —*Christian Schultz*

**Arsis**  
*Unwelcome*  
**Nuclear Blast Records**  
**Street: 04.30**  
**Arsis = Epicurean + Suicide Silence**



When I first started listening to *Unwelcome*, I was a little apprehensive—however, the album's title and first song

pulled me in. The chugging guitars, blasting double bass and high, pterodactyl-Satan vocals brought back warm fuzzy memories. With track names such as "Choking On Sand," you're damn right you've got my attention. I YouTube'd the video for "Carve My Cross," and within the first 30 seconds, saw a scary pig mask, a dude doing a hair-cane and some very metal people wandering through a spooky house! Despite all these very metal things, I can't help but point out the band's continuous game of musical chairs it plays with its members, and the inconsistency of the last few albums, which make me think that they are only out to please the current trend followers and, in the end, make themselves a prime example of gimmick metal. —*Carl Acheson*

**Barren Womb/Remote**  
*Self-Titled Split*  
**The Perfect Hoax**  
**Street: 04.12**  
**Barren Womb/Remote = Eagle Twin + The Dillinger Escape Plan**

You can't help but foil bands whenever you're faced with a split. There is no better band between the two—the only victor in this split is the audience. Barren Womb are a noisy hardcore punk band from Norway with a flair for layered, fast-paced music. Barren Womb recently released *On the Origin of Faces*, which made them sound like a fuzzier **Converge**. These songs are more oriented to the noise rock spectrum than their previous works. The strongest of the tunes is "Deal or no krokodil." The song is intense, like acid in your lap, then it ends quite suddenly, making you wish for more. Remote are a doom metal band through and through. I fucking love everything Remote have to offer in this nine-minute gamble. The only requirement is that you have to listen to it in your headphones, lights off and as loud as you can handle it. The crunch and groans in this track come to a crescendo midway—it gave me goosebumps. —*Alex Cragun*

**Bill Ryder-Jones**  
*A Bad Wind Blows In My Heart*  
**Domino**  
**Street: 04.23**  
**Bill Ryder-Jones = Syd Barrett**

**+ Elliott Smith**  
After leaving the band **The Coral**, singer-songwriter Bill Ryder-Jones' new solo album shows that he probably made a good move. Although most of the songs are rather minimalistic in their approach, Ryder-Jones' voice accompanies the quiet setting very naturally. Those two characteristics combine to create a beautiful, melancholy vibe overall. There aren't a lot of melodic phrases throughout the album—instead, Ryder-Jones seems to favor beautiful, dark chord changes, which are emphasized nicely by the instrumentation. The more I listened to the album, the more I found myself drawing comparisons of Ryder-Jones' sound to that of the late Syd Barrett. Barrett's only two solo albums, *The Madcap Laughs* and *Barrett*, are a bit more raw and unleashed, but Ryder-Jones definitely resembles the same, sad, vulnerable songwriting. If you're looking for a good album to put on and to chill out for a bit, *A Bad Wind Blows In My Heart* will do the trick. —*Jory Carroll*

**Blood Ceremony**  
*The Eldritch Dark*  
**Rise Above Records**  
**Street: 06.04**  
**Blood Ceremony = Jethro Tull + Pentangle + Jex Thoth**

While many listeners may expect to hear the overdriven **Black Sabbath** worship of *Living With The Ancients*, Blood Ceremony take a clear step toward their folk influences on *The Eldritch Dark*. The production is warm, and the fuzzy guitar sound has been stripped away, leaving more room for the keys, flute, and violin to come forward in the mix. While "Goodbye Gemini" and "The Eldritch Dark" have the familiar heavy rock edge we've come to expect from Blood Ceremony, long segments of the record are devoted to a more primal folk-rock style. While they haven't quite reached the level of a **Witchcraft** record, I'm interested to see where they can take this new sound. This band certainly has the potential to go great places, and *The Eldritch Dark* is proof that they know their roots. —*Henry Glasheen*

**City Society**  
*Self-Titled*

**CSMusic**  
**Street: 04.02**  
**City Society = M83 / Washed Out x Mirror Kisses**

**Richard Cupolo**, the man behind City Society, really reaches some alternative landscapes with his at-times **Seal**-esque vocals and fusion of rock, pop and dance. As I do with most artists in this genre, I like City Society the most when the rock is left behind and the pop and dance are emphasized. "Whirlwind" is a sweet number where the synths and chimes combine to create a '90s R&B feel with a bounce. Following "Whirlwind" is "Animal Chemistry," which has a slightly whiny, circular synth accompanied by claps that make me want to dance. Cupolo's voice, which feels slightly lifeless at times, is the balance that keeps even his most synthesized songs from sounding overly pop. An airy vocal over ambient rock is no new formula, but City Society does it well enough for those who prefer the sound. —*Justin Gallegos*

**Deerhunter**  
*Monomania*  
**4AD**  
**Street: 05.07**  
**Deerhunter = Atlas Sound + Sic Alps**



This album is a bit of a change for Deerhunter—a bit less shoegazy and experimental, and a lot more fun. Reminiscent of some of the early **Les Savy Fav** stuff, each song is a perfect indie-pop song hidden behind layers of fuzz and tape delay. The vocals are layered, and make heavy use of echo, and the guitar lines are simple and raw. The noisy experimental stuff is there, but it really complements the distorted

pop songs, a lot like **Ty Segall**'s album *Melted*. Some of the songs are less on the bluesy side of garage rock and more dissonant like **Women**, especially "Leather Jacket II," where the ugliness is the main draw and what makes the song interesting and memorable. The title track offers a nice break from the dissonance, where everything is gritty and repetitive, but not uninteresting. The album as a whole is awesome—Deerhunter changed their sound again, and it doesn't disappoint. —*Cody Hudson*

**Hot Club of Cowtown**  
*Rendezvous in Rhythm*  
**Gold Strike**  
**Street: 05.28**  
**Hot Club of Cowtown = Squirrel Nut Zippers + Gonzalo Bergara + The Lucky Stars**



So many jazz bands use "Hot Club" in their name, a nod to the original **Quintette du Hot Club de France**. In the case of Hot Club of Cowtown, I can imagine they use the "Hot Club" name because they earned it, especially on this record. They've been knocking out inspired country—and folk—flavored jazz since '96, and *Rendezvous in Rhythm* is the trio taking on gypsy jazz and American songbook standards. Even though **Elana James** (fiddle) and **Whit Smith** (guitar) are doing their best **Django Reinhardt** and **Stéphane Grappelli** routine, it's really **Jake Erwin**'s upright-bass playing that shines through. He somehow is able to be the only percussive element and still contribute to the melody of each track. This record may not have as far of a reach as their country-influenced work, but jazz fans are going to love it. —*James Orme*

**Iamamiwhoami**  
*Bounty*  
**Cooperative Music**  
**Street: 06.03**  
**Iamamiwhoami = XYYXX + Icona Pop**

With their dreamy vocals and experimental pop sound, Iamamiwhoami deliver an album that will please many

different types of music lovers. The album opens with a slow, repetitive piano beat mixed with a robotic voice that whispers poetic lyrics, while more electronic sounds are introduced. Although a few of the songs on the album sound remarkably similar to a few familiar **Grimes** tracks, Iamamiwhoami add their own signature twist and make it work. The song "U-2" is an electronic dance track that slows down and speeds up in all the right places, combined with dream-like vocals and a few killer beat drops. Their use of nontraditional sounds set them apart from most of what is being produced these days, and shows that, although it is weird, experimental electronic music can still be very good. —*Julia Sachs*

**Iggy and the Stooges**  
*Ready To Die*  
**Fat Possum**  
**Street: 04.30**  
**Iggy and the Stooges = MC5 + Dead Kennedys**

I dreaded listening to this record. If 2007's *The Weirdness* was any indication, the Stooges can't be resurrected. They could have fallen back on their raw, stripped-down, live-in-'73 sound that bands today try to emulate. Instead of playing into this decade's retromania and making a record that people would actually want to listen to, the Stooges put out a polished recording of underwhelming riffs and boring guitar solos that are devoid of the band's original violence and energy. The title track should have been released in 1983 and "DD's," a lighthearted and sax-heavy song about giant boobs, could be an '80s college movie theme song. The record's best songs ("Unfriendly World," "Beat That Guy" and "The Departed") belong on an Iggy Pop solo album—they sound out of place with piano, slide guitar and are sentimentally reminiscent of recent **Bob Dylan** records. I wish Pop would have skipped the Stooges reunion, made a blues album, and re-released *Raw Power* again. —*Cody Kirkland*

**Integrity**  
*Suicide Black Snake*  
**A389/Magic Bullet Recordings**  
**Street: 06.11**  
**Integrity = Judge + Dark-throne + Ringworm**

If you have been following Integrity's trajectory these past five years or so, through split after split, EP after EP, *Suicide Black Snake* is the natural evolution in Integrity's arc. For the past five years, Integrity have been **Dwid Hellion** and **Robert Orr**, exclusively, which lends a singular focus to the music. SBS draws a significant amount of its vocabulary from heavy metal, and relies less on hardcore. It is also apparent that Hellion and Orr are making only the



music they are interested in. Although not necessarily the same musically, in attitude, SBS is akin to Darkthrone's latest, which has no need for outside opinion, and brings in wildly varied metal influences. The rawness of *Detonate VWorld's Plague* and the *Gehenna Split* was an acquired taste, so the more muscular, darker production on *Suicide Black Snake* goes down easier, and is a welcome addition to Integrity's extensive canon. —*Peter Fryer*

**Kazyak**  
*See the Forest, See the Trees*  
**Bloodshot Records**  
**Street: 05.14**  
**Kazyak = Sufjan Stevens + Bon Iver**



**Peter Frey** is the main man behind the adventurous chamber-pop band, Kazyak. The gentle finger-picking intro on "Pieces of My Map" immediately recalls the talents of **Andrew Bird**. Atmospheric sounds create an intimate space on "To The Manner Born," while swooping strings and shuttering drums create a rustic texture over "Part I: Rabbiting Fox." The arrangements of the orchestration and the delicate nuances Frey has put together is absolutely mesmerizing—it's just a shame he stopped at Song Six. Kazyak will fit nicely next any other indie sweetheart band out there. —*Courtney Blair*

**Lantern**  
*Below*  
**Dark Descent Records**  
**Street: 06.25**  
**Lantern = Autopsy + Hooded Menace + Sepultura (Beneath the Remains era)**

This Lantern does not burn brightly—drenched in atmosphere, this dirge-meets-speed/groove death metal record is one of the better records you will hear all year. Initially, when "Rites of Descent" chimes the funeral death metal bell, expectations are torn. Higher-end guitar tones start to set the thick, murky atmosphere of *Below*. Then things get really interesting, as the pace and momentum shift seamlessly from the dirge to groove and fast, old-school thrash-styled Americana death. Just when your neck starts to stiffen and sore, the dirges slow things way down, and it's almost like you're listening to a different record. "Interesting" is an understatement—this laughs at the death metal genre conventions, and pushes your psyche into dark, angry moods. Dark Descent Records found a blood-stained diamond here—this is a sleeper of cult death metal record in the making. Push play and die. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Man... or Astro-man?**  
*Defcon 5...4...3...2...1*  
**Chunklet/Communicating Vessels**  
**Street: 05.21**  
**MOAM? = Sun Ra + Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet + The Quadrajets**

This album marks the first time since 1997's *Made From Technetium* that Alabama's favorite sci-fi/surf combo has put out a record with original guitarist **Star Crunch**. Crunch is joined by original members **Coco the Electronic Monkey Wizard**, **Birdstuff** and new guitarist **Avona Nova**. The sound and feel of *Defcon* picks up right where *Technetium* left off, and pairs this heavy instrumental style with the vocal-heavy sound of the *1000x* EP (also from 1997). Their veneration of '60s surf music and irreverent, intergalactic chatter is in full swing. "Arc," "Disintegrate" and "New Cocoon" each feature an incredibly solid lead vocal. "Antimatter Man" and "Communication Breakdown Pt. II" do what MOAM? is known for—pairing crushing rock chords with driving surf beats and solid bass work, peppered with an occasional sample. It's a vintage-sounding MOAM? recording, but much more powerful, with less shtick and more balls. —*James Bennett*

**Mick Harvey**  
*Four (Acts of Love)*  
**Mute**  
**Street: 04.29**  
**Mick Harvey = Crime and the City Solution – Barry Adamson**

Not the fourth album, but continuing in the vein of naming by numbers, Mick Harvey's (Crime and the City Solution, **The Birthday Party**) latest work is 14 tracks dedicated to that most



human of emotions: love. Coming just months after a **Bad Seeds** release (the first to NOT include Harvey’s brilliant contributions) and a new Crime album, it’s like Christmas for followers of the Australian collection of artists! Harvey includes the aptly named “Glorious,” a track originally penned by **PJ Harvey**, and covers of **Roy Orbison** and **Van Morrison** tracks, but my favorite here is the beautifully gothic Americana track, “Midnight on the Ramparts.” Everything Harvey touches turns into a kind of darkly sweet and sticky gold, and this album is no exception—at once departing from previous releases yet perfectly living up to the promises they made. *—Madelyn Boudreaux*

**Pharmakon**  
*Abandon*  
**Sacred Bones Records**  
**Street: 05.14**  
**Pharmakon = Diamanda Galás + Throbbing Gristle**



The sound and mood on *Abandon* aren’t unsettling in the manner that being forced into an uncomfortable conversation can be. They create a sensation more akin to the shock of having one’s own windpipe pulled out. Yet, there is an appeal to how visceral and present this music is—a single person generating a great deal of abrasive sound, with an audible sense of deliberate structure behind the concept and orchestration of each track. What’s heard on *Abandon* isn’t noise simply for the sake of noise, and to refer to it as “experimental” would be a disservice. **Margaret Chardiet**/Pharmakon has been involved in the New York noise community since she was a teenager and, at 22, is far beyond many of her musical peers regarding performance experience and quality of compositional content. *Abandon* is a fairly unpleasant aural experience at times, but a worthwhile one, and is best heard in its entirety and intended sequence. *—T.H.*

**Sharks**  
*Selfhood*  
**Rise Records**  
**Street: 04.30**  
**Sharks = The Gaslight Anthem + The Clash + Mark**

**Hoppus**  
There is a certain blissfulness that comes with simple music. UK-based Sharks’ latest release, *Selfhood*, is a record that reminds me of a simpler time in music. *Selfhood* showcases solid, upbeat instrumentals from the band, while **James Mattock**’s low and almost melancholy vocals drift underneath. The contrast of the two keeps listeners interested throughout the album, which seems to play through before you can even grasp it. The pop-rock buildups hit at all the right spots, but seem to overshadow the vocals time and time again. The guitar riffs and pitches on songs like “I Won’t Taint” and “The More You Ask Me, The Less I’m Sure” come in with a surf-rock feel, where the band cuts its timing in half for a mellower chorus. Fitting in with the new age of Rise Records, *Selfhood* is a sunny day, windows down type of album, perfect for summer. *—Steve Goemaat*

**Small Black**  
*Limits of Desire*  
**Jagjaguwar**  
**Street: 05.14**  
**Small Black = Washed Out + Japan + Tears for Fears**



In the supposedly genre-less world we live in, being pigeonholed into a nascent musical genre is probably the biggest challenge a 20-something Brooklynite will ever face. Enter Small Black. Tagged early as a chillwave act after their woozy, lo-fi masterpiece *New Chain* dropped in 2010, the Brooklyn group’s newest album, *Limits of Desire*, is a responding volley full of ridiculously smooth and classy synth-driven tracks fluent in the (new) new romantic language of crystalline guitar licks and prominent bass lines. Small Black’s songwriting favors **Josh Hayden Kolenik**’s breathy crooning by choosing nouns that stretch vowels to their breaking point in songs like “Canoe” and “Proper Spirit.” *Limits of Desire*, devoid of any rough edges or jarring sounds, is endlessly listenable and immediately addictive. *—Ryan Hall*

**Small Multiples**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Self-Released**

**Street: 05.21**  
**Small Multiples = Flaming Lips / Ming & Ping**  
No songs on this EP, put out by **Craig Hartley** and **Eli Friedmann**, sound like they belong on the same album together. This should be taken less as a criticism towards Small Multiples’ track compiling abilities, and more as a statement of their stylistic diversity and ability to change approaches on the keyboard. Songs like “Know My Name” brought me back to the space-age fades that **Granddaddy** used to throw in their songs, while “Sitting High” took me from the strung-out tremolo of **Radiohead**’s chaos to their much softer and off-putting side. If anything, Small Multiples’ lack of lyrical creativity is my largest and most frequent complaint on this release. When contemplating words like, “You don’t know where I’m coming from,” and, “You just think that everyone looks all the same... but they don’t,” it’s easier to picture your angsty teenage sister than it is to find real answers. Regardless, this first album was intended to show the band’s potential and for that, they have a head start and a fighting chance. *—Tim Kronenberg*

**Tesseract**  
*Altered State*  
**Century Media**  
**Street: 05.28**  
**Tesseract = Ever Fortright + Textures**

After going through the heinous task of finding a new lead singer, the djent-prog outfit have returned with a massively infectious new record that is a definite achievement. New vocalist **Ashe O’Hara** has a clear style that soars through the music with a tone that is rarely heard in clean metal vocals, forgoing all harsh screams of past albums. They have very much improved on their transitions between complex atmosphere and driving heaviness, creating a cohesion that lets the listener get lost in a glorious forest of sound. As with past works, this band’s emphasis on the bass and drums in the mix is a thing of unique beauty, letting the guitars fill out the atmospheric background and complement O’Hara’s harmonies in ways that will give you chills. Everything about this album is strong, balanced and electric. Absolutely an early contender for album of the year, *Altered State* is not to be missed. *—Megan Kennedy*

**The Uncluded**  
*Hokey Fright*  
**Rhymesayers Entertainment**  
**Street: 05.07**  
**The Uncluded = Juno soundtrack + Astronautilis**

Hip hop meets nursery rhymes with this collab from **Aesop Rock** and **Kimya Dawson**. *Hokey Fright* is a spin on

some of the darker aspects of childhood, such as loss, being scared and feeling left out. Musically, the duo pull off an unlikely combination surprisingly smoothly, with Kimya’s fast-paced folk lyrics matching up well with Aesop’s slices of flow. The less sing-songy tracks, featuring drums and keyboard beats (such as “Bats”), are the most impressive of the album. The lyricism in *Hokey Fright* is super on-point: “There are days when I couldn’t fight my way out a paper bag even if I had Edward Scissorhand hands” (“Scissorhands”). There are a few short, silly tracks that don’t seem to add much, but the videos for “Delicate Cycle” and “Earthquake” make up for it with cameo appearances from YouTube famous cat **Lil Bub**. *Hokey Fright* is a little bit weird, but totally worth it. *(Kilby Court: 08.03)*  
*—Kia McGinnis*

**Woodsman Orphan**  
*My Name is Ishmael Ali*  
**Obscure Me Records**  
**Street: 04.20**  
**Woodsman Orphan = Buffalo Springfield + Jason Lytle**



The odds are against you as a singer if you attempt to pull off the **Neil Young** signature whine-and-pine style of vocalizing. Of course, Woodsman Orphan have indeed listed Mr. Young as one of their influences—furthermore, they deserve to. Whereas many Young vocal mimickers fall short and ultimately end up sounding like overly timid Beat poets who’ve been kicked in the groin, Woodsman Orphan replicate early folk rock formulas and signifiers near perfectly. If I were to listen to a song like “Head” without prior knowledge, I would instantly assume it was mixed and produced before I was even born. The album’s exuberant sound effects, lapsed with the bewitching pop harmonies, allow the tracks to leave your head just as cohesively as they originally entered. It won’t be long until Woodsman Orphan start appearing on avid folk fans’ recommendation rosters. *—Gregory Gerulat*

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JUNE / JULY <sup>THE</sup> SHRED SHED <sup>SLC</sup> CALENDAR 	
Mon.3	Caravels // Rile // And I, the Lion // Commoner
Tue.4	Naked Walrus // Horsha on the Moon // DJ Mike
Wed.5	Sky Writer // Clay Birdz
Thurs.6	Katie and the Lichens // OK Vancouver OK // Ok Ikumi // Billy
Fri.7	Jasper Drive // Lady and Gent // Isaac Farr Trio // Brian Bingham & Jer
Sat.8	2.5 White Guys // Pimbot // The Anchorage // Bombshell Academy
Sun.9	Eidolons // Plant Parenthood // Bat Manors // Timothy Boulanger
Tue.11	No Tide
Wed.12	The Ongoing Concept // The Outcome
Thurs.13	Full of Hell // Seven Sisters of Sleep // Cult Leader // Rile
Fri.14	Year of the Wolf // Satans Satyrs // Merlins Beard // Oldtimer
Sat.15	LGBT Benefit “Gay Rocks” (early show 3:30pm)
Sat.15	Koji // Turnover (late show 9:30pm)
Tue.18	Josiah Leming // One Love
wed.19	InAeona // North // Day Hymns
Thurs.20	<b>Free Open Mic Night</b>
Fri.21	The Front Bottoms // Weatherbox // The Wasatch Fault
Sat.22	Revival Summer Event
Sun.23	Moshing for Macie
Tues.25	Save the Swim Team // Problem Daughter // Vanzetti' Crime // SSAS
Wed.26	Hail the Sun // Stolas // The Speed of Sound in Seawater // Eidola
Fri.28	Crucial Fest - Feat: INVDRS +More
Sat.29	Crucial Fest - Feat: Burning Love +More
Tue.2	Stickup Kid
Fri.5	Archers & Illuminators // Silversyde // At the Wayside
Sat.6	GUNNER // DTA // TBA
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# The DAILY CALENDAR

Get your event listed for free in print, online and on our iPhone app!  
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**Friday, June 7**  
Sammus Theory, Adjacent to Nothing, Per-ish Lane, Autostigmatic - *Bar Deluxe*  
Ready The Rockets - *Barrel Room*  
Kap Bros. - *Brewskis*  
Tupelo Moan, Knuckledragger, Dust Sunshine - *Burt's*  
DIRRRTY - *Complex*  
Andre Williams, The Goldstars - *Garage*  
Terrence Hansen Trio - *Green Pig*  
Mokie - *Hog Wallow*  
A Hawk & A Hacksaw, Grizzly Prospector - *Kilby*  
**Rooftop Concert Series: Joshua James, Polytype, Jay William Henderson - Provo Town Square Parking Terrace**  
Jasper Drive, Lady and Gent, Isaac Farr Trio, Brian Bingham & Jer - *Shred Shed*  
Christopher Owens, Sarah Sample - *State Room*  
Uniphi, Slowride - *The Royal*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Eidola, Nostalgia, The Wide Awakes - *Why Sound*  
MiNX, Oh Be Clever, The Bad Kids - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, June 8**  
Kiss Me Kill Me, The Last Wednesday, Von Andeck - *Bar Deluxe*  
Mr. Lucky Blues - *Bayou*  
Blackhands, Heartbreak Beats, Heart Racers - *Burt's*  
Ok Vancouver Ok, Katie & The Lichen - *Busta Crack Shack*  
They Might Be Giants - *Depot*  
DJ Chris Cutz - *Downstairs*  
Andre Williams, The 78s - *Garage*  
Matt Bashaw - *Green Pig*  
Candy's River House - *Hog Wallow*  
Terence Hansen - *Johnny's*  
Slick Shifters, Salt Lake Whalefishers - *Kamikazes*  
Luminaire, Aquatic Ghost Colony, Bright Whistles - *Kilby*  
**Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park**  
Pimbot, The Anchorage, Bombshell Academy, Two & A Half White Guys - *Shred Shed*  
**The Dirty Dash - Soldier Hollow**  
Pigeon John, Ariano, Thoughts Arizen, Burnell Washburn - *Urban*  
The New Electric Sound, The Neighbors, VanLadyLove - *Velour*  
Georgelife - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, June 9**  
**Urban Flea Market - 600 So. Main St.**  
Entrails Eradicated, Vomit God, Genocast - *Burt's*  
Jordan Young - *Garage*  
Good Grass - *Green Pig*  
People's Market - *International Peace Gardens*  
Park Silly Sunday Market - *Park City's Historic Main Street*

Trombone Shorty & Orleans Avenue, Big Head Todd & The Monsters - *Red Butte*  
Eidolons, Plant Parenthood, Bat Manors, Timothy Boulanger - *Shred Shed*



## Making Fuck @ Crucial Fest: Wasted Space 06.28

**Monday, June 10**  
**Happy Birthday, Madelyn Boudreaux!**  
**Happy Birthday, Paden Bischoff!**  
**Happy Birthday, Davey Davis!**  
Logic, C Dot Castro, Skizzy Mars - *Complex*  
Stitched Up Heart, Better Left Unsaid, Sugar Bone, The Feros Project - *Dawg Pound*  
Starfucker, Wampire, Feelings - *Urban*

**Tuesday, June 11**  
**Happy Birthday, Manuel Aguilar!**  
Gigantic, Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirty, Visoneer, Teddy Bangs - *Bar Deluxe*  
Kying - *Burt's*  
Cartel - *Complex*  
Whitey Morgan - *Garage*  
Lonely Horse - *Green Pig*  
Trails & Ways - *Kilby*  
No Tide - *Shred Shed*  
Marinade, Talia Keys, The Vision, Red Dog Revival - *State Room*  
Crystal Fighters, Alpine - *Urban*  
Chad Taylor, Paul Christiansen, Rorry Rorbush - *Why Sound*

**Wednesday, June 12**  
**Happy Birthday, Kate Colgan!**  
The Tyler McCoy Band, Triggers & Slips, Matthew & The Hope - *Bar Deluxe*  
Jazz Jaguars - *Burt's*  
Kris Lager Band - *Hog Wallow*  
The Staves, Musikanto - *Kilby*  
Below The Skyline, Founders Of Ruin - *Liquid Joe's*  
The Ongoing Concept, The Outcome - *Shred Shed*  
Rogue Wave, Koala Temple - *Urban*

**Thursday, June 13**  
Gappy Ranks - *Bar Deluxe*  
Funeral Age, Thou Shall Kill, The Fontaine Classic - *Burt's*

Tim Kidder Trio - *Bayou*  
Anything That Moves, Simian Greed - *Burt's*  
Dark Seas, Color Animal, Pest Rulz - *Garage*  
Paul Borruff - *Hog Wallow*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Johnny's*  
Hands - *Kilby*  
The Attic Wolves, Westward The Tide, Tess Bybee - *Muse*  
**Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park**  
**Gay Rocks! (early) - Shred Shed**  
Koji, Turnover (late) - *Shred Shed*  
**SLUG Localized: Hectic Hobo, The Insurgency, The Red On Black - Urban**  
Battle Of The Bands: Finals - *Velour*  
Juana Ghani, Bombshell Academy - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, June 16**  
**Happy Birthday, Ricky Vigil!**  
**Happy Birthday, Briana Buendia!**  
People's Market - *International Peace Gardens*  
Park Silly Sunday Market - *Park City's Historic Main Street*  
Grace Potter & The Nocturnals - *Red Butte*  
Generational's, Young Empires - *Urban*

**Monday, June 17**  
**Happy Birthday, Jamie Clark!**  
**Craft Lake City Vendor & Performer Applications Due**  
Nekromantix - *In The Venue*  
Bad Veins, Kevin Edwards & The Glass Hands - *Kilby*

**Tuesday, June 18**  
**Happy Birthday, Matt Pothier!**  
Jamestown Revival, Crook & The Wolf - *Bar Deluxe*  
Blue Eyed-Son, The Craves, Luminaria - *Kilby*  
**Craft Lake Artist Workshop: Presented by Critic - Rose Establishment**  
Josiah Leming, One Love - *Shred Shed*  
Sarah Jarosz - *State Room*  
Parquet Courts, Koala Temple, Pentagramham Crackers - *Urban*

**Wednesday, June 19**  
Snowden, Old Podria - *Bar Deluxe*  
Voodoo Organist, Glorious Bastards - *Burt's*  
Michael Dallin - *Hog Wallow*  
Pressed And, It Is Rain In My Face, Robot Dream, Coral Bones - *Kilby*  
Jackson Browne, Sara Watkins - *Red Butte*  
InAeona, North, Day Hymns - *Shred Shed*  
Father John Misty, Pure Bathing Culture - *Urban*  
No Sleep, Tri-Polar Bear - *Velour*  
Jessa Young - *Why Sound*

**Thursday, June 20**  
**Happy Birthday, Mary Engel!**  
Before The Eyewall, Across Tundras, Graceless, Dwellers, Cornered By Zombies - *Bar Deluxe*  
Pyroklast, Panther, Discoid A - *Boyz Haus*  
Aaron Ball Band, Upwords Movement,

Dr. Nick, Columbia Jones - *Burt's*  
Soul Fire - *Green Pig*  
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*  
The Almost - *In The Venue*  
FrankMusik - *Kilby*  
**Utah Arts Festival - Library Square**  
Beachmen, The Watches - *Urban*  
The Mighty Sequoyah, Bat Manors - *Velour*  
Corey Christiansen, Steve Lyman, Denson Angulo - *Why Sound*

**Friday, June 21**  
**Happy Birthday, John Barkiple!**  
**Happy Birthday, Ryan Worwood!**  
American Hitmen, Betty Hates Everything, Epilogues, Johnny K and the Krew, First Class Trash - *Bar Deluxe*  
A.M. Bump - *Bayou*  
Danger Hailstorm & The Jingoos - *Brewskis*  
Illest Uminati - *Burt's*  
Doug Stanhope - *Complex*  
Walter Parks, Candy's River House - *Garage*  
Son Of Ian - *Green Pig*  
Cayucas, JBM - *Kilby*  
**Utah Arts Festival - Library Square**  
Killswitch Engage, As I Lay Dying, Miss May I and Affiance - *Saltair*  
The Front Bottoms, Weatherbox, The Wasatch Fault - *Shred Shed*  
Hour 13, Burn The Gallows - *The Royal*  
Wick-It The Instigator, Late Night Radio, Decay - *Urban*  
The Mighty Sequoyah, The National Parks, Garret Williams - *Velour*  
Polytype - *Why Sound*

**Saturday, June 22**  
Murietta, Swinging Lights, Theta Naught, I Hear Sirens - *Bar Deluxe*  
**Bonneville Classic 2013 Hot Rod & Cycle Show - Bonnevallians**  
The Tankerays, The Deltaz, The Astrotones - *Burt's*  
Suspicious Sound System, The Wild Ones - *Garage*  
Caveman Boulevard - *Green Pig*  
Marinade - *Hog Wallow*  
Fall Out Boy - *In The Venue*  
**Utah Arts Festival - Library Square**  
**Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park**  
mewithoutYou, Rocky Votolato - *Urban*  
Woody Bag, Flocked Cows, Chucks - *Why Sound*  
Thunderfist, The Weekenders - *Willie's*  
Rhyme Pro, Black Mask Evolutionaire Rebels - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, June 23**  
**Happy Birthday, Eric Granato!**  
Marv Hamilton - *Garage*  
People's Market - *International Peace Gardens*  
The Dig, Judson Claiborne, Ready The Rockets - *Kilby*  
**Utah Arts Festival - Library Square**  
Park Silly Sunday Market - *Park City's Historic Main Street*  
Condominium, Dead Bod, Big Trub, Foster Body - *Salt Haus*  
Silence Protocol, Change To Fire, Tainted Halos, The Howlin' Rails - *Shred Shed*

**Monday, June 24**  
Moneypenny, Save The World Get The Girl, Insight, Acclimate Theory - *Kilby*  
Tedeschi Trucks Band - *Red Butte*  
Paper Route - *Urban*

**Tuesday, June 25**  
**Happy Birthday, Mariah Mellus!**  
Supervillains, Funk & Gonzo, The Chickens - *Bar Deluxe*  
Humongous, Visigoth, Castleaxe - *Burt's*  
Radiation City, Jamaican Queens,

L'anarchiste - *Kilby*  
She & Him, Tilly And The Wall - *Red Butte*  
Save The Swim Team, Vanzetti Crime, Problem Daughter, Storming Stages & Stereos - *Shred Shed*  
Royal Teeth, American Authors - *Urban*

**Wednesday, June 26**  
Jazz Jaguars - *Burt's*  
Kevyn Dern - *Hog Wallow*  
**Crucial Fest: Eli Whitney, Temples Water, Liars, The Hung Ups - Kilby**  
Alpha Blondy - *Park City Live*  
Hail The Sun, The Speed Of Sound In Seawater, Eidola - *Shred Shed*  
Saturday's Voyeur - 35th Anniversary - *SLAC*  
Camera Obscura, Marissa Nadler - *Urban*  
Trevor Henderson, Allie Holman - *Velour*  
**Crucial Fest: God's Revolver, Pleasure Thieves, Slow Mover, John Ross Boyce & His Troubles, Top Dead Celebrity, Heartless Breakers - Woodshed**

**Thursday, June 27**  
**Happy Birthday, Dave Brewer!**  
Brutally Frank, Moon Shark, Slick Shifters - *Bar Deluxe*  
**Crucial Fest: Döne, Jetty, Thunderfist, Pest Rulz - Burt's**  
Krizz Kaliko, Stevie Stone, Mayday, Number 1 Killaz, O Town Wickid - *In The Venue*  
**Crucial Fest: Dead Pilots, Dust-bloom, Sailor Mouth, Machines Of Man - Kilby**  
Ginny Blackmore - *Urban*  
Cameron Rafati - *Velour*  
**West Elm & Craft Lake City's DIY Workshop Series - West Elm SLC**  
Swamp Cabbage, Nate Wood - *Why Sound*

**Friday, June 28**  
**Happy Birthday, Gil Garcia!**  
**Crucial Fest: Hurris & Gig, Atheist, New Truth, Broken Silence, Johnny Utah, Are.Oh! Why?, Sam - Bar Deluxe**  
MDC, Verbal Abuse, In Defence, Handi-capitalist, All Systems Fail - *Burt's*  
Blue Moon Bombers, Utah County Swillers - *Garage*  
Tito Kennedy - *Green Pig*  
SWIMM, Golden Sun - *Kilby*  
Wareye, Par For The Curse, Blue X, Outside Infinity - *Liquid Joe's*  
Makeshift, A Lily Gray, Break The Broken, Riksha, My Stage Exit - *Metro*  
**Crucial Fest: INVDRS, He Whose Ox Is Gored, Eons, Breag Naofa, Into The Storm, Rocky Mountain District, Empire Of Whales - Shred Shed**  
Cameron Rafati & The Public, Wildcat Strike - *State Room*  
Pink Lightning, Breakers, Tupelo Moan - *Urban*  
Isaac Russell, Jay William Henderson, Salazar - *Velour*  
**Crucial Fest: SubRosa, Cicadas, Jr. Worship, La Verkin, Making Fuck, Scalps, Merlins Beard - Wasted Space**  
Funk & Gonzo - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, June 29**  
The Number Ones, David Halliday - *Bayou*  
Sturgeon General, Thunderfist, Utah County Swillers - *Burt's*  
**Crucial Fest: Shadow Puppet, Hope & Tim, Cody Taylor, Jesus Or Genome, Harmon's Heart - Exchange Place**  
The Moths, Triple Moon Tribe - *Garage*  
Green Jelly - *Gino's*

Daniel Day Trio - *Green Pig*  
Vision - *Hog Wallow*  
Haystak, Big Snap - *In The Venue*  
JP Haynie, Ben Q Best, Billu, OK Ikumi - *Kilby*  
Chris Lake - *Park City Live*  
**Downtown Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park**  
**Crucial Fest: Burning Love, Day Hymns, Badass Magic, Settle Down, Worst Friends, Die Off, Smooth Sailing, Collin Creek, Antics, Sights/Sounds- Shred Shed**  
**Crucial Fest: Muscle Hawk, Dulce Sky, Hang Time, Palace Of Buddies, Koala Temple - Urban**  
Vans Warped Tour - *Utah State Fair Park*  
Polytype, Brocks, Swimm, Oceanear - *Velour*  
**Crucial Fest: Oxcross, Black Acid Devil, Baby Gurl, Serial Hawk, La Verkin, Waked Space**  
Wretched Bones, Red Light Commandos, Izalith - *Why Sound*  
Rooster Fest 2 - *Woodshed*

**Wednesday, July 3**  
Raashan Ahmad - *Bar Deluxe*  
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*  
All Night 4th Of July Bash! - *Muse*

**Thursday, July 4**  
Male Bondage - *Burt's*  
Joe McQueen Quartet - *Garage*

**Friday, July 5**  
**Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace cool!**  
The Rugs - *Brewskis*  
The Copper Gamin - *Burt's*  
Moe - *Depot*  
**Rooftop Concert Series: Get Off My Cloud - The Songs of the Rolling Stones, The National Parks - Provo Town Square Parking Terrace**  
Old Crow Medicine Show, Parker Millsap - *Red Butte*  
Coke Bust, Speak Out, Relentless Approach, Youth Choir - *Salt Haus*  
Archers & Illiminators, Silversyde, At The Wayside - *Shred Shed*  
Dick Dale, Sex Wax Surfers - *The Royal*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
MiNX - *Woodshed*

The Green Bastard, Gut Wrought - *Dis House*  
The Melodic - *Kilby*

**Tuesday, July 2**  
Say Anything, Eisleigh, HRVRD, I The Mighty - *In The Venue*  
Steffon Olsen, Adam Pope, Infusion, Persona Non Grata - *Kilby*  
Stickup Kid - *Shred Shed*  
Sole - *Woodshed*

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MiNX - *Woodshed*

**BONNEVILLE**

**CLASSIC**

PRESENTED BY: **Bonnevillains** SPEED SHOP **2013 HOT ROD & CYCLE SHOW**

JUNE 22, 4:00 - 9:00PM — 1185 S. 300 W. SALT LAKE CITY, UT

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NO ENTRY FEE, PRIZES, RAFFLE, COME EARLY FOR A SPOT!

Artwork donated by Amerikana Art and Ryan Crook. 100% of raffle proceeds go to the family of Deyne Stocker, Owner of Sid's Speed Shop, who recently passed away.

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# KILBY COURT

741 S. KILBY COURT (350 W.) ALL AGES

**JUNE**

**END**

- 6/1 - **TIGERS JAW**, PIANOS BECOME THE TEETH, SAINTHOOD REPS, PROBLEM DAUGHTER
- 6/2 - **SAMANTHA CRAIN**, THE HOLLERING PINES, TBA
- 6/3 - **STUBEE**, ARROWS INWARD, OCTOBER
- 6/4 - **HULDRA**, MOUTH OF THE ARCHITECT, RILE, HYPERNOVA HOLOCAUST
- 6/5 - **GENEVIEVE SMITH**, CHARLES ELLSWORTH, JOSALEIGH POLLETT, VINCENT DRAPER AND THE DIRTY THIRTY
- 6/6 - **LINEAR DOWNFALL**, ANDREW MCGUIRE'S ART PROJECT, TBA
- 6/7 - **A HAWK AND A HACKSAW**, GRIZZLY ROSPECTOR
- 6/8 - **LUMINAIRE CD RELEASE**, AQUATIC GHOST COLONY, BRIGHT WHISTLES
- 6/11 - **TRAILS & WAYS**, TBA
- 6/12 - **THE STAVES**, MUSIKANTO
- 6/13 - **JASON ANDERSON**, BAT MANORS, TBA
- 6/14 - **EVEREST**, KING NIKO, TBA
- 6/15 - **HANDS**, TBA
- 6/17 - **BAD VEINS**, KEVIN EDWARDS & THE GLASS HANDS
- 6/18 - **BLUE EYED-SON**, THE CRAVES, LUMINARIA
- 6/19 - **PRESSED AND**, IT IS RAIN IN MY FACE, ROBOT DREAM, CORAL BONES
- 6/20 - **FRANKMUSIK**, TBA
- 6/21 - **CAYUCAS**, JBM
- 6/23 - **THE DIG**, JUDSON CLAIBORNE, READY THE ROCKETS
- 6/24 - **MONEYPENNY**, SAVE THE WORLD GET THE GIRL, INSIGHT, ACCLIMATE THEORY
- 6/25 - **RADIATION CITY**, JAMAICA QUEENS, L'ANARCHISTE
- 6/26 - **CRUCIAL FEST**: ELI WHITNEY, TEMPLES, WATER LIARS, THE HUNG UPS (DOORS: 6PM)
- 6/27 - **CRUCIAL FEST**: DEAD PILOTS, DUSTBLOOM, SAILOR MOUTH, MACHINES OF MAN (DOORS: 6PM)
- 6/28 - **SWIMM**, GOLDEN SUN, TBA
- 6/29 - **JP HAYNIE**, BEN Q BEST, BILLU, OK IKUMI
- 6/30 - **JONATHAN RICHMAN** FEATURING TOMMY LARKINS ON THE DRUMS!

# THE URBAN LOUNGE

JUNE 2013 241 S. 500 E.

**COMING SOON:**

- 1: Rogue Presents: **Pilo**, Jesse Walker, Cedes
- 2: FREE SHOW **Malaikat Dan Singa**, Salty Waters & the DownTimers, Rubber Tramp, The Circulars
- 4: **Jay Nash & David Ramirez**, Matthew Quen Nanes
- 5: **Scenic Byway**, Funk Fu, Grits Green
- 6: **Willy Moon**
- 7: **DUBWISE**
- 8: **Pigeon John**, Ariano, Thoughts Arizen, Burnell Washburn
- 10: **STRFKR**, Wampire, Feelings
- 11: **Crystal Fighters**, Alpine
- 12: **Rogue Wave**, Koala Temple
- 13: **TWERK** - featuring: Flash & Flare, Mama Beatz, Matty Mo (FREE BEFORE 10:30 / \$5 After)
- 14: KRCL Presents: **The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion**, Red Bennies
- 15: **SLUG LOCALIZED**: Hectic Hobo, The Insurgency, The Red On Black
- 16: **Generational**s, Young Empires
- 18: **Parquet Courts**, Pentagramham Crackers, Koala Temple
- 19: **Father John Misty**, Pure Bathing Culture
- 20: **Beachmen** (CD Release), The Watches
- 21: **Wick It The Instigator**, Late Night Radio, Decay
- 22: **mewithoutYou**, Rocky Votolato DOORS AT 8 PM
- 24: **Paper Route**
- 25: **Royal Teeth**, American Authors
- 26: **Camera Obscura**, Marissa Nadler
- 27: **Ginny Blackmore**
- 28: **Pink Lightnin'** CD Release, Tupelo Moan, Breakers
- 29: **CRUCIAL FEST** Closing Night
- 7/14: Futurebirds
- 7/16: Sorne
- 7/17: Peter Murphy Celebrates: 35 Years Of Bauhaus
- 7/18: R6612 Underground
- 7/19: The Heartless Bastards
- 7/23: Dessa
- 7/24: The Maldives
- 7/27: The Last Red Bennies Show
- 7/28: Bob Log III
- 7/30: The Soft White Sixties
- 8/3: The Last Tolchock Trio Show
- 8/7: Smith Westerns
- 8/13: Yuri Vile & The Violators
- 8/15: Xavier Rudd
- 8/30: Baroness
- 9/6: Deerhunter
- 10/31: KRCL Presents Vile Blue Shades BACK FROM THE DEAD HALLOWEEN SHOW

## THE COMPLEX

FOR UPCOMING EVENTS  
[WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM](http://WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM)

**AA ALL AGES**

**CARTEL**

JUNE 11TH

**BR BAR 21+**

**DOUG STANHOPE**

FRIDAY JUNE 21ST

**BR BAR 21+**

**ADAM ANT**  
& THE GOOD THE MAD & THE LOVELY POSSE

TUESDAY JULY 23RD

**AA ALL AGES**

**THE SPACE MIGRATION**

**MAC MILLER**

ACTION BRONSON  
CHANCE THE RAPPER  
THE INTERNET  
VINCE STAPLES

WEDNESDAY JULY 31ST

ALL AGES - DOORS 6:30 PM - TICKETS: PARTYTIX, GATHSTIX, S&S, partytix.com, THE COMPLEX

**AA ALL AGES**

**Good Vibes Summer Tour 2013**

**Rebelution MATISYAHU**

COLLIE BUDDZ ZION-I AMP LIVE

FRIDAY AUG 23

THE COMPLEX

**COMING SOON**

06/07 - DIRRRTY W FELIX CARTEL  
06/10 - LOGIC  
06/28 - ANBERLIN  
07/12 - WTF!  
08/17 - SUMMER SLAUGHTER TOUR  
09/06 - ICONA POP

**CLUB NIGHTS (21+)**

**TUESDAYS - COMEDY ROADKILL** OPEN MIC COMEDY - FREE - DOORS 7:30  
**FRIDAYS - EVOLVE** DIFFERENT PROMOTERS FOR DIFFERENT VIBES  
**SATURDAYS - MAMBO CLUB** UTAH'S HOTTEST LATIN NIGHT

**TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT [WWW.PARTYTIX.COM](http://WWW.PARTYTIX.COM) OR IN PERSON AT THE FOLLOWING OUTLETS**

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U OF U - 801-583-3333  
TAYLORSVILLE - 801-964-5700  
BOUNTIFUL - 801-677-0333  
OGDEN - 801-399-0609  
WEST JORDAN - 801-676-6010  
SANDY - 801-576-0999

**AZTEK HIGHWAY**  
89 WEST 3300 SOUTH  
SLC, UT 84115  
801-466-2235  
  
3651 WALL AVE (NEW GATE MALL)  
OGDEN, UT 84405  
801-466-2235

**SMOKEY TOWN**  
9117 W MAGNA MAIN ST  
MAGNA, UT 84044  
801-250-7000  
**DOUSED**  
353 W 200 S SUITE 101  
SLC, UT 84101  
801-953-1325

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## LOGIC

SKIZZY MARS, C DOT CASTRO, QUEST  
JUNE 10 @ THE COMPLEX  
7 PM ALL AGES  
\$13 ADV / \$15 DAY OF



## ANBERLIN

(X96 PRESENTS) CAMPFIRE OK, STARS IN STEREO  
JUNE 28 @ THE COMPLEX  
7 PM ALL AGES  
\$20



## SLIGHTLY STOOPID/

## ATMOSPHERE w/ GROUCH & ELIGH

JULY 27 @ THE GREAT SALT AIR  
7 PM ALL AGES  
\$35 ADV / \$40 DAY OF



## FRIGHTENED RABBIT

JULY 30 @ THE DEPOT  
8 PM 21+  
\$17 ADV / \$20 DAY OF



## MAC MILLER

ACTION BRONSON, CHANCE THE RAPPER,  
VINCE STAPLES, THE INTERNET  
JULY 31 @ THE COMPLEX  
6:30 PM ALL AGES  
\$26 ADV / \$30 DAY OF



## WAVVES

AUG 7 @ IN THE VENUE  
7 PM ALL AGES  
\$12 ADV / \$15 DAY OF



## ICONA POP

K.FLAY, SIRAH  
SEPT 6 @ THE COMPLEX  
7 PM ALL AGES  
\$18 ADV / \$20 DAY OF



## ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

DAN DEACON  
SEPT 8 @ THE DEPOT  
7 PM ALL AGES  
\$22 ADV / \$25 DAY OF