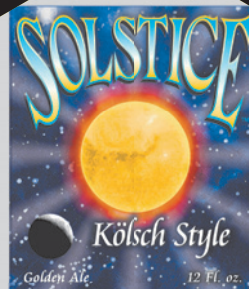


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THE BEER ISSUE



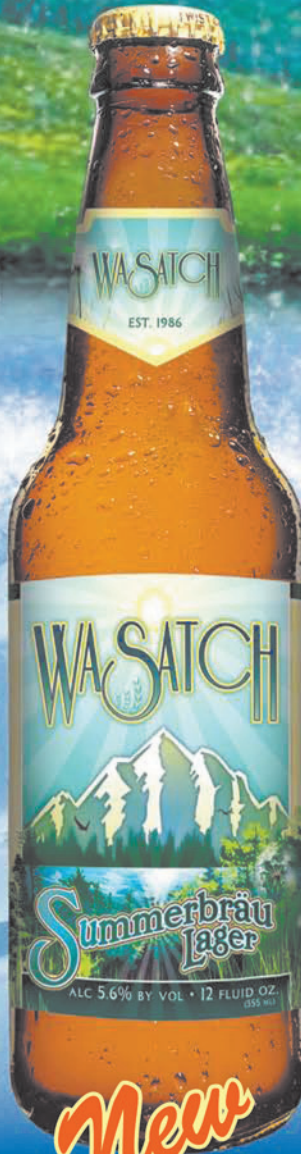
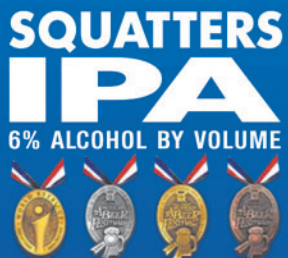
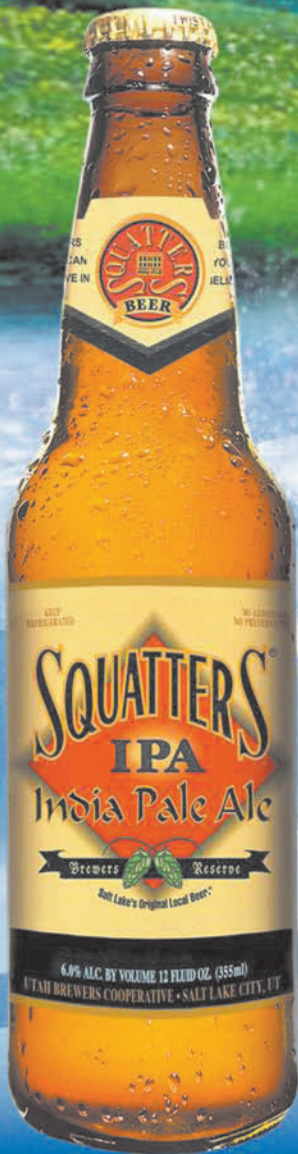
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Contributor Limelight



Del Vance • Guest Writer

Although this is the first time Del Vance's writing has graced the pages of *SLUG Magazine* it isn't the first time he has graced its pages. In last year's beer issue we ran an interview with Vance about the finer points of beer brewing in Utah. The man had so much to say that we decided to bring him back as a contributor for *SLUG*'s second annual beer issue. If there is one thing Vance knows and loves, it's beer. The man has written two editions of *Beer in the Beehive: A History of Brewing in Utah*, helped found *Uintah Brewing Company* in 1994, co-founded the *Bayou* in 2001 and is in the process of starting a new pub on mainstreet called the *Beerhive*. Cheers to Del Vance for all he's done for the Utah beer scene!




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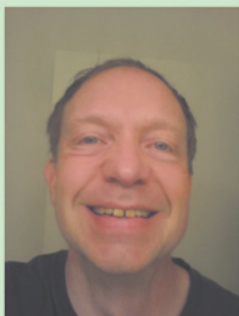
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Dear Dickheads

LETTER TO THE COMMISSIONER OF THE CHUMP POLICE (a response to last month's letter from Dave Amador): Sweet letter, I've been wondering how long it would take for somebody to write in. Your letter put the first smile on my face in a long time. Unfortunately I didn't get fired from SLUG. I have been trying my hardest to for several years now. Oh wait, I didn't ever get hired. I do this shit for free because I like to piss people off, like you. Thanks for the Rush Limbaugh comparison. For your information Rush is a conservative, fat white person, just like your Dad and probably your mother as well. I am 5'2", Hispanic, new-leftist and Anti-Christ (Hispanoleon) who weighs 145 pounds. As far as wanting to be a pro skater: no thanks, I never had that in mind. I like taking showers and changing my clothes daily. I'm not into sleeping on other peoples couches, getting paid as much as a fast food employee, or traveling the world and seeing nothing it has to offer but a ledge, some stairs and maybe a cool tranny spot. I wouldn't mind all the free boards, wheels, trucks and clothes. Oh yeah, got that part covered. As far as my love for the kids (A.K.A. little shits), I love all the kids at the park even the ones I can't avoid due to my lack of skill. Commissioner if you ever did a trick going faster than a snail's pace you would see where I was coming from. By the way, I was a skate camp counselor for several years giving back to the youth and believe me I gave them a piece of my mind as well. I've also been pleased to see some of the kids I mentored turn into awesome skateboarders and many of them surpass my level of talent. As far as the kids go who gave up on skating and moved onto something else, good on ya mate. Commissioner remember that when you're the old age of 33, like myself, skateboarding will just be another one of the fads you got in and out of.

I do however have a problem with painkillers and other prescription drugs. My problem is that I can't get enough of them. So anybody that's reading this who has some please e-mail me immediately because I'm trying to get rid of these shakes. Maybe the

Commissioner can get me some from his mom's medicine cabinet. By the way, you forgot about my addiction to alcohol and cocaine. As far as killing myself just remember if I go I'm taking you with me. I not only have a gun but my gun has kids as well. On a positive side you are a great writer just like the mom's who write into THRASHER canceling their kids subscriptions because of the harsh content. You probably kill it skating for sure. It's too bad you're a fucking coward who can't sign his real name. Instead you compare yourself to the police, who are skateboarders' best friends. Maybe you found your true calling in life. You obviously know who I am so when you see me at the park, come say "Hi" then we'll see who gets put in their place you fuckin' muark. Yours truly, Dave Amador
Always doing it for the old, stale and negative.

Dear Dickheads,
I'm all for musicians packing clubs based on their past glory.
That is what happens. People buy tickets for Ozzy because they know he'll play Black Sabbath songs, and on a smaller scale, people go see Tim Barry because they know he was a member of Avail. These guys have earned the right to play to a packed crowd. This makes perfect sense to me. Where I draw the line, though, is when the promoter leverages this type of stardom in completely dickish ways. Case in point: in the advertising for a recent gig with Mike Watt and the Missing Men the club wrongly listed his band as the Minutemen. Now sure, Watt did play bass for the Minutemen, and including this info in the advertising is a perfectly sound way to get fans into the club, but pretending that drummer George Hurley and the band's long dead front man D. Boon would once again take the stage, and in SLC of all places, shows a level of purposeful asshole that we really should put an end to. Fuckers. —Woodcock Johnson

Dear Woodcock,
You've got a point, even though your parents named you after a pecker. Or maybe a woodpecker.

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The Brews of (FOUR+)

by Mike Riedel
alegeek@gmail.com

One of the benefits of being a beer dork is the opportunity to get to know the rock stars of our local beer scene: the brewers. Ironically, once upon a time they were home brewers just like me—but without the foul mouth.

One of these brewers is **James Smith** of *Four+ Brewing* (an offshoot of *Uinta*) in Salt Lake City. I got a chance to meet James or "Jimmy," as some call him, a few weeks ago. I guess I didn't make a complete ass out of myself at our first meeting because James agreed to meet with me again to talk about brewing in Utah and some of the stuff they're brewing up for this summer over at *Four+*.

SLUG: So, how did you become a brewer? You started home brewing, right?

Smith: Yeah, it was just a hobby for the longest time. Then I was out looking for a part time job and found one over at *Art's Brewing Supplies*. I worked there for about a year, and that's where I started thinking maybe I could score a job working at a brewery. Then one day **Becky Britter** from *Uinta*'s office came by *Art's* and said, 'Will you post this? We have an opening for a kegger.' I said, 'No, I'll just come down and apply.' I went over there and **Mark Allen** hired me. I kegged for about a month, then one of the brewers quit. **Rob Kent**, the head brewer at that time, suggested that instead of looking outside, to just bring me into the brew house. From there I got my foot in the door and about a year and a half later, Rob quit and I just kinda moved into the Head Brewer's spot. That was in '05.

SLUG: Did you ever see this coming?

Smith: No, never. I never had any formal training, never went to college. It was just being in the right place at the right time. If it hadn't been for Becky coming into *Art's*, I would probably not be here.

SLUG: Four years is a pretty fast rise to Head Brewer.

Smith: My father and Art always pounded into my head a sense of working hard and I've always tried to live up to that. I'm not afraid of hard work.

SLUG: You mentioned your father. Did you grow up with a beer culture in your home?

Smith: No, my father is LDS. My first experience with beer was the movie *Strange Brew*. Maybe that planted a seed—who knows?

SLUG: I know this is a loaded question, but what's your favorite style of beer?

Smith: Hmmm, that's tough. Right now I'm big into Belgian beers, but Porter and Stout have always been some of my favorites. I guess it all depends on my mood.

SLUG: What was your first beer here at *Uinta*?

Smith: Punk'n was my first *Four+* beer recipe. We had a little competition between me and Rob Kent to see who could make the best beer. The winner of that competition would get their beer made. Everyone liked mine. That was the first time I sat up and thought, wow, I can really do this.

SLUG: I've noticed that you guys have had quite a few new labels pop up in the last few months.



Photo: DDED

Four+ brewer James Smith lives the dream.

each other for this one. I think we went through probably three different recipes, and in the end the final beer was literally made up of everyone's input. It's made with lots of local honey.

SLUG: Is it a wheat beer?

Smith: No, just barley. I would describe it as a light easy drinkin' beer. A little toasty with light hops and that great honey flavor makes it really easy on the palate. If you're trying to get away from the big macro beers, this would be the one. It's a great lawn mower beer. I love it.

SLUG: There's another summer beer debuting soon, right?

Smith: Yeah, Summ'r.

SLUG: What makes this one different from everything else out there?

Smith: Summ'r is what I like to call a very light, extra pale ale. It's all organic like Wyld. We're using a very interesting type of hop from Japan known as Sorachi Ace.

SLUG: What are they like?

Smith: To be honest I'd never even heard of them until Will bought them. The Sorachi Ace have a very lemon/peppery aroma with citrus notes—herbal as well.

SLUG: How do you come up with a beer recipe using a hop variety that you've never used?

Smith: Well, trial and error. The first batch was way over-hopped. I dry-hopped it and the whole bit. It had a massive lemon aroma, but was just way too bitter. From there I just scaled it down. Here, try it.

SLUG: Wow, that is lemony. Very different. Is anyone else using Sorachi Ace in Utah?

Smith: No, as far as I know we're the only ones in the state using them. It's pretty cool being able to make a pale ale with a completely different hop profile than people are used to. That's one of the things I love about being a brewer.

SLUG: Yeah, I get that. People really seem to love their jobs around here.

Smith: It's a real team effort around here in everything we do. Everyone has a genuine passion for brewing, and we all bring a different element to what we do.

Brewer Highlight: BOBBY JACKSON

by Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Bobby Jackson made his way to Salt Lake City from Vermont in September of 2007. Since then, the 23-year-old landed a spot as Head Brewer of the *Bohemian Brewery* and scored the brewery a silver medal for their Cherry Bock at the 2008 Great American Beer Festival in the German-style Schwarzbier category. Jackson is quickly making a name for himself and the brewery. He's highly regarded by Salt Lake City's craft beer drinking scene as one of the best brewers of lagers.

SLUG: Right off the bat, what's it like to be not only the youngest brewer in the state, but the youngest head brewer in the state?

Jackson: People will start talking about beer and brewing, and the first question is always, are you even old enough to drink?

SLUG: How did you make your way into the brewing industry?

Jackson: I went to the University of Vermont and pretty much spent the majority of my time there homebrewing. I had been looking into brewing education, and it just happened that *The American Brewers Guild* was re-filming their DVD, so they were doing a residential program the summer after I had graduated. That was all followed up by a five week apprenticeship at *Otter Creek*.

SLUG: A lot of people know what their first beer was, but what was your first "real" (micro brewed) beer?

Jackson: It was probably 11th grade. Someone's parents always had Redhook ESB around—it was rich people beer. But when you are that age, beer is beer. I was typically drinking a lot of Pabst and Keystone Light.

SLUG: Only brewing four beers must be rough on stretching your creative abilities. Have you ever wanted to do more?

Jackson: Definitely—every now and then I get a little antsy. I did release the Chocolate Cherny last winter, and then brewed the floor-malted pilsner recently. Only getting to do them now and then makes them so much sweeter. It also helps me focus on the four beers that we have on hand and keeping them consistent and making them the best beers they can be. That way I never can say, "I wish that I could have done this or that differently."

SLUG: How would you describe your experience in dealing with Utah's legislature?

Jackson: It's not so much "dealing" with the legislature, it's more trying to understand them. It's so backwards. All this new stuff with private clubs doesn't affect me, since I only go to one bar [*The Hog Wallow*].

SLUG: Would you rather be brewing in any other state?

Jackson: Every day that I am in Utah it just becomes a radder and



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Head brewer of Bohemian Brewery, Bobby Jackson is only 23 years old, making him the youngest head brewer in the state.

radder place. I know everyone that brews in this state, it's a tight knit community. Today I talked to **Kevin Templin** (Red Rock), **Chris Haas** (Desert Edge), and **Kevin Ely** (Uinta). There isn't that air of competition—we are all in it for the same purpose.

SLUG: The majority of beer drinkers in this state bitch about the alcohol volume in their beer. Does that bother you as a brewer?

Jackson: Not really. We brew all lagers, so we are maybe a half of a percentile off of the style. When it does come time and the law gets passed, and I am sure it will, we will probably add that half of a percent.

SLUG: How is this recession affecting you?

Jackson: I am in a recession resistant line of work. I don't have a car payment, I don't own a home, and I don't have a stock portfolio. My biggest gripe about the recession is fucking hearing about it.

SLUG: A lot of the local breweries are getting in on this high-point trend. Can we expect the *Bohemian* to jump on this wagon?

Jackson: It gets tossed around occasionally, but it's mostly at 11:30 at night with me and **Joe Petras** [owner of the *Bohemian*] at the bar. We have talked about maybe making the Cherny a little bit higher and bottling it, but it is competing with so many other things that we are doing right now.

SLUG: Is there anything that Bohemian drinkers of Utah should look out for?

Jackson: Hopefully by the end of the summer we will be releasing the Vienna in a can, and around Christmas-time, the Cherny Bock. Very informally, expect mixed packs shortly thereafter.

SLUG: A head brewer is only as good as his team, wanna mention them?

Jackson: We are down to two now, it's just **Kyle Schwenk** and I. I hired him out of Illinois about six to seven months ago and he's been kickin' ass here.

SLUG: Getting your Brew-Chi is very important, what music can we expect to hear blasting out of the brewery?

Jackson: Oh Jesus, I listen to a lot of **Tom Waits**, **Jenny Lewis**, **Modest Mouse**, **Location Location**, shit, everything. Kyle likes **The Grateful Dead**, but we mostly will be rockin' **KRCL**. I used to leave the music on for the beer, like the baby in the womb, but it always seems to get shut off.

SLUG: Finally, it's the night capper. You are sitting at the bar, about to leave the brewery, what's in your glass?

Jackson: The Cherny.

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HIGH POINT

IN THE HIGH COUNTRY

by Seanzilla
prijon85@netscape.net

Wasatch
Breweries

joined forces in 2000

to create a third entity know as the UBC. "Now we are twice the brewery, now we are a team," said McKean. Before the deal was even inked, the UBC began producing beer in its improved facility at 1763 South 300 West. With the ability to use each other's resources and increase their buying power, Squatters and Wasatch churned out barrels of their tasty brews for Utahns to enjoy.

He who drinks beer sleeps well. He who sleeps well cannot sin. He who does not sin goes to Heaven. Let us all drink beer and go to Heaven. Amen.

—German Monk Proverb

For centuries, breweries have served as a pillar of the community, producing beer for countless thirsty locals. Curious brewmasters experimented with various combinations of hops and yeast to conjure up delicious libations that entice the palate and awaken the spirit. As breweries changed to adapt to their environments, so did ideas about what made a fine beer. The brewmasters at the *Utah Brewers Cooperative* (UBC) are no exception. Head Brewers, **Adam**

Curfew, Dave McKean and **Jon Lee** use their collective creativity to develop new selections, putting the UBC at the forefront of the industry.

In order to facilitate their domination of the local beer market, the owners of *Squatters* and

Home brewers at heart, these three know how to make a fantastic beer and understand the importance of the time and effort that goes into it. In 2008, the UBC ranked 43 in the Top 50 Craft Breweries by the Brewer's Association—a noteworthy achievement that places them ahead of every other craft brewery in the state. "This recognition shows how vibrant the beer community in Utah

is and that the people here love craft beer," said Curfew. Lee said, "It is reflective of the beer drinking community and their tastes. We make 21 beers and everyone can find one that they like."

Included in their cast of 21 are two newcomers: Wasatch Summerbrau and



Photo: Adam Heath

Head brewers, Dave McKean, Jon Lee and Adam Curfew at the UBC.

Summer Twilight. Inspired by, you guessed it, summer. These brews are meant to capture the essence of the season, "That good, refreshing, I've-been-working-in-the-yard type of beer," Curfew said. For those Provo Girl and 1st Amendment addicts, Summerbrau is a copper-hued, Czech-style pilsner-lager that is sure to calm the nerves. "This is really a brewer's beer, pilsner has always been a favorite of mine," said Lee. Summer Twilight is a kölsch style beer that started at the *Wasatch Brew Pub* and has been slowly refined over the years. "It has become one of co-owner **Greg Schirf**'s favorites, and one that he really wanted to see on the shelves," said Lee. These two brews score high on the Alcohol by Volume (ABV) index, 5.6% and 4% respectively. Perhaps the best part of all of this is that the UBC can sell its high-point selections cold. Imagine that. Fresh and delicious beer, refrigerated and ready for immediate consumption—off-premises of course!

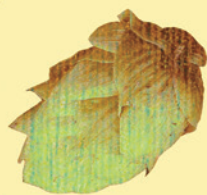
How are the folks at the UBC able to accomplish such a feat? "Because Greg Schirf rocks!" said McKean. Schirf is the reason you can even go to a brewpub in Utah, a true beer-pioneer. His efforts during the late 80s pushed the Utah legislature to change the law and make brewpubs legal.

A rule change passed this last year by the UDABC has served as motivation for UBC brewers to come up with more high-point beers to meet the demand of deprived consumers. You can expect to see several new selections being released over next fall

and spring. Keep your taste buds alert for a special mid-summer release of Squatters Hell's Keep. Originally produced at the brewpub, the fellows at the UBC have crafted a 30-barrel batch that will be hand-bottled in 4,000 750 ML bottles. The unique aspect of this release is that each beer will be bottle-conditioned to evoke a softer palate. Curfew said, "This is a real labor of love. A big project for such a small release." This is just one more illustration of the steps these guys take to produce a tasty beer that is fresh and ready to drink.

In addition to being able to sell high-point right from *The Beer Store*, the UBC is also taking notice of the latest piece of legislation that makes home brewing legal in Utah. House Bill 51 makes it possible for Utahns to produce up to 200 gallons per year per household. What does this mean for the brewmasters at the UBC? "It has robbed me of my outlaw status," said McKean. Seriously though, these three see the passing of HB51 as a step towards gaining notoriety for Utah beers. "We are at the point right now where home brewers want to clone beers that we have made. Tear it apart and make it at home. And that is a great compliment," said Lee.

Talking with the UBC crew it is apparent that they have a multitude of experience in the craft brewing industry and want to ensure that it remains strong for years to come. When asked what's in store for the future, McKean put it simplest, saying "More Beer!"



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Beer and Fries Please

by Fred Worbon worbon@slugmag.com

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Reviewed Wed., April 22, 2009 and Mon., May 4, 2009

I love beer! I'm not a heavy drinker—just someone who loves his beer. I almost never drink liquor and I have an allergy that keeps me from drinking much wine, but beer is one of my favorite things. I drink beer like a connoisseur: never intending to get wasted, but savoring every sip. I am also very picky about my beer and tend to stick mostly to micro brews and imports. I know, that makes me a snob, but that shouldn't surprise anyone who regularly reads this column. So, when the good people over at *SLUG* asked me to write about *The Bayou* for the annual Beer Issue, I got a little distracted for a moment, drifting off into the land of "Beervana" with little mugs, goblets and glasses of amber and chocolate liquid dancing around my head. Mmmmm, I love beer.

The Bayou is known for its mammoth beer menu boasting 260 bottles to choose from as well as 32 brews on tap. In all the years I've been hanging around the place, I have barely made a dent in that list, not to mention their seasonal list. Divided into sections by variety, it is easy enough to find a beer you like, whether it be a Pale Ale, Belgian or Stout. I tend to spend a lot of time with the darker beers like the Rogue: Mocha Porter (\$5) or the Anderson Valley: Deep End Porter (\$7), a smooth rich beer with an almost sweet, chocolate finish. My wife tends to stick to Belgians like the Delirium Tremens (\$8) or the Hoegaarden White (\$5) although she will often opt for the Pinkus: Weizen (\$7) instead. I always like to ask about what beers are off menu and on my last two visits I was lucky enough to get a couple of bottles of the Northgate Brewery's Old Growler, a special porter so malty on its finish that it almost tasted like Ovaltine. I am pretty sure that we got the last three bottles in the house and apparently they only get that beer once

a year. The one thing missing from the beer menu is a selection of Louisiana beers—the place is called *The Bayou*. I know that it can be hard to get certain beers in Utah, but it would still be nice to be able to sip on a brew from *NOLA* or *Dixie Brewing Co.*

I could rave on about the beer selection, but *The Bayou* is known for its food too. The menu is a little confusing—it's not entirely clear what kind of food they serve. There seems to be a lot of Cajun-inspired fare, but with pizza and pasta and a smattering of Tex-Mex, the menu comes across as though it's having a bit of an identity crisis. There are some stand-out items like Blackened Catfish (\$13.99) served on a bed of Cajun spiced creamy fettuccini with green beans or the

Cajun Game Hen (\$15.99)—spicy, fried and served with rosemary potatoes. There are also the Fries (\$6.99)—half sweet potato and half regular fries served with a house aioli. They could be the best fucking fries in Utah and would be worth the visit even if they were the only thing ordered. Numerous other restaurants in town have added sweet potato fries to their menus, but not one of them comes close to the fries at *The Bayou*. Another menu item I tried was the Po Boy Sandwich (\$8.99), piled so high with breaded and fried crawfish that is was overwhelming. Maybe it would have been better with the shrimp or catfish, but I would have liked to see a beef option like you would at *Momma's* in New Orleans, the birthplace of the Po Boy. The Jambalaya (\$11.99), traditionally served as a side but served here as an entrée, was just too big. After trying to consume that much rice, I'm not sure that I can make a fair judgment on the flavor.

My favorite dessert on the menu is the Deep Fried Twinkie (\$6.99)—absolutely amazing. I'm not sure why all Twinkies aren't deep fried, since it adds so much more dimension to the flavor. The New York Cheesecake (\$6.99) is average and the Lime Tart, which was the special on one visit, was bland and rubbery. The thing about dining at *The Bayou* is that, no matter what food I order, be it good or just uninteresting, the staff is friendly and the beer gets me just tipsy enough, that I could never complain. In the end, it's the beer that brings me in and it's the beer that will keep me going. Well, the beer and those god-damned fries.



Photo: Sunny Thompson

**Owner Mark Alston proudly displays
The Bayou's mammoth beer menu.**

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Kate and the Soul Terminators LeDeuce

Localized

by James Orme

james.orme@slugmag.com

45

This month's *Localized* features three bands that have taken vintage and retro style from years past and put their own spin on it, but remain true to the music they've been inspired by. On June 19, **The Radio Rhythm Makers**, **Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators** and openers **The Boomsticks** will hit the stage at *The Urban Lounge*.



Photo: Keshillingphotography.com

Kate LeDeuce: Vocals
Brad McCarley: Bass
Brandon Hansen: Drums
Spencer Kellogg: Tenor Saxophone
Joe Rudd: Alto Saxophone
Jeff Philips: Guitar
Dylan Poaker: Guitar

I can't say there is another band in Salt Lake like Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators. When their tunes hit your ears, you don't even think it's a local band—you just feel the groove. Taking cues from the soul and funk masters of the 60s and 70s, this band has created an enormous sound that can only be described as uniquely spectacular. I sat down with Philips, McCarley and LeDeuce to see what this band was all about.

SLUG: How did this band come together?

McCarley: Jeff [Philips] and I got together and just wanted to start a soul band. We used to work at a guitar store together. We started learning songs and writing songs, and Jeff brought in Brandon [Hansen] on drums who he'd known for long time.

LeDeuce: I came in to record my solo country stuff with Brad [McCarley], and they asked me if I wanted to give this a try. I believe me answer was, "Hell yeah!"

McCarley: Jeff and I thought there was no way she'd be interested, but it all came together, and we added a killer horn section, and we were just lucky to have everyone join because they are all such killer musicians.

SLUG: How serious are you about this band? Where do you want to take it?

McCarley: This is the most serious band I've been in. We've got this 7" coming out, and we're planning a tour: 10 dates across the Northwest. It's been really cool—everyone has been down. These are the best musicians I've ever played with.

LeDeuce: It's like we've got all the musical crap out of our systems, and now we're ready for something serious. I mean, we don't take ourselves seriously, but when it comes to the music, we take it very seriously. We should practice more, actually.

SLUG: Soul is such a wide-open genre. What are the major influences on the band?

McCarley: **Stax Records** stuff, **Bootsy Collins**, **Daptone Records** just started again. **Meters**.

LeDeuce: **Aretha Franklin**. We started by playing **James Brown** tunes.

SLUG: How do you keep it contemporary?

Philips: We started with the foundation by listening to James Brown, Meters, all that stuff, and then putting our own adaptation into it. I think that makes it contemporary.

McCarley: We all come from other backgrounds, and that just naturally comes out.

SLUG: How has this band been received?

McCarley: I've been overwhelmed. Going from my old band **Red Top Wolverine Show**, and Kate's solo stuff, where we were both playing to three people a night, this band has been growing a following from the beginning. People go nuts. It's great to have a following consisting of more than just our friends.

LeDeuce: We're all about the audience interaction. We get people to dance. We've got a great crowd of people from 20 to 40 years old. Everyone finds a connection to this music.

SLUG: What is your connection to the *Salt Lake Recording Service*?

McCarley: I own this recording studio with a partner, and I'm the engineer. It's pretty great to have the whole studio at my disposal.

SLUG: Is it hard to keep seven people on the same page as far as practicing, recording and playing shows?

McCarley: Well, a lot of these guys are going to school, so scheduling can be hard. But everyone is dedicated and some of these guys are jazz majors, so they keep their chops and can pick up a new song so fast.

SLUG: What's your favorite beer to bring to practice?

LeDeuce: Lion beer, PBR, Miller, but we're more of a bourbon band. Beer finds its way to most of our practices though.

Salt Lake's musical landscape needs more acts like The Soul Terminators. The band is a force of big sound that is unlike anything else going on around town.

Ashlie Long: Vocals
Jimmy Martak: Guitar
Jonny Peem: Guitar
Dave Jones: Upright Bass
Dave McCall: Drums
Spencer Kellogg: Saxophone

The Radio Rhythm Makers have harvested rhythm and blues and fused it with a traditional rockabilly style to create a niche all their own. These guys and girl are playing an almost-lost form of music. They've educated themselves and their audience simultaneously about the history of blues and how it evolved into rock n' roll. This highly talented six piece is quite serious about what it does. They've played out of state and plan to do more touring this year as long as their nine-to-fives don't get in the way. I caught up with the band before their session at the *Salt Lake Recording Service's* studio, where they're about to begin recording their first 7".

SLUG: You guys fuse a couple forms of vintage music. How would you describe your sound?

Martak: What we really are is a jump blues band. We're inspired by the 40s and 50s rhythm and blues stuff like **Ray Charles**, **Ruth Brown** and **Wynonie Harris**. We also play some country tunes, and rockabilly is a part of what we do, but we really try to drive the rhythm and blues. A lot of bands that play vintage music play a punked-up or sped-up version, and that's not what we want to do. We take in what's been done before and put our own spin on it, and that makes it unique.

Long:

It's just good to know that in this day and age of computers and iTunes and Macs, there are actual musicians out there playing instruments. No robots or anything.

SLUG: What do you do to make your music stand apart from the original music you are influenced by?

Martak: We've got people from all different backgrounds. Some have played jazz and the blues and some have played rock, so everyone brings their own interpretation to the group.

SLUG: Do you find that you're educating your audience on the style and era of music you're influenced by?

Martak: Yes. A lot of people know all about the mainstream artists of that time period like **Ray Charles**, **Johnny Cash** and **Jerry Lee Lewis**, but we try to find stuff that's a little more obscure, so the audience isn't quite sure if we're playing an original or not.

Long: What's great is that [Jimmy] knows so much about this music. I mean I've always loved older music, but I just didn't know a whole lot about it until I met him and joined the band.

Martak: We really try to push Ashlie's vocals as our

lead instrument of the band. To me, she has the same type of soulful voice that **Ruth Brown** and **Etta James** had, but bringing a contemporary energy and feel to it. We've got so many talented guys like **Spence** and **Jonny** who really know their shit.

Spence is classically trained and is a huge jazz guy. He can play anything.

Kellogg: I'm classically trained first and then trained in jazz, so I've done **Bach** and **Vivaldi**, **Louis Armstrong**, funk, light jazz and Irish folk, which is really fun. I play in eight or so bands around town. In fact, I also play with **Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators**.

SLUG: Any line-up changes over the years?

Martak: We've been through a couple drummers, and we really wanted to find somebody that could play this music, and I knew **Dave [McCall]** through a punk band we used to be in. I've always wanted to have him in the band and I knew he could do it. He has jazz projects and was in **The Corleones**, but he was our first choice to be in the band.

SLUG: What are your plans for the future? Any touring or recording going on?

Martak: We're about to record a record here at the *Salt Lake Recording Service*. We've had offers to tour in southern California

and other places, and that's something I'd really like to do, but we know there is a finite amount of people that are able to live off of playing this kind of music. I think we have a chance to do that—we just need to stay committed to it.

SLUG:



Photo: KcsHillingphotography.com

How good would you say you've got to be to play in this band?

Martak: We are a pretty tight group. Our solos are never played the same way twice.

Long: We've gotten pretty good at reading

each other. If our drummer, **Dave**, wants to take us somewhere, we can follow, and without missing a step, we'll all be in place.

Kellogg: You know, at this point we don't have time to bring along any beginning players. It's nice to play with musicians who show up every time to do their part.

SLUG: This being our beer issue, what's everyone's favorite beer?

Long: Evolution!

Martak: I will absolutely endorse Wyld.

Jones: That's just because it's what you're drinking tonight.

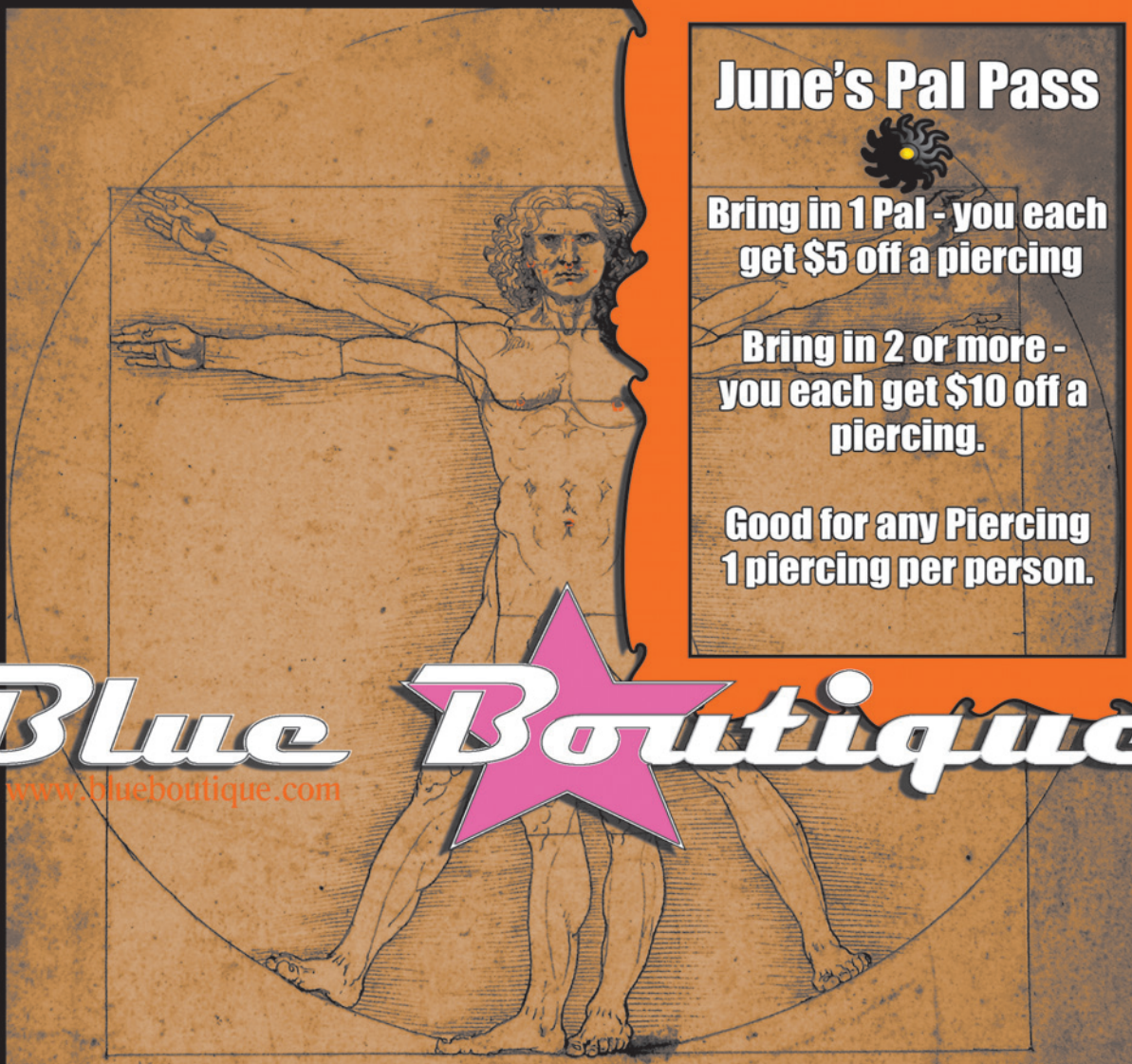
Martak: I also brew my own so, Jimmy beer is good.

With big plans in the future, this band is going to be making noise for a while. Whether it's throwback, retro, vintage or whatever else, The Radio Rhythm Makers bring it to life and make it dance.

All three bands will be playing *Urban Lounge* June 19, so be ready to jump to the blues and get down and dirty with your soul.

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Beer Talk with Germany's

TANKARD

by Bryer Wharton bryer@slugmag.com

Drinking and listening to metal are two things that go hand in hand. Going to shows and chugging down brews or just hanging out with your friends, listening to the heaviness and/or silliness while downing cold one after cold one is a big part of living the metal lifestyle.

Tankard formed in Germany as teenagers in 1982. They combined their love of beer with their music—hell, the name Tankard is a word for a type of beer stein. In an interview with Tankard's drummer **Olaf Zissel**, I found out some interesting tidbits about the band and the great tradition of German beer. Grab a cold one, any of Tankard's 13 studio albums of punk rock influenced thrash metal and enjoy.

SLUG: What is the beer of choice for Tankard? Do you guys have a specific brand or type that is sort of the pseudo-official beer of the band?

Olaf: There is no official Tankard beer, but we always try to get the local stuff wherever we are. That's what we call ecobeer. In Germany we have breweries at every corner so nobody has to buy beer that traveled more than 15 miles and that's a very environmentally friendly way of drinking beer.

SLUG: Alcohol and mainly beer was a theme the band used early on and continued to use throughout your career. Is there a specific reason behind this or do you guys just really like to drink?

Olaf: It's legal to buy it at the age of 16 in Germany. People's first experience with alcohol usually starts with beer. In the band's early days at the age of 14/15 it was a bigger deal to get some (not a serious problem) but nowadays it's only 'cause we like it.

SLUG: What is the biggest difference between American beer and German beer?

Olaf: The biggest difference between German and American beer is the fact that in Germany we have a special law for the ingredients of beer from the year 1516 and that means a very long tradition. American stuff is full of chemical flavors and preservatives and that is the reason why it is not competitive to German beer. The process of brewing without chemicals takes about five to seven weeks. The industrial brewing time is between two and four weeks so there must be a

difference in the quality.

SLUG: In Utah, grocery store beer and the beer you'd buy in a club has an alcohol content of 3.2 percent. If you visited, how many beers do you actually think you'd have to drink to feel a buzz?

Olaf: I don't think that I'd like to try this kind of beer 'cause if they mix it with water to get a lower percentage it must taste bad. If they cut the fermentation process before it is finished it must taste bad and if they use dialysis to separate the alcohol it also is not good. So if I want to have itchy fingers, I need approximately 20 bottles of a bad tasting beer and that does not sound so good to me.

SLUG: Tankard have been purveyors of thrash just as long if not longer than some of the mainstays like **Kreator, Sodom** and **Destruction**. What do you think sets Tankard's music apart from other German thrash metal bands or any thrash metal band for that matter?

Olaf: We always did it with a blinking eye if you read some of our lyrics. As for the music I think that our song structures are easier and closer to punk rock and we don't take ourselves too seriously.

SLUG: Tankard doesn't just sing about beer—you have war, zombies and metal, of course. What is the biggest influence when it comes to writing Tankard's lyrics?

Olaf: There are nearly no limits to our lyrics and the funny songs about all the beer stuff belongs to us. Sometimes it's enough to see news on the TV or get some ideas from a radio report or things that happen in our local area. We talk about everything and so I think our lyrics reflect pretty much who we are.

SLUG: Is there a certain beer you suggest for summertime?

Olaf: My very favorite is the so-called "Weizenbier" or "Weissbier," which is perfect for summertime. I don't know if you can get it outside of Europe. Erdinger or Schoergerhofer are exported. If you ever have the chance to get it, don't hesitate to drink it!!



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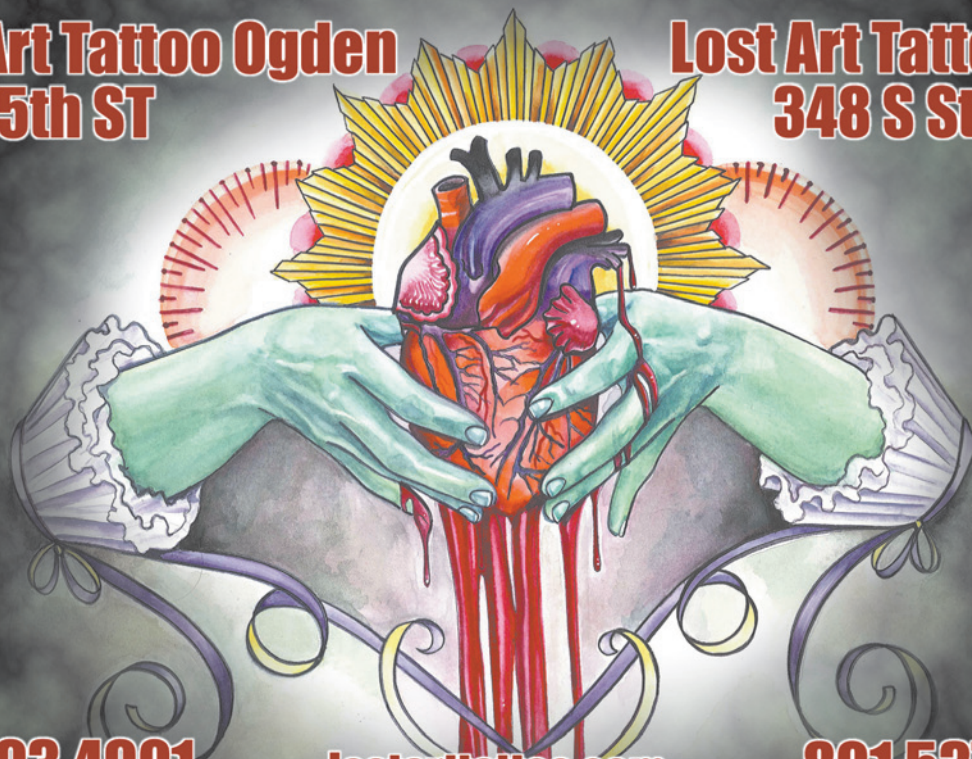
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Drink and Be (Relatively) Merry – Booze Consumption in Dry Hump City

By Kegans DuBois—Our Man in Provo.
info@slugmag.com

To be clarion clear: Scope mouthwash is intended only to kill off the germs left in your speak-pit by refugee hamburger chunks, feces particles, and stray pubes. These things cause bad breath and plaque formation, which complicate things like job interviews and getting laid. The hardworking men and women at Proctor & Gamble saw fit to load up Scope with an astonishing 18.9 % alcohol content—thrice the potency of the average beer. No one at Proctor & Gamble is advocating the recreational use of Scope in any way, shape or form. In fact, it's very likely that swallowing Scope will render your stomach a post-apocalyptic wasteland of Thunderdome proportions. Ask any doctor. He'll tell you that shitting enough black blood to bury Pompeii is not a standard hangover symptom.

Having said that, sometimes necessity is the mother of chugging medicinal mouthwash until you puke electric blue bile. For example: let's say **Mr. Phileas Fogg** of London has wagered you 20,000 pounds sterling that he can get mailbox-fucking blitzed in a more concise time than you, good sir. Or maybe you currently reside in Provo, UT with the holy sabbath upon ye, and there's no one who can drive you to Springville for hooch.

This is how we find otherwise intelligent people mixing Scope margaritas in their living room. People like **Dane Newman**, a philosophy T.A. who reads two books for every episode of *Tim and Eric* that you watch. Let's face it—most high school kids in the country know where and how to get beer. Some of us are late bloomers. Newman, newly covetous of the bottle's contents, found himself in an unfortunately common predicament: he wanted alcohol, but didn't know how to go about getting it. It sounds ridiculous, but booze is undetectable to most BYU Cougars, just like Columbus' ships were, virtually invisible to the Natives who couldn't even imagine a canoe that size. Provo kids know where to find *LaVelle Edwards Stadium*, Smith's, a gas station, a movie theater and their fiancé's apartment. They couldn't find beer with a GPS and a pack of bloodhounds trained to sniff out hops and barley.

So it is to people like Dane Newman, suffering from hardcore mouthwash-related ulcers at the tender age of 24, that your reporter dedicates this brief rundown of watering holes and beer repositories in Happy Valley. Because, although **Ben Franklin** says that beer is living proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy, Provo is ample evidence that **Elohim** harbors unbendable disdain for at least a modest number of his spiritual poopings. Without alcohol, the excruciating sexual tension that accompanies an early to mid-twenties stint in "Dry Hump City"

makes a body pine for a high power rifle and the nearest clock tower. In fits of unbridled sobriety, the Wasatch mountains, once picturesque, start closing in like the walls of a German Expressionist nightmare. It is to you that we at *SLUG* say put down the mouthwash, surrender your car keys, and drink up.

A Beuford Gifford's Libation Emporium (190 W. Center Street, Provo)

Pros: ABG's is probably your best bet if social drinking is your game. It also functions as a sort of no-man's land between the various bar cultures, with psychobillies, hipster douchebags, aging winos and the occasional schweet bro co-existing in relative Pax Inebriata. With its friendly staff and laid-back

atmosphere, ABG's is a fantastic place to drink cheap beer and listen to **Tom Waits** until your eyes are bleary and your legs are Jell-O.

Cons: Watch out for buzzardly older women, who recognize that they are too old to be shaking rumps at *Atchafalaya's*, but believe themselves too dignified to join the dregs at *City Limits*. You'll be prohibited from using plastic unless you can commit to a tab of at least twenty dollars (get petty cash at 7-Eleven, cheapskates) Also, more than any other bar on Center street, ABG's is a Mecca for cops seeking an easy satisfaction of their monthly quota.

Atchafalaya Nightclub (210 W. Center Street, Provo)

Pros: If you prefer a more perennial celebration of Mardi Gras and your hobby is receiving handjobs from fat girls in Kangol hats, *Atchafalaya* is the place for you. They also have a weekly karaoke night, which may or may not be entertaining, depending on your tolerance for ironic despair. Their signature cocktail is the

"Louisiana Fuck-Up," which actually gets the job done. After two of these, you might just gather the courage to go bump and grind on the horse-faced girl with the deluded **Sarah Jessica Parker** complex.

Cons: If you have two brain cells to rub together and make a fire, you will despise this place. It is the loud, obnoxious hell you always expected was your post-mortem destiny, except without **Rasputin** and **Ed Gein** there to keep it interesting. Dirty South megahits blare from a host of dirty speakers, making conversation impossible. Not that you'd want to converse with any of the bar's patrons. In fact, *Atchafalaya's* only real purpose is perhaps to confirm your deep-rooted suspicion that humanity is, in fact, too sick and stupid to survive very much longer. Stumble home and prepare for the imminent apocalypse.



An eerily empty bar in Provo, Utah.

City Limits (440 W. Center Street, Provo)

Pros: You may be noticing a trend here: the further west you go in Provo, the more off-putting it gets. In this case, City Limits might actually be the best entertainment for miles—if your idea of a feel good movie is *House of 1,000 Corpses*. Throw out all of your alt-country illusions before arriving here: the patrons at City Limits are cowboys closer in spirit to *Blood Meridian* than *Band of Annuals*.

Cons: This is a beer bar. Don't ask for a White Russian or an Appletini, because depending on the staff you'll either receive a blank stare, or get a board with a rusty nail waved at your crotch. *City Limits* is also, according to the most recent *Rand McNally World Atlas*, "The Saddest Goddamn Place on the Entire Planet." With its typical milieu, it's easy to see why: truck-stop hookers, broken down shitkickers with complexions like corrugated cardboard and "**Rockin' Mike**" (who set new lows for karaoke with a rendition of "Girls, Girls, Girls" and then followed me to the bathroom, where he stared unflinchingly at me while I pissed) call this place home.

The Deerhunter Pub (2000 N. 300 W., Spanish Fork)

Pros: Although technically not in Provo, your reporter feels the need to highlight this bar. Like *ABG's*, it is a comfortable, liminal space for all kinds. It is spacious, clean, has a fantastic hunting lodge atmosphere, and offers one dollar PBRs Monday through Thursday. Moreover, *The Deerhunter*, unlike any other bar I've been to, features a bookshelf! Not everything on it is stellar, but if you're feeling pensive, you might sit down on one of the comfortable couches with some **Mark Twain**, or a volume of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Basically what your reporter is trying to say is that *The Deerhunter* might be more aptly named Shangri-Fucking-La. The last time I was there, they were showing *Let The Right One In* on the plasma screen TV. *The Deerhunter* is not a bar you want to frequent—it is a bar you want to live in.

Cons: It is almost impossible for first-timers to find. Find a Virgil to your Dante, and see if you can convince him to take it easy on the sauce—even if you live in Spanish Fork, *The Deerhunter* is remote enough to make driving home a potential debacle.

Smith's in Provo (on a Sunday)

This should be utilized only if you're desperate for a brew and it happens to be Sunday. If you have the funds, just go to a bar. If you have a car, just drive to Springville. If you're absolutely bereft of options and need a beer to get through church, then God be with you on your journey to "acquire" beer from the Smith's. Be wary of secret shoppers, and try to go only when business is relatively dense. The beer aisle is within sight of the self-checkout warden, so don't try anything too fancy—a tall boy or two, at maximum.

Third South 7-Eleven (for BYU students)

If you are fortunate enough to attend The Lord's University, then the other 7-Eleven in town is probably closer to your home. The other 7-Eleven is crawling with Cougars, who treat the chagrined staff like **Arnold** on *Happy Days* and leave a patina of Slurpee syrup on everyone and everything. You will more than likely get caught red-handed buying Red Stripe by the guy you sit next to in Old Testament Class and be turned in to the Honor Gestapo. Do yourself a favor and head over to the 7-Eleven on third south and Freedom, but be careful: while North Provo looks like a giant J. Crew catalogue come to life, South Provo is crawling with meth heads and hobos. Get your beer and don't make eye contact with anyone.


A Certain Prominent Convenience Store on a Certain Main Drag (In case you're not going to make it before 1 AM)

This method is not recommended for everyone. If you know you're not going to make it to the store in time to get beer, your only hope is to make friends with a certain cashier at a certain convenient store, not to be named here. Once you've established a bond with—let's call him "Sanjay"—call him before you go, and ask him to put your beer behind the counter. Good luck trying to establish that bond, though. Life in "Dry Hump City" has made "Sanjay" believe that most people in town aren't worth the Slurpees they spill on his floor.

It's not perfect, to be sure. If you can transfer to **U of U**, find a different job up in Salt Lake, or even just make your own personal exodus from the Beehive State, then do. The cost of a U-Haul renter will be repaid to you ten-fold in years of stress-free beer swilling. If you are among the hundreds of social curiosities who cannot seem to escape Provo's cultural zeitgeist, looming like a flock of vultures who despise fun, then hopefully you might find a modicum of respite in any one of these places. The alcohol may not flow as freely as you'd like, but we make do with what we've got. If nothing else, your puke might taste a little less minty. *Slainte Mhath*.

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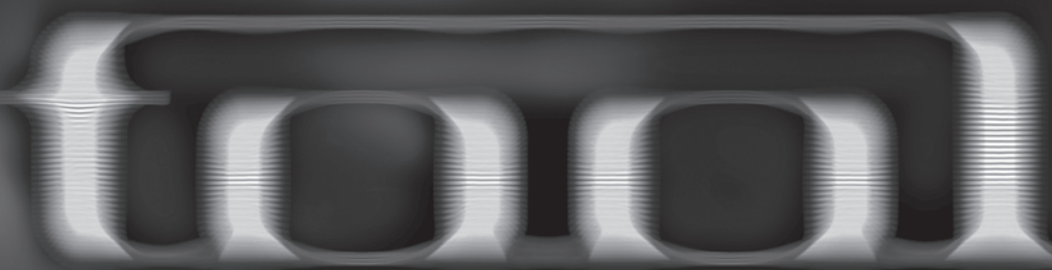
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SLUG SUPER SAVER

Cheap Beer Drinkers

By Jeanette Moses
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Illustrations: Ricky Vigil &
Jon Baldi

89¢

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Not all beer is created equal. There are delicious craft brews that are sipped on slowly, paired with food and savored for their complex tastes. Then there is cheap beer—the shit that gets guzzled, pounded, beer bonged or shot-gunned. The flavor doesn't matter, and neither does the temperature. What does matter is that it will get you drunk. To celebrate cheap beer drinkers everywhere, *SLUG Magazine* has profiled five of our fave cheap beers and the folks that drink them.



Pabst Blue Ribbon: Anna Crash of Deathless Pros

SLUG: Why do you like PBR more than other cheap beers?

Crash: Cause it's prettier and it doesn't taste like shit.

SLUG: When is the best time to drink Pabst?

Crash: When isn't the best time to drink Pabst?

SLUG: When is the worst time to drink Pabst?

Crash: When you are bloody, lying in the gutter.

SLUG: Do you know anyone who rocks a PBR tattoo?

Crash: Fuck yeah, AND they are neck tattoos—you know who you are, ladies.

SLUG: What's the stupidest thing you've ever done while drinking PBR?

Crash: That list is intimidating.

SLUG: What are some of your best memories of drinking PBR?

Crash: Ironically enough, the ones that I don't remember.

Natty Light: Reid Rouse of God's Revolver and his cohorts

SLUG: How would you describe the taste of Natty Light?

Rouse: Faintly aluminomy, can-like. Cans (and air) have more flavor than this beer. The beer exhibits an aroma of nothing whatsoever with notes of dirty clouds and holds a head for about half of a second. It's like one lemon drop and a cup of viper urine dissolved in a cubic yard of flat Big-K soda water.

SLUG: What is your favorite way to drink a Natty Light?

Rouse: It is a natt-cessity to shotgun the hell out of Natty's. This helps combat pissing the near-buzz away—as soon as you put one in you, another entire can falls out of your dick. It doesn't ever get you drunk enough to talk proper shit on it.

SLUG: What do you think about the Natty Light culture?

Rouse: It's hard to want to pay any attention to this stuff. You feel like you're encouraging it somehow, like looking at Juggalos on the train. The brand stands out in shit-beerlandia by constantly making itself look like a huge fratty douchebag and tasting like an actual douche.

SLUG: Would you recommend Natty to a friend?

Rouse: Never buy this. Buy water and throw up in it.



Olympia: Rob Packard, chef at *Tin Angel Café*

SLUG: When did you start drinking Olympia?

Packard: When I woke up this morning.

SLUG: Have you ever drank Olympia to get rid of a hangover?

Packard: I've woken up in the band room, and there was a half an Olympia, and I drank it. But I don't think it was to get rid of a hangover. I drink too much to get hangovers.

SLUG: What is the determining factor of what cheap beer you choose to drink?

Packard: Location is key. When you're out east, you drink Yuengling, which is America's oldest brewery. When you're in Canada, you drink Kokanee. In Seattle, you drink Rainier. If you're anywhere that has Pabst, you drink Pabst. Sometimes at the Albertsons near my house, the Pabst is warm, so you get the Olympia because it's cold. A lot of times when my friend Tony's dad goes to New Mexico, he brings Schlitz. Schlitz isn't bad. It's alright. What's funny is that Olympia is kind of like a last resort. Fuck, I'll drink anything.

SLUG: Would you like to give any advice to the cheap beer drinkers of the world?

Packard: Always drink cheap beer. If you think Budweiser is cheap, then you're a construction worker (I omitted the bit about being Mexican, okay?).



Keystone: Shaun "Elf" Waters, BMX team rider for 5050

SLUG: Why do you drink Keystone?

Elf: It's cheap, plain and simple.

SLUG: When did you start drinking Keystone?

Elf: As soon as I was old enough to have my own money and someone could buy it for me.

SLUG: Can you taste the difference between Keystone and Keystone Light?

Elf: Not really. I guess you could if you tried hard enough, but I don't, really. I buy whatever is cheapest.

SLUG: When is the best time to drink Keystone?

Elf: When I'm at home in the Keystone state, Pennsylvania.

SLUG: Know anyone with a Keystone tattoo?

Elf: In Pennsylvania, I do know people with Keystone tattoos. Probably four or five. It's the same shit, not because they think the beer is the best, but just because it is what it is.

SLUG: How does Keystone pair with hot wings?

Elf: That's the dinner of champions back in Pennsylvania.

Busch: Meg Charlier, dancer for *Vile Blue Shades*

SLUG: Do you prefer to drink Busch or Busch Light?

Charlier: I guess I prefer the full flavor over Busch Light, and either over the non-alcoholic Busch.

SLUG: How many bad lesbian jokes have you heard since you've been drinking Busch?

Charlier: None. I've been telling quite a few myself, but everyone else just wonders why I am drinking it in the first place.

SLUG: What is the best time to drink Busch?

Charlier: When you're alone, because you don't want anyone to know.

SLUG: How would you describe the taste of Busch beer?

Charlier: Highly bitter and sort of soapy, with a rounding aftertaste that doesn't go away.

SLUG: How does it pair with pizza?

Charlier: I don't know, but it pairs with Cheeto puffs really well, actually.

SLUG: Would you take it over sex?

Charlier: I would take anything over another Busch beer.



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MY AFTERNOON AT GENERAL DISTRIBUTING

by Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

The beer issue makes for some easy and pleasurable assignments for most of the *SLUG* staffers, but it's kind of weird for me. As my conservative Mormon family pointed out, beer seems to sneak its way into most of my articles. There might be an intervention courtesy of my siblings after this one. I love my family, but I never asked them or anyone else to read my writings.

Some other things I love are beer and boobs. *SLUG* knows this, so they gave me a mammary shaped beer bong to review called the Boob Tube. I wanted to put a creative twist on the review, something a little more than a picture of a bunch of befuddled renobs trying to suck a thirty pack through a plastic tit. That just didn't seem like serious journalism, even by my standards.

So **Chris Swainston** and I decided to head out to the local General Distributing plant, Boob Tube in hand, to tour the facility and see if we could get any employees to bong a beer with us. We decided to wear wigs during the tour because wigs are funny.

General Distributing is the local distribution hub for fabulous brands of beer like Natural Light, Busch, Busch Light, Amstel Light, Natty Ice, Heineken, Amber Bock, all Uinta Brewing brands, and, most notably, Budweiser and Bud Light. Oh, and Bud Light Lime, which now comes in a can.

The General Distributing facility is hidden by the airport. My friend **Beverly** works there in the marketing department and hooked up the tour with her boss **Jeff**. Chris and I showed up late with our wigs and hangovers. Turns out Jeff was more hung over than us!

This led me to my first question: What's the hangover policy for employees that work for a beer company? The policy is pretty simple. Jeff explained that if you can't show up to work after drinking thirteen hours straight the day before (like he did), then you are a pussy. You won't get written up for smelling like a brewery, as long as you can do your job.

Jeff asked me what I wanted to see. I said I wanted to see more beer in one spot than I've ever seen in my entire life. Before I knew it, we were in some sort of 100,000 square foot temperature-controlled beer oasis in our perceivably dry city of salt. Stepping into this room made me realize how the kids in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* must have felt when they stepped into Willy Wonka's wonderland.

The pallets of pilsners were stacked 30 to 40 feet high, sprouting out of the concrete and creating a maze of sorts. I would have easily gotten lost and been run over by a forklift without Jeff's keen navigation skills. It really was more beer than I had ever seen in one place at one time. Jeff let me know how funny he thought it was when he hears other people say that no one drinks in Utah. All this beer was only going to last Salt Lake City alone about a month.

Maybe we really are drinking more beer than other places to make up for the lower



Mike Brown gets rid of his hangover at the General Distributing facility in SLC.

when we went into this room. Black and shiny, it was one of the cleanest bars I've ever seen, and I only say that because I work at one of the grimmest bars I've ever seen. My hangover was fading and my liver started craving.

Jeff then took us in his office where, aside from a bunch of awesome Jazz memorabilia, he had **Adolphus Busch's** pocketknife. If you don't know who Adolphus Busch is, he's the guy that invented Budweiser in 1876. Jeff even knew who was going to win the Bud Bowl this year, but he was unable to tell us what happened to Spuds Mackenzie. I also asked him who his favorite employee at General Distributing is, and not surprisingly, it's Beverly.

Jeff and Beverly also wanted to make it known how appreciative they are of all the beer drinkers in the greater Salt Lake area and beyond. Without us, they wouldn't have jobs. To show their appreciation, Jeff kindly gave Chris and me three cases to take home with us and put through the Boob Tube. He even loaded it in my truck for me! He must know how much I hate lifting things.

As for reviewing the Boob Tube? It's not a very functional beer bong, and milk looks a lot funnier than beer in that thing.

percentage. Overall, General Distributing moves through around 4,600,000 cases of beer a year. That doesn't include the keg room, which was smaller but colder, and housed all the beer for the bars. The keg room also held the coveted military beer! In case you didn't know, you can get real Budweisers at Hill Air Force Base. If you're not afraid to join the air force and get shot at, at least you can still enjoy a real Bud.

So how does all that beer get here? Well I'll tell you. It gets made in Fort Collins, Colo. If you're ever out there, you can tour their facility too. Then it's driven out here by a pack of magical, flying Clydesdale horses to General Distributing. They put it in that magical room that I was talking about, and each beer pillar contains a sign with the date on which the beer was conceived by the Fort Collins beer fairies. I tried to find my birthday, but couldn't. I guess the beer fairies don't work on Saturdays.

Next the beer gets loaded onto one of the 31 semi trucks that are parked in a room adjacent to the magical beer kingdom. They go to our supermarkets and convenience stores and then to our bellies.

I asked Jeff if anyone has ever stolen a beer truck. It happened once, but they caught the guy, and the beer run of epic proportions was halted.

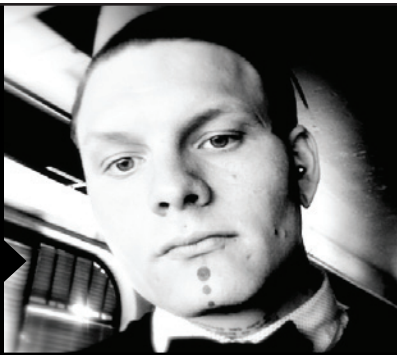
Next we went to the graphics department to get some Bud Man stickers. They are now happily placed on the Boob Tube. Then we went through one of their large conference rooms where they sometimes have employee meetings. If you think that it's ok for them to have beer and pizza at such meetings, well, you're absolutely right. Another reason I should work for a beer company.

What beer distribution plant would be complete without its own bar? I felt like I was on *MTV Cribs*

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God Bulit, MC Untytle
10. Marc Glauser's B-DAY Bash! w/
Blues Dart, The High Council,
Herban Empire
11. The Juan Mclean (DFA),
The Field (Kompakt + From Sweden),
Lazerfang
12. The Helio Sequence, Yarn Owl,
Birthquake
13. Starmy, Tolchock Trio, Townie

14. Jimmy Herring of Widespread
Panic, Jazz is Dead, Phil Lesh &
Friends, The Dead
15. Carbon Leaf, Alternate Roots
16. Location Location, Discourse,
La Farsa
17. TBA
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22. Awesome New Republic
23. A.A. Bondy, Bluebird Radio
24. Bill Callahan of Smog, Bachelorette
25. White Rabbits, The Subjects, FURS
26. Laura Gibson, Musee Mechanique,
Kelly Moyle
27. Brazilian Night!! w/ Samba Gringa
28. Uzi & Ari
29. Castanets, Aye Aye,
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4. Ted Dancin Independence Day Party
 8. Garratt Wilkin & The Parratt Heads
(A Jimmy Buffett Tribute)
 10. Band of Annuals
 11. Cage (Def-Jux)
 14. The Abyssinians, Etana
 20. The Builders & The Butchers
 28. Ha Ha Tonka
 29. Vetter
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Froot Beer

By Princess Kennedy

Theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

I've never lived in a place that holds beer in such a high regard as the 801. Even my own family was the bootleggin', hooch makin' kind—it's in my blood and I love to cook, so I decided to try my hand at it. I already flit around my kitchen talking to imaginary cameras, commenting on the spices and fresh ingredients I'm using as I bake. I figured this would be a great installment of the *Rachel Gay Show* and at the same time, I'd find my roots.

The ferocious people at *the Beer Nut* were all too eager to help me every step of the way through my first batch of homebrew. They hooked me up with a starter kit containing everything I needed to get going: Two five-gallon wall plaster buckets, sanitizer, a thermometer thing, some tubes, a clamp gadget, things, stuff, some other things and more stuff ... needless to say I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the equipment, the number of steps involved and quantity of ingredients. The starter kit sat in the corner of my kitchen for two months. \$85 stared ominously at me as I sat all alone on my cold, dark, pretend set.

Luckily, my phone rang. It was the lovely people of *the Beer Nut* inviting me to their last Sunday of the month beer-making class. At \$15, it's totally worth it, especially for my extreme right brain. I do much better when I can watch someone do something while I take notes. The instructor was so hot—I couldn't concentrate and kept fantasizing where his alleged hops tattoo might be. I nicknamed him Sir Loves Hops A Lot. My mind was ripped from Sir Hops' nether-regions when I heard, quite possibly, the gayest thing come from his sweet mouth. SLHAL told us to, "Start with 6 1/2 gallons of pure artesian water from the well on 8th south." The class had just gotten interesting. The best part was finding out that I could infuse just about anything into my beer batch. Being one quarter **Stevie Nicks**, my imagination exploded with possibilities. As I walked home, I went over my combination options in my head. I arrived at my door to find my friends Stephy and Jo-Jo Bean on my front

porch with their friend Silly Si-Ben. I immediately put my new brewing skills to work, and made us a pom/ginger tea dusted with magic. It was on that trip that I came up with the gayest libation a queen could fall on. Dammen und Herren, I give you *VonBlonden Brew*: a light pilsner, infused with lavender, hyacinth and lemon peel—2/3rds of which come from my springtime garden.

The next day, I set out to find my seven-gallon stock-pot (\$50) from the restaurant supply store. Next it was back to the *Beer Nut* to get ingredients, which were patiently picked out by my new "boyfriend" (\$40). I was home in no time with m'gay water, cameras rolling and blaring "Bella Donna" on my record player for good juju. Six hours later, presto-homo, beer! At press-time it was still fermenting. I'll bottle it next week. If you're picking this up on the issue-date, then you no doubt know of *SLUG*'s giant pride party in my back yard tomorrow. I'll be cracking open a couple bottles of VBB for a tasting. Cross your fingers.

I thoroughly enjoyed my beer-making experience. At this point hell, I've got all the materials to make it and at under 50 bucks a pop for five gallons, I'm hooked. I've decided to continue with my hobby over the next year and hope to stockpile my concoctions of basil/cucumber lagers, crabapple/blueberry red ales and cherry/chocolate stouts so that in a year from this month, I can get all you fabulous people drunk on booze I made in honor of Auntie Kennedy's 40th Birthday!

Become my friend on Facebook (Principessa Kennedy) or MySpace (Princess Kennedy) and you will be invited to my birthday party. On the afternoon of Friday, June 19, I'll post the address of the beer bar that will, unknowingly, host my happy hour "Guerilla Beer Bar" birthday party. It's a surprise party for them! Militant drag requested, but not required. Be there, bitches!



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XXX BOOTLEGGING PROPERLY XXX

by Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

It is damn near impossible to get decent booze in this state. Anyone who has seen the shit storm that this state calls a liquor store knows that we need change. However, Utah is run by modern-day prohibitionists, so it's likely that reform is still years away. To deal with this, I've been forced into committing the "BPF" run (beer, porn and fireworks). As a veteran of the craft, I felt the need to share the proper techniques in committing this misdemeanor of mayhem that takes place between here and Evanston. The keg run of today is not the same shit seen in *SLC Punk*. Cops exist these days, and will bust you faster than you can say "keg stand."

Your Arsenal

A bootlegger is only as good as their arsenal. These are the items that will save your ass in the long run.

1. Blankets: I generally like to pack home as much booze as possible, and that means my haul is overflowing from the trunk, into the back seat and then into my lap. Never give cops a reason to search your car. Even if they see something that could be a keg, they have no right to search if it is covered up, so cover it up.
2. Cash: Never leave a paper trail when you're doing something that dances the lines of legality.
3. Keg Shell: An empty keg will save you 40 dollars on a deposit at the liquor store and it makes you look like a pro, eliminating any chance that the 80 pound chain smoker behind the counter will think this is your first go.
4. A Friend: It doesn't matter if it's the guy fronting you the cash or the broha just wanting a tap off the keg, you will need someone to help you load your getaway vehicle.

Choosing Your Ride

Maybe my brain works differently than others, but when I see a vehicle that has a trunk space of 36" X 48" X 28" I can imagine roughly three and a half kegs,



four cases of beer and a fat stack of nudies. I tend to go for trunk space over functionality. If that is not your cup of tea, I once knew a dude so bad-ass that he strapped a half-barrel on the back of his hog and rode his ass over the border while laughing. While that's not recommended, it will promote you to the rank of "beer god" and earn you a free pint if you ever see me. Pick a car that doesn't look suspicious in any way. Cops love to search for cars that are up to trouble, so avoid white Broncos, the General Lee and blood-spattered headlights—especially around the heavy drinking holidays like St. Patrick's, Independence Day and Pioneer Day.

Do Your Homework

Doing research before your run can make the difference between getting that keg of PBR or winding



up with Natty Light. You want to pick the liquor store that will give you the most cover for your op. Avoid liquor stores that are directly off the first exit—it is plainly obvious that you are there for one thing, and it makes you an easy target for cops to spot. As an additional precaution, try to choose a store that is in a crowded shopping district and/or close to a restaurant.

Do Some Drinkin'

Over the years I've noticed that the cops love to watch for the one car which drives across state lines and then immediately back. It's a clear sign that you are just popping over for some contraband. Do yourself a favor and relax and enjoy a non-Utah experience. Hell, you've made it across the border—might as well enjoy some of the local brew. *Sud's Brothers Brewery* is located at 1021 Main St. and they always have some killer brews on tap that are worth checking out—the Belgian Black is my favorite.


On the Road

Now that you have got yourself educated and packed, the last thing you want to do is fuck it up by driving recklessly. Leave the bong at home and your ass in your pants on the drive home. Keep the speed limit and keep your head low.

Never Forget

Nothing makes me laugh more than seeing that weekend party jock that picked up a keg of Bud only to forget a tap. What a fucking tool, right? Do some research on the type of keg you're picking up, too. European kegs differ from U.S. kegs and I've seen more than one person get screwed over by the cashier who has no idea what in the hell they were doing and hooked them up with the wrong tap. If this happens to you, the fine folks over at *The Beer Nut* are more than willing to save your ass.

Be safe, be calm and never under any circumstances forget a tap.



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HOMEBREW

RECIPES FROM OF FIVE OF SALT LAKE'S FINEST

Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

The majority of brewers in today's craft industry got their start in their own kitchen with water, hops, barley and yeast. Although brewing has now become their career—pulling long hours at the brewery making beer for public consumption—a decent amount of SLC's local brewers still brew at home on a weekly basis.

Many times, these brewers are perfecting trial recipes in their own kitchens that will one day make their way into the brewroom. *SLUG* asked five of these brewers if they would share a favorite recipe with us. If you are up for the task of brewing these recipes, all of these ingredients are available at *The Beer Nut*.

Brewer:

Ray Madsen

(Assistant Brewer)

Brewery: *Wasatch Brewpub*

Beer: Belgian Black Ale

9.3 lbs Light Malt Extract
1.0 lbs Special B Malt
0.5 lbs Aromatic Malt
0.5 lbs Cara-Pils
2.0 oz British Chocolate Malt
1.0 oz Black Patent
1.0 oz Carafa
1.5 oz Willamette Hops
(Added for 60 min of boil)
0.5 oz East Kent Golding Hops
(Added for 30 min of boil)
0.5 oz East Kent Golding Hops
(Added for 10 min of boil)

White Labs Belgian Ale Yeast

OG: 1.078
SRM: 21.6
IBU: 33

Brewer:

Donovan Steele

(Head Brewer)

Brewery: *Hoppers*

Beer: The Bends

5.5 lbs Extra Light DME
1.5 lbs Munich Malt
0.5 lbs Aromatic Malt
0.5 lbs Cara-Wheat
.375 lbs 120°L Crystal Malt
1.0 oz Black Patent
0.5 lbs Belgian Candi Sugar
0.5 oz East Kent Golding Hops
(Added for 60 min of Boil)
0.5 oz East Kent Golding Hops
(Added for 45 min of Boil)
0.5 oz Styrian Golding Hops
(Added for 20 min of Boil)

Any Belgian or French Ale

Yeast
OG: 1.056
SRM: 15.8
IBU: 22

Brewer:

Jeff VanHorn

(Head Brewer)

Brewery: *Moab Brewery*

Beer: Black Double IPA

7 lbs Light Dry Malt Extract
2 lbs Red Wheat
1 lbs Munich Malt
12 oz Chocolate Malt
4 oz Black Patent
1.75 oz CTZ Hops
(Added for 90 min of Boil)
1 oz Cascade Hops
(Added for 30 min of Boil)
1 oz Chinook Hops
(Added for 0 min of Boil)
2.6 oz Chinook Hops
(Added in Secondary Fermenter)

Wyeast 1056 American Ale Yeast

OG: 1.081
SRM: 28
IBU: 111

Brewer:
Jenny Talley
(Head Brewer)

Brewery: *Squatters*

Beer: Summer Weiss
2.5 lbs Dry Wheat Malt
3.25 lbs Extra Light Dry Malt
0.4 lbs Cara-Wheat Malt
0.4 lbs Munich Malt
0.2 lbs Acid Malt
1.0 oz Mt. Hood
(Added for 60 min of Boil)

Wyeast 3068 Weihenstephan
Wheat Yeast
OG: 1.048
SRM: 10
IBU: 16

Brewer:

Kevin Templin
(Head Brewer)

Brewery: *RedRock*

Beer: Classic American Pale Ale
5 lbs Dry Extra Light Malt Extract
1 lbs 40°L Crystal Malt
0.6 lbs Munich Malt
0.5 lbs Cara-Pils Malt
1.0 oz Columbus Hops
(Added for 60 min of Boil)
1.0 oz Amarillo Hops
(Added for 15 min of Boil)
1.0 oz Amarillo Hops
(Added for 0 min of Boil)

Wyeast 1056 American Ale Yeast
OG: 1.054
SRM: 11
IBU: 71

For help converting these malt
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The Advantage of Being the Little Guy: An Interview with CHRIS HAAS

by Rio Connelly
globalricon@gmail.com

If you enter the *Desert Edge Brewery* at *The Pub* in Trolley Square from 500 East, you'll see through a pair of double doors the untidy and cramped array of fermenters and tuns which is the playground of Head Brewer, **Chris Haas**. This small space is constantly churning out local favorites like the Latter Day Stout and the UPA (Utah Pale Ale). However, in three months, it'll be gone.

This summer, Haas will be coordinating the move into an entirely new brewing facility less than 100 feet away and a floor up from the current location. It sounds like a headache of stupefying proportions. The process will actually require the brewery to cut a hole in their own wall in order to move some of the bigger tanks. Fans of the Red Butte Bitter, Road Rage Rye, and other upcoming seasonals need not worry though—the brewery, but not the pub, will shut down in mid-June, but should be ready to go in the new digs by mid-August. "We're probably getting one new fermenter," Haas says, but the space will be able to fit more.

While there's a lot of potential for expansion, it's good to start small. Like many head brewers, Haas got his start in homebrew. "I picked up brewing purely as something to take up my time," Haas says. "It went very quickly from hobby to obsession: I mean, I was just engrossed in it." Not being tied down to much of anything, it was Haas' work ethic that led to the transition from addicting hobby to possible profession. "I called somewhere between 50 and 100 brewers across the nation and said, 'Do you like being a brewer? What do you hate about it? What do you like about it?'"

In 1996, after deciding that he wanted to brew, Haas says, "I put everything I owned in a truck and drove cross-country looking for a job," which by chance landed him here in Salt Lake City. When he stopped in for a pint at *Squatters*, he talked with some of the staff and found out the brewery was hiring. Haas was working the next day and living out of his car until he could find a place. He was an assistant brewer at *Squatters* for three years before being interviewed and then tapped in 1999 to head the brewery and has been at *Desert Edge* ever since.



Photo: Chris Swainston

Head Brewer of Desert Edge Brewery, Chris Haas.

your lids peeled for the new stuff from *Desert Edge*, possibly as soon as next fall.

"I love being a pub brewer," Haas says. The business aspect of larger-scale operations forces brewers to produce in volume, working for consistency through repetition of the same beers. Working on smaller batches and constantly changing his menu allows Haas to be creative, "[As a production brewer,] I would lose my focus. It keeps my excitement going, there's always a new beer—at least once a year I'll do a beer I've never done before." For 2008, that beer was The Radius, a golden ale in which every ingredient was from within a 150 miles of Salt Lake. "The grain was malted just over the border in Idaho, then I used local hops. My goal is to try and get local everything," says Haas. If the move to the new brewery goes well, drinkers can expect to see the return of this experiment in late August.

Drinkers in this state often lament that the laws keep most of our beer at four percent alcohol by volume (3.2% by weight), but surprisingly, Haas doesn't hate on it. "I wish we didn't have it," he says, "but that being said, I don't want to get rid of it 'cause once we get rid of it, people are just going to say, 'oh, I only want to drink high alcohol beer.'" He's right. Everyone's seen it—Utahns going after the liquor-store stuff like sharks in a bloody swimming pool. "If it did change, it would be a hassle. Everybody would be like, 'why isn't everything seven percent?' Most beers are good right around four, four and a half percent." Haas says, "I really like sessionable beers. I like to drink a lot of beer!"

For some, the transition isn't coming fast enough. Last summer a rule change by the UDABC went into effect, allowing breweries all over the state to bottle and sell high-point beer on their premises. The deregulation has encouraged the release of a salvo of new products from the brewers at *Wasatch* and *Squatters* and inquiring minds would like to know if Haas wants to get in on the action. "We wanted to do some short-run bottle beer," he says, "Four the first year, and then four the second year, one each quarter—just kind of play around a little, sell them 'til they're gone," he says while remaining tight-lipped about what these specials might be. "No spoilers, but they'll be some good beers." Keep

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SKATE TROUETTE

By Dave Amador
pete@panhandler.com
slugmag.com

Illustration: Snuggles

Drinking beer at the skate park is probably one of the worst ideas on the planet. It is also a total necessity, because beer and skating go together like milk and cookies. One thing I want say right off the bat is I don't condone anybody under the age of 21 to be drinking anywhere. If that's what you want to do though, so be it. Just remember beer is the gateway drug—the gateway to relief and good times, I might add. Here are a few tips for drinking brew at the parks around the state.

1. Ninth and Ninth park is the best park to drink at because it's in a neighborhood where people don't give a fuck and they know how to mind their own business.

2. Park City is great to drink at as well, because it's legal as long as you're of age and outside of the gates of the designated skate area. Who wants spilt beer in the deep end anyways?

3. If you're going to crack a brew at either Heber or Oakley parks, please protect your neck. Those redneck Mormon motherfuckers will throw you in the clink and toss the keys. Inbred Mormons are the worst Mormons, period.

4. Drinking at Fairmont is a toss up on the safety side. Be on the look out for pigs on bikes. Best bet is to put your beverage in a plastic cup or one of those cool Anti-Hero fake stick-on labels.

5. Drinking at Guthrie or Sandy parks is pointless because they both suck for skating anyway.

6. St. George park is great for getting your buzz and skate on. People down south are just plain dumb and will never catch on to your gig. If you get too wasted however, you'll probably fall victim to the slippery-ass surface of the park.

7. Never drink hard liquor while you're shredding. You don't sweat it out as fast as beer and you might poop your pants when you fall down like my friend Sean Hadley. Nobody will give you a ride home if you shit your drawers.

8. South Jordan is great to drink at if there is a contest or some shit going on. Otherwise, forget about it.

9. Beer koozies are mandatory for the summer months. They keep your brews cold and hidden.

10. Never bring beer in bottles to the park. They make a mess and can't be recycled.

11. Remember you must skate for 15 minutes for every beer you consume. This is the way to a long life and a good session.

12. If you're going to wear a helmet at the park, make sure it's a beer helmet son!



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EPICALLY AWESOME

WORDS AND PHOTOS: ADAM DOROBIALA

ADAM@SLUGMAG.COM

Whenever I go on skate trips, I try to keep low expectations, just so anything that happens is better than I ever expected it to be. On this trip in particular, I was having a hard time keeping such expectations. I had grandeur delusions of having the best time ever skating with all the legends of the skateboard scene while enjoying nice frosty bodega beers hidden in the trusty paper bag given out by the store owner. Well, this trip was that and a whole lot more—more than I could have ever imagined. I was having a

hard time keeping my mouth from being completely locked open in awe. Basically, **Spock** and myself traveled to the Bay Area to meet up with his friends who run, own and contribute to some of the major companies and forces behind the skateboard world to get goodies for all the little shralpers we teach five-to-six days a week at *Spock's Skate Camp* during the summer months. They say that photos are worth a thousand words, so hopefully you can decipher the millions of words these photographs hold within them.





Spack Photo



Let's Have A Drink!

Let's Have A Thousand Drinks!

Words and Photos By:
Guiseppe Ventrella
info@slugmag.com

With the Internet and everything associated with it, I guarantee that most of you out there have at least a few "friends" that you've never met. If you don't know what I'm talking about, congratulations! You are much cooler than me and the 70 million other losers on "Mybook" or whatever social networking website is cool this month. Anyway, the point of all this is it's easy to meet people as long as you don't have to actually interact with them face to face. About three years ago, I got a photograph in the mail from one of my "friends." This friend happened to be a semi-well-known photographer named **Jai Tanju**. On the back of this photograph was Jai's address and the words "*Print Exchange 2006*." I decided to send Jai a photo back, and within a few months, I was receiving photos from at least 15 different people I had never met. Keep in mind I was receiving these photos in physical form, not online. I was lucky enough to meet Jai in person a few times over the years, so when I had to decide where to go for spring break this year, I decided to go to Jai's hometown of San Jose, Calif. Basically, I wanted to go on a solo skate mission like I did back in the days when I lived in a

small town and was constantly driving to the city in search of spots. I had a few friends in San Jose I've skated with in the past, so I was planning on getting some shredding done.

When I arrived in San Jose, I was disappointed to learn that the wet weather had followed me all the way from Salt Lake. It was too wet to skate, so I ended up spending the night watching TV with some friends in their apartment. The next morning, the rain quit for a few minutes, but the clouds looked ready to destroy my skate dreams at any minute. I called Jai and we met up and took Frida, Jai's dog, for a walk through downtown SJ. We hit up a local coffee joint and spent about three hours walking around with Frida. After coffee we went back to Jai's house for a minute.

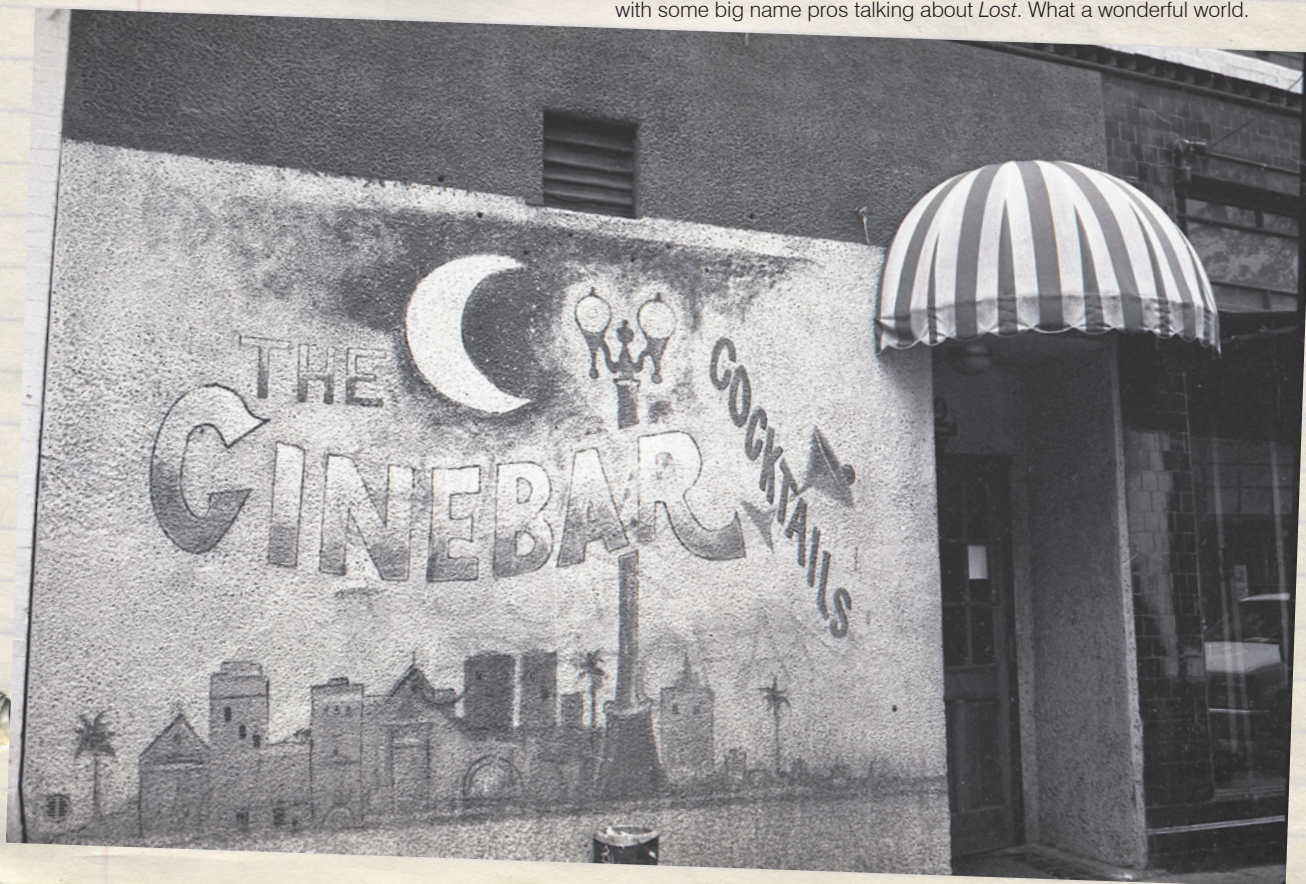


Jai's friend, **The Kid** (if you don't know who The Kid is you seriously need to turn off *Fully Flared* for a minute), came over and wanted to go skate *Sunnyvale Skatepark*. What an idea that was! *Sunnyvale* wasn't crowded at all, but the 10 or so people who were there were mostly big-name pros. I'm not going to list their names here, but let's just say I "enjoy'd" watching them put the park on "tiltmode." The best thing about seeing all those guys at the park was they honestly looked like they were just having fun. Nothing really serious went down and all these guys seemed content just to skate flatground or the kiddie pool section of the park.

I noticed a guy taking photos of the dudes skating and I asked Jai who he was. It turned out to be **Kyle Camarillo** who, though I had never actually met him, I had been exchanging mail with for a few years. Some crazy shit went down over the course of the day, but I didn't shoot much of it because Kyle was shooting some top secret *Transworld* stuff that you'll probably see in a few months. Besides, poaching is lame. I was perfectly happy to take photos of all the other interesting stuff that was going on besides the actual skateboarding. I did get to shoot a photo of The Kid doing one of my all time favorite tricks, the frontside rock, on a cool spot (photo on left).



After skating was done for the day, I met up with my friends **Ant** and **Drea** to go to an art show. Interestingly enough, the hostess of the art show was none other than **Nancy Ahn**, another person who I had only known as a pen pal. I finally met Nancy and her husband **Vu** in person for the first time. After the show, we walked the 10 or so blocks to *The Cinebar* in downtown San Jose. The bar was really crowded, but the music was good and everyone was hyped. I think Drea might have summed up my *Cinebar* experience the best when she said, "I bet you've seen most of these people in skate videos and now you get to see them in their finest form." It was definitely a day to remember, and helped me realize how small the world of skateboarding really is. Some washed up old skater from Utah ended up sitting on a curb with some big name pros talking about *Lost*. What a wonderful world.



“... I’ve always been here. I’ve always been this dude in the scene ...”



Local Legend Tully Flynn

By Chris Swainston chris@slugmag.com

Tully Flynn has been in the epicenter of the local skate scene for over a decade. He was around for the **Dirty Hessian** days all the way through until the official switch to **DH48**. Back when it was shredders like **Jared Smith, Tyler Hamblin, Shane Justus, Mark White, Mike Murdock** and **Andy Pitts** leading the skate scene (and still are). He was there for the original days of skating Liberty Park, the University and the Court House. Tully said, “There was always that spot where everyone would be. If you wanted to see skating on Saturday or Sunday you would go to Liberty Park. Everyone would be there bustin’ tricks.” The skate scene changed, as did Tully. The era of *Connections* came and went along with the radical run of **Shelby Menzel’s** *Mutiny* videos. There were days of having no money and no job he said, “I was completely broke, didn’t even have a nickel. I was writing bad checks for my income.” He was living a wild nomadic life, taking things at face value, and going with the flow. Everything from a wild move to California, to coming back to Salt Lake City, retreating away from the skate scene, becoming a father or, **Poppa T** if you will, to beautiful daughter **Eveny Littlefire** and during this time rethinking his identity and slipping into his own place. Days moved on. Tully said, “Things had started putting themselves back together ... I think its kind of formed around the family structure.”

The man is a kindred spirit: wise, filled with knowledge, always listening to the world with an open ear. He is also a very gracious host always throwing together backyard BBQs for his friends during the warm weather months. So much so that they have developed the nick-name of “TullyQs.” With the crème de le crème of all, TullyQs being the annual tree burning that kicks

off the summer season. “If you’ve never seen it, it gets scarier every year it does run through my head that I could burn down ... I don’t know ... half of this block,” Tully said. However, don’t take his gracious and humble approach to life for granted because if you cross him, there will be a vicious bottle-smashing beast for you to recon with.

With all of this history and experience encompassing the world of Tully Flynn, it was obvious that he was well overdue for us to acknowledge and bring some attention to his grandiose life. So I sat down with him to just talk—not interview, but to listen and learn about the life, past and present of Tully Flynn. The following words are short excerpts, stories, thoughts and ideas from that conversation.

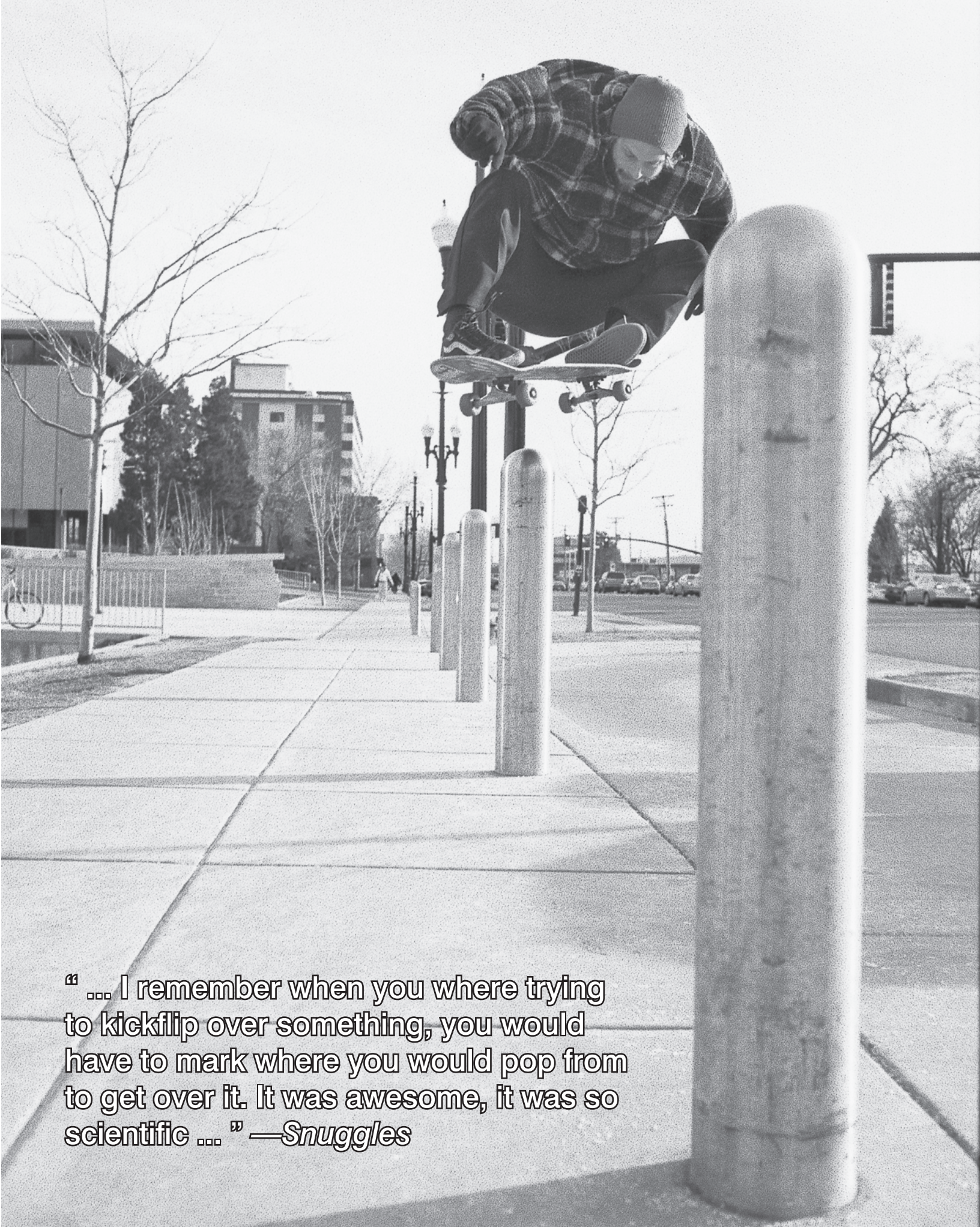
TULLY: I was thinking about why people consider me a legend and I basically broke it down to the fact that at one time, years ago when I was 18, I was good at skating. I was the shit ... or at least I thought I was. I moved around for a little while. I had a trick in the **Zero** video *Dying To Live*, that didn’t hurt ... I don’t think about it but considering that it did happen, it is one of the sickest things I’ve done with

“I was completely broke, didn’t even have a nickel. I was writing bad checks for my income.”

my skateboarding. I somehow got in with all those dudes. It was like when I moved out to California, I just moved in with the right dude and all of a sudden I was a friend with **Jamie Thomas**. It blew my mind. When I came back here I never really got too much back into skating again. Actually really pushing anything or myself, I never really went out and filmed. I would be just out with my friends fucking around not really caring about anything. Then Every came about at that time I just started to lose myself. Forgetting whoever I was at one point and I had just totally lost myself. My identity or whatever, I just slipped into my own place. That’s when I really started to recognize the Salt Lake community rather than just the



“If you’ve never seen it, it gets scarier every year ...”



“ ... I remember when you where trying to kickflip over something, you would have to mark where you would pop from to get over it. It was awesome, it was so scientific ... ” —*Snuggles*

skateboarders. Then the years went by but I've always been here. I've always been this dude in the scene. I think in that respect that's why people consider me a local legend, so to speak.

SLUG: Have you talked with **Isaiah Beh** lately and his island adventures?

TULLY: Good ol' Isaiah. Isaiah came into my life in a good spot when we were at the old El Caliente lot. He was just a good person all around—so much energy jumping around.

I remember this one skate trip I went on with him and he got a tick in his neck. We couldn't figure it out—we slept on the side of the road on the way to California. Jared and Tyler slept in the car. He and I slept outside and he woke up with a tick. That thing grew and grew until eventually he cut it off, a couple times, until he got the root out. That trip was so fun we were heading down to San Diego. It was when we were all in our writing bad checks hay-day. Shit man, those were the days when we could just hop in the car and go like that. We were just writing bad checks. Jared pretty much funded the whole trip. We got cash in Vegas to gamble with. We were all just rooting for him because nobody had any money. I knew at the time I was completely broke. This was right about the time period when **Shilo** was pregnant with Every. I had no money no job prospects, kid on the way, so to get 800 bucks I got the bunion surgery where they basically cut your foot open and straighten your big toe out and test pain-killers on you. It was so gnarly ... test surgery ... fuck that sucked, lab rat. Luckily I didn't get the placebo. I got a good pain killer.

SLUG: I've heard about some of your skate theories and methods that you've adopted over the years like the Man Hole Theory and chalk lines to mark your pop spot. Talking with **Snuggles**, he said, "I remember when you were trying to kickflip over something you would have to mark where you would pop from to get over it. It was awesome, it was so scientific. You would be kickflipping over piles of snow and with chalk you would mark where you had to pop from to get over the piles of snow."

TULLY: Mark White helped me out with Man Hole Theory. Basically, if you can do a trick over a man hole then you can do that trick down anything. It applies to flip tricks—the speed and timing you need to get over a man whole is all you need to do anything because once you've got the catch you just float from there. The Man Hole Theory is everything—it relates to everything. Either you know Man Hole Theory or you have Man Hole Theory.

Some of the best advice I ever got about

" ... Shit man, those were the days when we could just hop in the car and go like that ... "



Classic TullyQ game of horseshoes.

Dorobiala



"Its a good tool, I can scratch, pick my nose, maybe pick Every's nose."

skating was from an interview—I can't quite remember who it was but he said, "The key to skateboarding is skate fast and bend your knees—if someone tells you different punch them in the face. That's about all you need to know about skateboarding." With skateboarding, every time I go out, I'm wondering if this is going to be a good skate day or am I just going to hate it. There are just those days when the negativity comes out and you just lay on the bench. It is so weird

how some days are such different energies. I often think about what makes a good skate day when you skate for like five hours and land everything you want to, if you could just harness that somehow—I think it comes down to when you're conscious and aware, living in the moment. That is when you're going to have a good skate day. Not thinking about yesterday's bullshit. That is when your going to hit fart rocks and slam. The brain is funny—It can definitely conjure up negative shit like, if you think you're getting sick you can basically give yourself any symptom out of paranoia. It must be true that you can use this power in a positive way, but it's definitely harder to use it for good. That's what I really want to master. It's so easy to meditate on the most negative thing. It will just eat you. How often do you just sit there and think about how good something is and let that eat you? I think it's something to do with how lots of people just get off on pain and suffering?

SLUG: I have an idea that all people strive for some sort of self-destruction. That people kind of need it in some form or another. You have got to have a balance between good and bad. Because with just about everything in life, you can't understand it unless you

can compare it to something else—so your good has to compare with your bad for you to feel it and understand it.

TULLY: It's like in relationships a lot of times you find yourself sabotaging yourself to destroy a relationship subconsciously.

SLUG: I guess the challenge then would be how do you still get that balance of good and bad in destruction and creation while still getting that satisfaction of destruction but harnessing that destruction into something positive—creating a positive energy from it.

TULLY: You have to always try and be conscious of the destruction so that you can control it rather than subconsciously letting it destroy you and other things around you.

SLUG: This even applies to skating—I was randomly talking to **Braydon Szafranski** one night at a bar in Melbourne and he said something to the effect of how a piece of you needs to thrive after the pain of skateboarding.

The pain of a good slam feels good because you need it. That is part of what will really push you as a skater.

TULLY: It is because you need to know you're not made of glass. I miss just being scabbed up every day, just bleeding. I hope I can maintain scabbage for a long ass time. There is no reason why I can't.

Our conversation carried on we talked of various things and people laughed about the on going dead arm challenge between **Sean Hadley**, Jared Smith and Tully. Apparently the one that can withstand the brutal repetitive blows the longest becomes the alpha male of the pack. Tully claims Hadley's punches are weak and he bruises like a peach. However Hadley did take alpha status from Tully but as of recently its Jared Smith leading the pack. We'll just have to see where this one ends up.

Chances are you'll see Tully around the city be it **Nobrow** enjoying a cup from **Joe** or powering through Liberty Park. He's always been a part of Salt Lake City and he will remain a part of Salt Lake for years to come, regardless of where the road of life takes him. So if you ever get the chance to skate down the street or muddle your mind over a game of chess with Tully I suggest you clinch the opportunity for he is a remarkable man with an exuberant amount of mental energy and knowledge to share.

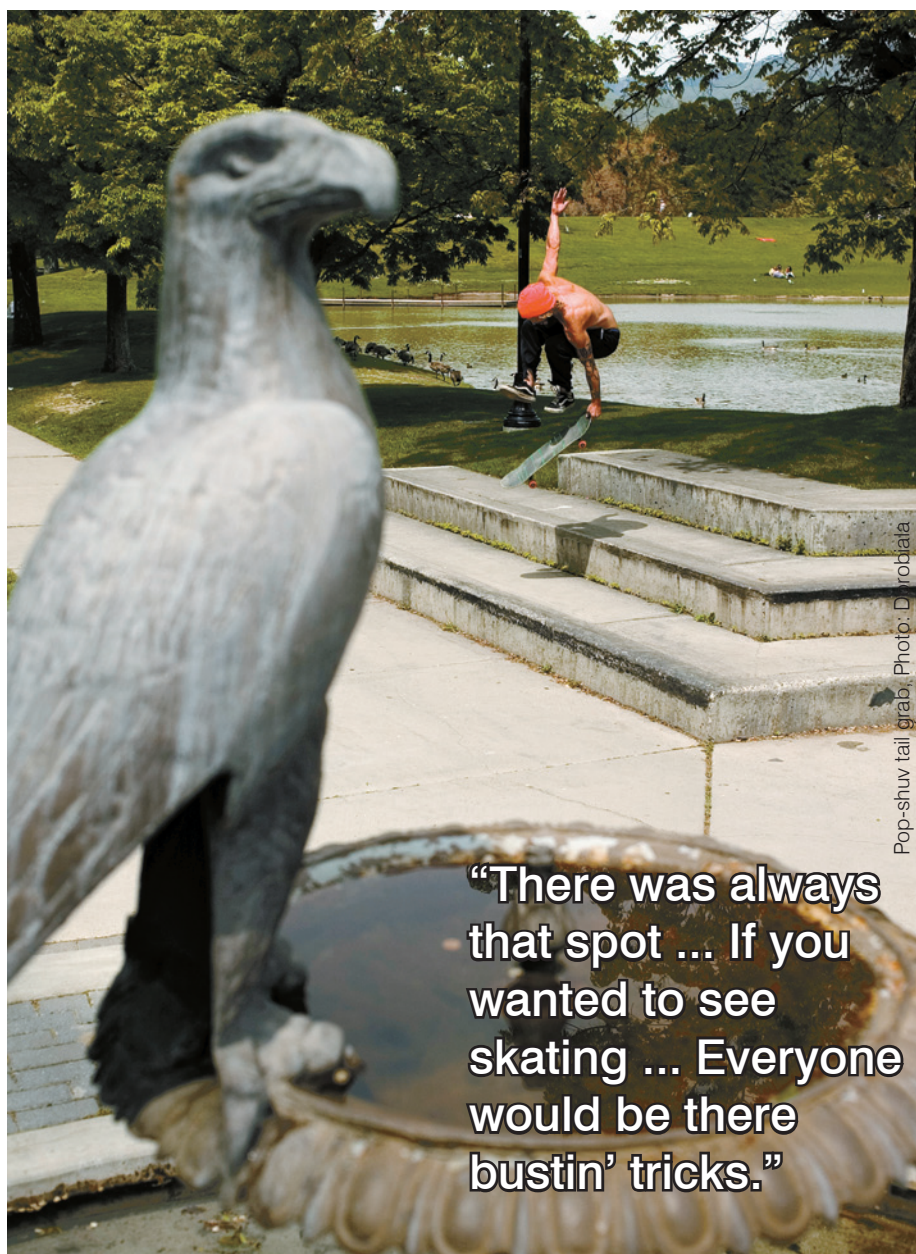
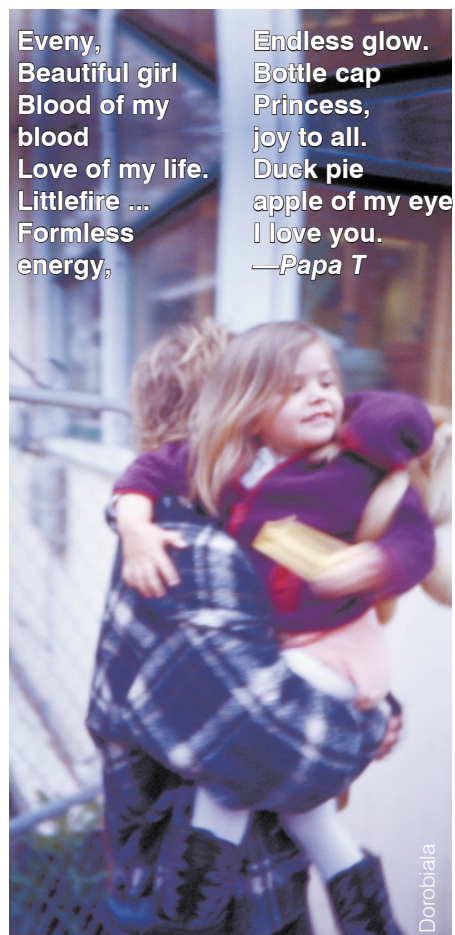




PHOTO: DOROBIALA

Bones

"The Greek" SPF 56mm Wheels
skateone.com

S.P.F. stands for Skate Park Formula (for those of you who don't know) and **Bones** pretty much make the best wheels on the market—they truly never flat spot. These wheels are a little large for my taste and a little softer than I usually roll, but free wheels are free wheels. These wheels also have a different shape to them than all of the other Bones models. They are straight cut to prevent coning, though I have never seen any of their other wheels lose shape. For those of you don't know who "**The Greek**" is, you'd better recognize. **Jimmy Marcus** is his real name and he has been a staple in the San Diego concrete scene pretty much forever. Bones gets mad street cred for giving this guy a model—it is definitely well deserved. Jimmy also rides for *The Label* and holds it down in any park tranny contest with the best of them. He also rides padless, I might add. I don't know if you'll find these wheels in any of the local shops, so you might have to get them online. —David Amador

Reef

Leather Fanning Sandal
reef.com

Ever want a bottle opener but don't carry around keys for a keychain—or anything, for that matter—that would necessitate having a bottle opener? Well, lighters work, but after a while it seems easier to just ask around for one. No longer must anyone suffer through attempting to open their drink to no avail thanks to the guys over at **Reef**. The *Leather Fanning* is a super stylish sandal that allows you to walk around in bliss, and when you are thirsty for that bottled fermented deliciousness, all you've gotta do is look to your trusty bottle openers, located on the sole of each foot. Pretty cool stuff, although I will say a lot of the people I have talked to feel a little weird about opening up a refreshing brew with your dirty shoe. Fuck it, you only live once right? This sandal makes for worry-free opening beer as well as a stealthy location so the "elders" of society don't make concerned faces when you are banging your bottle of beer on random objects around the campfire. Good show. —Adam Dorobiala

Chaser PLUS

Chaser PLUS Hangover Pills
chaserplus.com

"Freedom from Hangovers," or, what I like to call: "Shit that makes your puke black." There's a fine line between drunk and blotto—the latter includes vomiting. And most of the time, especially when your bar tab is over \$30 in beer, you won't know where that line is, but you will go to blotto-land. I can tell you this: there are far better remedies

PRODUCT REVIEWS

for hangovers than **Chaser PLUS**, but maybe none as accessible—you can buy it at some gas stations, even Walgreens. I awoke six hours after "The Bout at Burt's" with a sloshy headache, uncommon for me (I rarely drink to excess—there are greener ways to get your rocks off) and some achiness. Drinking a glass of water and taking P.K.'s probably spared me the worst of it. The best "hangover cure" for me was the six more hours of sleep after the first. That, dear reader, was free. —JP

Sexy Beer Bongs

The Dong Bong
sexybeerbongs.com

Thanks to **SLUG**, I am now the proud owner of a beer bong with a giant penis on the end. Practical? Absolutely not. Embarrassing? Somewhat ... the thing lives in the closet with the dog food—it's not really the sort of décor you want hanging out in the living room. It is a great way to get a handful of straight dudes cracking jokes about sucking cock though. The boys were far more excited to hit this sucker than any of my female friends have been. Unfortunately, this giant dong doesn't work so well as a beer bong. The hose is really short—it's difficult to even get an entire beer down the thing. The best part about this dong bong is the foam factor. A giant penis "getting you" (typically in the face) with the white stuff is enough to make anyone laugh. It's also sure to cause lots of "that's what she said" jokes. —Jeanette Moses

Publisher X

BPong 2009 (iPhone Game)
iTunes Store/bpong.com

What a piece of shit this game is, earning a whopping 2.5 stars in the iTunes store, even though it is the only game licensed by *bpong.com* (the official governing body of the sport, apparently). This game would have been so much more fun if they weren't trying so hard. They should have gone with a simpler interface instead of trying to create a 3D replica of a bar and beer pong table. It should have been set in a frat house with passed out girls being touched and with SNES quality graphics. The biggest thing, though, is who the fuck wants to play beer pong without the beer? I certainly don't want to play by myself with all of the obnoxious rules and noises but none of the intoxication. If you are douchebag that only buys things for novelty, purchase this, but know that novelty is all that you will get.

—Cody Hudson

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Painters Cap, Bocce Ball Set, Royal Windbreaker,
Zippo & a whole lot more
pabstblueribbon.com

Let's face it: if there ever is a superior cheap, delicious beer to guzzle while you skate, it will most often be **Pabst**. They have tons of rad merch, but my personal favorite is the *Painter Cap* because it's made out of that super light cloth so your head doesn't get all hot while you are skating around. The only downfall is if you have longer hair, like



PHOTO: Dorobiala

me, and tuck the hair into it so you don't look completely homeless, the cloth can rip. I wanted to run a photo of the hat, but it seems to have been lost between stops at certain parties—where we just so happened to be drinking Pabst. I guess I could always go online (and you should, too) to the Pabst store and purchase the trucker cap (seeing that the painter cap has been discontinued). While you are there you could also get a bocce ball set, jacket, or **Zippo** for those times when brandishing the name of the beer you are consuming on all your clothes and accessories is the only high class thing to do. Just be careful, everyone else will be so stoked on your kit, they might try to steal it off you. —Adam Dorobiala

Beer Blaster

Beer Blaster & Blasterette
beerblaster.com

If your super soaker filled with tequila is starting to get a little boring and a little bulky, you ought to look into smaller weaponry such as the Beer Blaster. The Beer Blaster and Blasterette are essentially beer-pistols that allow you to shoot beer out of their nozzles using the carbonation from canned beer. All you need to do is take your cheap beer of choice (cheap because the majority of it won't make it in anyone's mouth), shake the shit out of it, load it into the gun, and in no time you'll be giving your friends the PBR facials they have been craving all night. While this guy is not replacing your super soaker, it will definitely make its way into any alchy's party arsenal.

—Tyler Makmell



Photo: Dorobiala

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Books aloud

Drinky Crow's Maakies Treasury

Tony Millionaire
Fantagraphics Books [Street: 03.15]

If you're unfamiliar with Drinky Crow or **Tony Millionaire's** *Maakies* comic strip, here's the skinny: an alcoholic crow (Drinky Crow) and an alcoholic monkey (Uncle Gabby) live, and presumably work on a giant boat where they are prone to being alcoholics, killing themselves and killing each other. I guess you could look at the *Maakies* comics and Crow and Gabby's alcoholic misadventures as **Tony Millionaire's** commentary on a society bent on self-destruction by any means necessary. Or as a reflection of **Millionaire's** own struggle to cope in a world that is far too often overwhelming. Or you could, you know, read it like a fucking comic strip. Like all comic strips from *Peanuts* to *Nothing Nice to Say*, *Maakies* is hit or miss in the gag department, but since it is generally more depraved than most, excellently illustrated, and just plain fucked up most of the time. Even the bad strips are pretty entertaining. Plus, nearly every strip features a smaller, non-related comic beneath it. So really, you're getting two comics for the price of one. This book is probably slightly too sophisticated and intricate to be enjoyed in the midst of a drunken stupor, but seeing Crow blow his own brains out and Gabby being decapitated by a doppelganger will surely help take the edge off of any hangover. —*Ricky Vigil*

The Gourmet's Guide to Cooking with Beer

Alison Boteler
Quarry Books [Street: 01.01]

There comes a time in a person's life when one has to look deeper into the consumption of beer, it can't be all about downing a case of Natty Light any more. In the past, I've only marinated with beer because I was given too much Wasatch Irish Stout, and I was pretty excited to dive into this cookbook. It comes complete with easy to use charts explaining what kinds of beer to use with different meats, vegetables, or pastries and also which brands to use. **Alison Boteler** tackles every aspect of cooking, from appetizers to desserts, and brunches to breads. I decided to give the Macaroni and Beer Cheese with Bacon a try since I had all the ingredients in the pantry. I learned that cream ales go well with cheese, but went a little off the deep end and used a Samuel Adams Cream Stout. The sauce was simple, flour, salt, pepper, beer, minced onion, sharp cheddar cheese and half & half. Had I spent the time to drive up to Evanston and pick up some Little Kings I think the sauce would have taken on a much nicer color, instead it looked a little like slightly burnt fry sauce. I placed some oversized elbow macaroni and a healthy portion of crumbled up thick-sliced bacon in a casserole dish and poured in the cheese sauce, mixed it up and topped with some more cheese before placing it in the oven. At this point I was a bit skeptical. The dish didn't look that great and the heavy

smell of the cream stout was drowning out any bacon aroma. After a short bake I removed the dish and was surprised at how savory it had become. The macaroni absorbed much of the creamy stout flavor. So delicious! The bacon added delightful crunches to each bite and the color of the sauce had deepened into a beautiful autumn dark orange. It was better than any quick mac & cheese I'd ever made, and even better than sides I've paid good money for at a restaurant. The beer really did make this a tasty meal. Any avid cooking fan with a sweet tooth for beer will enjoy these recipes. I'm excited to tackle some of the more complex dishes since this simple side came out so well. —*Cinnamon Brown*

You Must Be This Happy To Enter

Elizabeth Crane
Punk Planet/Akashic [Street: 02.01.2008]

Writing is not fun. Those of you under the delusion that crafting a story is a "good time", please note that the few commonalities between wordsmiths are self-doubt, debt and stress-induced diarrhea. **Elizabeth Crane**, however, stands out. Her bizarre vignettes about zombies in rehab, psychic foreheads and babies that become **Ethan Hawke** overnight are not only hilarious, but this reader suspects that Crane herself had fun writing them. The stories in *You Must Be This Happy To Enter* are deft, abrupt, sweetly sentimental and straight-out wacky, like a homemade valentine from the *Twilight Zone*. Crane is no **Tolstoy**. Nothing is going on in her work that critics and professors would cite as "important." However, she's not beach reading either. Crane occupies that oft-neglected space in literature—the writer capable of expanding the mind and the heart while jumping on a trampoline or flying on the trapeze. Come discuss *You Must Be This Happy To Enter* at the Hardboiled Book Club at Sam Weller's on June 30TH at 7 PM. —*JR Boyce*

Tasting Beer: An Insiders Guide to the World's Greatest Drink

Randy Mosher
Storey Books [Street: 02.11]

Maybe it is just my inner beer snob talking, but when I go to a restaurant I am much more likely to order a specialty beer if the waiter actually knows what they are talking about. You rarely order a glass of wine if the server asks, "what would you like, red or white?", and beer should be the same. **Randy Mosher's** newest book *Tasting Beer* gives the reader enough information to understand the origin of particular styles of beer, how to serve beer properly and even how to drink it. In my snobbish opinion, I think that this ought to be a regulatory read for anyone serving booze in the craft beer industry. So sit down with a cold one and enjoy this killer read. Cheers. —*Tyler Makmell*

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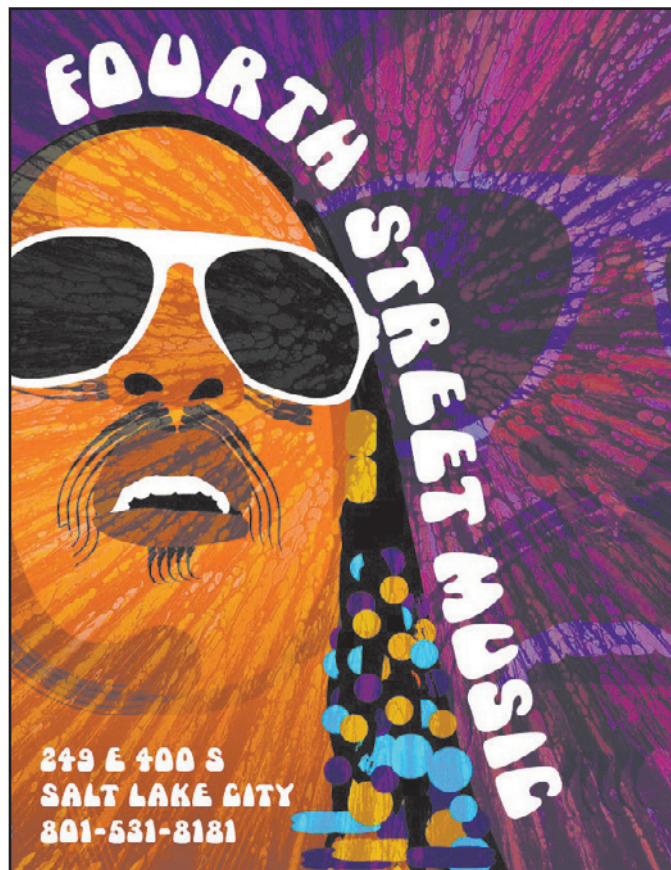


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Beer reviews



From L to R: Chris Haas (Desert Edge), Tiffany Steele, Donovan Steele (Hoppers), Dave McKean (UBC), Cindi Patterson (UBC), Adam Curfew (UBC), Matt Beamer (Wasatch), Kevin Templin (RedRock), Britt Templin and Tully Flynn (RedRock) enjoying the HB51 collaboration beer to celebrate the legalization of home brewing in Utah.

Hallelujah for Homebrew
Introduction by Del Vance
dcvance@xmission.com

Beer Reviews by Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Jump for joy, hallelujah and praise the Lord. Home brewing is now a legal pastime in Utah. I'm betting (which is not a legal pastime in Utah) that just because home brewing is now legal, homebrew is not going to taste any better than it did before the law was changed, which was not very good in my humble opinion. In fact, I firmly believe that good old illegal homebrew will probably taste better than the new and improved legal stuff. Home brewing was more exciting when it was illegal. It had that secret ingredient of risk that seemed to enhance all the good flavors and slightly mask all the bad ones. The thrill of getting away with mixing up a batch of flat, sour, nasty tasting "brew" when it was against the law somehow made it taste better. It was sort of a rebellious hobby then. Now it just doesn't seem to have that edge-of-your-seat excitement. You know the thought in the back of your mind while boiling away your brew in the kitchen that, at any minute, the beer police would come swooping down in their black helicopters, smash through your windows, and throw your bootlegging ass in the slammer? That nervous, intense paranoia of getting busted really seemed to be the secret ingredient in homebrew that somehow made it taste palatable. Now that it's legal, it seems like, well, just mixing up a batch of beer-flavored Jell-O for the company picnic (If somebody ever makes such a flavor, I'll definitely start eating Jell-O again!). In my opinion, the last few batches of home brew that acquaintances have forced, I mean, let me taste, have been the worst ever. I'm going to start a new slogan or two—"I like illegal homebrew" or, "illegal homebrew is better." How about, "legal homebrew is for wussies?"

That brings me to my main point about brewing. Let the pros do it. Several of Utah's great craft breweries have collaborated on a special beer called HB51, named after the bill that legalized home brewing. This delicious collaboration ale is an amber colored, American-style pale ale that can be found at Red Rock, Hoppers, Desert Edge, the Brewers Co-op and Squatters Brewpub. It is currently available only on draft at the above locations. Who knows, if it has strong sales, it could be bottled and sold at local grocery stores around the state. All of these breweries were allowed to enhance the basic recipe any way they desired. This means that the several variations of HB51 Ale will taste different at each brewery. See if you can detect each of their signature flavors. That is, every brewery has a distinctive characteristic all their own. Many beer drinkers can tell a brewery's product brand without having to look at the label. So go try this "homebrew" at each of Utah's participating breweries and see if you can taste the difference between each variation and see if that difference matches the brewery's signature style. Don't you wish all your homework was this fun?

Now don't get me wrong, I love home brewing. It's how I got started in the brewing business and I'm confident in saying that that's how most commercial brewers get their start. I strongly recommend that if you enjoy drinking good beer and plan on trying to make a career out of it, you start home brewing immediately. The best and only way, in my opinion, to learn a new trade is to get out there and do it. Just remember, however, that it's now perfectly legal to brew beer in your home. That heart pumping anxiety of hearing explosions in your basement (because you thought you'd make your homebrew extra strong by adding extra sugar to the bottles) and thinking it's the beer police coming to get you, will be gone. From now on, it's just going to be a plain, old, boring, legal mess to clean up. If America's alcohol policy continues to be shaped and written by prohibitionist groups like Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD), homebrew might be the only alcohol available to any of us in this country very soon.

HB51 Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

HB51 Collaboration Recipe:

1.25 lbs Light Dry Malt Extract
3.3 lbs Light Malt Extract
1.0 lbs German Munich Malt
0.5 lbs German Cara Munich II
.25 oz. Columbus 12% for 60 Minutes
.25 oz. Columbus 12% for 35 Minutes
.25 oz. Centennial 9% for 5 Minutes
O.G.: 1.045
IBU: 25.9

Brewer/Brand: Red Rock

Variable: Filtered

Description: This filtered version of the HB51 pours off the tap crystal clear, a deep orange honey color with an off-white head that leaves behind some mild lacing. Off the nose there is a light amount of hop character and a mild, bready backing. Off the tongue there is quite a bit of bread in the mouth followed by a decent hop pinch that finishes with a dry, bready, caramel malt.

Overview: Next to *Desert Edge*'s version of this beer, I found this one to be the standard to rate all the other ones off of. The one thing that did make this stand out a bit more than the others was the refined floral aroma of the hops.

Brewer/Brand: Squatters

Variable: Hopback

Description: Squatters' version hits the pint an average orange color with a tawny yellow hue and an average amount of head and lacing. The aroma leads you right into politely pungent floral hop character with just a hint of orange citrus, all backed up by some light malt. The hops manage to make themselves a bit more present in the taste, which all leads into a dry finish with a touch of malt.

Overview: Now this is a pint that I wouldn't mind ordering with my meal. The Amarillo hop character that came off its aroma thanks to the hopback that **Jenny** at Squatters decided to run it through made it pleasantly light to drink, but still maintained a nice hop nose.

Brewer/Brand: Desert Edge

Variable: Unfiltered

Description: Unfiltered, this guy eases its way into your pint a hazy orange with an off-tan head that leaves some "sticky-as-a-sum-bitch" lacing around the rim. The aroma is a dominantly bread malt with a light kiss of floral hop. This light drinker pulls off some flavors of caramel, sweet dextrine malt, and touch of some herbal hops.

Overview: Nothing bad here. This was one that I could look to as an easy sessionable drink. Hopefully when this issue is in print you can catch this beer right where/how it deserves to be served ... on cask!



Rep. Christine Johnson, chief sponsor of HB51, and Kevin Templin (RedRock) enjoy some HB51 ale at Desert Edge.

Brewer/Brand: Hoppers

Variable: Oak

Description: Pouring into the pint, this brew is a hazy orange but still mildly translucent with a tan head that leaves a bit of foam. The aroma is something to be studied: There is just the right amount of oak, a strong orange fruit aroma and a pinch of some caramel malt. The flavor is nothing short of the aroma—there is some fruity yeast right off the get-go followed up by some bready malt and hops that is all finished off by some oaky dryness.

Overview: There is absolutely nothing negative for me to say here. My only problem is that **Donovan** (Head Brewer for Hoppers) will not keep this on tap much longer. The oaky character mixed with whatever European-based yeast strain, made this one of the most complex HB51 beers that I sampled. Finding the oak was a little rough at first, but when you find it, the beer is all the better for it.

Brewer/Brand: Wasatch

Variable: A shit-ton of hops

Description: Off the pour, this brew from the guys at Wasatch is a simple, light amber color with an average head. The nose is ... hops, a little more hops and then just a pinch of hops. Oh yeah, and then there is a bit of malt. The taste is dominantly floral hopped with notes of citrus and some herbal hop kick that still maintains some malt character with a dry finish.

Overview: I think that the guys up at Wasatch must have been confused when they were told to brew an amber, because they shot for a pale ale. As a "hop head," I had no problem with this guy—I actually drank this one faster than all the others. It was a killer variation to the recipe they were given. Cheers!

Local reviews

Active Aggressive

Self-Titled
Better Youth Underground
Street: 2.20

Active Aggressive = F-Minus + Teen Idles + Government Issue

To my disadvantage, my first meeting with Active Aggressive was through this demo. This short, three-song political run is a rough one. I know the purpose of a demo, but it sounds like standing outside of a live show with earplugs in. It's fast crusty punk. Yes, there are a few moments of sweet riffs, but it is very abrasive, unclear in sound and makes me want to punch something (maybe that's a good thing?). Active Aggressive have an ultra DIY vibe that can be appreciated, but I don't see it necessary to put people through the torment of something that sounds like a home-made tape recording. —Nicole Dumas

Against the Season

A New Beginning

Self-Released
Street: 04.29

Against the Season = Corporate Radio Station Favorites

I had a very hard time getting through this CD. I'm sure there are plenty of people out there waiting to hear female vocals delayed over generic "rock" guitar riffs, especially if they are played on the radio every half hour. I happen to enjoy hearing music that takes a step away from the 20 other bands repeated through a lazy DJ's playlist. If they were to mix in something outside of distortion and bass, I might be able to get through the CD without a need for a music break (yes, this is similar to a smoke break). Against the Season is generically talented, and ready for a "trendy music kid" to be brainwashed into liking them. —Jessica Davis

ChadMP

Double Heartbreak
Self-Released

Street: 03.01

ChadMP = High School Talent Show + Asher Roth – Lyrical Abilities

A localized emcee from Utah County, ChadMP brings an unintentional, off-tempo flow with heartfelt lyrics to the Salt Lake Valley. MP's second album features mediocre beats that vary from 808 bounces to piano laced rhythms showing some production versatility. The album is based on heartbreak and every song shows a hint of that. Songs like "Breathe" and "A Song for You" are prime examples. With off-tempo lyrical disabilities, I had a hard time listening to



this album. MP's track "Till I Drop" just about did me in. MP might want to stick with rocking mics at local house parties. —Jrapp

Eric Openshaw Band

This Stage

Self-Released

Street: 03.31

Eric Openshaw Band = Hootie and The Blowfish

I know who I want to marry now: Eric Openshaw! He is such a dreamboat, and his music is so creative and original—definitely God's gift to music and the world. Ever since I received his album, I have longingly stared at the beautiful, seductive glamour shot of him posing next to the dryers at the laundromat. I tell you what, he can wash my drawers any day of the week—he is going to need to because every time I listen to his playfully romantic acoustic pop I get so excited that I can hardly keep from fainting with excitement. I just hope that I hook up with him before my mom hears his music and becomes hopelessly seduced too. Bogus! —Jon Robertson

Standing Solo

Take This Night

Self-Released

Street: 11.01.08

Standing Solo = AFI + 30 Foot Fall

I immediately gravitated towards this album when I first played it. It had all the hallmarks of the music I liked in the late 90s: melodic "punk" with a bit of piss 'n vinegar. I've changed and so has music and the demands I put on what makes an album truly great. All the bands I really admired from that pop-punk era, **Strung Out**, **Propagandhi** and **Good Riddance** ended up putting out more solid and adult themed albums while some groups that I really loved, like AFI, fell into an abyss of poppy shit. So this may hit somebody's sweet spot in their teens, but older fans may want something more meaty (not directed at you, **Russ Rankin**). —JP

The Sweater Friends

Everyone We Know

Self-Released

Street: 01.15

The Sweater Friends = Letters to Cleo + The Carpenters - Eating disorder (too squeaky for any disorder)



Your enjoyment of TSF depends on how much you like pop-acoustic duos, or enjoy feeling the pull on your heart strings this type of music elicits. I should say this is good for what it is, which is acoustic rock (such a thing still exists), and an improvement over the majority of bands like this in the region. Though such vulnerability-producing music should not be consumed by those males whose testicles have dropped for fear of a desire to begin watching movies like (*insert generic crap sob story movie*) on purpose. I don't know if I've ever been too into this sort of over-earnest fluff, but I know I did listen to too much Carpenters music when I was young, so maybe that type of audio abuse makes me biased. I craved a little backbone during the listen and sometimes I think I'd do anything for a good rhythm section on this kind of music. Anything. A god damn tambourine even, for fuck's sake. —JP

Vanzetti Crime

Self-Titled

Salty Hobo Records

Street: 01.15

Vanzetti Crime = Against All Authority + Suicide Machines + Operation Ivy

Let's face it: local punk and ska bands, as a general rule, are pretty shitty. Of course there are always exceptions, but more often than not, local punk bands tend to be drunken, untalented idiots, and local ska bands tend to be goofy kids whose religious upbringing keeps them from being drunken, untalented idiots. Vanzetti Crime, I'm happy to

report, fall into neither camp. They take some of the best parts of punk rock, namely the aggression and emphasis on unity, and filter it through bouncy ska rhythms for a formula that works surprisingly well. Sure, Vanzetti Crime borrows liberally from the Suicide Machines, but that's a hell of a lot better than having a whole lot of **Casualties** or **Reel Big Fish** in your sound. Sadly, these guys have been broken up for a few months (their wacky Mormon guitarist **Mike** is currently serving a mission in Mexico), but this album is a sure sign that great local punk and ska can still exist in Utah. —Ricky Vigil

Various Artists

SHR Spring 09 Sampler

Spy Hop Records

Street: 3.30

Spy Hop Artists = The Future of The World + Good ol' fashioned SLC creativity



Spy Hop, the local non-profit enterprise known for mentoring youth in a wide swath of media disciplines, is back at it with a sampler of their latest artists. The quality is shockingly good and diverse. The intro track to the collaboration is **Malevolent Emcee's** "Charm Quark" and it sets the stage for the rest of the eclectic and charming disc. This sampler is a future "who's who" of the local music community, so pay attention artists, fans and labels. Fortunately, there is something for all local supporters of artists in the area, including selections from **Christian Butler's** bluesy-rock to hip hop and folk-revivalism. This organization is a great asset to the community and should be supported. Go to spyhoprecords.com for the skinny. —JP

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Game reviews

Not all video game nerds are greasy twelve-year-old lurps who snort when they speak. This month we salute the wiser, hairier, more inebriated face of gaming. Be proud, my well aged friends! A healthy slice of us are productive members of society after all. Alcoholics with short tempers and a penchant for bitter rivalry, sure, but we do go to work in the morning. In the spirit of beer, our society's most important liquid, this gaggle of games *must* be played drunk. Who knows, if you get blasted enough, you might even enjoy a few of these. Cheers.

A Boy and His Blob: Trouble on Blobolonia (NES)

Beers to shotgun: 3

What kind of parents let their boy embark on an adventure at night in a dangerous world, accompanied only by his blob and a stash of jellybeans? The bigger question here is, what kind of parents let their kids play a game depicting such ludicrousness? A lot of parents, I guess. This nonsense won the Parent's Choice Award (whatever the hell that is) in 1990. The premise here is that your blob can turn into a slew of useless forms upon feeding it various flavors of jelly beans. But what does the blob do to help the boy out when he's being pounced upon by hordes of white balls, or being blown up by atomic cherries? The blob ignores the boy, which is what I suggest the player does regarding the game, in this case. —Aaron Day

Beautiful Katamari (Xbox 360)

Beers to shotgun: 5

Rolling the whole world up into a big ball of shit and throwing it out into space is a concept we can all sink our teeth into. Am I right? That's the game. Start small, roll up all the shit you can find until you're attaching whole neighborhoods and skyscrapers to your big ball of shit. Then naturally you give that ball to the King of the Cosmos

who insults you on how small it is and turns it into a star. Go Japan! —Jesse Hawlish

Bubble Bobble (NES)

Beers to shotgun: 4

Girls are far more accepting of old video games. It must be the simplicity or something. The nostalgia somehow makes it less geeky. If you don't want to get stuck with a bunch of drunken men, you should break out your NES or SNES, shit, even your N64. Bubble Bobble is classic, with its adorable graphics and addicting gameplay. It is simple enough for you at your drunkest, plus you might get some drunken NES makeout time.

—Cody Hudson

Dangun Feveron (Emulator)

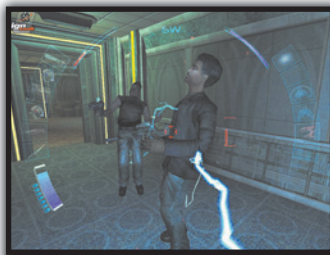
Beers to shotgun: 0

If you expect to do well at this game, you're going to need to find a way to increase your focus. I find that most people achieve this by ingesting some sort of amphetamine. So, cop some of your nephew's Ritalin and strap yourself in. Imagine 1942-style gameplay, but several hundred times faster, infinitely harder and set to some kind of crazy-ass, techno-disco soundtrack. Then, imagine that as you're blowing shit up at light speed, disco men are hurled from the wreckage. If this sounds a little hectic, that's 'cause it is. However, unlike the other games I reviewed this month, this one is ace.

—Aaron Day

Deus Ex: Invisible War (PC)

Beers to shotgun: ∞



This abortion is the sequel to my most beloved of games. It takes everything that made the original *Deus Ex* incredible, and spews it all over my face while I lay here helplessly. If you bring this game up in my presence, I will rant about it bitterly like an ex-girlfriend who I discovered fucking an entire hockey team in my very own bed. THAT is how much this game has hurt me, and though it's been six long years since the fateful weekend when I played it, I cannot recover, regardless of therapy. I hate you, **Harvey Smith**. —Conor Dow

Grand Theft Auto 3 (PS2)

Beers to shotgun: 11

Because I'm a good, strong Christian, I don't condone driving recklessly, or killing others for personal gain. If I get the urge to do those things, along with stealing cars, picking up prostitutes (to kill them), or make things explode, I will play GTA3. When shirtless and fueled with beer, I am the best video game drunk driver this side of the continental divide. Don't believe me? Step into my sweaty bedroom and I will show you! This game is absolutely one of the highlights of my pitiful life and it has made me the wonderful person I am today. —Conor Dow

Homeland Defense: National Security Patrol (PC)

Beers to shotgun: 27

Racial profiling for America has never been so fun! Except this game is horrible, and at 20 dollars it's still a complete rip-off. Considering it's already a budget title from a budget software factory, you basically get what you pay for. The public will thank you, because in this game you're defending 'MERICA! The only time you should play this is if you find yourself in a situation where you're piss drunk, muttering incoherently to yourself, extremely bored, and nobody is returning your calls ... story of my life. I can't wait to play my own

biographical budget game!

—Conor Dow

Legend of Success Joe (Emulator)

Beers to shotgun: 6

I'm not sure you can call what you do to *Legend of Success Joe* playing. The game switches between side scrolling beat 'em up action and one-on-one boxing. Sounds fun, huh? Well, they managed to find a way to make it as unfun as possible. When an enemy decides they're gonna pound you, there's really nothing you can do about it. This is ok for the first little while when opponents are weak, but when you meet up with the Venezuelan with the nasty flying elbow, it gets real. This one never made it into the US home market and I'm thankful for that, but my most sincere condolences go out to the poor Japanese kids that dropped the equivalent of \$200 on this mess. —Aaron Day

Leisure Suit Larry: Box Office Bust (Xbox 360)

Beers to shotgun: not applicable



I would like to take a moment to state very seriously that no one should, under any circumstances, play this game. How something so broken and so clearly devoid of any essential entertainment value made it into my living room is beyond me. I assume many were fired if not shot. If they knew they were making a sub-par video game, they probably should have at least steered away from a title like Box Office Bust. It's like naming your race horse Fat Fucking Chance. —Jesse Hawlish

The Maw (PC)

Beers to shotgun: 6

Basic premise: You're an alien stranded on a strange planet.



Luckily, you happen to be stranded with a different alien that *eats fucking everything*. That's right, a game where you lead around a huge mouth that grows larger with every little plant or creature that it eats. Awesome? Yes. Drunchie simulation? Yes yes. Yes. —Ross Solomon

Onechanbara: Bikini Samurai Squad (Xbox 360)

Beers to shotgun: 10

The title really says it all here. I don't know why no one thought of combining zombie/ninja hack-n-slash gameplay with dress-up-the-sexy-anime-character bonuses before now. Maybe the lack of marketability deterred them. Who am I to say. If you are into anime side-boob and pressing X like it's all you've done and all you'll ever desire, *Bikini Samurai Squad* might just be your new guilty pleasure. Do bring liquor, though. I wouldn't wish this game's frustrations on anyone with a clear head. —Jesse Hawlish

Plants vs. Zombies (PC)

Beers to shotgun: 9

This game is an incredibly realistic depiction of all those times when those pesky zombies attack your freshly planted garden. The only solution? Plant GMO crops to get rid of the brain eaters. That's right: In PvZ, you get to plant vegetables of death that protect you and your bat-shit crazy neighbor from wave after endless wave of zombie onslaughts. Perfect game to play while drinking? I certainly think so. —Ross Solomon

Quake Live! (PC)

Beers to shotgun: 2-25

All of those endless gibbing sessions can now be relived for free with just a simple little download. Head over to quakelive.com, create an account, and frag the shit out of your friends to your heart's

content. The best strategy I can recommend for this game is to liquor yourself and 5 of your nerdiest friends up, hole yourselves up in a basement for about 10 or 12 hours, and rocket each other until the sun comes up. Smoke some bowls, rinse the grease out of your hair with a damp towel, and repeat. —Ross Solomon

Red Steel (Wii)

Beers to shotgun: 12

Whoever decided this broken piece of shit was ready to be



released deserves to be bludgeoned with a wimote. It feels like an arcade shooter from the late 90s, but more frustrating than the guy taking his time doing coke in the *In The Venue* bathroom during a sold-out show. However, if you get drunk enough, the multiplayer is reminiscent of the classic *GoldenEye*, a depressing thought considering this was released nearly 10 years before *Red Steel*. If you ever needed confirmation that the Wii was nothing but a gimmick for small children and drunk adults, this is it. —Cody Hudson

Rock Band 2: (Xbox360)

Beers to shotgun: 5

There is nothing I enjoy more when I am drunk than perching up on a couch, grabbing my genitals and squelching out the lyrics to "Hungry Like The Wolf." *Rock Band 2* gives me an opportunity to do this without seeming like a complete jackass. It also builds a sense of comradeship—I would probably take an elbow to the face for my drummer. It isn't too much of a commitment, being able to quit after every song, which is good for my drunken ADD. The list of songs has gotten ridiculously long—hours of drunken fun can be had as long as nobody pukes on the drums. —Cody Hudson

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Movie reviews

Beer Movie Reviews:

This is what happens when you mix 80s movies with inebriation

Back to the Future II

Universal Pictures

Originally In Theaters:
11.22.89

Perfect Beer Pairing = Asahi—Because the Japanese are always decades ahead of the rest of us.

Doc Brown is a hypocritical wiley-eyed dick. Even though he believes that "no one should know too much about their destiny," he immediately contradicts himself after he discovers Marty McFly's kids are complete fuck-ups in the year 2015. Who made him God? Some people are just meant to fail at the game of life. Sure enough, his negligent actions skew the space-time continuum out of control and ruin the 80s. Thanks for that. I love films that semi-realistically envision the future, because it makes life worth living. However, if we're to reach this technologically advanced prophecy in six years, we have a lot of work to do. **Obama** needs to put some serious funding into the production of rehydratable pizzas, hover boards (ones that work on water), and Nikes with power laces. —Jimmy Martin

Mac and Me

Orion Pictures

Originally In Theaters:
08.12.88

Perfect Beer Pairing = Miller High Life (a.k.a. The Champagne of Beers)—For the down-and-out hobo trying to pretend he's a socialite ... but is clearly not.

Ok, here's the deal ... if you're going to rip off a film, please don't let it be **Steven Spielberg's** most iconic film to date. Just because you repeat the tale about a boy and a marooned alien, but awkwardly stick the boy in a wheelchair, it doesn't make you remotely original. Actually, it makes you look more like a tactless asshole, especially when you toss that handicapped kid off a cliff, wheelchair in tow. Financed by McDonald's (hence the desperately witty title) and Coke, this regurgitated shiftfest hawks more crappy products in 95 minutes than **George Foreman** ever could with his fucking grills. What's the greatest aspect of the flick, you ask? It'd have to be the ending with

a superimposed title stating, "We'll be back!" enthusiastically hinting at a pending sequel ... not with those worthless box office numbers, you optimistic jackasses. —Jimmy Martin

Rad

TriStar Pictures

Originally In Theaters: 03.21.86
Perfect Beer Pairing = New Belgium's Fat Tire—If I have to explain this one, then you don't need another drink.

I would love to see someone pitch this movie's plot today. "Ok, meet Cru Jones. He's a big fish in a small pond with the greatest BMX skills this side of the Mississippi. But, Cru has a tough decision to make. Will he follow his mom's advice and take his SATs in order to go to college, or compete in the toughest race on the local Helltrack and hopefully become a professional rider? What's a boy ... What do you mean get out of your office?" By far, the most ridiculous movie of the 80s, this film flew under the radar and defined a bizarre decade with its cult status and elbow pads. Come on, Cru and his girlfriend have a BMX freestyle dance at the prom to **Real Life's** *Send Me an Angel*. You can't write that type of material! With 15 minutes of an actual plot and the rest set to musical montages, this film has the greatest/cheesiest soundtrack of any movie from the 1980s, hands down. —Jimmy Martin

Robocop

Orion Pictures

Originally In Theaters: 07.17.87
Perfect Beer Pairing = Squatters Hell's Keep—After two bottles, you won't be able to feel your arms and legs.

You would think that if your appendages were blown off in the line of duty and you miraculously survived, you'd receive a sweet pension, a fruit cake, and move on with your limbless life. Such is not the case with Officer Alex J. Murphy. As the first test subject for Omni Consumer Products' (OCP) Robocop program, instead of living out his wheelchair-ramp-bound days on his front porch sipping sarsaparilla, he's forced to continue fighting crime with a giant fucking gun embedded in his robotic leg. That's fucking rad and super shitty all at once. After manhandling the goons and street thugs that blasted him into this undesirable predicament, the inevitable epic showdown between futuristic machine and the dad from *That '70s Show* weighs in the balance. I'll give you three guesses on who wins. —Jimmy Martin

Movie Reviews: Star Trek

Paramount Pictures

In Theaters: 05.08



Director **J.J. Abrams** reignites the 43-year-old franchise with a silky smooth prequel complete with a fresh-out-of-the-nest U.S.S. Enterprise crew, but refrains from completely disregarding the tacky characteristics fans have loved and obsessed over for decades. From the first round of stunning intergalactic images, intensified action fires across the screen and doesn't stop for 122 minutes. After witnessing the catastrophic events that surrounded the birth of James Tiberius Kirk (**Chris Pine**), we find the womanizing, playboy hellion years later starting fist fights with active Starfleet Academy recruits in a futuristic lowan bar. Battered, bloody and bruised, Kirk is informed of his father's legacy and challenged to do better. Challenge accepted. Three years later (five seconds of screen time), Kirk is well on his way to a prosperous career of galactic exploration and sex with green aliens, but when a distress signal is received from Vulcan (Spock's home planet), it's time to trash the books and punch it warp speed ahead. Abrams succeeds on all levels as he has created a production that not only satisfies Trekkies' challenging demands, but has laid down a welcome mat for newcomers to this world of science-fiction nerdery. An ideal combination of adventure and slapstick, the script continues to appease its eldest fans with deliberate winks to the old days with vibrant colored uniforms, gaudy sound effects and a flustered Scotty shouting, "I'm giving

her all she's got, Captain!" To say the visuals are spectacular is an understatement, but this perfect reintroduction to the series has opened the doors to continue the captain's log for a set of new high-gloss chapters. —Jimmy Martin


Terminator Salvation

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 05.21

Rather than exploring the un-charted territories of the metallic franchise that's been well-polished and shining for over 25 years (minus the bastardized third installment), director **McG** (a.k.a. **Joseph McGinty Nichol**) shortchanges audiences and provides a mediocre feature that resembles a filler episode of the recently canceled *Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles*. It's 2018 and the prophesized Judgment Day has come and gone. Humans live in the shadows as Skynet and its merciless machines hunt for survivors in the concrete rubble of civilization. In the midst of the dust and debris, maverick Resistance soldier John Connor (**Christian Bale**) spends his time infiltrating the enemy's subterranean bases and broadcasting nightly radio programs, offering hope and leadership to the minute remnants of human existence. However, when Marcus Wright (**Sam Worthington**), a death row inmate executed 15 years earlier, arrives at Connor's doorstep ... stay with me here ... the entire foundation of the Resistance's mission becomes questionable. The remainder of the film certainly packs a punch with gunfire, explosions and menacing metal stomping human skulls, but unexplainably sidelines its superstar from the game, leaving the majority of action to be led by an unknown Aussie and a 20-year-old Kyle Reese (**Anton Yelchin**). That's a smart move when you've got Batman on your slate. As the first chapter in the series not headlining **Schwarzenegger**, the crew delivers some interesting callbacks to the glorious days of old (some amazing, some disastrous) in the form of dialogue, song selection and CGI. With the accessibility to the well-crafted characters created by **James Cameron** and **Gale Anne Hurd**, the shortage of exploration into anyone's psyche or motivational drive, which was handled so well with **Linda Hamilton's** multi-layered Sarah Connor, appeared slapdash and lackadaisical. While the film's choppy structure and trite plot points, scribed by T-3 writers **John Brancato** and **Michael Ferris**, are the key source for its failed moments, the majority of viewers will only find relief through **Martin Laing's** beautifully horrific post-apocalyptic production design. —Jimmy Martin

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Gallery stroll



Art by Michael Murdock

By Mariah Mann Mellus
Mariah@slugmag.com

I've long said that art happens all around you. You just need to take the time to notice. The official Gallery Stroll takes place on June 19 from 6 - 9 p.m. That third Friday of the month is a wonderful place-holder for your monthly dosage of art appreciation, but several spectacular events take place throughout the month. *SLUG* offers a snapshot of a few of the June's Art Happenings.

June 12 and 13, Salt Lake City's artists will showcase and compete in an urban art face off. Nine artists will each be given a garage door and 18 hours to paint a masterpiece in a contest called *Face Off at the Urban Gallery*, curated by the *337 Project*. The nine garages will be visible for several months at *Neighborhood House* (1050 W. 500 S.) The *Face Off* is a great chance to see artists at work, covered in paint and under a deadline. Stop by Friday from 2 p.m. - 8 p.m. or Saturday from 8 a.m. - 8 p.m. and vote for the work of art that you think should win a \$1000 audience choice award. Staff from the *Utah Museum of Fine Arts* and the *Salt Lake Art Center* will be at the *Face Off* to provide an opportunity for children to paint their own "garage doors." Competing artists include **John Bell, Ruby Chacon, Dan Christofferson, Alex Haworth, Gailon Justus, Chuck Landvatter, Jimmy Lucero, Emily Plewe** and **Ben Wiemeyer**.

On June 19, *Nobrow Coffee & Tea*

Company (315 E. 300 S.) will welcome the *FUN IS DEAD* show by **Mike Murdock**. Contrary to the show's name, Murdock's art is strongly influenced by the urban arts scene and exhilarating days and nights of skateboarding. *FUN IS DEAD* radiates the feeling of summers spent playing in the sun, reading comic books and observing creatures in the clouds.

Since this is the beer issue and I know many of us equate summer with drinking beer at outdoor festivals, it's time again for the 33rd annual *Utah Arts Festival at Library Square*. Running June 25 - 28, this year's festival features over 130 visual artist and several artist demonstrations. Don't just observe though ... get involved! Stop by the *Saltgrass Printmakers* booth any time for a relief printing demonstration or time it right at 2 p.m. or 7 p.m. and they'll fire up the steamroller printer to make some big woodcut prints.

Check out the *Gallery of Urban Arts*, which has something for everyone. Being the fashionista I am, I'm most intrigued by the *AIGA*, the professional association for design workshops on creating accessories out of reclaimed billboard and vinyl material. Now is your chance to design a one-of-a-kind handbag, wallet or tote by turning once giant images into cool and useful recycled art. No experience is needed and classes will be held daily throughout the festival at 1:30, 3, 5 and 7 p.m.



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HI REVIEWS

1349

Revelations of the Black Flame
Candlelight

Street: 05.26

1349 = Funeral Mist + Satyricon + Gorgoroth

Since I first heard 1349's debut full-length, *Liberation*, back in 2003, I haven't been able to decide if I actually like the band or not. *Revelations of the Black Flame* isn't exactly helping my decision. The opening track, "Invocation," is a little over six minutes of noise which flows into sickeningly slow black metal, and the tempo never really changes until the end of the following track, "Serpentine Sibillance" ... and then segues directly back into noise on the third track, "Horns." Ultimately, this release ends up like a Satyricon album (for better or worse) jumbled with noisy passages that I imagine are supposed to be "spooky." It's ... good, but it's not the kind of good I keep hoping for with 1349. —Gavin Hoffman

The Aggrolites

IV

Helicat

Street: 06.08

The Aggrolites = Symarip + Toots & The Maytals + James Brown



Nothing says "Innovation" like titling your album after the order in which it is released in relation to your other albums. So the title "IV" is a bit formulaic. So what? The Aggrolites have created a potent mixture of reggae, funk and soul delivered with punk-rock attitude perfect for any number of illicit and non-illicit summertime activities—there's even a track called "Reggae Summertime." "Firecracker" is one of the band's funkiest and best songs to date, and the delivery of vocalist **Jesse Wagner** is as strong as it has ever been. The drumming on *IV* isn't quite up to par with previous Aggro albums and skinhead reggae fans will be disappointed by

the inclusion of only two instrumentals (though "Soul Gathering" is fucking amazing), but there is still a lot to like about this album. Formulaic or not, *IV* will help keep you cool as summer temperatures rise. —Ricky Vigil

Amorphis

Skyforger

Nuclear Blast

Street: 06.02

Amorphis = Paradise Lost + Opet + Sentenced (post-Frozen)



Creating the band equation for Finland's Amorphis was a difficult task—they have a unique sound for which they deserve some credit. The band has played gothic/folk rock more than they did the death-metal thing. For me, the band's rock-type albums were hit-and-miss, especially with the former vocalist having a tendency to become nasally and annoying. **Tomi Joutsen** changed my mind about Amorphis when he joined the band about four years ago. It made listening to the albums easier. *Skyforger* is more of the same stuff from the band's last two recordings. There is a wealth of good guitar melodies, a thick and heavy sound with plenty of clean vocals, it's easy to enjoy while listening to, and "Sky is Mine" is a catchy track. Though it has positives, nothing remains in my memory too long and while unique, *Skyforger* still remains one of those records that isn't bad, but isn't great enough to shout about from the rooftops. —Bryer Wharton

Anti-Flag

The People or The Gun

SideOneDummy

Street: 06.09

Anti-Flag = Rise Against + Good Riddance + Bad Religion

To completely enjoy Anti-Flag's new album, there are a couple of prerequisites. First you must forget

the overindulgent snooze-fest that was last year's *The Bright Lights of America*. Second you have to dismiss their political commentary as at least partially ridiculous. Anti-Flag has good intentions, but song titles like "Sodom, Gomorrah, Washington DC" and "The Economy is Suffering ... Let It Die" should let you know that their political approach is equal parts sensationalist and 15-year-old gutter punk. Once you get that out of the way, *The People or the Gun* is a solid punk-rock album. Anti-Flag hasn't sounded this angry in a long time, and more accessible songs like "This is the First Night" and "Great Depression" (which almost sounds like a **Clash** song) keep things interesting. Plus, at only 10 songs and 30 minutes, this album goes down a lot easier than the band's last effort. If you want to find out how and why our world is broken, you'd be better off reading some **Noam Chomsky** or **Howard Zinn**, but that doesn't mean you can't play this album in the background. —Ricky Vigil

Apostle of Hustle

Eats Darkness

Arts & Crafts

Street: 05.19

Apostle of Hustle = Broken Social Scene + John Vanderslice



Thank God for the Canadians in this current drought of originality in the states. Broken Social Scene's **Andrew Whiteman** once again heads this group of creative fucks through a journey of different styles, including some casual horns, grunting bass lines and some really creative male voicings. I'm glad to see this collective still forging ahead with their by-now signature approach to tackling the biggest question in the music business these days: "What the fuck is up in the Great White North?" Usually sound bytes/audio clips are cop-outs for artists to put on their albums to fill track time, but this album utilizes the concept very well and creates sonic

jumping-off and transition points for the tracks they are sandwiched between. Especially the more topical bits about the current state of events and "attitudes needed in 'life during wartime'." —JP

Bachelorette

My Electric Family

Drag City

Street: 05.26

Bachelorette = Frou Frou + Animal Collective + Of Montreal



Ninety-five percent of the time, I hate girl voices. Sorry, ladies, but you all sound the same and sing about the same shit. There are far too many **Jenny Lewis**-esque indie girls out there. That being said, this album is pretty good. New Zealand's **Annabel Alpers** isn't your typical indie girl, admittedly by taking too many mushrooms and playing with synthesizers. Most of the songs are epic soundscapes with a decent female vocalist. It isn't a masterpiece, but it is worth a listen even if you, like myself, despise anyone with a vagina and a microphone. —Cody Hudson

Black Moth Super

Rainbow

Eating Us

Graveface Records

Street: 05.26

Black Moth Super Rainbow = Caribou + The Flaming Lips + Air

Black Moth Super Rainbow is fucking weird, and this time they had access to a "modern studio," as they called it. Along with the new studio access, they had the help of producer **David Fridmann** (MGMT, Flaming Lips). The music is crazy in a bubblegum-on-acid kind of way. The vocoder vocals get on my nerves but the entrancing melodies make up for any annoyance, tenfold. I can tell BMSR put more money behind this album than their previous releases. Even though I am sure that this isn't

quite as radio-ready as MGMT, the new producer has certainly helped make their sound more accessible. —Cody Hudson

Booker T. *Potato Hole*

ANTI-
Street: 04.21
Booker T. = The M.G.s + Otis Redding + Neil Young



Mankind has long benefited from the Booker T. Jones' pounding of the Hammond organ. Ever since he recorded the song "Green Onions" with the M.G.s in 1962, Jones has been a staple of American soul music. His association with Memphis-based **Stax Records** led to his playing with the likes of **Rufus Thomas**, **Otis Redding** and **Sam and Dave**. His departure from Stax in the 70s allowed him to work with artists as diverse as **Willie Nelson** and **Bobby Darin**. This new disc continues to expand Jones's musical reach. This fully instrumental recording features Jones at the organ with the Southern rock bad-asses the **Drive-By Truckers** filling out the rest of the band. The result is an abnormally hard rock album for Memphis soul's golden boy. And though it sounds nothing like much of what Jones has done in the past, it still has that taut organ work that only comes from a man who can craft a great story without ever uttering a word. Hard rock charging and yet still somehow meditative and introspective, *Potato Hole* is the cleanest and most well-put-together record that Mr. Booker T. Jones has put out in a very long time. —James Bennett

Blood Red Throne

Souls of Damnation
Earache Records

Street: 06.30
Blood Red Throne = Vader + Belphegor + Decapitated + Morbid Angel

Norway's Blood Red Throne have been kicking for over a decade. It is my understanding that the band is more of a side project effort than a full-time band—the group has had a revolving door of notable musicians. Probably the best part about BRT is guitarist **Tchort**, who has the biggest credits to his name, playing with **Emperor**, **Carpathian Forest**, **Satyricon** and **Green Carnation**. *Souls of Damna-*

tion has some great lead guitarwork, but not a boatload of solos. The guys are pretty content with groove-death metaling it out. Unfortunately, the lineup myriad hurts the band a bit—every album has been borderline really good, but winds up as mediocre death metal. Initial listens to *Souls* were pleasing, but further exploration harnessed that redundant feel. If you like your death metal produced thick and brutal, Blood Red Throne will deliver, just be warned that it may turn stale after sitting on the shelf for a bit. —Bryer Wharton

Bob Dylan

Together Through Life
Columbia Records
Street: 04.28

Bob Dylan = Bob Dylan
Together Through Life ambles along like an aging man telling a story. You're never quite sure where Dylan is headed, but regardless of the direction, you keep your ears peeled so you don't miss anything good. The album's sound bounces around. The opening track "Beyond Here Lies Nothin'" has a dirty Cajun feel, the second track "Life Is Hard" is gloomy and seems to meander on, while "My Wife's Hometown" plays like old-school blues. The album sounds like a stream-of-consciousness. The mood changes often and quickly. Luckily, it doesn't come off feeling schizophrenic at all. There is nothing wrong with *Together Through Life*, but I doubt it will be remembered as one of Dylan's masterpieces. If anything, the album is one more notch on the belt for a musician who's already gained legend status. —Jeanette Moses

Camera Obscura

My Maudlin Career
4AD

Street: 04.20
Camera Obscura = Belle and Sebastian + Magnetic Fields' Distortion

The reason why I include the Magnetic Fields' late 2008 album *Distortion* in the above equation is because everyone says Camera Obscura sounds exactly like Belle and Sebastian and I disagree with them. Camera Obscura is a band that has fallen into the shadow of B&S, but it's a worthwhile band nonetheless. Indie-pop music as a rule explores a narrow aesthetic, but what this band has done with that aesthetic is impressive and often beautiful. Like with *Distortion*, Camera Obscura uses its dreamy 60s pop sound to its artistic advantage: The album stands out as a whole and as a collection of songs. Granted, the band hasn't changed its sound much, but it has kept exploring what it can do with that sound. —Devon Hoffman

Chairlift

Does You Inspire You
Kanine

Street: 04.21
Chairlift = The Knife + Yeasayer + The Bird and the Bee

I can do without neon sunglasses and mustaches. I rarely feel nostalgic



for programmed drums and Casio synthesizers. And I would probably live if I never heard another generic "dream-pop band." Props where props are due though, Chairlift made a record. It impressed Kanine Records so much that they picked them up and re-released it featuring two extra songs—one produced by **Grizzly Bear's Chris Taylor**. As far as albums go, *Does You Inspire You* feels confused and out of place. It has its moments, though. Songs like "Make Up Your Mind" and "Don't Give a Damn" are hypnotic ballads destined for daisy field frolics. It took strong will and dedication to make it through the first couple of tracks, but once you're through the barricade of bad ideas, you get a few pleasant jams, but, I'm sorry to say, that's it. —Ka

Conspiracy

Concordat
Pulverised Records
Street: 05.12

Conspiracy = Unleashed + Burzum + Morbid Angel
This one-man blackened death-metal project from former **Melechesh** bassist **Alex "Carpathian Wolf"** presents third-tier metal that is surprisingly not third-rate. Unlike the majority of single-member "bedroom" metal bands, Conspiracy contains enough variety and such excellent musicianship that the album remains engaging and enjoyable through back-to-back listening sessions. Splicing together Burzum-esque fury, death-metal breakdowns, swollen lung-bursts, wailing solos and croaked vocals, each song on *Concordat* contains individual flourishes and displays a personality of its own. *Concordat's* obvious weakest link is the sometimes cheesy lost-in-translation-lyrics, but the album's musicianship is strong enough even to overcome this obstacle, as when the guitar solos of "Die in Style" drown out the insipid chorus. Conspiracy haven't produced a masterpiece by any means, but this entry into the blackened death-metal canon is a comfortable fit, like an old, threadbare sweater. —Ben West

The Darlings

The Darlings
Self-released

Street: 05.12
The Darlings = The Mercy Killers + Pennywise + The Offspring
Punk rock should be risky. You know

going in it should be pissing some people off—that's the fun. When I listened to The Darlings' self-titled seven-song EP, it hit me that I don't know one person that would get riled at the sound of it. It's fast, it's melodic—the band isn't bad, it's just bland. In a world where there are thousands and thousands of bands, I've got to move on to the ones that are taking a chance to show me something new. Back in the early to mid 90s, the core **Epitaph** bands all kind of sounded similar, but because it hadn't been pounded into the ground by everyone looking to make it big, all those bands were successful with that sound. However, 10 years later, even those bands have moved on. Here come acts like The Darlings slapping a new coat of paint on that brand of punk rock, trying to pass for original, and it just ain't doing it. While they put a dark tint in most of their songs, like "Cruel World" and "Dead Light," it just isn't anything we haven't heard before. —James Orme

Epica

The Classical Conspiracy
Nuclear Blast Records
Street: 05.08
Epica = Within Temptation + Leaves' Eyes + Anathema



In their six short years, Epica has had a pretty impressive career, so it's about time they release a live album, and what a whopper it is. Or is it? This is two discs, which consist of music from the band, a 40-piece orchestra and a 30-piece choir. The first disc is classical, with the band's instruments joining in to perform classical songs from composers such as **Giuseppe Verdi**, and even some movie soundtrack songs such as **John Williams'** "The Imperial March" and a *Spiderman* medley by **Danny Elfman**. The second disc is decidedly Epica's time to shine, playing material from their back catalogue. Even if you don't enjoy the style, the orchestral additions add an enjoyable dynamic to Epica's material. One could compare this to **Metallica's S&M** effort, but with a choir and specifically focused orchestral material, it's one step beyond that. The band is clearly striving to release something really special. —Conor Dow

The Field

Yesterday and Today

ANTI-
Street: 05.19

The Field = Lindstrom + Prins Thomas + Phoenix

It is too early for a trance comeback, but Swedish electronic dance producer **Axel Willner** is busy tilling the soil for a replanting. The formula is simple: airy synths and dreamscapes are pitch-shifted and chopped up in a very calculated scale pattern and then side-chained against a punchy kick and hi-hats. *Yesterday and Today* is a bit of a departure from his well received previous work, *From Here We Go Sublime*, because of the addition of live instrumentation and guest drummer

John Stainier from **Battles**. The result is a more rounded and alive-sounding album, like a kaleidoscope that has been projected on a proper-sized movie screen—psychedelic but very logical. —Andrew Glassett

Glorior Belli

Meet Us at the Southern Sign
Candlelight Records

Street: 06.06

Glorior Belli = Watain + Ondskapt + Corpus Christi

I've always been picky about the black metal that is signed to **Candlelight Records**, but France's Glorior Belli remain among the elite in their roster of still-active bands. I am always inclined to check out anything from France, thanks to the endless flow of fantastic bands that seemingly comes out of nowhere. This is Glorior Belli's third full-length album and a highly anticipated follow-up to their rather excellent *Manifesting the Raging Beast*. It pretty much picks up where the last one left off, with similar production and song lengths. While it might take a few listens to get into, there's actually a surprising amount of layering and subtleties to each track, which definitely gives reason for repeated listens. While I think **Otargos's** *Fuck God-Disease Process* so far is still my favorite France black-metal release of 2009, *Meet Us at the Southern Sign* is definitely worth some attention. —Conor Dow

J Dilla

Dillanology
Rapster Records
Street Date: 05.31

J Dilla = Classic D-Town hip hop at its finest

Anything J Dilla touches turns to gold. This album showcases Dilla's immense talent with 13 hip-hop sure-shots. If you have no idea who Jay Dee a.k.a. J Dilla is, think **Slum Village**. Think **Black Milk**. Think **Yancey Brothers**. Think "the D." He's nitty gritty hip-hop superiority at its finest. This album features no rarities or hidden gems, just pure Dilla-produced classic collabs like **Common's** "The Light," **The Roots'** "Dynamite," **The Pharcyde's** "Runnin'" and "Drop" and **De La Soul's** "Stakes is High." This is a no-brainer, classic hip-hop material for the soul. —JRapp

Joan of Arc

Flowers

Polyvinyl

Street: 06.16

Joan of Arc = Cap'n Jazz + Owl + American Football + Ghosts and Vodka + Everyoned + Make Believe + Friend/Enemy

Good ol' Joan of Arc—so flashy, so experimental, all the pizzazz that you could ever want from a band. **Tim Kinsella** is so fresh and so clean. I really have tried to love this band several times and every time they pull me in and then Timmy starts throwing down his blunt semi-ironic lyrics and it totally turns me off. All I really want to do is spend one romantic evening getting all sultry to the sounds of Joan of Arc, but Tim's stank lyrics keep ruining the moment. I think that he needs to mellow out on the poignancy. —Jon Robertson

John Paul Keith and The One Four Fives

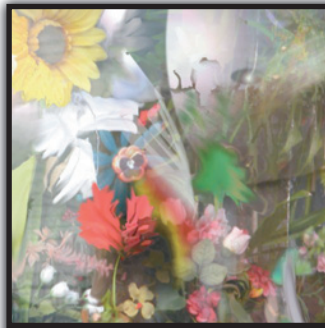
Spills and Thrills

Big Legal Mess/ Fat Possum

Street: 05.12

John Paul Keith = Jerry Lee Lewis + R.L. Burnside + Jimmy Vaughn

Every time I pick up a supposed blues record with a white guy on the cover, I start to cringe, but from the get-go, John Paul Keith and the One Four Fives got me rolling. White guys generally can't play the blues—the best they can do is steal them and tweak them into something that makes sense to them. Blues is the music of oppression, depression, misery and a big "fuck you" to those who might try and keep you down. White people don't know what that's all about, and if they do, they're not used to it. The exception to that



rule has arrived and his name is John Paul Keith. This record hits every sweet spot your ears got, from the sweltering sex of "Pure Cane Sugar" to the force of energy that is the last track, "Doin' the Devil's Work." John and his band put across the rockin' blues sound so well, it's uncanny. John Paul Keith had banged around the music biz a few times over and to the detriment of his wallet, has not given an inch on what his vision of his music is. That stamina has paid off in the dividends of a great record that any fan of any kind of blues can enjoy. —James Orme

John Vanderslice

Romanian Names

Dead Oceans

Street: 05.19

John Vanderslice = Death Cab For Cutie (but less catchy) + Flaming Lips (but more bland)

Do you ever feel like certain genres are just getting more and more watered down? John Vanderslice is like Vitamin Water after you have been drinking Gatorade for months. Sometimes his songs have good hooks, usually about his love life. Sometimes they sound like **Cure** B-sides (especially "Too Much Time"). I am usually down for some depressing relationship songs, you know, because I am a pussy, but I never listen to more than like three or four Vanderslice songs. He just gets old pretty quick, plus, he will probably remind you of a band you would prefer to listen to. —Cody Hudson

The Lava Children

Self-titled

Graveface

Street: 05.26

The Lava Children = Deerhoof + The Pixies

I am apathetic about The Lava Children. Clattering combinations of drums, guitar and assorted ambience trundle among abstract female vocalizations, and this album makes its way from beginning to end ponderously, dreamily. The five-track album, a scant 20 minutes long, maintains a middling effect of slow, indifferent haziness throughout its short existence, and when it is over, it fails to be very effectual. Perhaps The Lava Children serve a purpose like long, warm summer days when getting nothing done serves a purpose, but listening to them, all I can think is how much more exciting it'd be to listen to something else. —Devon Hoffman

Kevin Devine

Brother's Blood

Favorite Gentlemen

Street: 04.28

Kevin Devine = Bright Eyes + recent M. Ward + Pablo

I'll admit that sometimes my own musical biases get in the way of really listening to or understanding some artists. Every dog has his bone, or whatever they say. Confessions aside, Devine's new record is not all that bad. I'd be willing to bet that most listeners will love every second of it. Girls will just eat up his acoustic confessions, and any one who appreciates a good guitar freak-out will love the deeper side of *Brother's Blood*. As for me, I thought it was a nice little record. I think I'll leave it at that. —Ka

Loop 2.4.3

Zodiac Dust

Music Starts from Silence

Street: 06.16

Loop 2.4.3 = Brian Eno + Eluvium

Loop 2.4.3 does something very admirable in its approach. They are a sprawling jam band of minimalists, a **Grateful Dead** of stark European

minimalism. Clearly taking notes from **Steve Reich**, this mostly-percussion ensemble breathes new life into the minimalist aesthetic of subtle repetition and slow-evolving themes by endowing them with a fresh enthusiasm. Instead of straightforward composition, *Zodiac Dust* expands and contracts with the unpredictability and veracity of a living creature—spontaneously composed but exactly precise. Sometimes the redundancy can get boring, but *Zodiac Dust's* approach is too exciting to let that deter you. —Devon Hoffman

Narrows

New Distances

Deathwish Inc.

Street: 05.12

Narrows = Botch + Isis + These Arms are Snakes

It's impossible to talk about Narrows without talking about Botch. From minute one, you know it's vocalist **Dave Verellen**, and the comparisons start. Although dwelling on the past really isn't a good way to go about a review, it needs to be said that a few tracks certainly have a Botch-like flavor, but the album moves in many other directions, establishing Narrows as their own entity. (Not to be unfair, other members played in **Unbroken**, **Some Girls**, **These Arms Are Snakes** and **Tropics**, which isn't too shabby for a musical history). The album itself plays exactly as it was constructed: by mature veterans of the hardcore/punk scene who live in various parts of the US and UK. Because of this, the album is musically tight, but comes up short in the passion department. The urgency is gone from Narrows, and what is left is a stripped-down, sometimes plodding, sometimes straight-ahead punk rock that never comes forward and slaps you across the face. Rather, this release simmers and stays hot, but never boils over as any truly moving punk album should do. —Peter Fryer

Nic Fanciulli

Global Underground

Rephlektor Records

Street Date: 04.27

Nic Fanciulli = Progressive House + Miami Nights + Mini Skirts

Global Underground brings a thumping progressive house double-disc mix put together by Nic Fanciulli. I typically tend to find progressive house music very repetitive and dull, but Fanciulli brings electro-inspired bangers for those really yearning for some harder crossover house. Highlights fall at the end of the first disc and carry over to the beginning of the second disc. Fanciulli throws down heavy-hitting tracks from **King Pin Cartel**, **Rolando**, **Photek** and **Chateau**. Fanciulli's album is one to check out if progressive house has been rattling your skull lately. —JRapp

Nifelheim

Devil's Force

Regain Records

Street: 05.05

Nifelheim = old Dissection + old

Bathory + Impaled Nazarene

This is a re-release of Nifelheim's second album, which is actually about 12 years old. How does it hold up? Let's just say Nifelheim manages to remain more relevant than much of the forgettable black metal out there today. These tracks are full of vigor and don't waste a single second trying to be something other than totally blasphemous and well written. It also features contributions from **Dissection** members **Jon Nödtveidt** (RIP) and **John Zwetsloot**, which says a lot about the album's sound. The production is really quite similar to early Dissection, most notably the large-sounding drums that echo as if they were recorded in a stone chapel, and an overall energy that was very unique in the 1990s. If you have yet to hear this band, make this album your gateway. —Conor Dow

NOFX

Coaster

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 04.28

Coaster = Pump Up the Valium + War on Errorism + So Long and Thanks...

Despite being hugely successful and stupid-fucking rich, NOFX are still one of the most punk bands on the planet. Rather than force themselves to come across as equals to the pubescent punks in the pit, they embrace their elevated status and they're more than happy to spit on the kids when they deserve it. *Coaster* has the feel of the last couple of politically driven NOFX albums, but the attitude of their post-mainstream **Epitaph** albums. It's relentlessly funny, damn clever and even heart-wrenching. What other band could mix songs about **Iron Maiden** ("Eddie, Bruce and Paul"), trying to score drugs with the unreceptive **Tegan & Sara** ("Creeping Out Sara"), unabashed alcoholism ("The Quitter," "First Call," "Alcoholic"), unabashed God-bashing ("Blasphemy—The Victimless Crime," "Best God in Show") AND childhood abandonment issues ("My Orphan Year")? No one, that's fucking who. After all these years, NOFX are still champions of NOFX, and that's exactly what they should be. —Ricky Vigil

Push-Pull

Between Noise and The Indians

Joyful Noise

Street: 06.09

Push-Pull = Jackson 5 + Melvins

I gots mad respect for Push-Pull. Bands that try to bring it and make creative, challenging music are way too few and far between these days. You can tell these guys actually care about bringing something new to the world of music. These sweet pieces of action are the perfect combination of the **Pixies** and **Primus**, with **Isaac Brock** rocking the mic on vocals. It's good stuff and if you listen to these dudes and don't like it, you are lame and need to pull your head out and get down to the gratuitous rhythms of the pulse-pounding, funk/

punk rock of Push-Pull. You know their name and you know how they be living, big up to Push-Pull for the jams. You guys have definitely gained a new fan. —Jon Robertson

SUNNO)))

Monoliths & Dimensions LP

Southern Lord

Street: 05.26

SUNNO))) = Monarch + Earth + (early) Boris



Using the word "ambitious" to describe a release usually seems to me like a cop-out, or an easy way for someone to say that a record sucks without actually saying it sucks. This, however, is not the case with SUNNO)))'s latest release, which is their most *ambitious* to date. Making use of such long-time collaborators as **Oren Ambarchi**, **Attila Cshiar** and **Dylan Carlson**, SUNNO))) have also employed a choir and full orchestra on *Monoliths & Dimensions*, and have done a masterful job at adding these elements to their signature dual-guitar drone. The final piece on the album signs off with a harp-and-horn duet, for fuck's sake. This isn't, for better or worse, the same band that released **Flight of the Behemoth**, or even **Black One**. SUNNO))) are not only one of the founders of the drone/doom genre, but they have completely rewritten the rules with *Monoliths & Dimensions*. —Gavin Hoffman

Susperia

Attitude

Candlelight

Street: 05.19

Susperia = Testament + Dimmu Borgir – the keyboards + Metallica I find it fairly hard to criticize Susperia's vocalist for sounding like a Testament/**Chuck Billy** clone, considering the guy suffered a heart attack in March of this year. Regardless, his vocals do sound like Mr. Billy, just with a bit more range. Interestingly enough, Billy does make a guest appearance on the album. The Norwegian-born Susperia is made up of plenty of ex-**Old Man's Child** members and guitarist **Cyrus**, who also played for Dimmu Borgir, **Satyricon** and **Sarke**. The experience within the members definitely shines on this groove-styled, modern thrash metal with subtle hints of black metal. There are also plenty of interesting and original-sounding

melodies throughout *Attitude*. The record is a modern thrash album that has its own style, though imbedded in influence from legendary thrash artists. The most appealing factor in all of the music is that it sounds like it's played from the heart and with a certain fervor that many bands that wear influences on their sleeves attempt to do but fail at. —Bryer Wharton

Various Artists

Black Rio 2: Original Samba Soul 1971-1980

Strut Records

Street: 06.23

Black Rio 2 = Jimmy Castor + Gerson King Combo + João Gilberto

Once you erase the thought of what the guy on the cover seems to be receiving, you will find an album that is full of underground funky-ass music from the 70s Brazilian Black Rio Movement, a time when young Brazilians looked to American soul and funk for a new voice and sound. In 2002, **Strut Records** released the original *Black Rio* to highlight the movement's prominent artists. On *Black Rio 2*, the series continues with lesser-known artists. The album starts slow, but by track two, get ready for the sweatfest to start. The collection is highly enjoyable, like the **Bar-Kays**-infused track "Faz Tanto Tempo" by **Renat Lu**, and the infectious cover of **Gilberto Gil's**

"Bananeria" by **Emilio Santiago**.

By track seven, the **James Brown** impact on the movement is clear. *Rio 2* will make you wish you heard these tracks ages ago, but you will find pleasure listening today. —Courtney Blair

Witch Hunt

Burning Bridges to Nowhere

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 04.28

Witch Hunt = Discharge + The Gits + Bad Religion

I dig Witch Hunt, and *Burning Bridges to Nowhere* is exactly why. Bridging the gap between crust punk and early pop-punk (think **Husker Du**, **not NOFX**) immediately seems like a treacherous path to take, but Witch Hunt somehow manage to do just that without becoming a laughing-stock. Moving easily from medium-paced sing-alongs ("Everyday") to screamy punk anthems ("Counting Down the Days"), Witch Hunt take everything that is now, and was once, awesome about punk rock and make it, well, awesome again. Crusties, spange the 11 bucks or so and buy this fucker. (06.24: *Baxter's*) —Gavin Hoffman

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THE INVERSION TRAWLER

An Interview with Alfredo
Filed by Oom

Boo became obsessed with the idea of interviewing Alfredo, Aunt Leona's spirit guide who appears to her as a messy plate of spaghetti marinara.

Boo ran the idea past Leona who said she'd ask Alfredo if he'd be willing to be interviewed. The three of us were sitting in Boo's bedroom at the time, and Aunt Leona crawled over to Boo's closet saying, "I'll just meditate for a minute and open up a channel of communication with him. Oh, he's gonna love this. Eww, when did you last run a vacuum over this manky shag, Boo? I'm a delicate blossom, you know. Eww!" Boo turned to me in panic and whispered, "I didn't mean right now! I haven't prepared any questions. What if..." She was cut off by loud Leona giggling coming from

some questions," she said.

Boo looked stuck so I started in. "Hi, Alfredo. How did you become a spirit guide and why did you choose Leona?" I stared at the prayer mat waiting for it to reply. Instead, I heard Leona squeal delightedly and say, "That's so sweet!" I turned to Leona who continued, "He says he was sought out and recruited like a special agent or a star athlete and that he needed a beautiful and glamorous side-kick. When he saw me on the shopping channel, he knew I was the one. He set things in motion so that I would eventually summon him to me."

Leona turned back toward the prayer mat and cootchie-cooed, "I'm so glad you did, too, you dangerous dish of dishy carbohydrate."



the closet. The giggling continued for several seconds and then Leona emerged saying, "He says he'll do it, giggle, and he's wearing sparkly, star-shaped sunglasses, giggle giggle giggle." Boo protested, "Aunt Leona, we aren't ready. We need to get some questions together first."

"Oh no problem, just, ya know, shoot from the hip. Alfredo's totally into it. Hey Boo, I'm gonna raid your candy dish," Leona said as she wriggled her red press-ons through Boo's candy. She giggled and watched the movement of something unseen to Boo and I glide from the closet to the prayer mat Boo had set in front of her shrine to early Hollywood starlets who went bonkers or met untimely ends.

"What? Are the sunglasses just stuck into the spaghetti? Tell him not to get sauce on the prayer mat," Boo requested. "Yeah. It's sooo cute. He never leaks. Hey, why are there Es printed on these M&Ms?" asked Leona. "Turn it a half turn," Boo said. "Oohhh, W. Why W?" Leona asked. Boo just growled and flopped down onto the bed. Leona looked up towards Boo, then to me, then to the prayer mat and back to Boo. "Well, go on, ask him

Boo let out a disgusted groan and mumbled, "I don't know if I'm so into this anymore." She then faced the prayer mat and asked, "Why do you appear as spaghetti? And why messy spaghetti?"

After a moment of silence, Leona said, "It's because it's so outside my sensibilities. It keeps me a bit, ya know, on edge."

Boo got agitated and demanded, "Does this mean there's an afterlife? Is there a God, and if so, does it really love retarded people more than it loves other people? What's the meaning of life? Why are religious people so often horrible? Why is there so much pain in the world? Is there a heaven and a hell? Are we all just crazy? Is there a point?"

Boo whipped her head around to face Leona for the answer. Leona had an unusually serious look on her face, and after a silent moment of looking at the prayer mat she answered, "He says that's for him to know and for you to find out. He also says, 'NYA NYA NYA!'"

"Wrong answer!" Boo leapt up from the bed, grabbed the prayer mat and flung it across the room.

Aunt Leona screamed.

Bellyography



Viktoriya
by Astara

For the past several years, Utah's Middle Eastern dance community has often had the opportunity to watch the amazing Viktoriya. A true professional, she brings technique, talent and personality to her performances, always giving us everything she has. Multi-faceted, Viktoriya is an actress, model, dancer, teacher and loving mother. She is always fun to watch and rewards her audiences with incredible energy, choreography and passion.

Raised in Russia, Viktoriya has danced since she was five years old, studying Russian ballet and folkloric dance. She graduated from the College of Classical Ballet in the Ukraine and danced professionally for 12 years with the *Radujniy Company of Folkloric Dance*. Her association with this dance company took her around the world, and to the Middle East, where she fell in love with belly dancing. Viktoriya then worked and performed in the Middle East for six years, studying and dancing with belly dance artists from Syria, Lebanon and Egypt.

In the United States, Viktoriya has been sought after to dance and teach workshops and has been featured in several performance videos. She has also danced and acted in several movies. Viktoriya's professional attitude

and joy for dancing has always been present every time and everywhere she performs.

A few weeks ago, our beautiful Viktoriya was in a terrible head-on automobile accident where she sustained critical head injuries. As of this writing, she is still in a coma, though she has been moved out of the intensive care unit and into a nursing facility.

The wonderful dancers in Utah's belly dance community have organized a benefit performance for Viktoriya, featuring Utah's premier Middle Eastern dancers. The show will be held on Saturday, July 25, at the *Academy of Performing Arts*, 2207 South Main Street, Salt Lake City. Doors will open at 5 p.m. and the show begins at 6 p.m. Presale tickets are \$15 and can be bought through Paypal, rmaxwilson.com (include the name of who will pick up the tickets from will/call with their identification). Tickets at the door will be \$20.

There will be an auction, henna tattoos, and card readings. All proceeds collected from this event will go to Viktoriya and her family. Please tell everyone you know to attend this benefit concert and help the belly dance community assist a fellow dancer and friend. For more information go to myspace.com/viktoriyasbenefit or bellydancingbyviktoriya.com.

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- 7/9 Warsaw Poland Bros. - Celtic/ska
- 7/16 Sean Campbell Band - Acoustic originals
- 7/28 Texan Summer Patio Party feat. Dale Watson and the Texas Lone Stars - Live Honkey-tonk from Austin, Texas BBQ, Chicken Shit Bingo, Prizes, Give-aways, Drink Specials, Dance Lessons, DJ

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Daily Calendar

Friday June 5

The Curious Mystery, Blue Sunshine Soul – *Woodshed*
Gay Pride Festival – Grand Marshal Reception (Hilton)
Drop Dead Julio – *Brewskis*
Irony Man – *ABG's*
Covendetta – *Muse Music*
The Futurists, Estrago, Fox Van Cleef – *Burt's*
Vile Blue Shades, Wolfs, Red Bennies – *Urban*
HillHaven Raven, The Assent, Koffin – *Kilby*
KHP, Jezus Rides a Rikshaw, Life Has a Way, Season of Change – *Club Vegas*
Summer Salutation Show: Dream Balloons, Josaleigh Pollett, The Continentals, NyrLif, SLFM, The Chocolate Covered Strawberries, Panda vs. Bear – *994 New Hope Drive*

Saturday June 6

Lydia, This Radio Play, Eye Alaska, Brave Citizens, This is Anfield – *Avalon*
Salt Lake Metal Fest: Six Guns Beyond
Denmark, Unleash the Plague, Cultvs Mortem, Means Nothing, Arsenic Addiction, Demon Cross, Gawdzey, Sawed of Smile, Grim Prophecy, Ravings of a Madman, Malignant Inception – *Club Vegas*
Wooden Birds, The Awful Truth – *Kilby*
Gay Pride Festival Rally & Dance – Washington Square
No Quarter – *Urban*
Drop Dead Julio, Abrupt Edge, Dirty Copper – *Tony's*
DirtStar Army Video Premier – *Downtown Library*
Poo Pee D and the Family Jewels, Nurse Sherri – *Burt's*
Salt City Derby Girls: Death Dealers vs. Sisters of No Mercy & Leave it to Cleavers vs. Bomber Babes – Salt Palace
Float Decorating Party – *Princess Kennedy's Pad*

Sunday June 7

Drop Dead Julio – *The Taproom*
Time To Talk Tween Tunes: Vanessa Shuput, James Miska, Colin Stevens – *Urban*
Blackhole, Blastoids – *Kilby*
Gay Pride Festival Parade – Washington Square

Monday June 8

No Use For A Name, Only Crime, Pour Habit – *Burt's*
Misdelphia, Hotel on Baltic – *Sho*
A Camp – *Kilby*
Langhorne Slim, Samantha Crain, The Devil Whale, Sam Lowry – *Urban*

Tuesday June 9

Castor & Pollution, The Gold Leaf Experiment, Just a Face – *Kilby*
Hed (PE), Big B, The Dirt Ball, Mower – *Murray Theater*
Shotgun Party, Widow's Bane, Ugly Valley Boys – *Burt's*
Blonde Assassins Music Presents – *Woodshed*
Lindsay Inluenzi Heath, Monsters the Gods Built, MC Untitled – *Urban*
The Points – *Compound Provo*
The Hammer Hands Concerts Series: Annelise LeCheminant, Michael Wine, Shaun "Hammer Hands" Barrowes, Nicole Sheahan – *Tahitian Noni Gardens (Provo)*

Wednesday June 10

Damn These Heels LGBT Film Festival – *Tower*
Blues Dart, The High Council, Herban Empire – *Urban*
Dave Smallen, Photo Fix, Cody Rigby – *Kilby*
Skeletonwitch, Dead Vessel, Killbot – *Club Vegas*

Thursday June 11

Damn These Heels LGBT Film Festival – *Tower*
Battalion of Saints, The Uprising, Shootin Lucy, Negative Charge – *Burt's*
Fox Van Cleef, Mean Molly's Trio – *Kilby*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
The Juan Maclean, The Field, Lazerfang – *Urban*
311, Ziggy Marley, The Expendables – *Usana*
Uncomfortable Silence, Tenaxx, Mandatory Mania – *Club Vegas*
Alchemy of Books Lecture – *Harold B Lee Library @BYU*

Friday June 12

Damn These Heels LGBT Film Festival – *Tower*
Static Radio, No Harm Done – *Burt's*
Imagine Dragons, Location Location – *Velour*
Paul Van Dyk – *Saltair*
Our Brother the Native, Mother of Sons, Aye Aye, Hew Mun – *Kilby*
Skychange, Velocity Son, American Hollow – *Outer Rim*
The Helio Sequence, Yarn Owl, Birthquake – *Urban*
King's X, Orange Sky, Werewolf-Afro, Black Vengeance, Seventking – *Club Vegas*
My Heart to Joy – *Baxter's*
2 1/2 White Guys – *The Woodshed*
Dark Arts Festival '09: Metropolis: Espermachine, Tragic Black, Spooky DeVille – *Area 51*
Cameron Rafati Record Release Party – *Pierpoint Place*
Happy Birthday Kate O'Connor!

Saturday June 13

Damn These Heels LGBT Film Festival – *Tower*
Ben Kweller, Jones Street Station – *Avalon*
Bizzy Bone, B Real, SEM, Strangerz, The Burt Life – *Murray Theater*
Leslie & the Badgers – *Velour*
The Scenic, The Status, The Golden Living, The Tedroni Project – *Sho*
Arm the Angels, Broke City, Stay For the Summer – *Kilby*
Drew Danbury, Chaz Prymek, Matt Weidauer – *Muse Music*
Holladay City Arts Festival - *Holladay City Hall*
Screaming Condors – *Burt's*
Starmy, Tolchuck Trio, Townie – *Urban*
Oh Wild Birds! - *Woodshed*
Dirty Loveguns, Shotgun Saints, Radiata – *Club Vegas*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Dark Arts Festival '09: Masquerade: Written in Ashes, Redemption, Riverhead, Discard the Day – *Area 51*
SLUG Booth at the Farmer's Market – Farmer's Market

Sunday June 14

Damn These Heels LGBT Film Festival – *Tower*
The Crystal Method, LA Riots – *Murray Theater*
Jimmy Herring, Jazz is Dead, Phil Lesh & Friends, The Dead – *Urban*
Kiyoko – *Baxter's*
Fema Kutl & The Positive Force, Bela Fleck, Toumani Diabate – *Red Butte*
People's Market Yard Sale – *International Peace Gardens*
Dark Arts Festival '09: Orient Express: Syndicate, Domiana, Elegant Curses – *Area 51*
Happy Birthday Kat Kellermeyer!

Monday June 15

The Lemonheads, Drop Dead Julio, Michael Gross & The Statuettes – *Liquid Joe's*
Windsor Drive – *Sho*
Derek Howa and His PortaSound, Strickte Quintet, Victoria – *Kilby*
Carbon Leaf, Alternate Roots – *Urban*
Kepi Ghoulie – *Compound Provo*
Film: The Exiles – *The SLC Film Center*
Matthew Reveles, Fancy Cloud – *The Woodshed*

Tuesday June 16

The Peacocks, Henchmen – *Burt's*
Besides Daniel, Ear Sewers, Thomas Roberts – *Kilby*
Location Location, Discourse, La Farsa – *Urban*
ISIS, Keelhaul – *In the Venue*
Phobia, Magrudergrind, Unholy Grave, All Systems Fail, Doomed to Extinction – *Baxter's*
Vacant Stairs, Joey Cougar and the Starfish – *Boing*
J.B. Beverley and the Wayward Drifters – *Club Vegas*
A Loss for Words, Madison Lights – *The Edgemont*
The Hammer Hands Concerts Series: Ryan Innes, April Meservy, Shaun "Hammer Hands" Barrowes, Truman – *Tahitian Noni Gardens (Provo)*
Happy Birthday Ricky Vigil!

Wednesday June 17

We Drop Like Bombs, The Champion

Theory, This Passing Moment – *Kilby*
Queereads Bookclub: Luna – *Sam Weller's*
Turned up Missing, LastFall, Marci Thorne, Rescue Cadence, Cassie Jenson – *Sho*

Thursday June 18

Stephen Steinbrink & The French Quartet, Hell-Kite, FOMA – *Kilby*
Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down*
Nico Vega, Children Collide – *Sho*
Dusty Rhodes and the River Band, Radio Moscow, The Pleasure Thieves – *Urban*
The Black Clouds, Hotel le Motel, Fox Van Cleef – *Burt's*
Green Jelly, Deny Your Faith, Blood of Saints, The Krypled – *Club Vegas*
Cowboy Ramble, Band of Annuals – *Woodshed*
Summerfest Arts Faire – *visitloganutah.com*

Friday June 19

The Germs, Krum Bums, Negative Charge – *Burt's*
Drop Dead Julio – *The Huka*
Hey Monday, This Providence, Friday Night Boys, Stereo, Skyline – *Avalon*
Au Revoir Simone, Findlay Brown, Straight Up! – *Kilby*
Death on Two Wheels – *Woodshed*
Monorchist, Big Gun Baby – *ABG's*
Grill on the Hill BBQ Championship & Brewfest (Great American Taxi) – *Snowbird*
Madman Chronicles – *Muse Music*
The Aquabats, 2 1/2 White Guys – *In the Venue*
She Rides – *Baxter's*
Aerial, Shadow, Savage Country, Hard Luck – *Club Vegas*
SLUG Localized: Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators, Radio Rhythm Makers, The Boomsticks – Urban
Summerfest Arts Faire – *visitloganutah.com*
Gallery Stroll – *Broadway*
Happy Birthday Princess Kennedy!
Happy Birthday Conor Dow!

Saturday June 20

Single File, Fictionist, Standing Solo – *Kilby*
The Front, Skint, Dubbed – *Burt's*
Ted Dancin, Same as it Never Was – *Urban*
Conor Oberst and the Mystic Valley Band, Deep Sea Diver, Michael Runion – *Library Square*
Reviver, Maker, Crooked Ways – *New Song*
Underground
Grill on the Hill BBQ Championship & Brewfest – *Snowbird*
Peace Summit of the Bands: Murry Melodramus, The Recovery, Avenue of Embers, Art.Esia, Kettlefish, The Mange, One of Each, Advent Horizon, Blue Lights for North – *SLCC's Alder Amphitheater*
Blue 66 – *Woodshed*
Greg Thompson Benefit: Massacre at the Wake, Speration of Self, Frontline Morale Destroyer, Means Nothing, Reaction Effect – *Club Vegas*
Summerfest Arts Faire – *visitloganutah.com*
SLUG's Summer of Death – Sear's Parking Lot
Happy Birthday Mary Enge!

Sunday June 21

Steady Machete, Waiting Tone, The Kris Special – *Kilby*
Grill on the Hill BBQ Championship & Brewfest – *Snowbird*
Early show 6:30: Tangle Ridge, Guy Benson McCall Erickson, Late show 10pm: Johanna Kunin, Will Sartain, Kathryn Cowles – *Urban*
Quadruple Birthday: James Miska, Emily Lacy, Chaz Prymek – *The Gingerbread House*

Monday June 22

Awesome New Republic – *Urban*
Railroad Earth – *The Depot*
Protagonist – *Baxter's*
Boink! – *The Woodshed*
Christina the Hunn – *Boing*
Happy Birthday Kealan Shilling!

Tuesday June 23

Daniel Francis Doyle, Birthquake, Wyld Wyzrydz – *Kilby*
A.A. Bondy, Bluebird Radio – *Urban*
The Hammer Hands Concert Series: RuRu, Jake Jacobson, Shaun "Hammer Hands" Barrowes, Mike Barclay – *Tahitian Noni Gardens (Provo)*
Happy Birthday Eric Granato!

Wednesday June 24

Bill Callahan, Bachelorette – *Urban*

Allred, The Sequence – *Velour*
1997, That Was Something, The Making Of – *Sho*
Hot Rod Carl, Ugly Valley Boys – *Burt's*
Witch Hunt, Digna y Rebelde – *Baxter's*
Samson & Goliath, Caroline Bybee, SLAJO – *Kilby*

Thursday June 25

Nolens Volens, Nonnon, Dead Explorers Club – *Kilby*
White Rabbits, The Subjects, FURS – *Urban*
Nate Robinson Trio – *Piper Down*
Libyan Hit Squad, Super Aids, The Runnamucks – *Burt's*
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*
Engineering Within the Book Format Lecture – *Harold B. Lee Library @BYU*
Black Devil Doll Utah Premiere Screening – *Brewvies Cinema Pub*
KHP – *The Woodshed*
Gawdzey, Babble Rabbit, Sammus Theory, Lost Cause – *Club Vegas*
Happy Birthday Mariah Mann-Mellus!

Friday June 26

Infected Mushroom – *Saltair*
The Cab, The Secret Handshake, The Summer Set, Eye Alaska, Anarbor – *Kilby*
Laura Gibson, Musee Mechanique, Kelly Moyle – *Urban Lounge*
American Hitmen, Zion Curtin – *ABG's*
I am Ghost, Karate High School, Love Hate Hero – *Avalon*
DieMonsterDie, The Returners – *Burt's*
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*
Dorcha Arte (Darkness Art) – *Studio 195*
Pride the Fight, Under Radar, Season of Change, Aura Surreal, Autumn Eclipse – *Club Vegas*

Saturday June 27

Mika Miko, The Strange Boys, Aye Aye – *Kilby*
First Annual Cash and Carry Sale – *City of Seven Gates (500 S. 2900 W.)*
Salt City Derby Girls: Salt City Shakers vs. The Fabulous Sin City Rollergirls – Salt Palace
Matisyahu – *In the Venue*
Samba Gringa, Jinga Boa – *Urban*
Kickin K8, Grim Prophecy – *Club Vegas*
Greg Thompson Benefit: Massacre at the Wake – *Kamiakaze's*
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*
Happy Birthday Dave Brewer!

Sunday June 28

MeWithoutYou, The Dear Hunter, Kay Kay and his Weathered Underground – *Avalon*
N1nthcloud, Egadz – *Kilby*
Uzi & Ari – *Urban*
Packer Family Benefit: Thunderfest, Nurse Sherri, Bloodworm – *The State Room*
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*
Happy Birthday Clea Major!

Monday June 29

Screaming Condors, Noise Attack, Kilbot – *Kilby*
Castanets, Aye Aye, Castor & Pollution – *Urban*

Tuesday June 30

Veronicas, Love Willows – *In the Venue*
Vice Squad, Lower Class Brats, Skint, Never Say Never – *In the Venue*
Hard Boiled: You Must Be This Happy to Enter – *Sam Weller's Bookstore*
Hot Reagan – *Woodshed*
Happy Birthday Kenny Ainge!

Wednesday July 1

Cursive – *In the Venue*
Clumsy Lovers – *Urban*
Ace Enders, Person L, Gay Blades – *Avalon*
Stand United – *Baxter's*

Thursday July 2

Jonathan Richman, Tommy Larkins – *Kilby*
Nightmare of You, The Champion Theory, Anti Vibe – *Sho*
Paul Baribeau, The Boy Who Could Fly – *Boing*

Friday July 3

VNV Nation, War Tapes – *Murray Theater*
Michael Dean Damron and Thee Loyal Bastards, Triggers and Slips, Reverend Deadeye – *Burt's*
Ether, Super Buttery Muffins – *Urban*
James Miska & Chaz Prymek Tour Sendoff – *Terrace Hills Mountain Top*

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JUNE 12
Itty Bitty Titty Committee

JUNE 13
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JUNE 19 & 20
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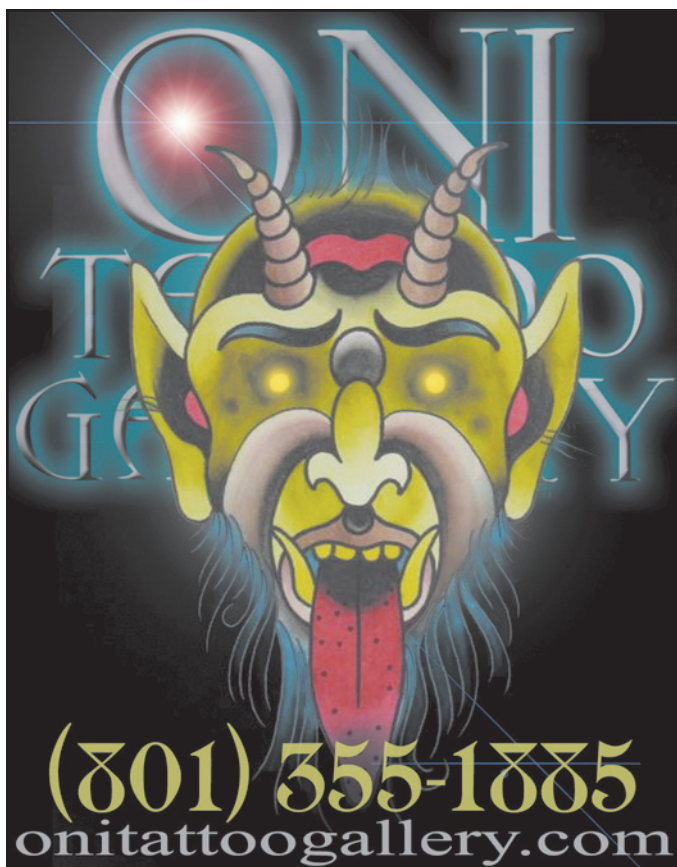
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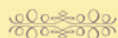




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DEATH DEALERS VS. SISTERS OF NO MERCY**
JUNE 27: SALT CITY SHAKERS VS. FABULOUS SIN CITY ROLLER GIRLS



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June 6: \$12 in advance, \$18 at the door
June 27: \$10 in advance, \$18 at the door
(available at smithstix.com and The Bayou®, 645 S. State)

June 6: Doors open at 5 p.m. • Game at 5:30 p.m.
June 27: Doors open at 6 p.m. • Game at 7 p.m.

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SALT LAKE 99.5
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DON'T FORGET ABOUT OUR LUAU Saturday, June 13 at the American Legion Post 112
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JUNE CALENDAR

- 1- Mr. Gnome, Your Little Pony, The Judson Fountain Puppet Show, Bee Money
- 2- SPY HOP KIDS (RECORD RELEASE SHOW) featuring: Malevolent MC, Sam Burton, Orion Chacon-Hurst and Heterodactyl
- 3- Pseudo Dates, The Spins, Hotel Le Motel
- 5- HillHaven Raven, The Assent, Koffin
- 6- Wooden Birds (Ex American Analog Set), The Awful Truth, The Continentals
- 7- Blackhole, Blastoids, TBA
- 8- A Camp - featuring Nina Persson (The Cardigans), Nathan Larson (Shudder To Think) & Niclas Frisk (Atomic Swing)
- 9- Castor & Pollution Tour Send Off, the goLd LeAF eXpeRiMeNT, Just a Face
- 10- Dave Smallen (Street To Nowhere), Photo Fix, Cody Rigby

- 11- Fox Van Cleef, Mean Molly's Trio, TBA
- 12- Our Brother the Native, Mother of Sons, Hew Mun, Aye Aye
- 13- Arm the Angels, Broke City, Stay For the Summer
- 15- Derek Howa and his PortaSound, Stricte Quintet, Victoria
- 16- Besides Daniel (Acoustic Night), Ear Sewers, Thomas Roberts
- 17- We Drop Like Bombs, The Champion Theory, This Passing Moment
- 18- Stephen Steinbrink & The French Quartet, Heil-Kite, FOMA (San Francisco)
- 19- Au Revoir Simone, Findlay Brown, Straight Up!
- 20- Single File, Fictionist, Standing Solo
- 21- Steady Machete, Waiting Tone, The Kris Special
- 23- DANIEL FRANCIS DOYLE, Birthquake, WYLD WYZRDZ
- 24- Samson & Goliath, Caroline Bybee, SLAJ0
- 25- Nolens Volens, Nonnon, Dead Explorers Club
- 26- The Cab, The Secret Handshake, The Summer Set, Eye Alaska and Anarbor
- 27- Mika Miko, The Strange Boys, Aye Aye
- 28- n1nthcloud, Egadz, TBA
- 29- Free Willy Benefit Show - Featuring: Screaming Condors, Noise Attack, Kilbot
- JUNE 13- S&S Presents: Ben Kweller & Jones Street Station @ The Avalon



SARAH MARTIN'S BIRTHDAY BASH!
WITH TED DANCIN
AND TALKING HEADS
COVER BAND
JUNE 20TH!
AT URBAN LOUNGE (21+)
a private club for members

JULY

- 2- Jonathan Richman feat. Tommy Larkins
- 8- David Dondero & David Williams
- 11- So Many Dynamos
- 13- The Rural Alberta Advantage
- 18- Cub Country CD Release w/ Cameron McGill
- 23- Kilby Court's 10 year ANNIVERSARY party

THE SALT LAKE CITY ARTS COUNCIL PRESENTS THE TWENTY-SECOND SEASON OF THE TWILIGHT CONCERT SERIES

2009 TWILIGHT CONCERT SERIES



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JULY 23
M. WARD /
LAND OF TALK



JULY 30
SONIC YOUTH /
AWESOME COLOR



AUGUST 6
Q-TIP /
B.O.B.



AUGUST 13
TOOTS AND THE
MAYTALS / N.A.S.A.'S
INTERGALACTIC CIRCUS



AUGUST 20
IRON AND WINE /
OKKERVIL RIVER



AUGUST 27
ROBERT RANDOLPH & THE
FAMILY BAND / BLACK JOE
LEWIS & THE HONEY BEARS

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