

Vol. 21  
Issue #257

# SLUG

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hunt you down and make you pay for your sins. Now, that's a promise.

## Contributor Limelight



**Mike Cundick • Sales & Marketing**

Even though Mike C. is the newest member of the *SLUG* sales team, he's no stranger to the Salt Lake scene. Since 2006, Mike has been slinging' the axe for **LOOM**, one of the hardest-working rock bands in SLC. In between melting faces and melting hearts, Mike joined the *SLUG* family this past January and has been filling the mag with the ads from awesome local businesses. When he's not busy writing/recording/touring with **LOOM**, worshipping at the altar of Andy Patterson or being confused for fellow *SLUG* salesperson **Mike Brown**., Mike C. can be found dabbling with his side-project **Dork**.



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# DEAR DICKHEADS

4

Dear Dickheads,

I am a full time employee, full time student, mom of two, and wife. My children are well behaved and intelligent, I have a career I enjoy, friends I love and a wonderful marriage. I contribute to society, help strangers in need, donate to charities and pay my taxes each year. I am also a Juggalo and have just learned that the government I stand up for and defend does not do the same for me because of that single and apparently all encompassing fact.

Juggalos tend to think of each other as a family. The Salt Lake City Police thinks of us as a gang. For those of you who think you don't know us, you simply don't know you do. We bag your groceries, we teach your children, we represent you in court and you sit next to us at work.

I know that I am only one person but I represent a very large subsection of our population. While I am a law abiding and productive citizen, those facts by no means make me a minority within the Juggalo community.

My husband, toddler, infant and dog live in a nice house near Liberty Park in Salt Lake and a few weeks ago our home was paint balled and a window broken. My husband, the more pessimistic of us, immediately said it was because of our taste in music. We filed a police report, had our window fixed and went on with our lives. A few nights later we had some silly kid throwing snow balls at our house and thought very little of it. Then last night our house was egged with such passion that egg shell and yolk actually managed to get between our double paned windows. I finally had to concede that clearly we were being targeted for some reason as this did not happen to any other houses on our block. While my husband was more and more

convinced that this was because we were Juggalos I just couldn't believe that was the case. Who would scare a family and attack a house over music preference?

I mentioned to him that maybe we should call the police and get their opinion on what to do about this situation, he looked me right in the eye and told me I was being naive and that they would not do anything to help us. As if to prove his point, just at that moment three men from the Salt Lake City Police Department rode by on bicycles. My husband went out and caught their attention, told them the situation and asked for their opinion and advice. We were informed that in Salt Lake City we were considered a Gang and in not so many words, that by choosing the music we do we had waived our rights as citizens. One of them looked at our car behind us in the driveway with stickers supporting Psychopathic Records and told us that we had brought it upon ourselves. I was shocked and told him very clearly that I was successful, a student and a mother, I was very much not a gang member. His response was "if you choose to fly the colors you choose to pay the consequences." I have spent a great amount of time backing up police and politicians to friends who have long ago learned to not trust them. I had never had a reason and truly believed that my friends were exaggerating or there was some other unseen or left out piece of information. They most certainly couldn't be speaking about us when they wrote about Juggalos in the newspaper or spoke of them on TV. I really felt that the government I was so proud of understood that one person who did something stupid and happened to be wearing an I.C.P. t-shirt was simply a single person who did something stupid. Tonight I was proven wrong by the same police department I am supposed to

count on if I am in an accident or see a crime or one of my children is injured.

I can understand that people who hear our music can be startled by it and the violence contained in the lyrics but it is no different then people who enjoy horror movies, just with a better beat. If you were to take the time to listen you would see that many of the songs speak of forgiveness, family support and staying true to who you are even when others try to tear you down. We are not so ignorant to think that the general population will understand that and we know that we have to work a little harder to prove ourselves as valuable members of our society. Our answer to that is J.M.A.D. Juggalos Making a Difference is now active in nine states and we host charity events for the local underprivileged or ill.

As a subculture we are proud of who we are, we are large enough to be a strong force for good given the chance and we are very much misunderstood. It is so sad to me that the government my taxes support looks at me as someone scary and beneath them simply because they do not agree with my taste in music. In closing, we are not a gang and we are not scary, we are simply a subculture.

Juggalos and Juggalettes are a fan base for music. Please visit [saltlakecityjuggalos.com](http://saltlakecityjuggalos.com) and sign the petition to help remove us from the Gang Task Force of Salt lake City. We would like the freedom to listen to what ever music we want without being judged as a gang member.

Sincerely,  
The Branley Family

*Dear Branley Juggalo Clan,*

*Although a Juggalo did threaten to toss Mike Brown over the balcony at the recent Twizted show, we agree that*

*the majority of Juggalos and Juggalettes aren't violent or pose any real threat to society (other than their terrible tattoos and bad fashion sense). That sucks that some stupid egg-throwers keep fucking with you, but it's complete bullshit that the police mistreated you when asking for help in protecting your property. Labeling someone as a gang member usually implies that there is some sort of organized crime going on (theft, drug dealing, human trafficking etc.). Come on SLPD, just because one crazy Juggalo attacked another crazy Juggalo with a battle axe (allegedly the victim gave the attacker an STD through a Juggalette) doesn't mean the whole "Family" is part of an organized clown-crime-movement. Being a Juggalo doesn't imply that you are a criminal, just a participant in another form of youth rebellion or member of an alternative subculture. I'm willing to bet that the majority of Juggalos out there are more likely to be rocking a hatchet man tattoo than packing a machete in the belt of their 42" pants. Come on SLPD, there is nothing illegal about having bad taste in music, clothing or shopping at Hot Topic. Besides, Who else is gonna serve you your 7-layer burrito at Taco Bell?*

Xoxo,  
SLUG Mag

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**Dear Dickheads**

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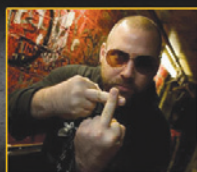
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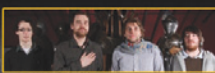


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# Bluebird Radio



Photo by Adam Dorobiala

**Localized**  
By Jesse  
Hawlish  
[jhawlish@gmail.com](mailto:jhawlish@gmail.com)

May's *Localized* is going down Friday the 21. Come for the urgent, electric indie rock of **Bluebird Radio**, and stay for the eloquent vocals and somehow heartening melancholy of singer/songwriter **Libbie Linton**. **Indian Headset** opens. Five bucks at the door.

**Wren Kennedy – vocals, guitar**  
**Joey Pedersen – vocals, guitar**  
**Cathy Foy – percussion**  
**Glade Sowards – Bass**  
**Andrew Shaw – keyboard, noise**

it's safe to say Kennedy had seen better days. As he passed Nobrow Coffee (his day job) on the long stumble home, he was arrested for public intoxication. The police teased him for his outfit and Kennedy had a wicked case of word-vomit going. Apparently he hurt their feelings. By the time they made it to Metro, "I was . . . being charged with second-degree felony assault on a police officer," he says, "Just something small, you know. I got out eight days later on five mil- thousand dollars bail."

Kennedy and fellow vocalist/guitarist **Joey Pedersen** have jammed and skated together since high school, but after Kennedy went a few rounds with Salt Lake's finest boys in blue, he moved in with Pedersen out of broke-ass necessity. It was during this period when, like some sort of hungover phoenix, Bluebird Radio rose from the ashes of Kennedy's drunken incarceration.

Pedersen and Kennedy write BBR's songs, often alone and acoustically, "and these guys make 'em sweeter," Kennedy says, motioning to current members

**Glade Sowards, Cathy Foy and Andrew Shaw**. Although they opened Localized last year for **Cub Country** and **Band of Annuals**, that BBR was much more subdued, folksy and acoustic than the four songs they played for me during the interview. Smashed into Pedersen's 8x12

basement, requisite Pabst in hand, with headshots of The Beatles staring down at me from the sewage pipe I racked my head on coming in, Bluebird Radio's loud, urgent, electric sound necessitated earplugs. What sounded, honestly, like mediocre acoustic warbling on their Myspace page has since matured into bitchin' indie rock n' roll with a splash of psychedelia. The louder rock sound brings dual guitar work to the forefront and goes well with Kennedy and Pedersen's harmonized vocals. All of their songs sound better for the change.

Bluebird Radio's main focus these days (besides rocking your face crooked on the 21, of course) is taking the next year to record an album. They have an album's worth of songs prepared, and once they've had a few more practices with newly-added bassist Glade Sowards, only the funding will stand in the way. Bluebird Radio has been around just shy of two years, and in its current incarnation for one year. It's clear, however, that these musicians are far from inexperienced. "It's funny," Sowards says, ". . . I bet with everybody in this band we've practically played with everybody [in Salt Lake] in one way or another—if not formally in the band, we've sat in for somebody." And it's basically true. A little taste of the history of BBR's members in our local music scene might go something like this: Kennedy and Pedersen played with **Dead Horse Point**. **Trevor Hadley** from **Band of Annuals** is a past member of BBR. Drummer Cathy Foy is also the drummer for **The Future of the Ghost**. Another of Foy's projects, **Sea Monster**, includes **David Payne**, guitarist/vocalist for **Red Bennies**. Both Kennedy and Sowards released solo albums for last month's Record Store Day. The list just goes on, but I won't bore you. Oh, did I mention Wren Kennedy is **Princess Kennedy's** nephew? That *has* to count for something. The point is, "We've been around . . . to say the least. It's a wholesome polygamy standpoint," Kennedy says, smiling. "We're all kind of incestuous," Glade says, "in a wholesome, Utah kind of way." Well, I guess if there *has* to be incest, at least it's musical in nature. Hopefully.



# Libbie Linton



**Libbie Linton – guitar/vocals**  
**By Jesse Hawlish**  
[jhawlish@gmail.com](mailto:jhawlish@gmail.com)

Be honest: when you hear about a show going on at a venue you frequent, then you hear that the artist is an acoustic solo act, singer/songwriter type, do you groan a little? Me too – it's an all-too-common response these days. It's like we're so jaded that we cannot imagine one person with a guitar and a microphone being able to elicit a reaction or an emotion from us unless they're **Nick Drake** or **Bob Dylan**. Truthfully, though, such a mindset does nothing but close us off from possibilities. Truthfully, such a mindset is fucking sad. I don't know where to point my blame-finger on this one, but individual expression is practically the founding tenet of every other type of art, and it ought to still be valid in music too. Sure, there's a slew, a scad, a plethora of solo artists in music today, but you don't have to worry about that: We've already waded into the mucky sludge of them for this month's *Localized*, and we came back out with Libbie Linton.

Hailing from Logan, Linton creates folk-inspired music that is somber, sparing and beautiful. She's been compared to various and diverse artists, but I'm going to go with **Markéta Irglová** from *The Swell Season* and the movie *Once*. Her voice has that same quality that manages to be both timorous and confident – conveying emotion while maintaining conviction. Her full-length album *Bird Wings in the Bleak* was released in April 2009. Besides being one of my favorite album titles in some time, its twelve tracks showcase serious songwriting talent. Linton may or may not have backup musicians on stage with her for *Localized*, but

the album itself has a careful musical complexity: You can pick out banjo, ukulele, harmonica, as well as bass and percussion. Although she writes and often performs her songs alone, she says, "My ideal music situation would certainly be more collaborative than playing solo. I've had incredibly positive experiences working with other people, but also really awful ones. Recording *Bird Wings in the Bleak* with the boys of **Fictionist** was the nearest to my ideal collaborative setting that I've yet to experience." The album is available online, on iTunes, and at *Slowtrain*.

Linton has had a life-long passion for music. "When I was little, I would ride my bicycle in circles around our neighborhood and sing little songs that I would make up." But the self-described "soft-spoken . . . shy as hell" Linton struggled to begin performing for an audience. "What it came down to is that I got bored of myself having a desire to be a performer but not having the courage to actually try . . . I would literally have nightmares about performing," she says. "With the nerves, I remember I played everything extra fast . . . People [were] so nice and complimentary . . . I thought that maybe I could be good

at this." But don't worry, we're just fleshing out a character here. These days Linton has performing down pat. "With enough experience, you stop worrying about it as much," she says.

From an awkward girl with cold feet, Linton has carved herself into a vocal stage presence that can't be denied. On top of her musical successes, she's just weeks away from receiving a Master of Science from Utah State University. But which of her passions takes precedent is an easy question for her to answer. "Biological Engineering has its moments," she says, "but in all my years of doing research in a lab I've never felt the same kind of jolt that I get from making music." Respectable career opportunities may await her upon graduation, but hey, who ever said scientist and musician have to be mutually exclusive. "I love music. I've always loved music," Linton says. "Music is something that I will always have a deep appreciation for because of its ability to drum up feelings in a way that nothing else can."

This sense of music's ability to elicit emotion isn't a distant ideal of hers. It's a personal maxim that brings forth an honesty and a sometimes-startlingly intimacy in both her songwriting and her performances. "I won't write a song that doesn't mean anything to me," Linton says. "I am not great at pretending conviction. I can't sing like I mean the words of a song if I don't."

Come to *Localized* on May 21 for a staunch reminder that singer/songwriter-emo doesn't have to mean 'lonely-emo-boy-with-an-acoustic-guitar.'







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# Class of 2010

## Seniors Rule

Words & Photos: Giuseppe Ventrella  
Info@slugmag.com

I've always wondered why skateboarding is so different from everything else. I don't want to say it's a sport or even a culture—those are just other ways people who want to “get it” try to classify it. A lot of the things that are involved with skateboarding would be really uncouth if they were done in any other faction of society. I'm nearing my mid-30s now and have been skateboarding for a while. I can honestly say I have wheels older than some of the kids at the skatepark. However, I have no problem going out on a Saturday for a day of skateboarding with kids that are currently in their teenage years. It doesn't seem creepy at all, even though if I were to talk to anyone else from their school or even close to the same age, I would have nothing to talk about. Skateboarding is a common ground that defies age, gender, social class and all those other demographics I learned about in my sociological statistics course in college. Skateboarding serves as my fountain of youth. I only hope that I can cement myself as more of a **Ponce De Leon** than a **Larry Clark** (although I'm probably closer to Larry Clark in the fact that I'm willing to take my camera to intimate and sketchy places). I feel younger at 33 than I ever did as a teenager. Every time you step on the board, you're instantly fourteen again: it's the greatest feeling.



This is where we get to what this article is really about—the youth. **Matt Winskowski** and **Garrison Conklin** are two teenage skateboarders. Matt was one of the first people I met when I moved to the Salt Lake valley. He got my number from a mutual friend and called me a lot to go skateboard. I also ended up working with Garrison for a short time at a local skate shop. I've skated with both of these guys on and off for the last two years. I've always felt a certain kinship with both

of these guys, even though I'm almost twice their age. The best part about them is that they both have grown-ass man style on their skateboards. Watching them skate reminds me of watching the *Eastern Exposure* videos in the nineties. It's sad but true when I say this, but I totally look up to these guys. I wish I had half the panache they have when I was their age. I decided to ask them a few questions about what it's like to be in their position these days.

**SLUG:** Let's start with the basics....

What's your name? How old are you? Where do you go to school? Also, what is your school mascot?

**Garrison Conklin:** Garrison Conklin. I'm 18, and I go to *Jordan High*, home of the Beetdiggers.

**Matt Winskowski:** Matt Winskowski, 18 years of age, *Cottonwood High School*, Charlie the Colt.

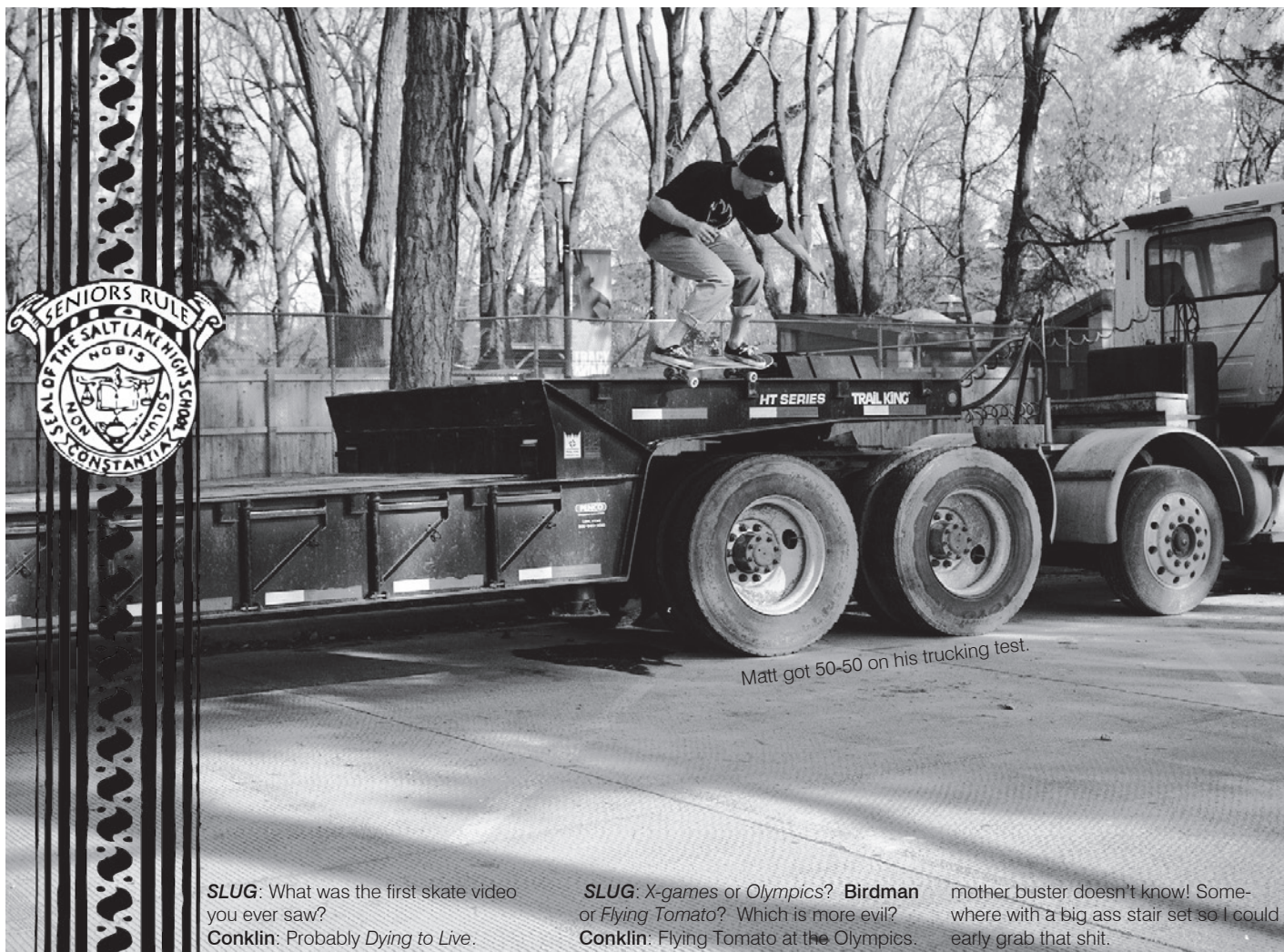
**SLUG:** What was your first skateboard? **Conklin:** Flip, **Arto Saari**. I remember it had a reindeer and a mushroom on it. I think it was my first...

**Winskowski:** I think the board that was actually mine and not my brother's [**Sean's**] was some Wally-Mart board I got from this kid. It said “Heat Zone” on the bottom, had black plastic trucks and sucked so bad I came to a stop riding downhill.

Garrison has a 5-0 g.p.a.







Matt got 50-50 on his trucking test.

**SLUG:** What was the first skate video you ever saw?

**Conklin:** Probably *Dying to Live*.

**Winskowski:** I don't even know, it might have been a 411VM, or *This Is Skateboarding*.

**SLUG:** Why no tall tee and jeans? Why aren't you obsessed with **P-Rod's** new shoe and board graphic?

**Conklin:** My little brother steals all my tall tees, and P-rod's stuff sells before I can get my hands on it.

**Winskowski:** I used to wear tall tees in the 9th and 10th grade. Looking back, shit was hella buster. P-Rod is way too chill for me to be repping his kit.

**SLUG:** On a scale of 1 to 10 with 10 being the most, how grumpy is **Andy Hill** on any given day of work?

**Conklin:** Depends on how long it's been since he had In-N-Out, but probably a three on average.

**SLUG:** For those people in their thirties reading this (i.e. me and one other dude somewhere), what is the worst trend at your school right now?

**Conklin:** I will tell you the best trends! Skinny jeans, jerking, fist pumps, be-dazzled shirts and don't forget the head wraps.

**SLUG:** *X-games* or *Olympics*? **Birdman** or *Flying Tomato*? Which is more evil?

**Conklin:** Flying Tomato at the Olympics.

**Winskowski:** X-Olympics. Shit is real! Birdman... Flying Tomato is more evil though! Look at that fiery hair!

**SLUG:** Best case scenario where would you go to college based on skateable terrain alone?

**Conklin:** NYU

**Winskowski:** Skateable terrain? This

mother buster doesn't know! Somewhere with a big ass stair set so I could early grab that shit.

**SLUG:** Who would win in a knife fight, **Matt Cozart** or **Neckface**?

**Conklin:** Cozart..

**Winskowski:** Matt wouldn't get in a knife fight. He would be at *Nobrow*, duh!

**SLUG:** Tell your best Matt Winskowski story in 100 words or less.



$v_0 t - \frac{1}{2} g t^2 =$  Matt on a gap to back lip.



**Conklin:** So one day this girl Matt had been "seeing" called him yelling and all this stuff, screaming, "What the hell is wrong with you?" and threatening his life basically. Matt immediately started getting all offensive, yelling back at her asking her what he did, and she started going off about her dog, which I guess someone beat the crap out of right after she had told Matt that her parents were out of town, because she wanted him to come over and "hang" you know. But anyways, she was convinced Matt had done it, cuz he was the only one that knew about her parents being gone. So then, after being accused of this for a few minutes, Matt went off on her and made her feel so terrible about herself, it scared her off the phone. Their relationship got cut short, and nobody really knows if Matt really did do it or not for sure.

**SLUG:** Tell your best Garrison Conklin story in 100 words or less.

**Winskowski:** Mother buster was at 7-11 eating a hot dog and getting gas. Some fucker rolls up selling "Armani" jackets. Dude's claiming he is a designer for **Giorgio Armani** and he needs money for a plane ticket home. Car number two rolls up all quick and shit. Some homie gets out yelling "HEY! HEY!!!!" Fuckers selling the coats gets in his car and dips out super quick. The guy in car number two tells Garrison that that dude ripped him off. Garrison is just sitting there so

dumbfounded he doesn't even know what to do! Guy gets back in his car and chases after the fraudulent "Giorgio."

**SLUG:** Since this is coming out close to graduation time, please give a shout out to your favorite teacher.

**Conklin:** Shout out to my Math teacher **Mr. Tanner** and **Bowers** too and also **Mrs. Smith**.

**Winskowski:** **Mr. Fowler**. my Drafting and Woodshop teacher. Homie is so DGAF!!

Bonus shout outs to **Leslie Tim Connor** and **Cooper**, **Sam Milianta**, **Nick Su**, **Bovi Jathemess**, **Dragon Slayer** and **Fanny Boykin**! Oh, and my boy **Daggle**!

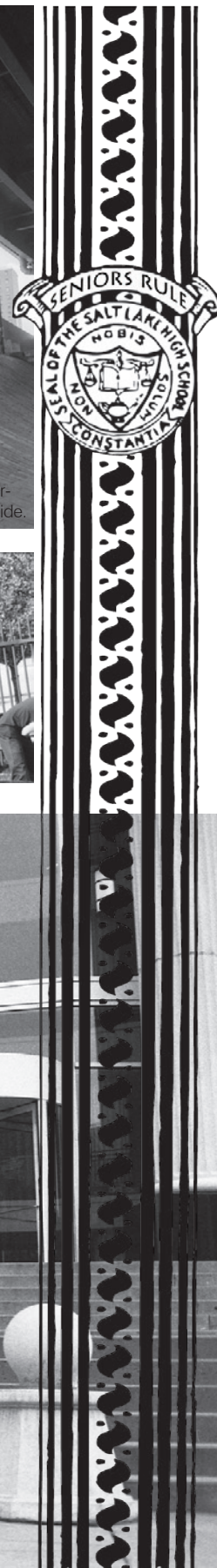
have a  
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Making use of his geography classes, Garrison located this spot for a frontside wallride.



Garrison left the field trip his law class took to the courthouse early to justify this ollie to rollercoaster ride.





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## Chapter One: The Road

It all started with an opportunity to catch a free ride to Bahía de Kino, Mexico. The whole idea seemed impossible to me. How could I have fallen into a chance occurrence of driving to Mexico for an eight-day stay on the beach? The idea was so alluring and romantic that there was no possible way I could pass it up, especially knowing we would be driving, not flying. Traveling by road is a grand excitement that borders on obsession for me. Escaping society's cages is what I find so attractive: venturing away from the web of concocted comforts that I frequently find myself tangled in and rendering myself vulnerable to the endless possibilities and unknown opportunities the road can offer. The longer you drive, the higher your chances become of experiencing something spectacular. It's impossible to know what lies around the next corner: love, clarity, fortune, misfortune, knowledge or even the most chilling possibility—death.

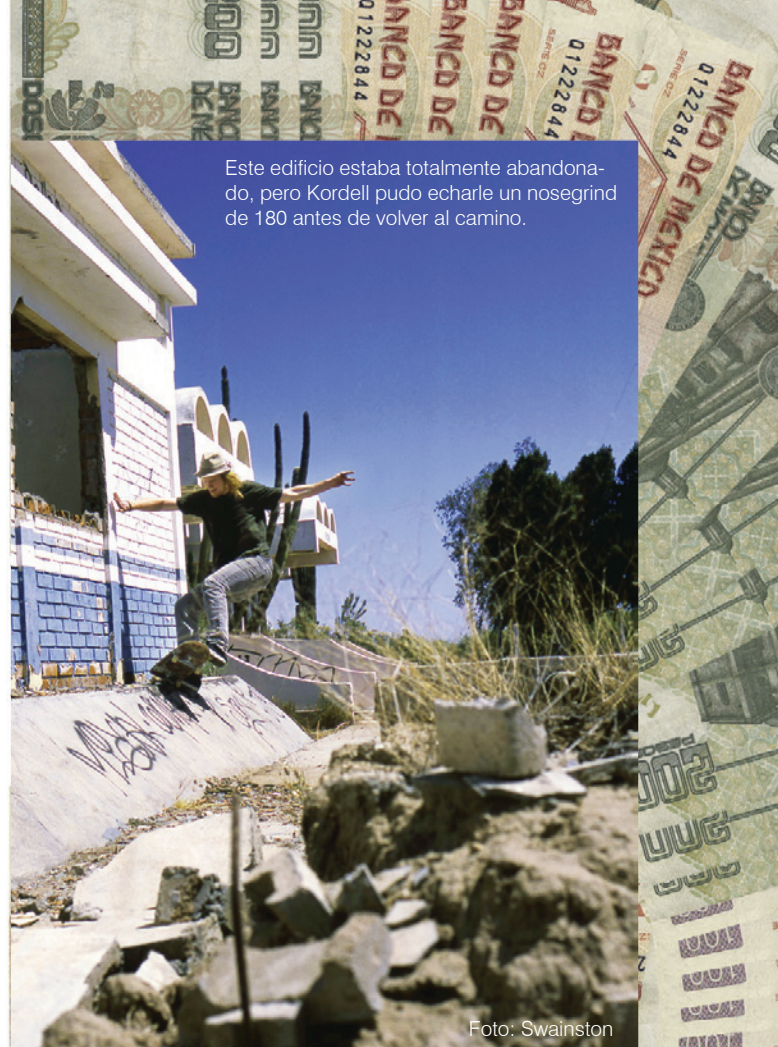
It was time to unplug from my iPod, log out of Facebook and let all those obnoxious Tweets fade away with my 3G phone service. **Kay Black** would be our beloved pilot. Her son **Kordell** was the safety keeper. **Adam Dorobiala** and I were the booze and cruise crew. We planned to leave at 6 AM Saturday, so naturally I waited until midnight to pack and stayed out until 2 AM. I prefer traveling with a slight disconnect from my senses. It helps me clear my mind and merge into a dream-like state, especially when the next day-and-a-half is to be spent in the back seat of a Tahoe. Dreaming away the day is the closest

one can come to time travel. We blared south through snow-covered conifer forests to warm desert land thriving with saguaro cacti. The journey was too long to accomplish in one day, so we cut it in half and spent a night in Tucson, Arizona. Short of an Italian dinner and a few Mickey's tall cans, not much happened that evening, but Dorobiala and I still managed to stay out until 2 AM. Four hours later, we were back on the road heading for the border.

## Chapter Two: The Richest Men of the Land

Crossing the Mexican border couldn't have been simpler—coming back would prove to be entirely the opposite. The guards only asked a few questions, one of which was asked twice: "Do you have more the \$10,000 USD?" I chuckled under my breath, thinking, "I've never even seen \$10,000 USD, let alone had more than that." Clearly we looked like millionaires if they had to ask twice. Fake it 'til you make it, they say, and in a few short moments, when I exchanged my American money into Pesos at the rate of 1-11, I felt as if I had made it.

Even though we had crossed into Mexico, we still had four hours of driving before reaching our destination. The border towns were densely congested with shanty shacks constructed of anything that was available. In cities like these, the resources are so minimal that everything has value and nothing is wasted—in many ways, it is a very estimable way of living. However, don't let this imagery jade your vision of Mexico cities. We passed through



Este edificio estaba totalmente abandonado, pero Kordell pudo echarle un nose grind de 180 antes de volver al camino.

Foto: Swainston



Foto: Swainston



Foto: Swainston



Foto: Dorobiala





"Time had no relevance and obligation had no meaning."

Sr. Dorobiala le echa fuego con este high speed gap al tailslide.

Foto: Swainston

fully developed, westernized cities with car dealerships and strip malls and drove past weekend baseball games in dirt fields into small towns and cities where street vendors literally worked the middle of the roads at speed bumps selling everything from orange juice to caged birds to passing cars.

Once we arrived, I was bewildered at the house we would be staying in. Far nicer than my home in SLC, it was fully equipped: three bedrooms, two bathrooms, clean hot water all day, backyard, glass bungalow facing the beach and a back patio. All of this less than 50 steps from the ocean—we were definitely living like millionaires now. The hot sun warmed our frozen winter cores, and the cool sea breeze blew away all of our inhibitions. We strolled to the Tecate deposito for some cerveza then back to the beach to claim our land. Scavenging in the sand for random objects, we created a small garden that marked our territory with a makeshift flag and, most importantly, the tree. When you're in a land of no trees and you have the only tree, you are the richest man of the land. This proved to be true when three local senioritas, enticed by our tree, bashfully came to sit with us. They couldn't stay long, for they had to return home to Hermosillo. Their amorous essence would linger for days.

### Chapter Three: Defecation, a Rolled Ankle and a Broken Board

We hit the streets hard the first couple days, skating everything we could find. Kordell eagle-eyed the first spot from the highway before we even made it to Kino. An old crumbling building was nesting a banked ledge beneath the rubble. Once in Kino, we found a perfect pole jam, gap to flat bar and a gap over a stair set. The streets were rugged, the run ups short, but all that mattered was exploring any possible spot and shredding everything in our path. A couple days later, while hunting out more spots, I fell victim



El jardín de la playa

Foto: Swainston

to a rolled ankle. It wasn't completely incapacitating, but nevertheless I was out for two days. On the fourth day, we drove into Old Kino (this is the local town and neighborhood rich with culture) in search of more spots. The first thing we came across was a steep seven rail under a park pavilion. Kordell started jumping on it right from the car. After getting pitched to flat a few times, he stomped a back 50 and immediately started going for 5-0. On a fully committed attempt with bad foot placement, he stomped his board in half. A broken board is a sad sight when there isn't a shop for hundreds of miles. Later that day, Dorobiala was stricken with a mild bout of dysentery that confined him to close quarters with the toilet for the next day-and-a-half. Even with our sudden strike of misfortune, our spirits were still soaring. The beer was cheap, the food plentiful and only the Greek goddess Gaia could match the landscape's beauty. We lounged like African lions in the Kalahari and let our bellies swell with gluttony. Time had no relevance and obligation had no meaning.





Kordell le da ganas a este ollie, en frente de un santuario dedicado a la Virgen María.

Foto: Swainston



Swainston es un cabrón para patinar. No comply pole jam, loco.

Foto: Dorobiala



Adán con un pole jam por la playa.

Foto: Swainston

#### Chapter Four: A Night in Navajo Country

Friday was our last day. Our behaviors were almost ritual at this point, with the morning's walk to the beach garden and visit to the Tecate deposito. Adam was back in full swing, so we went on one last mission to skate a previously eyed bank to ledge. From there, the four-pack went trinket shopping and shell hunting at a secluded beach near a small fishing village. The winds on the beach were fierce, scaring Kay and Kordell away, but Dorobiala and I ventured on. Our strong exploratory urges had been slightly suppressed

and needed an outlet. We stumbled upon exotic shells, dead ocean creatures and a couple shipwrecked fishing boats, one of which had almost been completely devoured by the earth—only the engine block and a scarce bit of the ship's skeleton remained. Once again, we were scheduled to leave at 6 AM Saturday, so naturally I took to the tequila bottle for some mental clarity and trip preparation. It was another day-and-a-half drive home, with a night's stay in Page, Arizona.

Restless minds and cramped legs need to venture out. The booze and cruise crew took to the Page streets for one last thrill. We stumbled



into the local bowling alley/pool hall/bar. All the locals were out—this was the Saturday night hot spot. A heated pool tournament was well underway. I took a seat at the bar and waited for a table to open. When you're a lone wolf trying to amalgamate into an alien wolf pack, you must heed your surroundings. Come off too aggressive and you'll surely be mauled and eaten—too submissive, and you'll be outcast and dominated. The pool table was the cohesive force binding the cruise and booze crew to the Navajo wolf pack. The games were played with careful precision. Wanting to be an inviting challenge, I couldn't play too fast, but needed to win to keep the table. As the racks cracked away with the hours of the night, we were accepted into the pack. The alley closed, but it was no time for sleep—time enough for that when I'm dirt in the ground. We traveled on to *GunsSmoke*, the local nightclub. Indulging in drunkenness on the dance floor, the night almost faded to black, when suddenly the lights kicked on and everyone birthed back into the streets. Aimlessly wandering in the parking lot, we found ourselves in the back seat of an unknown car. Where are we going? Who cares? Let's just get there. It was early morning by this time, verging on 3 AM. There were four of us now, perched in a living room drunkenly babbling on about art, life and travels. It's times like that, sitting with a complete stranger as if they are your closest kin, that I search for when traveling. Hours faded quickly with enjoyment, but we had to get back to the hotel soon. A ritual peace pipe was passed around to bless us on our journeys, and we were off. It was 5 AM when Dorobiala and I crept back into the hotel. The journey had come to an end—falling face down in bed, fully clothed, drifting into a distorted parallel reality and dream consciousness.

“Street vendors literally worked the middle of the roads ... selling everything from orange juice to caged birds.”



Sr. Negro le da un eSteep Back 50 a pesar de muchísimo viento.

Foto: Swainston



País de Navajo

Foto: Swainston




Foto: Dorobiala



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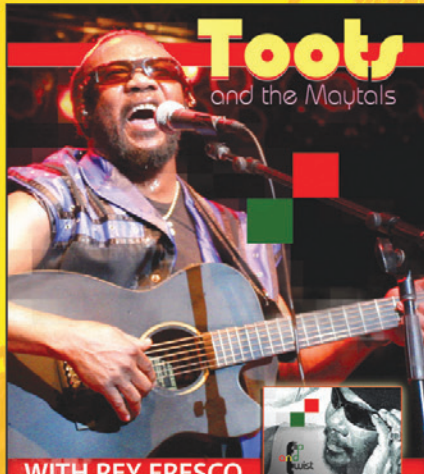
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Photo courtesy of Meg Lofts

# Candy Cranks

## Global Feminine Bike Recon

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

In a world (wide web) where typing "girls on bikes" into Google gives you boobs straddling top tubes, Candy Cranks is redirecting your search options. Founded by **Meg Lofts** in March of 2009, *CandyCranks.com* is where women from all over the globe come together to share all things bike-related from the female perspective.

Why is such a place needed, a man might ask? Attend any sausage fest ... I mean, bicycle event in Salt Lake City and it will be quite obvious that's not where you go to meet the ladies. The ratios don't even out much internationally, either, which is why Lofts, a resident of Sydney, Australia, became proactive. "The idea for Candy Cranks came about as I didn't have any female friends that wanted to go cycling with me. None of them owned bikes and they found the idea of riding on Sydney roads daunting. I can't say I blamed them, I was terrified when I first began cycling in Sydney, the motorists can be very aggressive and there are not many cycling paths around the city. I've experienced cycling in other cities around the world where women cycle freely to commute, shop, go to a cafe or just go for a ride, I was hoping to encourage my mates and Sydney women that cycling can be a great way to get around and a really fun thing to do," says Lofts.

In the beginning, the contributors were friends of Lofts' living abroad. "The first cities represented were Sydney, London, Los Angeles, New York, Tokyo, Milano and Berlin, which I thought was a great cross

section. I never expected to have the amount of authors we have today," she says. Now Candy Cranks features authors from 29 different cities around the world (and counting), including renowned bike havens like Amsterdam and Portland, and off-the-grid spots like Honolulu and Shanghai.

The CC community is as diverse in its content as its contributor's hometowns, featuring traveling bike cafes in Japan and "Blessing of the Bikes" events in NYC. "I love hearing about what the other authors get up to, I first learnt about Bicycle Dance from **Rie**, the Nagoya [Japan] author. I had no idea there was a huge culture out there dedicated to Bicycle Dance, it's amazing," says Lofts.

Lofts herself participates in all kinds of events, her favorites being themed alley cats and dual slalom races. Obviously passionate about cycling, it has been part of her life from a young age. "I've loved riding since I was a kid, I was always taking off with my brother's BMX and getting into trouble for it. My father would make these 'Frankenstein Bikes' out of a mixture of all my brother's old bikes and then spray paint the whole thing one color. They were pretty embarrassing. I bought my first road bike when I was 16, it was way



too big for me and I had no idea how to use the gears. It wasn't a very cool thing to do at the time so I used to ride to different neighborhoods so my friends wouldn't see me," she says.

Candy Cranks caters to every kind of cyclist out there, "Because the authors come from all over the world, there's a great variety in the style of cycling, and the types of bikes they ride," says Lofts, who has a variety of bikes herself. Her current whips include a Balsa Belair for cross country, a hand-built Steiger road bike, a tandem she uses to tour with her partner and a Candy Cranks fixed gear among others. That's right, Candy Cranks also features frames and other cycling products, from entire framesets and chainrings, to t-shirts, caps and jewelry all designed by Lofts. "I started out with one chainring design and it's expanded from there. I love designing and coming up with new ideas, so to then see your idea developed into an actual product is really fun. Initially I was designing with females in mind, but as it turns out, we have more male than female customers," she says. The frames are built by her partner **Tarn Mott**, who owns **Primate Frames** ([primatframes.com.au](http://primatframes.com.au)) and the chainrings are sent to get cut by a manufacturer and hand painted by Lofts. Currently, she is looking into supplying CC products to some shops around the world as well as speaking with a publisher about releasing a Candy Cranks book.

The core motive for Candy Cranks, however, is to inspire women around the world to pick up a bike. "I noticed that there are very few female fixie riders in my country and by writing for Candy Cranks, it helps me to show that cycling is a healthy, sociable sport that girls can still have fun, only with a bike in tow ... It's definitely hard to convince these girls to step out of their high heels and splurge on a bike, but so far, slowly but surely, they'll get the hang of it and are more willing to give up their Friday nights to ride instead of hitting the clubs," says **JJay Ali**, CC author from Singapore and owner of the fixie label **PEONFX** ([peonfx.com](http://peonfx.com)). **Devan Council**, an author from Nashville, Tennessee, says, "It is really refreshing to for once get the female perspective on riding; my blog feed is full of cycling blogs written by guys. The female perspective is a very important and often overlooked one; in that way Candy Cranks really helps us get our ideas, progress and opinions out there. It also helps to know that there really are a lot of girls out there riding who are experiencing some of the same obstacles as myself."

The bicycle has been a symbol of feminine independence for more than a century. American civil rights leader **Susan B. Anthony** said in an 1896 interview, "Let me tell you what I think of bicycling. I think it has done more to emancipate women than anything else in the world. I stand and rejoice every time I see a woman ride by on a wheel. It gives woman a feeling of freedom and self-reliance. It makes her feel as if she were independent. The moment she takes her seat she knows she can't get into harm unless she gets off her bicycle, and away she goes, the picture of free, untrammelled womanhood."

So whether you're a woman looking for a way to feel that boundless sense of liberty, or you're just a guy looking for a fresh and diverse perspective on cycling, add *CandyCranks.com* to your RSS feed and take control of your own handlebars. Women interested in contributing to the blog are encouraged to contact Lofts at [hello@candycranks.com](mailto:hello@candycranks.com). Salt Lake City recently became a part of the CC community and also has its own female cycling blog where you can find local events and bike-inspired posts at [SaltySpokes.com](http://SaltySpokes.com).





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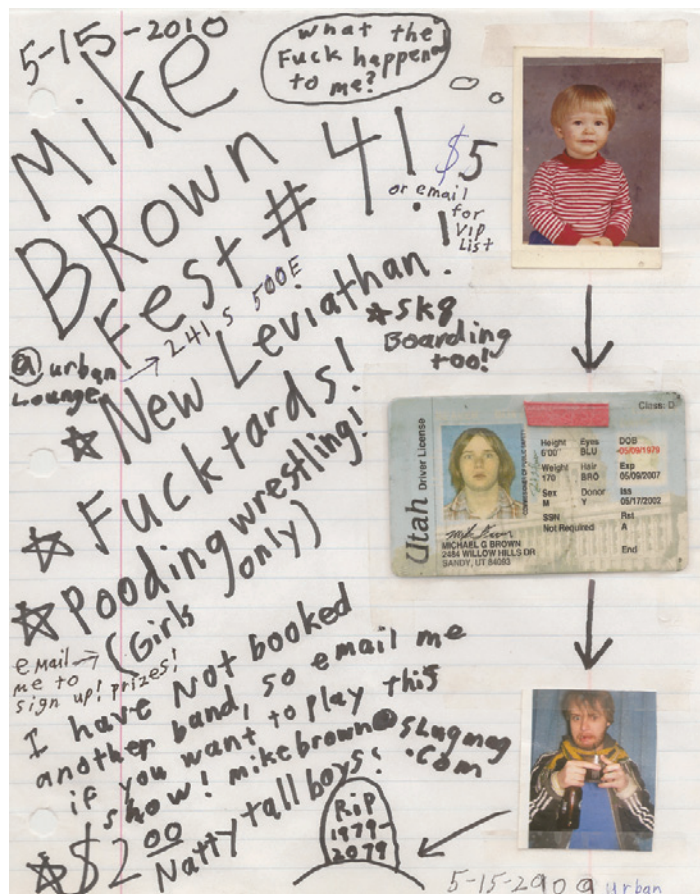
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# NO RESERVATIONS: ANTHONY BOURDAIN IN SLG

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

**Anthony Bourdain** knows his way around a kitchen. In 2000, after two decades in the hospitality industry, he released the book *Kitchen Confidential: Adventures in the Culinary Underbelly*. The book is a memoir of sorts that provides a graphic, behind-the-scenes peek into restaurant kitchens. The popularity of the tome led to Bourdain's next high-profile gig as host of the **Travel Channel's** culinary and cultural adventure program *Anthony Bourdain: No Reservations*. Currently using a string of spoken word gigs to work out some new material, the chef-turned-author-turned-television personality will grace our fair city in mid-June. **SLUG** recently had the chance to ask Tony about his planned visit to Salt Lake, his history of punk rock fandom and his perceived influence on the food industry. While we had him on the horn, we also asked him what he thought about several traditional Mormon dishes.

**SLUG:** Describe what fans can expect from your appearance in Salt Lake.

**Bourdain:** It's a spoken word show—I talk for about an hour off the top of my head. It's certainly about travel and food, but the content is determined by what's pissing me off or exciting me that day. I don't have a prepared speech. Generally it's about an hour talk and then a Q&A with the audience. A lot depends on how good or how provocative, or even how confrontational the questions are. I like to get challenged from the floor—it helps me work out material that I may use later. And people get to say, "Hey, you said this in that last book, or on TV, but I think you're full of shit and here's why," and that can lead to a spirited discussion. I much

prefer that over questions about the grossest thing I ever ate.

**SLUG:** You came of age as a chef in New York City around the time that punk rock was really getting off its feet there. What do you remember about punk shows back in the day?

**Bourdain:** I was a huge fan during that time. I was lucky enough to be around, and to be going to the clubs where they were playing. And I obviously have a deep and lasting love for those few, brief years, but I was never a musician or anything.

**SLUG:** What are some bands that stand out, that you still listen to today?

**Bourdain:** **Richard Hell & the Voidoids**, **Television**, **Ramones**, those really stick out. And **The Dead Boys'** song "Sonic Reducer" is a timeless classic. I was also a **Velvet Underground** fan and a huge **Iggy Pop** fan. I remember what an extraordinary, spit-in-the-face presence he was. The first **Stooges** album, an anti-social masterpiece, came out in 1969. Hippies were dead from that moment on. You need only to look at how awful and saccharine and bloated rock-n-roll was in '72, and then you look at what some other people were doing around that time, even before punk, and it makes bands like the **[New York] Dolls**, and the **Velvets** and **Iggy** and the **MC5** all the more extraordinary.

**SLUG:** Okay, so what about Iggy today—fronting a reunited **Stooges**, inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, in his 60s and still performing without a shirt

**Bourdain:** I think that any day Iggy Pop can wake up in the morning and make a living in America is a good day for humanity. It pleases me to no end that he's alive, apparently healthy and making money. He deserves it.

**SLUG:** With *Kitchen Confidential*, you really pulled the curtain back and showed people what was happening in restaurant kitchens. It was wildly popular. Why do you think it struck such a chord?

**Bourdain:** I really don't know and I don't try too hard to figure it out. I was only able to write that book in the first place because I didn't think anyone was going to read it. I cling to the "not giving a shit" business model, and I worry that if I start thinking too much about who's going to read it, or what their expectations are, that would be counterproductive.

**SLUG:** So who was the intended audience?

**Bourdain:** I wrote it with a tiny subculture of restaurant industry people in New York in mind. I just wanted to amuse and entertain them. I really didn't think that anyone outside of the tri-state area was going to read it. No one was more surprised than me that it was a success, and continues to sell. I mean, no one cared about cooks and chefs 20 years ago and now everyone seems to care. I'm glad *Kitchen Confidential* was a success and I'm glad that chefs are stars now, I just, for the life of me, don't understand why.

**SLUG:** The rise of celebrity chefs has led to entire TV networks being formed. As you were at there at the beginning, do you feel any responsibility for the lousier



food programming?

**Bourdain:** I think that the **Food Network**, at its worst, is still probably a force for good in the world. I may hate most of their shows, but it's probably good for me personally, and good for the restaurant industry, and chefs in general. You wouldn't know that from watching the network. But anything that increases interest and expectation in cooking is a win for the good guys. Some shows make me want to gouge my eyes out with flaming skewers. Really. Google **Sandra Lee** and Kwanzaa cake and see what I mean.

**SLUG:** How much does your real life persona mirror the character portrayed on the show?

**Bourdain:** I'd like to think I'm nicer in real life because we deliberately have a lot of fun at my expense on the show. I try to not be the same from episode to episode because I like to present a moving target. When people start getting comfortable with this notion of me as "the bad boy chef in the leather jacket," I think the most perverse thing I could do at that point is to do a family friendly show with my three-year-old daughter and my in-laws. Success came to me very late. I don't feel any need or urge or requirement to present any consistent identity. As long as I'm entertained myself, and making some sort of interesting television, then I'm doing my job. If I'm getting up in the morning and putting on my "Tony Bourdain" suit, then it's time to get out.

**SLUG:** Now, Mormons are known for some gnarly cuisine. Let me describe a few traditional Utah dishes and get your reaction.

Funeral Potatoes (hash browns, cheddar, sour cream and cream of chicken soup, sometimes topped with crushed corn flakes)

**Bourdain:** Sounds morally wrong, possibly evil, but very likely delicious. Are you sure you aren't really stoned out there, because that sounds like a stoner delight. Some

stoned college student could've thought that up. It's the possibility of corn flakes on top that add that counter culture element.

**SLUG:** Tiramisu made with fake coffee

**Bourdain:** I'm probably opposed to that in principle. Yeah, I don't like the sound of that one bit.

**SLUG:** Spam and Eggs over Rice (Samoan Mormon edition)

**Bourdain:** You must be the heart attack capital of the world. What you're describing to me is just terrible.

**SLUG:** The Pastrami Burger

**Bourdain:** I'm pretty sure God's against it. As a New Yorker I'm uncomfortable with that. I believe there's a statute against that in New York—criminal misuse of pastrami.

**SLUG:** Green Jell-O with shredded carrots

**Bourdain:** Now you're scaring me. You're really frightening me. I mean, I grew up eating those Jell-O desserts in the late 1950s, but good God, it's 2010. Put down the Jell-O mold! I don't know if I'm frightened or intrigued, but that might make a good show.

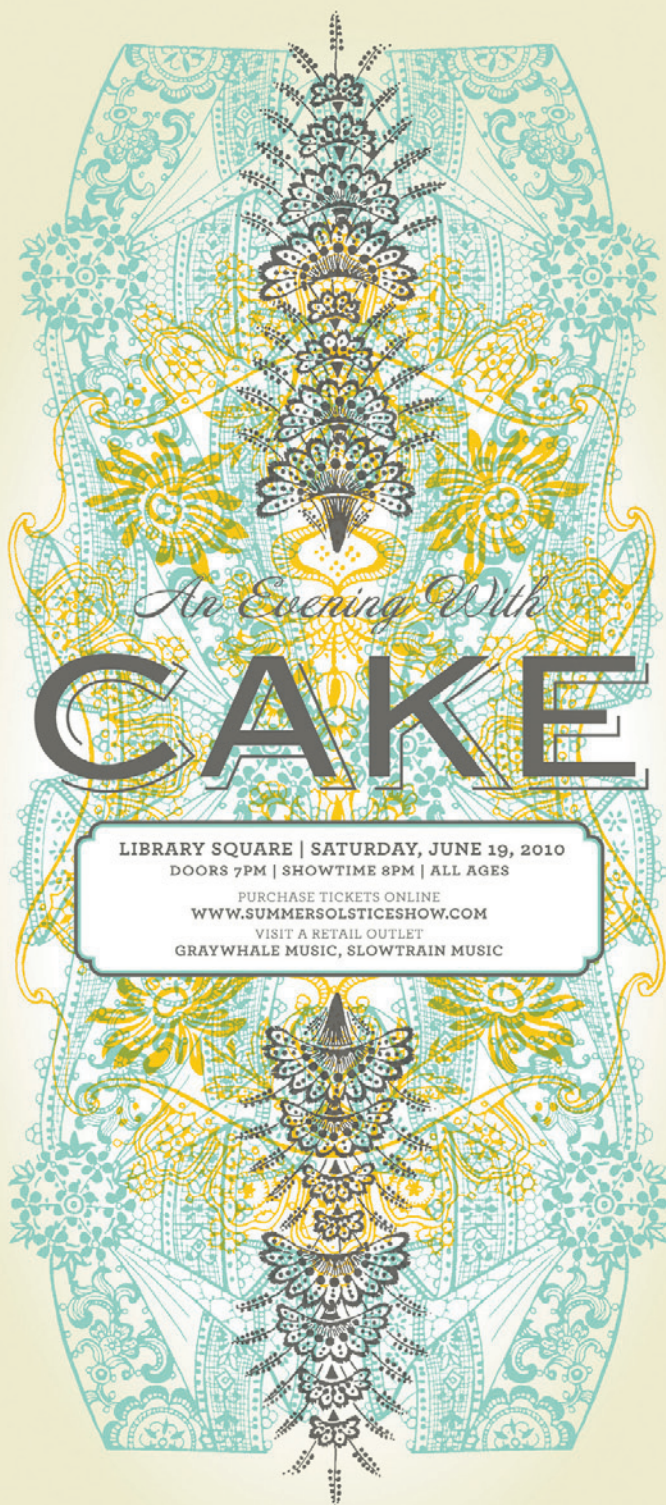
Bourdain will be appearing at *Abravanel* Hall on Saturday, June 19. For ticket information go to [arttix.org](http://arttix.org).



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# Jukebox Live: Vertical Diner

By Jessica Davis    ms.lovelyq@gmail.com

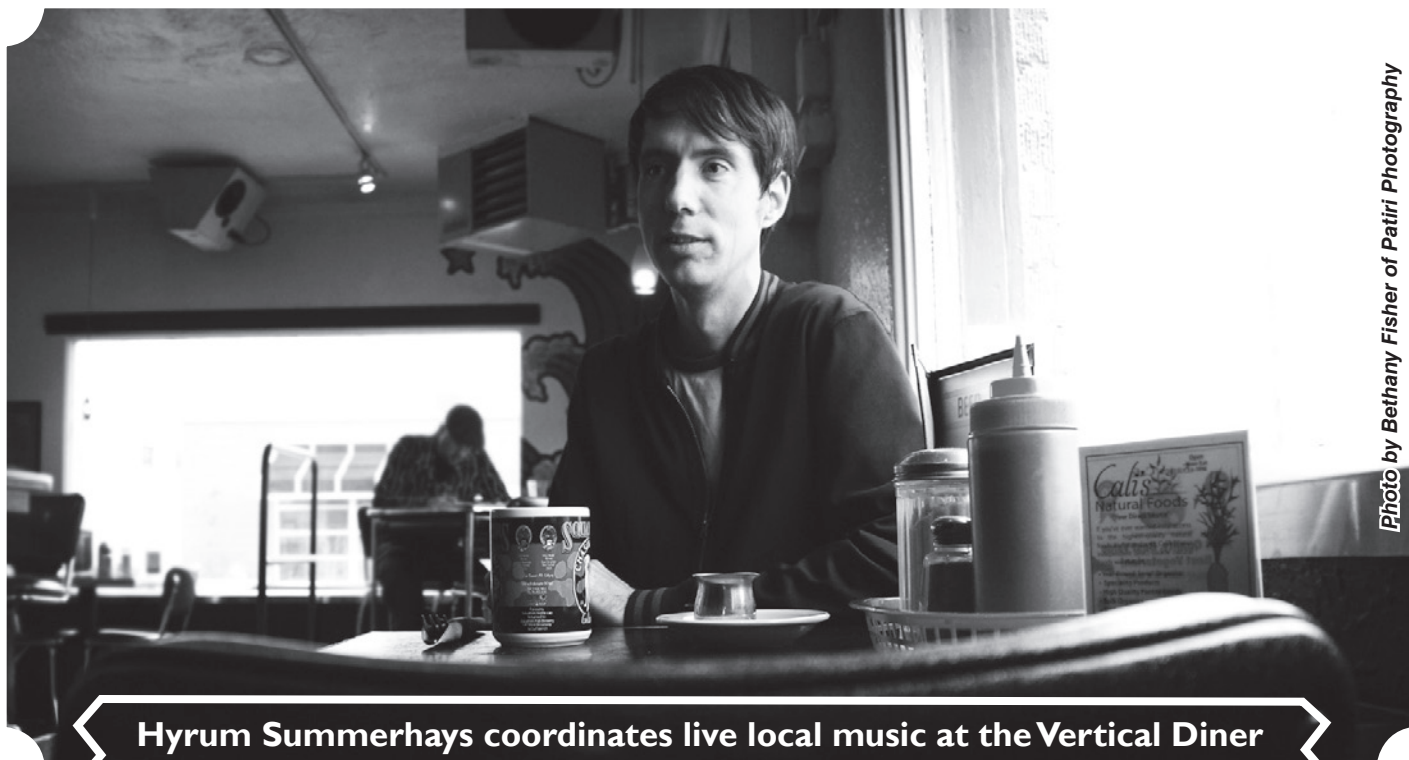


Photo by Bethany Fisher of Patiri Photography

## Hyrum Summerhays coordinates live local music at the Vertical Diner

It's Saturday night and you're hungry. You're in the mood to see some live music while you eat, but the only place you can think of is the bar and your hot date happens to be under 21. You drive by a steak house, sushi joint and McD's and remember she digs being a vegetarian. She hints that the *Vertical Diner* is a delicious choice. It's rated second-best vegetarian restaurant in Utah by *City Weekly's* annual *Best of Utah* competition, and to top it off, they've added live music every Friday and Saturday night. That's right, you've scored: burger, fries and a shake—without the meat breath when it's makeout time.

*Vertical Diner*, owned by **Ian Brandt**, is hidden in South Salt Lake at 2280 S. West Temple. Adding live music seemed like a great way to support local music and bring in some extra business. Brandt, busy running two other fine vegan-friendly joints, (*Sages Cafe* and *Cali's Natural Foods*) brought in **Hyrum Summerhays** of *Eden Watchtower Recordings* to handle the music.

The DJ sets were started by Brandt and began the Vinyl Roots Lounge on Monday nights. By February the live music sets had claimed Saturday nights. Both nights worked as a time for friends to share their music in a comfortable environment. "It's somewhere you can sit in a comfortable chair, have something to eat and maybe drink beer or wine, but it's also a nice atmosphere for those who want to play music and show off their art and not have to play at one in the morning at a smoky bar or in a shack," says Summerhays.

If you have been to *Vertical Diner*, you know the space is limited, so creating a stage that took up as little space as possible was crucial. "At first, Ian was like, 'I don't know, can we just have it on the ground', then my friend **Jack [Arnott]** did a 3D rendering of what the stage would look like, and Ian says, 'Okay, you guys are serious, we'll do it,'" says Summerhays. "We were crawling around the ceiling hooking up wires, and we specially built [the speakers mounted on the ceiling] with one side for the audience and one for the bands." The sound system isn't the only simple-yet-ingenious aspect of the setup—the stage actually doubles as a storage space. "We didn't want to take up any extra space, so there are subwoofers and mini amps built under the stage and a little trap door where you can pull out the mics and the stands." There are also speakers set up on the back patio so people can enjoy the music while sitting outside during the summer months. "I also thought about setting up a small camera above the stage and a monitor towards the back for those who can't quite see the stage, but it's all a work in progress," says Summerhays.

Though there's limited space, most styles of music are welcome to perform as long as they're okay with playing at acoustic levels. "There's a three person maximum with minimum gear," says Summerhays. "We don't want parents or older people walking in to blaring music and leaving. That being said we've had a drum set on [the stage]. The bands just need to be able to keep it mellow."

Even more important to know is that "it's free, and it's cool 'cause the artists get free food and drinks and they can play for tips, sell merch and there's a decent sound system if they wanted to get a recording of it," says Summerhays. "Most people are pretty stoked about it—even if they aren't vegetarian, the food is good."

The main goal is to bring the community together to support one another. One of the great things about this is people get to see new music and try something new. "About half the people that come in to see their friends play didn't even know [*Vertical Diner*] existed," says Summerhays, "and with local music, the support that used to be there six, maybe ten years ago, isn't a given anymore. *The Dead Goat* and *DV8*—all the clubs used to be packed Friday and Saturday. Now there are little spots filled here and there if you're lucky and get one or two popular bands, but most bands have to work really hard to get any kind of crowd. So we want people to come out instead of staying home and downloading stuff."

In April, the live music has expanded into two acts per night on both Friday and Saturday. "We want to build it up slowly so as not to be overwhelmed, though Ian has talked about having later hours," says Summerhays. Some recent bands that have played include: **Highway 6**, **Patsy Ohio**, **Emily and the Ukulele** and **The Platte**.

For event listings and more information, befriend *Vertical Diner* on Facebook.





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# KEEPING UP WITH THE CHOW TRUCK

By James Bennett [bennett.james.m@gmail.com](mailto:bennett.james.m@gmail.com)

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The standard protocol when I do a restaurant review is to stop in a handful of times and order more food than I could ever eat in one sitting—sample a little of everything. This works fairly well, but the task of tackling a menu is sometimes too daunting. If the mission is to familiarize oneself with all of the food choices, then the result is almost always complete failure. I am rarely able to put a dent in the many culinary offerings, and I'm sure there have been dishes that I've missed that would have changed my entire outlook on the restaurant. Sadly, it's an uncommon event when I'm able to master a menu and study a place comprehensively—that is, unless I'm stalking one of the servers.

Speaking of stalking, I've been stalking the *Chow Truck* for the past few months. The *Chow Truck* is a little bit like a bright yellow, wheeled version of the island on the show *LOST*—it's considered sacred by some, and it has the ability to move around at will. I stared seeing the massive catering truck long before I had the courage to approach it and prior to understanding that there was a website ([chowtruck.com](http://chowtruck.com)) detailing where it would be and when it would be there. The mobile restaurant is the brainchild of seasoned Salt Lake restauranteuse **SuAn Chow** (formerly of *Charlie Chow* and *ChowMeinia*) and local bad-ass chef **Rosanne Ruiz** (chef/owner of *Sage Grill*, executive chef at the now-closed *Capitol Café* and the gal who designed the menu at *Vinto Pizzeria*). Having embraced the itinerant nature of a vagabond food truck, this superhero restaurant team opens shop at a couple of different locations

daily. And while they tend to mostly center their efforts downtown (*Trolley Square* and the *Gallivan Center*), they've recently added an avenues location and make regular stops near the university and along the east bench. Wherever they are, if you can get to the right parking lot, you will be rewarded with some of Salt Lake's best street cuisine.

And cuisine is the right term. The slogan painted on the truck is "Haute Asian Cuisine on the Go," and the accuracy of that statement cannot be overstated. The menu is comprised of inexpensive-yet-highbrow takes on Asian dishes, filtered through the Southern California style of a catering truck. Since kitchen and storage space is at a premium, several of the items available share many of the same ingredients. This simple fact underscores the genius of Chow and Ruiz—not only are they able to make a wide variety of dishes available with a limited amount of ingredients, the mix-and-match nature of the menu makes it possible for customers to know what almost everything will taste like without having to sample everything they offer. The restaurant-goer can get a comprehensive feel for the menu after only a few visits.

Your experience at the *Chow Truck* starts with deciding which marinated meat (or non-meat) options you want as the base of your meal. They offer coconut-lemon grass chicken, pineapple-ginger pork, spicy beef with a cilantro-chile pesto, panko-fried tofu and flash-fried calamari. You can get them served as a street-style taco,

topped with crisp Asian coleslaw and fried wonton strips. Another option is a similar meat and slaw construction served on a toasted slider bun (think of a Korean-style *White Castle* burger). The third variation is forgoing the corn tortilla or slider bun altogether and getting it served over salad greens instead. You can also order the fried calamari on its own, dusted with Asian spices and served with tangy fried lemon slices and a chipotle aioli dip. And if crunchy chips are your thing, you cannot go wrong ordering the root chips. Fried to a crisp perfection, they are spiked with the truck's special blend of spices and feature thin slices of Yukon gold and purple potatoes, carrots, yams, beets and lotus root. If you're fortunate, you'll get there just as they come out of the fryer. The resulting experience is almost religious.

With nothing over six dollars, customers can get a hearty sampling of the *Chow Truck*'s offerings without breaking the bank. It should be noted that at this point they are strictly a cash-and-carry establishment, but not to worry—a little cash goes a long way. In addition to the options I already mentioned, they offer a daily soup choice, an array of candy, teas and soda, and even their own special blend of coffee. There are also daily specials that can be even more daring than their regular fare. The panko-fried shrimp cake slider is a personal favorite. You should try it when they have it. In fact, you would do well to just go ahead and order a little of everything.



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Salt Lake City's newest street food sensation—Chow Truck



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# LOCAL NATIVES

## THE DUTCH LOVE THEM AND YOU WILL TOO

By Cody Hudson  
codyhhh@gmail.com



Local Natives are the indie darlings du jour. They recently signed to **Frenchkiss Records**, and have been receiving incredibly favorable reviews from just about every publication that writes about music. With melodic indie-rock boasting harmonies that even **Grizzly Bear** would be jealous of, it's easy to see why they have become the talk of the town. Recorded in a little over a month, *Gorilla Manor* was released in the UK about six months ago, but has only recently been gaining much attention in the U.S. (much like **Hasselhoff**, Germans love them). The songs are sincere, catchy and certainly deserving of the attention they are finally receiving. While they have been traversing the dreary European countryside, we have been listening to their album preparing for the summer (and the festivals) to which they may possibly provide the soundtrack. As their European tour wound down, they found some time to talk to **SLUG**.

**SLUG:** You guys started as the band **Cavil at Rest**. I checked it out and it was surprisingly different than your Local Natives stuff for being so recent. What brought about these changes?

**Ryan Hahn:** We were like 18 years old. Maturity, getting older. Most of the stuff you probably heard, we were in high school. I think we changed the name because the songs we were writing were so different that they warranted a different name.

**SLUG:** "Sun Hands" (from *Gorilla Manor*) was on that first Cavil at Rest album. Did it appeal to your old fans?

**RH:** I think so, probably for different reasons. I think maybe the noisier element of it came across differently back then. It always went over well live. It's kind of funny, that song is really old, I guess we kind of built the new sound around that song.

**SLUG:** I noticed the **Talking Heads** cover "Warning Sign" on *Gorilla Manor*. After **David Byrne**'s collaboration with **Dirty Projectors**, is that something you guys have thought about seeking out?

**RH:** We just found out through friends of friends that David Byrne heard our cover and that he really enjoyed it. So that was just mind blowing for us. Yeah, we would

definitely like to do some collaborations. It has never really crossed my mind as a real option.

**SLUG:** You guys have been getting called afro-beat an awful lot (even by *Rolling Stone*) and have drawn quite a few comparisons to **Vampire Weekend**. What do you guys think of these descriptions?

**RH:** It is kind of silly. I don't think any of us really have ever listened to any afro-beat music, and I don't know if we can even name any artists. I don't

really see that comparison.

**SLUG:** Do you feel any pressure because of your recent critical acclaim?

**RH:** It has been amazing that people have been paying attention to us. Every show just seems more important and more exciting for us. We've been in Europe the past few months while the record was being released, so we haven't really got to feel what has been going on in the U.S. It is really exciting.

**SLUG:** How did you guys come to be on Frenchkiss?

**RH:** There are two guys on Frenchkiss that run it, and they came to a couple of our shows, one that we played in New York and at SXSW. They came and saw us when we played in England, and we just sort of developed a relationship. The guys that run it are just awesome. They really get it, it's a perfect fit.

**SLUG:** You guys are on the festival circuit this year, any dates you are particularly excited for?

**RH:** All of them, it sounds cliché, but it is a dream come true. We've all gone to Coachella growing up ... so I know that will kind of be a milestone for our band.

**SLUG:** You guys recorded this album pretty quickly. Are you working on anything new for 2010?

**RH:** Yeah, we were just talking about it. We are always writing, and there are a bunch of things floating around, but we really haven't had any time to work on them. We were talking about maybe sitting down after SXSW and working on some stuff, maybe demoing some stuff.

**SLUG:** You guys started to build a following and taste a little success over in Europe. Any place overseas that you were particularly well received?

**RH:** Holland, Sweden and France. We've been playing to packed rooms, in Holland of all places.

**SLUG:** Excited to be coming back to the states?

**RH:** I have never felt so homesick, it's going to be great, even just to see the sun. It has been raining like 90 percent of the time we have been out here.

There will be droves of the *Pitchfork* hipster types listing *Gorilla Manor* as one of their top albums of the year, and for good reason.

Their music displays a wide-eyed optimism, not to be confused with naïveté, and it is certainly infectious. Come check them out at *Kilby Court* on May 22.



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# HERSTORY LESSON

By Princess Kennedy

The gayest of homo-holidays is here! Since part of this year's theme for Gay Pride is "remembering our past," I thought this would be a perfect time to talk about mine. No, not my drug-addled past that you get every other month, but the past of my people, if you will. I searched high and low in his and her-story alike. I came across pharaohs, kings, warriors, Greek gods, native spiritual leaders, French saints and—ahem—queens, all of whom were gender rebels.

Ramses' father was depicted as a woman in all his hieroglyphs. Aphrodite and Hermes begat the hermaphrodite. Joan of Arc and a couple kings and queens of medieval Europe were cross-dressers. You can't forget Shakespeare, who was using males in female roles sparking D.R.A.G. (doing role as girl). In this century, we have the vaudeville trannies, **Christine Jorgensen**, (America's first Transsexual in the '50s) and **Marsha P. Johnson** who threw the first stone at the Stonewall Riots in 1969.

Info about all of these herstory makers can be found online. But, in true Kennedy fashion I wanted more. Last year at Sundance my friend **Michelle Lawler** gave me a DVD of a documentary she had made called *Forever's Gonna Start Tonight*. The film was about a queen in San Francisco named **Vicki Marlane**. I remember seeing Vicki Marlane around. She was an older queen, 76 to date, and ran in a different circle, so I never took the time to get to know her story, but what a story it is.

Marlane was born Donald David Sturges in 1934 in Eldridge, Minnesota. Marlane says she always identified as female. In a story very similar to my own, he remembers that he would wear his aunt's clothes to the roller rink trying to fool his 1200 fellow town members. At 17, he ran away to the then-popular traveling circus. I, like every other child, had my own dreams of running away to the sideshow, but I never realized the significance of this dream. "It was where we went. There was a lot of drag in the carnival, but you'd never know it," Marlane says with a smile. Marlane danced the 'cooch,' a dance which was a staple of 1940s burlesque show strippers. "I'd tuck my dick up

Princess Kennedy runs away to the circus.



Photo by Katie Panzer

behind me and poke my finger into the fatty looking pussy with no one being the wiser," she says. Marlane says that in some of the towns, they couldn't perform the 'cooch,' but they came up with an alternative act for Marlane. "They would pour powdered glue on my arms, it would crack and with some green food coloring dropped in my eyes I would be alligator girl," she says.

After leaving the circus in the early '50s, there were very few options for a queen. "It was a rough life and we had to eat," she says. "I would hitchhike from Florida to Niagara Falls and back again, turning tricks the whole way, earning about \$2000. It was always a gamble." Marlane recalls that there were many times she "would get clocked as a boy by a waitress hustling in a bar and the next thing I knew, I'd be carted off to the stockade where I would be put into solitary confinement until I agreed to have my shoulder-length hair shaved off." Luckily, most of the jails were fairly low security at the time, so escape was always an option. "I could escape by getting employed as an incarcerated auto mechanic and crawl through a broken board in the wall," she says.

I relate to this story because when I was 17 years old I was arrested for being in drag. At that time in Utah, it was illegal for a man to be dressed as a woman unless he was wearing three articles of men's clothes. It was horrifying! The arresting officer pulled me into a dimly-lit room where he made me strip naked. There was no chaperone. While bare-naked, I

was verbally abused by this not-so-hot cop, and I left with the feeling that I was a dirty shameful freak. Luckily these days I have a foolproof method around the "three article" law. Under my lady clothes, I am rocking a cock ring, a butt plug and a set of nipple clamps.

Butt plugs and cock rings aside—join me, and my SLUG cohorts, in this year's Pride Parade on June 6. For more information about getting involved in this fabulous event call the SLUG H.Q.: 801-487-9221.

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**21 AND UP**



# HERE COMES THE NIGHT:

## GARAGE PUNK AND WEIRDNESS FROM BEHIND THE ZION CURTAIN

BY NATE PERKINS  
PERKINS.NATE@GMAIL.COM

PHOTOS BY TREVOR CHRISTENSEN

About fifty or sixty rock n' rollers, kids with sunglasses and dirty tennis shoes, are packed into a nervous coffee shop or the swarming living room of a crumbling Provo party house. They're dancing like animals, twisting and kicking, whipped into a vicious frenzy by sloppy surf riffs, vicious primal howls and the brutish beat of floor tom and snare. Soaked in PBR and with minds deteriorated by fuzzed-out reverb gamma rays, they climb over each other, dog-piling like cannibals in an orgiastic punk rock feeding frenzy. Great God Almighty, it's the heat of the beat.

Evolved from the leftovers of the **Cunningham House**, a once famous Provo punk and hardcore Mecca that fell apart about three or four years ago, it's a scene that has festered for some time now, wallowing in its own chaotic mess and attracting fistfuls of pious disciples. These aren't just any mohawked, permafried, stud-and-back-patch-covered punks either. Believe it or not, Provo is a college town, and these are scholars educated by the prestigious garage record label universities of **Norton, Boomchick, Goner, Estrus, In the Red** and **Killed by Death**. The music is loud, fast and dirty. Bands like **Bummerwolf, Big Trub** and **LadyBoy** rule the downtown streets, drifting in and out of the scene's informal HQ house venue, *The Compound*.

I sat down to dinner with **Joey Mayes, Jesse Tucker**

and his wife **Charlie Tucker**, who collectively make up the band **Neighborhood Zero** and also form parts of other Provo-based, garage punk legends **Burnt Reynolds and His Hot Bones, The Broken Spells, Onan Spurtz OMB** and **The Clear Coats**. Mayes and Tucker are the Compound's founding fathers, and though Tucker has moved out with his wife Charlie into his grandparents' Springville basement ("Like real neighborhood zeros," they point out), Mayes still inhabits the cinderblock building, books most of the shows and does the majority of the heavy drinking.

These shows aren't all about staggering drunkenness, however. More than anything it's the music and energy that lures an eccentric mix of UVU and BYU students and a handful of faithful Salt Lake commuters out of their hiding spots. To many, it's refreshing to finally have a spring of cool, fresh rock n' roll in a town that has always been sucked dry of pretty much anything of interest, despite having upwards of 60,000 college students wandering around with nothing to do.

"For years, no good bands came through Provo," says Mayes. "I'd have to go to Salt Lake to catch them. There was just nothing happening, and I got sick of it. That's why I started doing it. I was bored out of my head." While somewhat overlooked in the rest of Utah, and even by most of the population of Utah County, the scene has attracted a substantial amount

of national attention. **Vivian Girls, Brimstone Howl, Nobunny** and **Thee Oh Sees** are just some of the highly reputable bands that have toured through Provo in the past couple of years, undoubtedly drawn by the music, art and mystique of the small city resting in the shadow of the savage beauty of Mount Timpanogos.

Mrs. Tucker explains Provo's strange magnetism: "You go to a venue and there's a separation between the people who are watching and the bands that are playing. [At the Compound] they're all just hanging out. You sit on the couch and chat with them and then go get Mexican food afterwards or something."

This summer marks the Compound's fourth anniversary. "It's the longest running house venue in the history of Utah house venues," says Mayes. Although occasionally invaded by Provo's finest, typically acting on complaints of general noise and drunkenness, the beloved Compound has endured, lasting a miraculously long time. Its longevity largely owes thanks to rules regarding keeping the door closed as to not blast out any neighbors and staying civil and non-aggressive during confrontations with the police. Mayes continues, "I don't have any expectations. I've never had expectations. If it keeps going then it keeps going, but if it doesn't then who cares? Somebody else will do one. There'll always be bored kids."



THE UVU STUDENTS BEHIND WEIRD YOU OUT VOL. 1 (L-R):  
SCOTT PEDERSEN, JOHNNY KEATING, CHAD THALMAN AND CLINT LANTZ



Tucker adds, "We all like what we're doing enough that I think wherever we were we'd try to find a spot."

**Johnny Keating, Clint Lantz, Cade Thalman, and Jeff Pedersen**—compound devotees and *UVU* students studying digital media with an emphasis in audio engineering—set out to document this degenerate spectacle before it disappears, collapsing in a cloud of self-destruction. Killing two birds with one hefty stone, they are fulfilling the requirements for a senior year class project by recording a compilation LP of the Provo punk bands. The exclusively vinyl and MP3 release, *Weird You Out! Vol. 1*, is due for release on **Junk Drawer Records** on July 3. The compilation contains 13 tracks by ten Provo-based bands like **Steve and the Ohs** and **Crumpler**. All of which have played shows at the Compound.

Keating, who had the initial idea to record and release *Weird You Out! Vol. 1* and plays in a grand total of four of the bands featured on the LP, stresses the importance of recording this unique period in the

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According to the *UVU* group, *KRCL* has been very involved and excited throughout the entire process. In fact, **Jared Soper**, the DJ of Tuesday night's *What We Do is Secret*, plays bass for The Clear Coats. "*KRCL*'s also planning on having the bands coming into the studio and playing the songs live," says project manager Lantz. The exact dates of the broadcast haven't been officially announced, so during the months of May and June listeners will have to pay special attention to *Live at Five*, which happens about once a week on the afternoon show with **Bad Brad Wheeler**.

Everyone agrees that the record will be a big added incentive for people to donate to *KRCL*, but there has been some worry that a few of the folks who are most involved in the scene won't be able to afford the

by **Pirates Press** in San Francisco) sure aren't free. Luckily, the United States government decided it was about time to support punk rock, and gave the boys a \$6000 CEL grant with the stipulation that they wade through oceans of bureaucratic paperwork. Advised by **Travis Low** and **Torben Bernhard**, former recipients of a (Center for Engaged Learning) grant and the local filmmakers responsible for *The Sonosopher*, the group had a vague idea of how to apply for and work with the grant. However, it was so hard to keep track of everything that Thalman got accused of misusing funds by *Utah Valley University's* red-faced lawyers. "I wanted to get an A, not go to jail," he says. They sorted out that particular impediment but had to deal with some heated arguments with a couple of band members and each other before they could get the tracks sounding the way they wanted and get the records ready for manufacturing. The group was working hard and shooting for a release date of June 3, but due to unexpected complications and communication problems, the release got pushed back a month to July 3.

MEMBERS OF NEIGHBORHOOD ZERO AND THE BRAINS BEHIND PROVO'S LONGEST RUNNING HOUSE VENUE, THE COMPOUND (L-R): JESSE TUCKER, JOEY MAYES AND CHARLIE TUCKER



history of Provo's music: "I don't think anyone's been planning ahead at all. I think Joey [Mayes] always thinks that every show will be the last one—that it'll get shut down." They didn't only record the bands for the sake of documentation—they want to spread the holy word of Provo garage rock like the returned missionaries they are.

Keating says, "There's a bunch of kids that want to get involved now, and that's what's really exciting."

The *UVU* group's faculty advisors were initially hesitant because senior projects are traditionally supposed to be service-oriented. The advisors didn't think that the service provided to the bands (free recording) helped the community quite as much as they would have liked. Inspired by another group in their class who was redesigning *KRCL's* website, Keating, Thalman, Lantz and Petersen suggested that they give copies of the record to the bands and then hand over the remainder of the 300 copies being pressed to *KRCL* to hand out to the kind folks that donate to public radio. The advisors jumped on it like a pack of wild dogs.



donation required to get their grubby student-loan paying mitts on it. At the time of writing, *KRCL* hadn't decided on how much of a donation it would take to get the LP out the door, but folks ought to keep in mind that donating to public radio isn't really the big, painful ordeal that it's made out to be. *KRCL* can break up listeners' pledges into installments of as low as ten dollars a month. Painless.

Thalman noted that the MP3s would probably get leaked sooner or later. "It's inevitable. We're not telling anybody to do that, but we know it's going to happen." Surely, having the record sleeve adorned with the weirdo-surreal art of **Bryan Gomm**, former bassist for Burnt Reynolds and the fellow who does all of the Compound's famous flyers, will make almost any price worth paying.

Speaking of high prices, making a record isn't cheap. Not only does it require endless amounts of time and dedication, but pressing and printing (provided



"We learned some pretty crappy lessons about deadlines," says Keating. "There's going to be a real record, there's real money involved and there are real deadlines."

Although there is no official record release party in Utah County, on July 3 there will be an all-ages show at *Kilby Court* in Salt Lake starring all of the bands featured on the compilation. LPs and MP3 downloads will be available for purchase through *KRCL*, and all door money will go toward supporting the radio station. Any of the records that don't get gobbled up by swarms of eager rock n' rollers will later be given away to *KRCL*-listeners as thanks for pledging their support. Anyone who thinks they're tough enough to get their pea-sized brains blown out their ears ought to show up and let the music wash over them like a murky, polluted wave lapping on the shores of Utah Lake.



Know Thyself:

# ROSETTA

By Conor Dow  
tomserve@gmail.com

Then and Now

*"For as long as there have been humans, we have searched for our place in the cosmos. Where are we? Who are we?" —Carl Sagan*

There's an incredible sense of earnestness and excitement in the music Rosetta creates. Music listeners are drawn to their style of heavy, melodic music, which holds a dense cosmic atmosphere that is undeniably alluring. Fans from all over who do not live near Philadelphia often wait patiently to see Rosetta tour near their city. The impact they've had on their listeners isn't just exclusive to metal fans however—as time progresses, their audience steadily increases.

"I'm getting more intentional in figuring out how you can communicate hope in the format we're using. Really loud or heavy music has a tendency to be either angry or confrontational, and I want to figure out how to communicate these other things through that language that people understand so it's not weird or super esoteric," guitarist **Matt Weed** says. So far, the themes Rosetta have explored have to do with inner self-discovery and social commentaries through allegorical stories of space exploration. "As I started to seek more and more feedback from people who listen to us, I've been reassured by people saying things such as, 'Rosetta has this high level of seriousness which seems to be distinct, and absent of "violence." It's important to me that people can make that kind of distinction.' Just before Rosetta's first album, *The Galilean Satellites*, was released, Matt put in a two-day marathon production job at the last minute as a result of unfortunate logistics.

The results turned a lot of heads, and the band received a great deal of praise from critics and fans alike.

In a few short weeks, *A Determinism of Morality*, Rosetta's third album, will be released by a band that has done some growing up in recent years. The writing process is now more organized than it was in the past. "It's much more of a composition and scoring process than it used to be," Matt says, "We have much more of a settledness and ease than we used to have. I definitely feel more relaxed about the whole thing than I used to, and treat things with a greater sense of humor and a little bit more detachment." This sense of humor helped them get through some trying moments during their European tour. "There are certain things you can control, and one of those things is how well you play, and also your attitude. I have begun to realize that having a good attitude and approaching things with more lightheartedness and humor is pretty important to the long-term sustainability of the band," Matt says.

In the months following their return to the states, they began to write *Determinism*. "It has more of a 'controlled chaos' kind of feel," drummer **BJ McMurtrie** says, when asked about the new record and the direction they've taken with it. "We made a decision to not make long songs, just for the sake of having long songs," McMurtrie says. Their decision to steer away from the longer track lengths wasn't in an attempt to become radio friendly. Matt says, "It wasn't made more accessible on purpose—we're just playing music that we like, and the music we like has inevitably shifted over

time and that reflects in the music we make." BJ follows up by saying, "Rosetta started out long ago as a fun project where we thought, 'Hey, let's have fun and just do whatever,' and I think it still carries true now that it's become a serious project."

*Determinism* was recorded with **Andrew Schneider**, who has worked with bands such as **Cave In**, **Pelican**, **Unsane** and labelmates **City of Ships**, who are touring through Europe with Rosetta again this summer. "He has the connections and the kind of history with late 90s hardcore, noise and metal kind of stuff we were really into. It felt like a natural partnership," Matt says. The new album will have some interesting twists as well, such as piano and gang vocals. "After doing the gang vocals, I lost my voice for three days," BJ says.


It's no surprise that this group of musicians who create honest, sincere music are also down to earth themselves. Matt says, "It seems better to have our appearance be four people, none of whom are perfect, and they're different people who have problems, and it's important to be honest about that because it's true of everybody. There's nothing special about the four of us. We've just been working at the same thing for a long time and it seems to have produced something that other people enjoy and value."

*A Determinism of Morality* will be released on May 25 through **Translation Loss Records**.



Photo by Andrew Weiss






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# MIKE BROWN GETS ALL

# Twiztid

By Mike Brown  
mikebrown@slugmag.com

I'm sitting here on my balcony on this beautiful spring day, writing this shitty column while drinking a Natural Light (because I won't drink Pabst in public, but we will talk more about hipster beer in next month's beer issue), wishing I still smoked Parliament lights (again a favorite of hipster coke heads) and thinking about Miracles. Well, not actual miracles, like the Jazz winning the title this year or some of that cool shit Jesus used to do, but the new **Insane Clown Posse** smash YouTube hit, "Miracles." I never believed in miracles until I saw the new ICP video called "Miracles." It's a miracle I was able to watch the whole video more than once without slitting my own wrists vertically, (which is the

Photo by Jesse Anderson



Mike Brown givin  
some Juggalo love

correct way to cut an artery, for all you teenage suicidal types).

After having this video posted to my Facebook wall three times by three different people, I've decided that this is the last time I write about Juggalos for a while. Sorry folks, but after attending the

**Twiztid** show, I think the clowns are finally on to me. I know it's not the same caliber of journalism as a reporter covering the war first hand, dodging bullets while taking notes. But I once again ventured into the eye of the Juggalo hurricane with nothing but a metaphorical umbrella and matching pink galoshes.

Let me start by explaining to our readers who Twiztid is and their relationship to ICP and the Juggalo family. It's another



rap band, much like ICP who paint up their faces before they go on stage. They are on ICP's record label, *Psychopathic Records*. And sometimes they team up with ICP to form a super group called **The Dark Lotus**. I think there might be another Juggalo group in The Dark Lotus, but the music is so bad I'm not gonna fact check it right now. If a Juggalo wants to correct me, I shall take no offense.

But the easiest way to explain the Twiztid/Juggalo connection is to use a group equally hated by society (or at least just me) called Hippies. ICP is to Juggalos as the **Grateful Dead** is to Hippies. And Twiztid is to Juggalos as **Phish** is to Hippies. Does that make sense? Now that I think about it, I probably personally hate hippies more than Juggalos. I even got a tattoo a couple months ago on my leg of a Jerry Bear shoving a bong through **Jerry Garcia**'s face.

In my travels amongst the Ninja wasteland, I have come across several Juggalos who don't like ICP at all, but instead are enamored with Twiztid. It seems like these black sheep amongst black sheep (which might make them white sheep all over again) feel that ICP has maybe lost its edge. Going from a song called "Fuck the World" to a song called "Miracles" backs this up a little bit in my mind. By the way, best line in the song? "Earth, Wind, Fire, Dirt. Fucking magnets, how do they work?"

But yeah, I talked to a Juggalo one day who just told me he thought that ICP was on some "New-age pussy-ass candy shit." But I still feel that's a matter of opinion for any Juggalo. I asked him if that meant he wasn't a part of the Juggalo family and he was like, "No, I like Twiztid." Too bad I couldn't ask Twiztid how they felt about this, due to the phone interview falling through.

But the feeling I got was that Twiztid was a bit more hard core. There was no Faygo being sprayed at the show. I don't know if that was per *In The Venue* management or if Twiztid isn't down with massive tooth decay. There sure were a lot of empty Faygo bottles sprawled across 200 South and 500 West. I even ran into some police officers who were kind enough to take a picture with me while they were arresting one unfortunate ninja who was begging them not to call his parents. I told the cops about the research I've done on the clowns and he asked me what a Juggalo's drug of choice was. I pointed to an empty Faygo bottle on the ground and said, "Soda pop, and really shitty weed."

Now, as any of you know, I attended the ICP show at Saltair dressed as a happy clown, and not a scary one. So I decided to dress up for the Twiztid show. But in the spirit of healthy journalism, I wanted to push

the envelope of what is and isn't acceptable in Juggalo culture. So I decided to go in half drag.

Not to offend any of my gay buddies, but yeah, I dressed up like a fruit. Pink tights under my booty shorts, a belly shirt with a unicorn on it, eyeliner, and I topped it off with a spray tan that had sparkles in it. I figured if Juggalos and Juggalettes can wear makeup to these things, then why can't I?

The whole social experiment sounded funny in theory, but then the closer I got to the venue the more freaked out I got. Once we got inside I started to think that maybe, just maybe I had made a mistake and started thinking of ways to talk to Juggalos about my wardrobe malfunction.

I don't know if it was the booze or the steel toe Doc Martins I was wearing, but I finally decided that I was being a pussy and fuck it, I'm getting drunk at the Twiztid show dressed up just fabulous. Besides, I was probably safer in my outfit there than I would have been at a **Shania Twain** concert or a BYU football game for that matter.

Juggalos were either staring at me like the sore thumb that I was or they were blatantly ignoring me, probably thinking that if they didn't acknowledge me, I'd just go away. While we were on the balcony of the venue, one Ninja did

say to my camera man Jesse, "Hey! Get your girlfriend out of my sight or she's going over the fucking rail!" I replied by asking if he would pose for a picture with me. Needless to say, he declined.

But overall, nothing really happened and I left the Twiztid show unscathed. As for reviewing the music? I tried not to pay too much attention to it. They had, like, this horror show thing going on on the stage but if I were **Stevie Wonder** I wouldn't have been able to tell the difference between them and ICP or any other Juggalo band for that matter.

Some of the similarities between the Twiztid show and the ICP show would have to be: Juggalettes are still, for the most part, fat with small boobs but still want to show them to a camera anyway, despite the fact we never asked. The age demographic is surprisingly large, ranging from young teens who hate their parents and living in a trailer park to fat old guys in their forties who hate working at 7-11 and Taco Bell and hate living in a trailer park. And the constant chant of "Family," but they say it like this, "FAM-ILL-EE! FAM-ILL-EE!" any time it gets a bit too quiet. Overall the Twiztid show was a unique experience, in the mean time, I'm gonna figure out how fucking magnets work and explain it to all the Juggalos I know.



**Mike Brown and the Po-lice at the Twiztid Show**

Photo by Jesse Anderson





# GALLERY STROLL

4



## Gallery Stroll: A Great Day in May for the Arts.

By Mariah Mann Mellus  
[Mariah@slugmag.com](mailto:Mariah@slugmag.com)

May is full of great events, and as luck would have it, most of them are taking place on May 21. Salt Lake has great connectivity, but having the *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll*, *SLC Fashion Stroll* and *Living Traditions Festival* all in one night is just crazy busy.

Whether you're taking in one event or all three, you're sure to see a plethora of awe-inspiring art in every medium known to man. I propose that this trifecta will charge the city with a creative energy that rivals that of New York or L.A.

Where will you be on this night of nights in the art community?

Broadway (300 S.) is home to an eclectic mix of galleries and shops, a hot spot in recent years for the *Gallery Stroll* and the birthplace of the *Fashion Stroll*—a buzz with the avant-garde. While on Broadway, stop by the **Kayo Gallery** at 177 E. 300 S. to see **Cara Despain** and **Mary Toscano's** show, *Into the White*. What happens when two giggly non-redheads play with a paper shredder? Get an inside look at their creative process, including some very silly videos of the girls working through the collaboration by visiting their blog *Random Tandem*. Broadway will be very stylish this night, so get your *Fashion Stroll* on with activities that include street vendors, mega-sales on spring and summer garb and runway shows from the best local designers in the Salt Lake fashion scene, all happening from 6-10 p.m.

**Art Access** at 230 S. 500 W. #125 will host its eighth annual *300 Plates* show. Looking to start or add to your art collection? This is the event to do so. First, let me clarify that these are not your Lenexa Elvis collectible plates. These are 300 11" x 10" recycled metal printer's plates on which over 99 established and emerging Utah artists have created art using a variety of mediums. The plate prices will start at \$75 and increase sequentially in one-dollar increments. The plates are hung in sequence, and the number of the plate is also the price. In previous years, I have snagged a **Cassandra Barney** for \$132, a **Lenka Konopasek** for \$75 and most recently a **Steve Larsen** for \$76. All proceeds go to **Art Access/ VSA**, which hosts a wide variety of public art classes for people with and without disabilities. Under the direction of **Ruth Lubbers**, this gallery continues to be a staple in the art community and a vital resource for those wanting to find their creative outlet. The Eighth Annual *300 Plates* fundraiser takes place Thursday May 20 from 6-9 p.m. in conjunction with the monthly *Gallery Stroll*. For more information or to purchase tickets to the fundraiser, contact **Art Access** at 801-328-0703.

The Salt Lake City Arts Council presents the twenty-fifth annual *Living Traditions Festival* on May 21, 22 and 23 at the *Salt Lake City & County Building*. Celebrating the traditional music, dance, crafts and food of Salt Lake's ethnic communities, *Living Traditions* is a community-wide celebration of our rich cultural diversity. Share in the opportunity to experience the traditions of over 40 native and foreign cultures that make Salt Lake their home. Experience the flavors of ethnic foods, the games that children and adults play, the crafts that are both functional and decorative, and the music and dance that are integral to every culture.

Nights like this are what make living in Utah special. Be a part of it and support local art!





# BELLYOGRAPHY

4



**Bellyography: Aubrilynn**  
by Astara

I love it when new dancers arrive in the Salt Lake belly dance scene. Aubrilynn not only takes my breath away every time I watch her dance, but she also lights and ignites any place she is dancing. Looking like a young Rita Hayworth dancing tribal fusion, Aubrilynn's talent, command of the art and stage presence seem mature beyond her sixteen years. She has been gifted with natural talent, beauty and style. Her performances are hypnotic and professional, whether dancing solo or in a troupe. Although she is young and still has much to learn, it is quite obvious that this young lady was born to dance. At sixteen, she has a lot of time to perfect her technique and style. This is one young dancer to watch through the next few years to see just how high that star of hers can go.

"I come from a theatrical family, but I am the oddball," Aubrilynn told me. "Dancing is how I claimed my stage time without being an actor. My dream is to be a professional dancer, so I plan to stick with belly dancing and truly do something with it."

Aubrilynn lives in Salt Lake City and attends high school in the valley. She began belly dancing at eight years old, when her mother gave her classes as a gift. She started out with Egyptian cabaret, but became enamored with tribal fusion when she saw Rebecca of Kashmir Dance Company perform a solo. Aubrilynn knew immediately that tribal fusion was the belly dancing style for her.

"I think that all styles of belly dancing are beautiful, no matter what," she explained. "I just like the idea of tribal being so different. It is not what everyone assumes it is. There is more to it than the dance—a sisterhood and loyalty."

Aubrilynn has studied locally with Kairo, Thia, Fvorboda and Corrie Walker. She has taken workshops with Tempest, Carolena Nerricio, Rachel Brice and Indigo. She is planning on getting her ATS certification this summer.

Currently, Aubrilynn is one of the three members of Blue Moon Belly Dance, created in 2009. Although Kairo is the director, Blue Moon is very much the collaborative effort of all three ladies.

"Certain belly dance troupes and groups feel like a sisterhood, and you can really get to know those people. I love that. And I love Salt Lake's belly dance community," Aubrilynn says. "I owe belly dancing a lot. I was very awkward and shy as a child. Belly dancing and tribal fusion have brought me out and given me confidence."

You can see Aubrilynn perform with **Blue Moon Belly Dance** at the following events: May 14, *Autism Awareness Fund Raiser*; May 22, *New Mexico's Fusion Fest*; June 4, *Thia's Wild West Show*; July 20, *Wiggles of the West Competition*, Las Vegas; August 13, *The Samantha Fox Show*.

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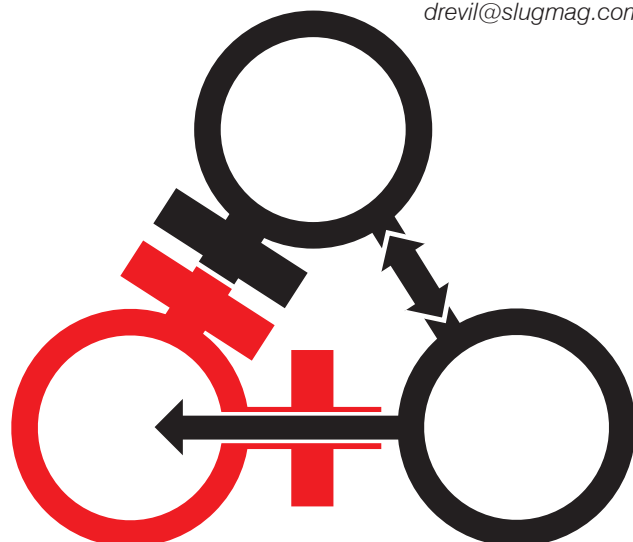




# DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS

©By Dr. Evil, Ph.D.

drevil@slugmag.com



## Dad's Little Blue Pills

Viagra is one of the most profitable drugs ever offered to the public. The manufacturer, Pfizer Inc., made a 38 percent profit in just four months after the drug's release in 1998. There are 52 million sites on Google that mention the word, and millions of online pharmacies that offer a prescription over the web. It's an easy pill to get, so why not try it? Most guys get very sleepy after an orgasm and are not good for another hard-on for a while. When a man climaxes, his body releases a huge surge of hormones that leads to sleepiness and relaxation. In women, their physiological response to climaxing heightens their awareness. Men also have a tendency to hold their breath as they feel an orgasm coming on. The withholding of oxygen also causes sleepiness. Viagra and the two other popular 'hard-on' prescriptions (Cialis and Levitra) can give you an erection for hours. If you buy it on the street it's known as "POKE" or "Vitamin V." The drug was originally created for pulmonary arterial hypertension (high blood pressure), but today is more often used to treat erectile dysfunction (ED). It has become extremely popular in the gay male community as a recreation drug. A study published in the *American Journal of Medicine* in 2005 found that gay men who used Viagra were 2.5 times more likely to get diagnosed with an STD, and 3.5 times more likely to have used methamphetamines during the same study period. **Stan Penfold**, the Director of the *Utah AIDS Foundation*, told me that a huge number of the 20-something men that tested positive for AIDS are also meth addicts. You use meth, you rave, you start to lose the part of your brain that says 'wear a condom,' and take Viagra to keep your dick up

all weekend while having unprotected sex. Unfortunately, people with HIV on protease inhibitors who take these unprescribed Viagra are more likely to have severe side effects.

It is a dangerous drug if taken without the advice of a doctor. It has potential side effects of headaches, decreased liver functions, flushing, nasal congestion, blurred vision, sudden hearing loss and if used in combination with poppers (amyl nitrite), severely increases the possibility of stroke or heart attack and death. Ravers sometimes mix it with MDMA or ecstasy to counteract the mellowing mood of the body high in order to have sex. The E might make your heart race or slow it down, and adding Vitamin V to your bloodstream could cause a heart attack.

If you want to stay hard longer and not use drugs, try a penis pump and/or a cock ring. Pumps work by sucking all the blood into your dick and putting on a cock ring on sustains your erection. You can also get more sleep and cut back on recreational drugs. You can't count on an illicit pill to have a great sex life. You need a personal commitment to change your lifestyle and get healthy to enjoy great sex.

If you have a real problem getting it up, go to your doctor or *Planned Parenthood*. Researchers have recently found that erectile dysfunction is a strong predictor of heart disease. It doesn't matter how old you are, you can have ED.

*Dr. Evil is a Ph.D. and not a medical doctor. If you have medical questions please see your medical professional or make an appointment at Planned Parenthood.*

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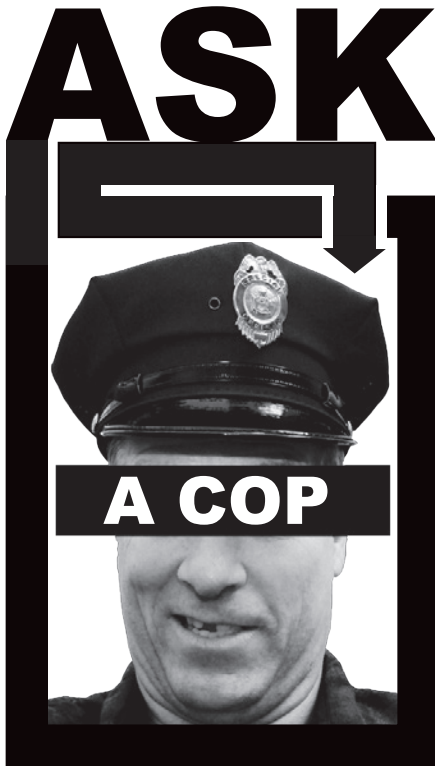
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Welcome to Beervana!



Dearest Officer,

I am a lover of the fast life—mostly driving fast. I am new to the area and new to the system. I was recently interrupted while in a nice cruise session from Park City into the greater Salt Lake area when some nice young lad of a cop decided I was going a little too fast for his liking. I have heard rumors that if a cop is sitting with all of his lights off and then pulls you over the ticket will be dismissed. I heard that it is true in Oregon and California. I realize that people talk and this is most likely not the case, but screw it—what does it hurt to ask? Aside from slowing down, is there anything possible to do out here in the Salty state to reduce tickets to a lower fine or even less of an offence? I have no problem with paying fines to be honest—do the crime pay the fine. I just can't take insurance hikes. Thanks a lot, and keep it really real out there. – Too Fast for Love.



**Dear Speedy Gonzalez:**

*Sounds to me like you encountered one of our fine State Troopers (don't confuse them with cops). Troopers might be law enforcement, but they are not cops. Unless you were traveling at such an egregious speed that you were reckless or criminal, you should have received a warning. Most cops would've warned you so they could go back to dealing with criminals.*

*Sitting without his lights on isn't grounds for dismissal or considered entrapment—in Utah or any state. However, there are some agencies, like the Colorado State Patrol, who by their own policy don't perform stationary speed traps (at least not since the last time I got stopped there). That can change though with a different boss and the current requirements for promotion.*

*On the freeway, if you're in a nice "cruise session," and you come upon a pack of cars for no reason, you can rest assured there is some trooper with nutsack-inferiority complex at the front impeding the flow of traffic. He's just waiting for someone to pass him so he can puff his nuts back up with a ticket. Or, if your cruise session detects break lights all of a sudden from the cars ahead of you with no explanation, ol' no balls is stationary somewhere up there manning a speed trap. If you're at the front of that speeding pack, it's already too late, you're caught. Cruise slower for a while and let someone else take the speed lead and resulting ticket.*

*Only reasonable suspicion is needed to stop you, which is an extremely easy thing to articulate. The only way to get out of your speeding ticket is to show that his lidar hit the wrong car, his radar wasn't properly tuned, he was stoned when he paced you with his certified, calibrated speedometer, or he's retarded when it comes to speed estimation. Sorry, no good news there. However, most justice courts allow you to go to traffic school or some type of diversion as a way to avoid having your ticket reported to your insurance. If you do get caught, I'd inquire about that option.*

Send your question to: [askacop@slugmag.com](mailto:askacop@slugmag.com).

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**Fri 5/7:** Big Black Sky (Alt Rock)

**Sat 5/8:** Rebel Zion, 2 1/2 White Guys,  
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**Mon 5/10:** Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound  
System (Reggae)

**Tues 5/11:** Tribal Seeds (Reggae)

**Thurs 5/13:** Winter Sounds, Parachute Musical (Indie Rock)

**Fri 5/14:** God's Revolver, Accidente, Canons (Rock, Metal)

**Sat 5/15:** King Niko, Junior Giant, The Orbit Group  
(Indie Rock, Jazz)

**Mon 5/7:** Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound  
System (Reggae)

**Thurs 5/20:** Big Blue Ox (Jazz)

**Fri 5/21:** Derby Misfits, LHAW(Life Has A Way),  
Heart Shaped Box(Rock, Metal)

**Sat 5/22:** Riverhead (Rock)

**Mon 5/24:** Catch a Vibe w/Babylon  
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**Tues 5/25:** Geri X (Indie Rock)

**Thurs 5/27:** Vibe Rising (Reggae)

**Fri 5/28:** DJ Rocksolid, MCK (Hip Hop, Top 40)

**Sat 5/29:** Planet Asia (Hip Hop, Rap)

**Mon 5/31:** Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down  
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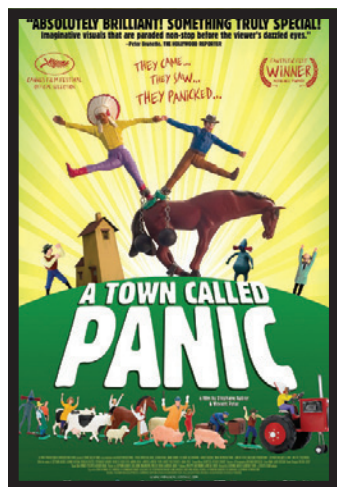
**Sat 6/5:** Parabelle (Ambient Rock)

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# MOVIE REVIEWS

## A Town Called Panic Zeitgeist Films In Theaters: 04.23



About a decade ago, a series of stop motion short films from Belgium depicting the lives of an odd village inhabited by children's toys made waves with its eccentric choppy animation style and bizarre storylines. Now, the same creators, **Stéphane Aubier** and **Vincent Patar**, have reteamed to deliver an all new adventure that adheres to the same ADD-paced quality of calamities. The chaos commences when Cowboy and Indian, two dimwitted childlike roommates, accidentally purchase 50 million bricks to assemble a barbecue pit for their friend/landlord/roommate, Horse, as a birthday present. In order to conceal the error, the two stack the massive remainder on top of Horse's roof, only to have it crush and ultimately lead to the collapse of the entire home. As the team attempts to rebuild, an unknown presence continues to steal their work in progress, and the three friends must unite in a chase that leads them to the center of the Earth's core. Any fan of the uncanny mindset of director **Michel Gondry** will feel right at home with Aubier and Patar's world of bending disorder, while outsiders may find it too hectic or odd. Either way you see it, no one can deny the exuberant spirit that surrounds the duo's imaginative landscapes and props that include a room-sized circular piano and a weaponized robotic penguin that hurls snowballs at unsuspecting victims. Welcome to the wonderful world of the weird! —Jimmy Martin

## Clash of the Titans Warner Bros. In Theaters: 04.02

For those of you whose feet weren't turned into blobs of aching jelly from walking countless miles across Narnia

and Middle Earth, this mediocre refurbishment of the 1981 Greek mythological classic will certainly add a few more parading steps to your journey. In this version, the gods of Mount Olympus are not pleased with the citizens of Argos, as the majority of its inhabitants have turned their backs on them. In an act of vengeance, Zeus (**Liam Neeson**) permits his banished brother Hades (**Ralph Fiennes**) to unleash terror on the insubordinates with a controversial proposition: sacrifice the adored Princess Andromeda within 10 days, or endure the wrath of the dreaded Kraken, which looks more like a Rancor with Down's syndrome. And who, might you ask, can stop this infernal beady-eyed beast? The answer comes in the form of the bastard offspring of a mortal human and Zeus, Perseus (**Sam Worthington**), whose adopted family was murdered by Hades earlier. In an attempt to discover the monster's vulnerabilities, the demigod sets out on a perilous quest that inevitably leads to several encounters with smaller deadly creatures. Forget the fact that the 3-D, transferred in post-production, is completely nonexistent and more proof that the technology is overused and essentially a gimmick to charge more for admission: the story itself is just as absent. A few hammy jokes separate the CGI-filled action sequences, but it isn't until the climactic finale that the screen hurriedly bursts with life (and death!) with an airborne assault aboard a Pegasus. This rushed flying fight isn't nearly enough to salvage the first two humdrum acts. —Jimmy Martin

## Date Night 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 04.09



Piggybacking on the successes of their own NBC sitcom personalities, **Steve Carell** and **Tina Fey** star in this action-comedy hybrid that pits two small town

suburbanites against the unforgiving nature of the Big Apple. The two play Phil and Claire Foster, typical busy American parents of two with demanding full-time jobs and essentially no time to maintain the flame of their monotonous marriage. In an effort to rekindle the spark after learning of their friends' pending divorce, Phil plans a romantic Manhattan nightlife experience for his exhausted bride, but the two soon find their lives in danger after being mistaken for blackmailers against the mob. The reason the film refrains from sinking to the bottom of the Hudson River rests solely on the shoulders of its two stars (and hilariously brief cameos from a shirtless **Mark Wahlberg** and a down-and-out couple delivered by **James Franco** and **Mila Kunis**). The "wrong man" storyline has been done time and time again, but it's the charismatic chemistry built between Carell and Fey that will keep the audience interested in their characters' well-being. Had director **Shawn Levy** utilized the undeniable improvisational talents of his leading cast, he might have delivered a more memorable experience, but at least he's somewhat redeemed himself from his previous comedic failures. —Jimmy Martin

## Death at a Funeral Screen Gems In Theaters: 04.16



There's a distressing trend in the world of cinema wherein foreign films aren't given the opportunity to find their overseas audience before an American rendition is churned out. It was only three years ago that **Frank Oz** offered this humorous tale of a family uniting together after the death of a loved one, but it was determined that another adaptation should be generated by **Neil LaBute**. Aaron's (**Chris Rock**) father's funeral immediately starts off on the wrong foot when the funeral home delivers the wrong

body—but that's the least of the aspiring novelist's worries. His grieving mother is more obsessed with him having a grandchild than the death of her husband, and his accommodating wife is eager to make it happen as soon as possible. To make matters worse, his pompous, best-selling author brother, Ryan (**Martin Lawrence**), arrives as the family favorite, eager to give the eulogy that Aaron has been assigned to recite. All of that aside, Aaron's biggest dilemma comes from an unknown guest who shared a special bond with his deceased father and demands \$30,000 to keep their relationship a secret. Other than the hilarious hallucinogenic performance provided by a nude **James Marsden** and an amusing smarmy act provided by **Peter Dinklage**, who starred in the original, the entire cast continuously shouts over one another, leaving a disparaging mess of unfunny drivel. On second thought, there's nothing like witnessing the tiresome **Tracy Morgan** being punished for the monstrosity of "Cop Out" by having **Danny Glover** spray him with explosive diarrhea. Bravo! —Jimmy Martin

## The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo Music Box Films In Theaters: 04.16

If you want to enjoy the genuine callousness delivered in **Stieg Larsson's** dark novel on the silver screen, check out the enthralling Swedish release rather than the surely diluted Hollywood rendition due out in 2012. After being set up and wrongfully convicted in a libel suit against a corrupted socialite, disgraced journalist Mikael Blomkvist (**Michael Nyqvist**) is offered a peculiar job by the notorious entrepreneur Henrik Vanger (**Sven-Bertil Taube**). Four decades earlier, Henrik's beloved niece vanished without a trace and was presumed dead. With the case remaining unsolved, the now-ailing uncle suspects a member of his own family as the culprit and wants Mikael to solve it before his time on Earth is up. Secretly observing the investigation from afar is troubled computer hacker Lisbeth Salander (**Noomi Rapace**) who has taken an interest in Mikael's life only to find herself caught and invited to join the case. As the trail of clues surfaces, the list of possible suspects grows and the risk factor increases until the shocking, multi-layered conclusion unravels. While Nyqvist holds his own quite well in this engrossing, suspenseful thriller, it's Rapace who steals the show as the story spotlights her unsettling past and the disturbing interactions with her misogynist, court-arranged guardian. Director **Niels Arden Oplev** exposes a sadistic world with unimaginable horrors but does so with an invigorating pace and well-rounded characters. —Jimmy Martin



## The Human Centipede: First Sequence

### IFC Films

In Theaters: 05.07

I've never been to Europe, but the more horror films I watch with American tourists being butchered by psychopathic foreigners, the less likely I am to ever go. Add a point to the "Fuck Europe" scoreboard with the release of writer/director **Tom Six**'s tale of two female friends, Lindsay (**Ashley C. Williams**) and Jenny (**Ashlynn Yennie**), as they road trip through Germany only to have a flat tire in the middle of nowhere, not only ruining their night but their lives as well. As the two wander through a forest in search of shelter, they stumble upon the home of the unpleasant Dr. Josef Heiter (**Dieter Laser**), a retired surgeon renowned for separating Siamese twins. The arrival of the girls is a blessing to the psycho physician's demonic plan to cease separating life and begin creating it. After being drugged, the girls awaken next to a stranger in a makeshift hospital room as Dr. Heiter gives a step-by-step medical presentation of his intentions to create a three-person conjoined being connected by one gastric system (ass-to-mouth). It's not a pretty sight. The film starts off shakily with ill-fitting dialogue delivered amateurishly by Williams and Yennie, but the arrival of Laser rescues the production and sends it soaring into the realm of terror. Six successfully captures a heightened sense of hopelessness as he clearly reveals that anyone can wield an ax or chainsaw, but true terror comes from those with a medical degree who can properly handle a scalpel.—*Jimmy Martin*

## The Joneses

### Roadside Attractions

In Theaters: 04.16

The level of commercial consumption in this country is astronomical. It's no wonder millions of citizens find themselves in financial trouble, especially when they're told that if they cease to shop, "the terrorists win." However, Big Brother's intimidating words and catchy commercial jingles aren't powerful enough to push products into households at demanding corporations' desired rate. Instead, a personal touch is required to pique the neighborhood's interest, and that's when the Joneses are dispatched. From the outside, this quintessential family appears to have it all: Steve (**David Duchovny**) sports the latest electronics and the flashiest cars, while his beautiful wife, Kate (**Demi Moore**), showcases enviable fashion accessories and household items. Their teenage children, Mick and Jenn, are the epitome of cool at their school, as they own the newest video games and beauty cosmetics. On the inside, this supposed "family" is in fact an unrelated marketing team hired by various corporations to advertise their high-end products in order to build awareness around wealthy communities. While the majority of the team has performed their occupational responsibilities before, this is Steve's first assignment and the ruse of a faux marriage and the manipulation of others begin to weigh on his conscience, which places the entire operation in jeopardy. First-time writer/director **Derrick Borte**'s dramatic com-

edy is so simple yet so brilliant, it leaves a savory trace of satisfaction you'll want to consume over and over. Duchovny and Moore deliver their most captivating performances in years in this clever jab at America's infatuation with competing social statuses.—*Jimmy Martin*

## Kick-Ass

### Lionsgate

In Theaters: 04.16



While the idea of a superhero with the power of flight or invisibility strolling around town may seem preposterous, there's no reason why a simple masked vigilante can't patrol the streets to fight crime. At least that's the theory of Dave Lizewski (**Aaron Johnson**), as he purchases a scuba suit and batons and attempts to thwart two car thieves with disastrous results. After an extended stay in the hospital with multiple metal plates inserted throughout his body (think X-Men's Wolverine) and enduring several severed nerve endings that restrict pain, Dave reenters the world of crime fighting only to have his alter ego, Kick-Ass, wind up on YouTube with epic results. On the other side of town, the daddy-daughter relationship of Damon (**Nicolas Cage**) and Mindy (**Chloe Moretz**) isn't of the norm, as the caring father hilariously tests out bulletproof vests on his darling child and purchases butterfly knives for birthday presents. At night, these two weapons-obsessed watchdogs protect the city as the dangerous duo of Big Daddy and Hit Girl and direct their vengeful efforts directly toward the town's biggest mob boss. As Kick-Ass' popularity increases, the deadly pair establish contact and offer a partnership, but the small-time hero isn't sure if the reality of battling bad guys long-term is in his best interest. Be that as it may, he may not have a choice. Director **Matthew Vaughn** has unleashed an ultra-violent, teetering-on-absurd glimpse at the world of comic books that indecisively shifts back and forth from cruel to comical but is always entertaining nonetheless. The lacking performances from Johnson and **Christopher Mintz-Plasse** are totally eclipsed by the domineering presence of 13-year-old Moretz and her foul mouth that would make a sailor blush just before she shot him in the face.—*Jimmy Martin*

## The Runaways

### Apparition

In Theaters: 04.09



The 1970s rarely saw girls playing electric guitars or rocking out with the opposite sex. The idea was too taboo, which is exactly why one of the first all-girl punk rock bands, **The Runaways**, made international headlines after slash-

ing barriers with their relentless sex-kitten claws. In this biopic, inspired by lead singer **Cherie Currie**'s memoirs, the story follows the rise and fall of the girls' stardom and the destructive nature that came with their celebrity status. Primarily told from the perspective of an underage Currie (**Dakota Fanning**), the audience witnesses the juvenile's introduction to the harsh realities of a rock n' roll lifestyle and the semi-romantic relationship established with bandmate, **Joan Jett** (**Kristen Stewart**). Director **Floria Sigismundi** offers a color-by-numbers approach to rock band biopics by refusing to capture anything original aside from the story itself. Complete with a floating newspaper headline montage and a heckler simulation scene, there's nothing that hasn't already been seen in similar films. Aside from that, the most distracting element of the film comes from the adolescent actresses' inability to project the necessary drama required for the raw subject material. And to make matters worse, witnessing a 15-year-old Fanning decked out in Frederick's of Hollywood garb will make any adult male cringe in their seat. The only redemption comes from the maniacal outbursts of **Michael Shannon** in his role as the girls' verbally abusive manager, **Kim Fowley**, who refuses to water down his abusive instructional methods for the sugar and spice makeup.—*Jimmy Martin*

# You Should Have Worn a Condom

This is your future if birth control fails.



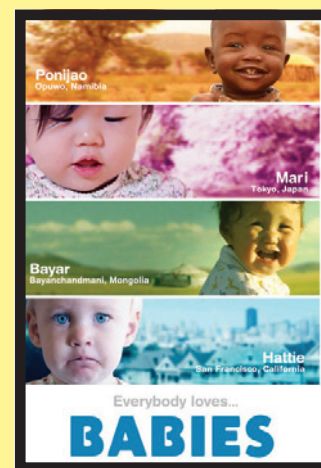
## Babies

### Focus Features

In Theaters: 05.07

In the world of marketing, there are two fundamental tricks inserted into advertisements to cheaply entice interest in a product: puppies and babies. It appears documentarian **Thomas Balmes** is attempting to test the latter's appeal in the world of cinema with his latest creation—as his poster's tagline optimistically states, "Everybody loves..." With no narration or subtitles attached to this international exploration, Balmes travels the globe and voyeuristically films the first year of life of four newborns as they grow physically and mentally in polar opposite environments. While **Hattie** (San Francisco, California) and **Mari** (Tokyo, Japan) attend air-conditioned infant socials and have the latest in medical technology at their tiny fingertips, **Bayar** (Bayanchandmani, Mongolia) and **Ponijao** (Opuwo, Namibia) endure the harsher elements of Mother Nature while enjoying the company of wild animals at their bedside. It's a simplistic yet endearing tale of juxtaposition and how, while oceans may separate our cultures by thousands of miles, at the core of our conception, we're all the same—some kids just have better toys. The greatest element Balmes exposes are the unnecessary safety precautions and alternative practices hippie parents of developed

countries place upon their unsuspecting children and the inconsequential effect they have when compared to the blossoming children of the Third World. Witnessing a horrified Hattie attempt to escape her beatnik mother's chant circle by clawing at the exit door is worth the price of admission. The only negative is that, even with a short 75-minute running time, Babies can still sometimes feel tedious and repetitive, forcing viewers to wonder where Balmes is so they can briefly hand back the crying bunch.—*Jimmy Martin*





# PRODUCT REVIEWS

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## Habitat Footwear

Lark Suede

Habitatfootwear.com



Photo: Dorobiala

Hey there everyone, check this out! Habitat, a well-known skateboard company, has decided to take the venture a step further by coming out with skateboard shoes. Now I know what a lot of people out there are thinking: good board companies should stick to what they are good at—boards. We've all seen various board companies come out with some new add-on that only has a blip of life before nobody hears of it except in hilarious old memories. Don't get me wrong, I have those memories too, but I really think Habitat has the right idea this time. I've been riding a pair of Larks, which are suede, olive in color and have a simple design for the most part. With almost no need to take time to break them in, they are perfect for tearing through the city, shredding the bowls at our local parks or bombing down the U right after purchase. So if it's time for a fresh pair of kicks for the summer, you're going to want to swing by a local shop (*Decade, Milosport* in Orem, *Salty Peaks, Blindside* in Layton, *B.C. Surf & Sport, Republik* and *Board of Provo*) to check out the new line-up of Habitat shoes. You won't be disappointed. —Jason Gianchetta

## Analog

Arto Saari Signature Denim

Analogclothing.com

First off, let me start by saying that if you haven't already worn a pair of Analog jeans, you are a fool. I have been through several pairs of Analog

jeans, each fitting better than the last, as if they couple with your body as a second skin. The design on these denim wonders is quite functional



Photo: Dorobiala

and still maintains that bit of fashion edge that one might expect from a jean they are about to drop sixty-plus bones into. The denim stretches the slightest amount to prevent any blowouts and keep you moving fluidly while pushing around town or lounging at the bar. Analog is available at pretty much every shop in SLC, and if they don't have what you are looking for, the world wide web has always got your back. —Adam Dorobiala

## Raunch Records

Shop Deck

1119 E. 2100 S.



Photo: Dorobiala

I just watched that Taco Bell ad where the guy asks for Denise. I said to my friends, "I think Denise is super hot," and one of my friends pointed out that all the chicks in that Taco Bell commercial were super hot. No more Seven Layers for me. Fuck that place. But *Raunch Records*? One of their ad slogans is, "A Fucked Up Place to Get Some Shit." Truer words were

never spoken. This skateboard deck is just one of the shit items you can get at this fucked up place. I actually learned how to fix a skateboard from buying them at Raunch back in the day and having the clerks there be too stoned to grip the decks for me. In honor of having to learn such important life skills as not putting on trucks backwards, I have decided to never ever ever grip this skateboard. —Mike Brown

## THEEVE Trucks

TATX

Theevetrucks.com



Photo: Dorobiala

I have always been an Independent kind of a guy, but Theeve just may have stolen my patronage. Maybe it's because I always seem to side with the little guy, but with a classy look and a good shine, they have everything you could hope for in a skateboard truck. Theeve's trucks come with high quality bushings that make catching that gnarly street wave even better. When it comes to grindability, these trucks don't come up short and they never quit. All in all, these trucks have everything you need to start your summer of shredding off right. I have a feeling that this won't be the end of Theeve's strong beginning. If you don't want to be the only kid at the skatepark who hasn't heard of Theeve's trucks, I suggest you go down to your local skate shop and pick up a pair. —Kenny J.

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# GAME REVIEWS

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## God of War III

**SCE Studios Santa Monica**

**Reviewed On: Playstation 3 (exclusive)**

**Street: 03.16**

After the opening sequence of Kratos' final quest for vengeance, I had to stop, wipe tears of joy from my eyes, change my pants and massage away the shit-eating grin that was starting to make my face hurt. If you haven't played GOW I or II, don't start with this title: Kratos' storyline is second only to the series' genre-defining gameplay and *must* be experienced from the beginning. The fact that the plot (in this iteration especially) is a wee bit convoluted and tends to take a steaming crap on the entirety of Greek mythology becomes much easier to swallow once you've grown to love/pity Kratos more fully. If, however, you've been following the Ghost of Sparta since he cast himself from the highest mountain in Greece, well, this game is without a doubt everything you've been waiting for and more. Kratos will have his vengeance—and oh, how the gods will fall. Objectively, *GOWIII* is not the best storytelling in the series (if you love Kratos you probably won't notice or care), but every other aspect is fucking ambrosial. At times, it's easily the best-looking game on the market. The sheer scale of the levels, gods and Titans will leave you breathless. And the gameplay . . . holy crap, the gameplay. Although my lady and I replayed One and Two in preparation for Three's release, I was instantly better at this game than I had ever been at the others. Kratos' new moves (long distance grab!), greatly improved secondary weapons, and newly-mapped magic attacks thoroughly improve upon an existing premise that made the series' gameplay among the most emulated in the entire industry. If you've ever loved a single-player game that emphasizes

story, the Playstation 3 is now—begrudgingly or not—a piece of machinery you must buy or borrow . . . or steal . . . just get your hands on one. —Jesse Hawlish

## South Park Let's Go Tower Defense Play!

**Doublesix**

**Reviewed on: Xbox 360 (exclusive)**

**Street: 10.07.09**

I hesitate to call myself a "console gamer" because that implies that I'm good at video games or that I take pride in my gaming habits, and neither of those things are true. Because I own a video game console and I don't understand or play video games on a computer, I guess I'm a console gamer. However, all it takes to get me to buy a tower defense (a genre that is best experienced on a PC) is to slap some recognizable cartoon characters on top of it and make it downloadable on my console of choice and I'm all over that shit. *South Park Let's Go Tower Defense Play!* (there's really no good way to shorten that title) is surprisingly good—not because it's based on a licensed property, but because it works so well on a console. Disappointingly, the South Park-ness of the game doesn't extend beyond the visuals—there's no story of any kind. Various malevolent forces, including but not limited to ginger kids, old people, Christmas critters and goddamn Mongolians are laying siege to South Park and it's your job to build walls, snowball pitchers, lasers, cherry bomb throwers and more to stop them. It's in the tower defense-ness that this game excels: The learning curve is pretty forgiving, and offering varying degrees of difficulty is helpful to people like me who have no fucking clue how to play a tower defense game. Playing alone makes things tougher and



isn't quite as fun, but the game is still manageable and features enough unlockable challenge stages and extra characters that you'll want to play through it a few times. As long as you don't want an engaging story, SPLGTDP! is very playable and highly addictive. —Ricky Vigli

## S.T.A.L.K.E.R.: Call of Pripyat

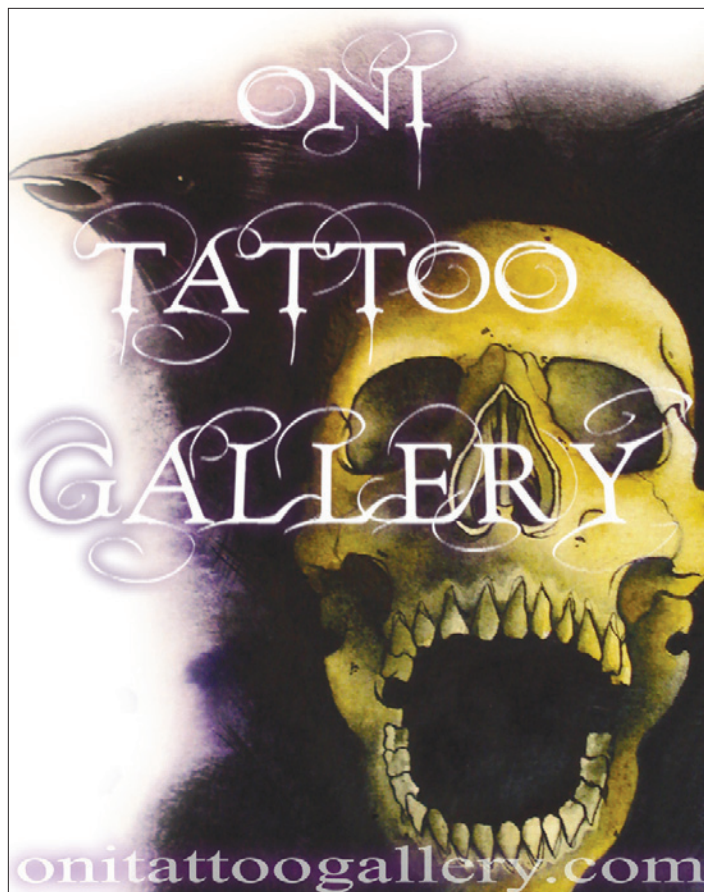
**GSC Game World**

**Reviewed on: PC (exclusive)**

**Release Date: 02.02**

It's raining hard and the sun is setting. It's been too long since you last ate or slept. As you approach one of several abandoned power plant substations, distant machine gun fire rattles off. Is danger close? Maybe two rival factions battling over territory or supplies? Perhaps it's a lone Stalker fighting off a pack of rabid pseudo-dogs (zombified canines, one of many local threats). Hard to say in this unscripted, open-world experience. One thing is for sure, when scavenging and surviving in and around the abandoned cities of Chernobyl and Pripyat, you are always in a considerable amount of danger. *Call of Pripyat* is the third game in this single-player series, and it doesn't disappoint. Everything from the past games has been greatly tweaked in order to deliver another harrowing experience. Artifact hunting is a more prominent focal point as these sales stimulate a tiny economy populated by mercenaries, treasure hunters, bandits and others you may meet in your travels. Due to Eastern European game design, this is still a diamond in the rough, and is not for the easily frustrated. It will not hold your hand, or regenerate your health if you hide in a corner. Your very survival counts on your wits and resourcefulness. *Pripyat* is a perfect example of why I still enjoy video games. —Conor Dow







# LOCAL

# REVIEWS

## Babble Rabbit Eloquent Madness

Self-Released

Street: 05.18

Babble Rabbit = Disturbed + Trapt + Korn

Oh my god. Babble Rabbit are at it again. Their new full length is totally doparoonie. They just have an angst that seriously rubs off on me and makes me want to jump up and down and put my head through the wall. These killer dudes have traded some of their junior-high funk'n' style for more of a moody West Valley metal style. The funk action however, still seems to sneak it's gnarly head in and DF (dry fuck) you until you can't take it any more. The band is also headed out on tour soon, so many lucky citizens of the U.S. will get the privilege of experiencing their musical prowess. Be stoked, these dudes are bringing it in a special way. —Jon Robertson

## Bramble H.A.G.S.

Self-Released

Street: 02.08

Bramble = Efterklang

Adventure, love and exploration are a few things we remember and look forward to as parts of summer. From the first track, "Fruit of the Moon," Bramble takes hold of the pieces of summer and creates a wonderful full sound of acoustic medleys and eclectic percussion. Each crescendo takes your body into a warm dream, as your heart swoons to lyrics as simple as "swim with me darling, if you've got the inkling to dance." Whether it's a night spent under the stars with friends or a sweet romance, H.A.G.S. leaves you smiling. —Jessica Davis

## Blitzkrieg Witchcraft Burst of Fire Demo

Self-Released

Street: 02.07

Blitzkrieg Witchcraft = Mouth Sewn Shut + Apathetic Ronald McDonald + Discharge

Rouse yourselves from your drug naps and step out of the cold filth and squalor of your squats, all you crusty D-beat kids. Raise your hands in praise because Blitzkrieg Witchcraft just put out the noisiest, shittiest demo ever. Most of it is just

freeform chaos influenced by some povviolence and a lot of thrashy spike and stud garbage. The disc is nothing more than eight tracks of sloppy Ratos de Porao worship. They even have a few songs in Portuguese. Now, I only speak a nominal amount of Portuguese, but I know enough to understand that these guys have no idea what they're talking about. Here's a translation for you: The lyrics to "Na Igreja" (the only Portuguese song that's not almost completely non-sensical) are "I don't like girls that talk a lot. I like girls that masturbate in church." I don't dig it at all, but that probably just means I'm being oppressive. —Nate Perkins

## Carlos Cornia Stand Up And Be Counted

Self-Released

Street: 12.23.09

Carlos Cornia = Ben Harper + Groundation + Wyclef Jean



Carlos Cornia are a group of guys who are clearly fans of kicking back, smoking a "cigarette" and playing their music—reggae-influenced rock. The songs manage to convey a chiller vibe while not losing their individuality or tune, like so much similar stuff out there. The vocals by Jimmy Kayihura really bring it together, especially on songs like "Free" and "Injustice," where he carries the melody. Others like "Revolution" and "You Know You're Right" are a little more intense while "Red Eye Blues" and "Herb Tree" are great stoner hymnals. I would have liked to see the group change tempos a little, give us something a little more upbeat and show off their clearly solid rhythmic chops. There's nothing new here, just solid,

feel-good jams. Nothing wrong with that though. This stuff is great for sunny days and bike rides or waking-and-baking. The music I mean. Enjoy in moderation. —Rio Connelly

## Chelsea Grin Desolation of Eden

Artery Recordings

Street: 02.16

Chelsea Grin = Cannibal Corpse + Cradle of Filth + Emmure



Desolation of Eden is a glimpse into Chelsea Grin's morbid, non-stop nightmare—a familiar, recurring nightmare that fans of chug-chug, double-kick-drum metal have been having for over 20 years now. Fortunately for Chelsea Grin, this demographic does not embrace change. Rather, they label mold-breakers as "pussies" and throw away the band's death metal spiderweb-font-logo shirts at the first sign of change. Still, "The Human Condition" and "Cheyne Strokes," where Chelsea Grin merge some memorable guitar lines with Alex Koehler's requisite growl, display some brutal potential worthy of notice. Also noteworthy: when Koehler layers his high screeches with his gut growl, it sounds a lot cooler than either vocal on its own. But in the end, death metalcore fans like what they know, and they'll like Desolation of Eden. —Andrew Roy

## The Continentals Rhino

Self-Released

Street: 12.25.09

The Continentals = Uzi and Ari + Headlights + Bright Eyes

Rhino is a well-constructed album full of elegance that shouldn't go

unnoticed. The swirling synth and dreamy delay guitars create an idea of fading nights meant only for wishing for more time. Songs such as "Avalanche Feet," with the yelling lyrics of "heart attack," and "Lighthouse" with transitions of suspense, create captivating explosions of lightning to thunder. Lyrics expand and yet at times, the lead vocals seem constrained. And though each song has a healthy dose of instrumentals demanding focus, the progression of the album grows mellow until a refreshing, slightly spooky "Elaine" takes a new direction with mystical strings. The talent is evident and I look forward to the continuing growth of this band. —Jessica Davis

## Drew Danburry Goodnight Gary

Emergency Umbrella Records

Street: 02.09

Drew Danburry = Bishop Allen + Will Sartin + Andy Martin



Drew Danburry is one musician I have always been fond of. His music is carefree, fun and over the years, though he releases new albums, he holds a lot of the same pleasantries. With Goodnight Gary, lullaby 'la-la's' replace the memorable 'doo-wops,' and sing-a-long 'ooh-oh's.' This, I must say, made it hard to get through the album. Without the catchiness and ability to clap along, the little change in tunes from Introduction to Sex Rock (2004) to This Could Mean Trouble, You Don't Speak for the Club (2008) becomes very obvious. But Danburry has always been more about the story than the music, which is reason enough to keep listening. —Jessica Davis



## Means Nothing

S/T

Self-Released

Street: 12.11.09

Means Nothing = Disturbed + Saliva

1) Music production software has become too easily accessible by regular Joes. 2) Utah will never emerge from the lesser-known Western states as a music powerhouse with music like this. 3) The bands in the above equation are not meant as praise. These three factors combine along with a no-need-to-be-stated-yet-we'll-state-it-anyway-because-it's-easy number 4) The band name attached to this release says it all. Instead of making Future Music, this group is really intent on dredging up 90s-mid-2000s-era schlock, playing it—hopefully not live—and then recording it? It really doesn't make any sense unless you have an "Ankh" tattooed somewhere on your body. I'm guessing it's on the bassist's shoulder—most visible when he is wearing a de rigueur wife beater. Cry, oh ye good bands of Utah, the cream should rise to the regional top, but can't it be held down by too many curds. —JP

## Oh, Be Clever

S/T

Self Released

Street: 12.15.09

Oh, Be Clever = Neon Trees +

Vanessa Carlton + Linkin Park

Check out that formula up there. Interesting threesome, isn't it? It sums up the Utah County duo that makes up Oh, Be Clever's sound. I'm pretty sure vocalist **Brittney** is actually Vanessa Carlton trying to make a comeback, and that's okay. I admit I enjoy a mainstream pop song from time to time. "I'm Not Welcome Here and You're a Mess" is pure catchy pop at it's best—it's a shame it clocks in at just over two minutes. The majority of the EP is jam-packed with power pop chords, heavy Killers-like electro keys and **Chester Bennington**-esque screams from Brittney. This isn't really a genre I tend to gravitate toward, but I'm glad I spent some time listening to this debut EP. There's no question Utah County has a neverending supply of talent and Oh, Be Clever is here to remind you of that. —Miss Modular

## Oliver Lemmon

**Perplexions With Perfection**

Self-Released

Street: 01.02

Oliver Lemmon = Phish +  
Stoned Dude in Corner with  
Guitar

Barring the fact that perplexion

is not a real word, the rest of the title of this release bodes well for Lemmon, because I'm sure he thought this shit was solid gold when he made it—and sometimes confidence is key. I tried some fragrant local kush strains and thought, "Hey, maybe this guy is on to something." Maybe he really is. I could heap hate on this release, but Lemmon is actually doing something non-poppy, country or electronic and that is rare these days and in this environment, I'm sad to say, is better than nothing. He seems very insistent on tracks like "Backwards Rewind" to not want much more than to repeatedly fuck two chords over and over, even after you can tell those chords are probably just anxiously waiting for him to finish in their mouths and be done with it—hippie ball smell be damned. —JP

## Sarge

S/T

Eight O' One

Street: 01.15

Sarge = Black Flag + Subhumans



This is not great. It's not awful either, it's just very generic hardcore punk, tinged with a bit of metal. It's very loud and angry, but a few songs into it I still found myself yawning. There's nothing here that branches out much from the hardcore formula, which would be fine if they did the formula really well, but they kinda don't. The lyrics are mediocre and there's not a single surprise musically. If you're just itching for this kind of music, you'd do better to just stick with the classics, since this sounds exactly like them anyway. —Cléa Major

## Shady Chapel

S/T

Self Released

Street: 02.23

Shady Chapel = Band of Annuals +  
Johnathan Rice

Shady Chapel is led by **Jordan Clark**. Jordan is not only a talented songwriter and vocalist, but he also

plays the guitar, harmonica and organ. The result is a country-folk-pop self-titled EP that would make the Band of Annuals proud. The pairing of Jordan's voice with **Hillery Hathaway**'s on "Monster" creates the same magic as when you hear the beautifully harmonized vocals between BOA's **Jay Henderson** and **Jeremi Hanson**. The pedal steel plays with your emotions on "Old Mexico", while the harmonica-laced track "Happy Once" leaves you somber as Jordan's voice cries out singing "I was sober once / for more than a couple of days / but this might be the week / I finally break it free / but it won't be long before I spiral down". The only minor drawback is the out-of-place high-tempo "Color." It doesn't belong here. Other than the one mishap, this is a topnotch release. —Miss Modular

## Storming Stages and

Stereos

S/T

Posthumous Records

Street: 02.25

Storming Stages and Stereos =  
Drive-Thru era RX Bandits + Super  
Hero



Dear Lord. When will this rock-with-horns/third-wave ska thing ever die? I thought the ship had sunk a few years ago, but SSAS is paddling hard. Someone seriously got duped into pouring a lot of money into this, which is really too bad. The production, instrumentation and vocals are absolutely great and well done, plus the insert is nicely printed (although goofy), but that doesn't change the fact that epic, distorted cheese-rock riffs and brass sections will never, ever sound good together. If they'd just lose the horns and occasional **Reel Big Fish** rhythms, they could almost be a respectable pop-punk band. In the song "Punching Two-Tone In the Face" they say "Maybe it's in my mind, but this don't sound like ska no more/And everything we're playin' feels so out of style." No dudes, it's not in your minds. We're all thinking it too, and we're

embarrassed for you. —Nate Perkins

## Tijuana Bible

S/T

Self Released

Street: 03.19

Tijuana Bible = JFA + Minor Threat  
+ D.R.I.

Holy crap, this is really from Provo? And 2010? As boring and pussy-fied as the Salt Lake music scene can seem, Provo has it a lot worse, so hearing some '80s style hardcore coming from Happy Valley is pretty awesome. Tijuana Bible's debut (which is only available on cassette) takes the simple fury of early **Dischord** bands, throws in the toughness and gang vocals of early New York hardcore and tops it all off with the thrashiness and humor of SoCal skate punk. As much as this kicks ass, it's also hilarious as Tijuana Bible makes reference to the cult film *Troll 2* ("Nightboat to Nilbog"), lampoons the straight edge scene with an anthem that could easily be mistaken as genuine by hardcore kids ("Drug Free [Sex Sucks]) and created the only ten-second song I've ever heard about public pee anxiety ("Urinal Cake"). Tijuana Bible only produced a hundred of these bad boys, so pick one up and give your tape deck a workout before they're all gone. —Ricky Vigil

## Various Artists

**MSSV Label Sampler: One**

MSSV

Street: 04.29

MSSV = Autechre + Aphex Twin +  
Mouse on Mars

MSSV has been getting a lot of attention lately, and rightly so. The three artists that comprise the label, **Nolens Volens**, **//**, and **Nonnon**, have spent the last couple of years creating sonic freakouts of no-input tonal experiments, snarling, post-industrial noise and post-modern odes to booty-house (see last month's *SLUG* cover article). Now all housed under one roof, this sampler gives a pretty concise cross-section of what these three artists are all about. The sampler showcases the cracked beats of Nolens Volens, the glitch-heavy percussion and killer vocal work by **Uzi and Ari's Ben Shephard** and **Catherine Worsham** featured on the unpronounceable (and un-googleable) *//* tracks, as well as the claustrophobic, post-classical-compositions-meet-8-bit-hip-hop of Nonnon. Artists on MSSV take music seriously, and while we are lucky to have them here, they may soon be SLC's most accomplished exports. —Ryan Hall





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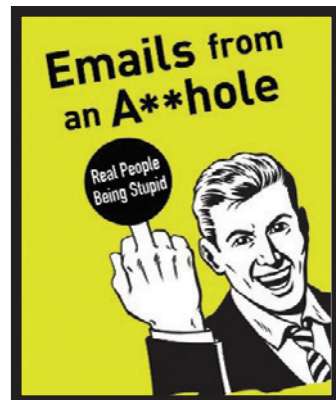
# BOOKS ALoud



## Emails From an Asshole

**John Lindsay**  
**Sterling Publishing**  
**Street: March 2010**

So this guy, John Lindsay, finds people's presumptuous Craigslist ads or other help, job or car wanted ads and creates elaborate email responses that are, in and of themselves, pretty damn funny and often surprisingly creative. Now, I love a good joke at someone else's expense as much as the next guy—probably more—but the problem with making stupid people on the internet look stupid ... well, it's like getting a cat to play with a bit of string. No, wait, it's like successfully preparing ramen noodles. Point is, it's really fucking easy. Poking fun at stupid folk on the internet (where Stupid goes to show off) is so easy, the internet has given it its own word, and that word is 'Troll.' Whether or not this is the first book written by a troll about trolling is not for me to say. All I know is it's a damn shame Mr. Lindsay doesn't focus his fairly substantial creative energies on people even remotely worth teasing. —Jesse Hawlish

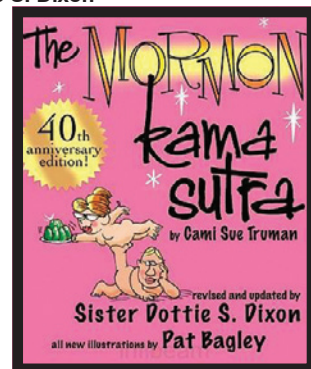


## The Mormon Kama Sutra 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition

**Cami Sue Truman**  
**Revised and Updated by Sister Dottie S. Dixon**  
**White Horse Books**  
**Street: 10.15.09**

OH FETCH! I grew up in Utah and I thought I had a pretty darn decent understanding of the prominent religious culture here. Imagine my surprise to discover that there is more than meets the eye! Utah is certainly well known for the button-down conservative-type Mormons, and many might believe that the Mormon populace does not choose to engage in or enjoy many sexual encounters beyond the standard hole-in-the-sheet type experience. *The Mormon Kama Sutra* informs the masses that not only do the Latter Day Saints engage in procreating behaviors, but they also love a good "fetch" (fuck).

**Pat Bagley** tastefully illustrates this guide on how to best appreciate sanctifying the marriage. **Sister Dottie S. Dixon** provides commentary and instruction on positions and techniques such as "The Salamander Handler," "The Scrapbooker," and "Pulling The Handcarts." If there were ever a tempting reason to convert, I would have to say "The Jell-O Pin" could do the trick. Come on over guys, I would love to discuss the book of *The Mormon Kama Sutra* anytime. —Ben Trentelman



## News, Nudity & Nonsense: The Best of Vice Magazine Vol. II 2003-2008

**Vice Books**  
**Street: 10.13.09**

News, Nudity & Nonsense has collected some of Vice's most interesting gems of information into a 300-page tome. This collection is filled with all sorts of fun and useless information that can be used to impress your stupid friends. The book is divided into twelve sections. First off are the Vice Guides. They cover everything from the guide to throwing a good party, the guide to being a whore and even the guide to friendship. Don't get bogged down in this first section though. There is plenty of hilarity in the pages that follow. Everything from fuckable foods to instructions on determining the cleanliness of your street drugs, an eccentric interview with ODB and another one with funeral directors is covered in this collection. It's the useless, but incredibly interesting, info that you won't pick up in school, or for most folks, anywhere in 'real life.' I may not ever apply what I've learned, but I can bring it up at bars and parties to impress and/or intimidate whomever the fuck I'm talking to. —Jeanette D. Moses



# BEER REVIEWS

9

## Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

For those of you new to the scene, cask beer is unique because it has not undergone the carbonation process via carbon dioxide and is served without any CO2 or Nitrogen. It is served a little flatter and warmer than what the general public is used to, however it lends to the flavor and the aroma what the normal carbonation process could leave out. Luckily for us Utahns, we have a couple places around town that will serve some quality cask beer.

### Shot in the Dark Coffee Stout

**Brewer/Brand:** Desert Edge

**Abv:** 4.0%

**Serving:** Cask

**Description:** On cask at the Bayou, this stout is jet black in color and has a nice off-brown head. The aroma is definitely coffee forward with notes of roast and caramel. The flavor is rich, to say the least. There was additionally some chocolate, a roasted astringency and fruit tones—definitely a mouthful.

**Overview:** This is hands-down my new favorite cask beer to hit The Bayou. If you have that craving for a coffee stout, then look no further. The rich character of this brew makes it a solid drink on its own. However, if you want to pair this, go for dessert.

### Squatters McGruehs Irish Dry Stout

**Brewer/Brand:** Squatters

**Abv:** 4.0%

**Serving:** Cask

**Description:** Off the tap, McGruehs pours black in color with a light tan head. The aroma is rich with chocolate, sweet caramel and dry roast. The flavor has quite a bit of chocolate, a bit of dry roast in the backing and some dark plummy fruit making its way around.



**Overview:** Last year I managed to miss this one—I guess that's what you get for trying to get a drink at Squatters around St. Pats. But this year I made my time at the bar and got my hands on a glass, and I am not upset one bit. This is a quality dry Irish stout to get you a little Irished up.

### Desert Edge Special Bitter

**Brewer/Brand:** Desert Edge

**Abv:** 4.0%

**Serving:** Cask

**Description:** Off the pull, this orange-to-golden colored bitter instantly puts off a killer aroma of soft fruit, citrus hops and an almost earthy backing. The flavor is a malt forward complexity that is laced in soft fruit and decent bittering characteristic that leaves a pleasant lingering on your palate.

**Overview:** Why would I do more than one review for Desert Edge this issue? 1) They're the shit. 2) Don't question my judgment. When it comes to the cask, the brewers at Desert Edge know what they are doing. Also, to add a unique twist to their cask specials, they have started adding oak on a regular basis. So for all you oak heads out there, you now have a guaranteed source to get your fix.

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108

18.61

Deathwish Inc.

Street: 04.13

108 = Inside Out + Burn + Trap

Them



108 had a strong comeback a few years ago with *A New Beat From a Dead Heart*. 18.61 marks the next (and possibly final) album in their short reunited tenure (as it has been revealed that vocalist **Robert Fish** has left the band). Robert Fish has the market cornered on pissed vocals and shred them he does on this release. Musically, 108's style has always been a little different than their peers, which is part of the draw. The guitar and bass's interplay is in top form on 18.61 and finds 108 with a more stripped-down sound. The album was recorded analog, which has much to do with the live raw feel overall and proves to be a prudent stylistic choice. Whereas *A New Beat from a Dead Heart* was a tour de force return for a band that was absent for a decade, 18.61 finds them releasing a 108 record plain and simple. This makes the album less exciting than its predecessor, but a noteworthy entry in 108's catalog nonetheless. —Peter Fryer

## Avi Buffalo

Avi Buffalo

Subpop

Street: 04.27

Avi Buffalo = MGMT + The Shins

I feel like whomever chose to use "What's in it for Me?" as the first single for this album was not thinking logically. It certainly isn't that it's the catchiest, or most marketable song; it's most distinguishable quality is how much it sounds like MGMT. The album sounds a lot like the songs on *Oracular Spectacular* that weren't so heavy on the synth. That being said, the album has some pretty good songs. I feel like "One Last" is the most accessible song on the album (his vocals sound a lot better when he is almost whispering), but it doesn't really fit in with the rest of the album. The female

vocals are good, but should have been used less sparingly. The songwriting and guitar work are great, especially for a 19-year-old kid. —Cody Hudson

## Beissert

The Pusher

Agonia Records

Street: 05.25

Beissert = Neurosis (early) + Nevermore + Goatsnake + Clutch

Welcome, friends, and enter the mystical never-void musical genre black hole that is Germany's Beissert's sophomore album *The Pusher*. There are musical styles that typically don't play nice together, being melded here in harmonious destructive actions that not only smash down barriers but listeners' comfort zones of what their preconceived notions of what certain subgenres should entail. One second *The Pusher* is thrashing it all to hell; the next they're sludging it out doom and stoner style, and then the oddball heavy-metal actions pop in coupled with classic rockin' upbeat styles. It all happens in some instances in the blink of an eye, in a non-identity crisis way. One would complain that you can't have an upbeat song right next to something doomy and scary or violently heavy, but it all fits. It's epically delicious and contributes something to my ears that's never been heard before. Give this one listen and you'll be hooked like a trucker on uppers drinking whiskey. —Bryer Wharton

## Black Breath

Heavy Breathing

Southern Lord

Street: 03.30

Black Breath = Entombed + The Accused + Discharge



There really isn't anything wrong with being bluntly straightforward with what you do. Seattle's Black Breath aren't out to reinvent the wheel with *Heavy Breathing* in any way, shape or form. The album is highly reminiscent of classic Swedish death-metal bands including Entombed, and mixes it up with thrash-metal pacing and a hardcore/punk-tinged core and

vocal styles. This, unfortunately, isn't one of those records you're going to hate or like; most likely you'll sit in the middle ground. They come up with some good down-tuned riffing and nicely speedy guitar leads, but I can't help but come back to Entombed—it sounds really similar to them, just with a more annoying one-style vocalist. Basically, if you enjoy any era of Entombed or like crust with your metal and hardcore, Black Breath's *Heavy Breathing* is worth a listen. —Bryer Wharton

## Black Francis

Nonstoperotik

Cooking Vinyl

Street: 03.30

Black Francis = Connells + Jerry Lee Lewis + Social Distortion - Nirvana



Continuing his style of rough-cut gems in solid gold settings, Frank Black (Frank Black and the Catholics, Pixies) croons and whoops through another fantastic solo album which will be released with a film by Beggars Velvet's **Judy Jacob**, visual creator for Black's last tour. In his unlikely falsetto, with a gift guitar doused in red wine (apparently he uses vino for cleaning), Black covers the topic of sex, but of course not in the usual ways. This is exactly what we expect from the Pixies' frontman: straight-ahead rock n' roll for thinking punks, with all the emotional rawness and glee that goes along with the world's most popular activity. The album delivers lush sax-and-violin moments of "Rabbits" and pogo-inspiring rave-ups like "Dead Man's Curve" and "Six Legged Man," but there's nothing crass here—for all of his punk cred, the man is a romantic at heart. —Madelyn Boudreaux

## Coheed & Cambria

Year of the Black Rainbow

Atlantic

Street: 04.13

Coheed &amp; Cambria = Rush + 3 + At the Drive In

It was gonna be hard for Coheed &amp;

Cambria to top their last album, *Good Apollo, I'm Burning Star IV, Volume Two: No World for Tomorrow*, but somehow they have, only in a different way. The band has tightened up their writing and structures on *Year of the Black Rainbow*. This is their first release with new drummer **Chris Pennie**, formerly of **The Dillinger Escape Plan**, and it is a huge improvement from their former drummer. Adding the amazing drumming abilities of Pennie was the last piece that the band needed to bring them up to the energy and complexity that their prog-rock songs deserved. Lyrically, *Year of the Black Rainbow* is a prequel to their ongoing space-action soap opera known as *The Armory Wars*. This story is crazy complex, so I won't get into it. Just know it's dramatic and that this album is dope. (Murray Theatre: 05.10) —Jon Robertson

## The Dø

A Mouthful

Six Degrees Records

Street: 04.06

The Dø = the Cardigans + the Ditty Bops - bluegrass



I want to do The Dø. I really do (though they pronounce it like do-re-mi). After becoming the first band to hit No. 1 in France with an album sung in English, The Dø are finally giving Americans a shot, and I hope we don't screw it up. Simple guitars, head-nodding beats and honest vocals—this isn't a new formula, but The Dø give each song a fresh approach. They'll flirt with a standard pop-song vibe, then **Olivia Merilahti's** flair for unexpected notes cements the melody in the head of the listener, especially on "The Bridge is Broken" and "At Last." "Queen Dot Kong" feels **M.I.A.**-inspired, and "Searching Gold" could have been a slow-build song on **Portishead's** newest. From a girl and her ukulele on "Stay (Just a Little Bit More)" to borderline noise rock on "Travel Light," *A Mouthful* provides a gratifying earful. —Andrew Roy



## Dum Dum Girls

### *I Will Be*

#### Sub Pop

Street: 03.30

Dum Dum Girls = Vivian Girls + Jesus and Mary Chain + The Shangri Las

In 2008, Dum Dum Girls started out as a solo project comprised of **Kristin Gundred** (a.k.a. **Dee Dee**). She recorded and released multiple 7" singles. A year later, she put together a band including former **Vivian Girl**, **Frankie Rose**, soon after they signed to **Sub Pop**. Perfect timing: There's been a "lo-fi" resurgence as of late—**Wavves**, **Blank Dogs**, **Crocodiles** (featuring Dee Dee's husband Brandon), even **Black Tambourine** returned to the studio to record new tracks for another retrospective. On the Dum Dum Girls' full-length debut (assisted by **Blondie** and **Go-Go's** producer **Richard Gottehrer**), they manage to encompass all of my favorite musical elements in one record; extreme fuzzy guitar goodness, clever lyrics, 60s girl group melodies and the deep sound of the garage. Every track is fast, exhilarating and just a little bit dangerous. Make sure you stick around for the brilliant **Sonny & Cher** cover, "Baby Don't Go." —*Courtney Blair*

## Elliott Smith

### *Roman Candle*

#### Kill Rock Stars

Street: 04.05

Elliott Smith = Alex Chilton + Nick Drake



Posthumous releases by Elliott Smith include a full album, a double LP of B-sides and covers, and about two gigs' worth of unreleased stuff floating around the Internet. Elliott was prolific in life, even more so in death. When **Kill Rock Stars** announced that the reissue of Elliott's debut would improve *Roman Candle's* fidelity and tone, I wondered how they could improve on something so raw that it sounds best on a scratchy CD-R through terrible car speakers. But **Larry Crane**, archivist for Smith, has done something complimentary here. By removing some of the harsher elements of Smith's debut (guitar squeaks, jarring hard consonants) that existed along with the exquisite melancholy of the content, it allows the tone to be more inviting and warmer. I forgot how much of the squeaks and cracks I had memorized on "Condor Ave" and how much I don't miss them on this reissue. —*Ryan Hall*

## Fang Island

### *Fang Island*

#### Sargent House

Street: 02.23

Fang Island = The Fucking Champs + Cougar + Apes & Androids

Do you like those scenes at the ends of movies where the story is happily resolved, the heroes are headed on to their variously bright futures and the soundtrack is that perfect, inspiring, celebratory anthem which unites us together with raised hands like those kids from Captain Planet? So do the members of Fang Island, but they also like guitars. Their self-titled release is like a symphony of power metal. The drums are huge, raucous peals of thunder behind twin shrieking lightening bolts of harmonious shredding. I'm not kidding, that doesn't even sound corny as I listen to it. I'm pumping my fist as I write this, swear to God. The songs blend from one to another so that "Dreamer of Dreams," "Careful Crossers" and "Daisy" make up the first movement of addictively distorted melodies. Most of the stuff is instrumental, but add occasional chorus-style vocals and bass so heavy you could float some cinder blocks in it, and you have a pretty good idea of what type of spirit-reinforcing war songs we have here. I cannot get enough of this release. "Welcome Wagon" is a particular favorite, erupting from fast power-chords into a progressively more intricate exercise in finger mechanics. This is a must-have for fans of the Fucking Champs, or other more anthemic post-rock. —*Rio Connelly*

## Goldfrapp

### *Head First*

#### Mute Records

Street: 03.10

Goldfrapp = Disco Era Donna Summer Fronts Kraftwerk



*Head First*, or what **Alison Goldfrapp** and **Will Gregory** did next on their musical journey, is joyously listenable and a welcome return after a long, bleak winter. It is impossible not to listen to these short, irresistibly hook-laden tunes and not feel happy. I've read some odd online reviews for this, their fifth album, and while the pop comparisons to **ABBA** (*Billboard*) and personal idol **Olivia Newton-John** (*Entertainment Weekly*) seem somewhat inevitable, to me they are actually channeling a disco-era **Donna Summer** reborn in an early 80s sound bath. The dynamic "Rocket" immediately sets up the album's glori-

ous synth sound, which continues with "Believer" ("A cupid on the go/No arrow and no bow") and the heavenly and just-announced second single, "Alive." By the chorus of the title track, it seems obvious that Alison is in love and this seems to be the duo's basic blueprint for the album's nine cuts. The mysterious pulsations of the stunning "Hunt" and its slightly sinister lyrics reminded me of **Shakespeare's Sister's** Run Silent, while the hypnotic "Shiny & Warm" of their own "Satin Chic." All is not completely rosy lyrically on "I Wanna Life," but you'll be tapping your foot to it just the same. The album's ethereal closer, "Voicething," finds Alison's lovely voice dubbed experimentally against an equally diverse synth-based backdrop and wraps this short album up nicely. —*Dean O Hillis*

## Happy Birthday

### S/T

Street: 03.16

#### Sub Pop

Happy Birthday = Terri Tarrantula + Andale!



I wish I hated this. I wish I could say that my body was repulsed by this tasty treat. This debut combines some really dainty pop hooks, just enough effects and some surf/garage rock touches to make it undeniably gnoshable. There are some exceptions, like the overindulgent, needlessly orchestrated "Fun." Fortunately, songs like "Maxine the Teenage Eskimo" about a girl who "hangs out late with the wolf pack," are really well done with cutesy lyrics, and they set off the last track's gloomy, bullshit misanthrope sobfest. Sure, there are some "ringers" on this release, but the rest resonates as true and classic examples of some teenage love, angst and the inevitable evolution into maturity. —*JP*

## Hosannas

### *Then & Now & Then*

#### Hush Records

Street: 05.11

**Hosannas** = **Tennessee Fire** era **My Morning Jacket** + **MV+EE** + **Graves** Flannel-shirted and bearded, Hosannas play glacial-paced psychedelic rock, subdued by the standard folk trappings of Hush labelmates and a lo-fidelity recording aesthetic (recorded in their parent's living room) that incorporates field recordings and low-budget special effects to brighten the corners. The brothers' Law weave their vibrato-heavy voices around meandering folk tunes that range from hushed to bombastic.



For as astute as *Then & Now & Then* is, Hosannas are Portland to the bone, and that may be a point against them. I don't know if I can separate this album from a city famous for its indie-rock careerism; it just seems too obvious. Portland needs another experimental freak-folk outfit just as much as SLC needs another nü-metal band. P.S The only person who can rhyme "drugs" and "hugs" is **50 Cent**. Back off. (*Kilby Court*: 06.08) —*Ryan Hall*

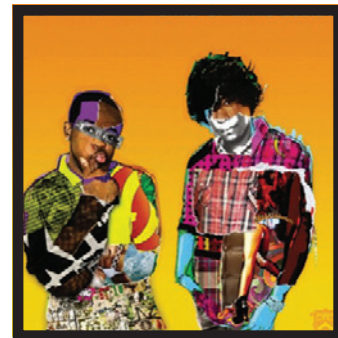
## Kidz In The Hall

### *Land of Make Believe*

#### Duck Down Music, Inc.

Street: 03.09

Kidz In The Hall = Kanye West + Gym Class Heroes



The hype on this album was that it's supposed to be a massive party record. Lending a hand to living up that hype is the production and DJ skills of **Double O**. Through the record he pushes these 80s-style hooks in the beats, which could be cleaned up, but mesh nicely with the style of the record. Unfortunately, that's all that lives up to the hype. **Naledge's** lyrics lacked any substance or story, with constant jabber about that same old living large bling bling kind of lingo. It definitely struck me as an underground friendly version of Kanye West-type shit. "Taking Over the World" featuring **Just Blaze** was a standout track, along with "JukeBox," featuring **MC Lyte**. Both of those songs have clean, fresh style and solid beats. This album will satisfy the college hip-hop scener, from his neon sunglasses right down to his sagging skinny jeans. —*Bethany Fischer*

## Leatherface

### *The Stormy Petrel*

#### No Idea

Street: 03.23



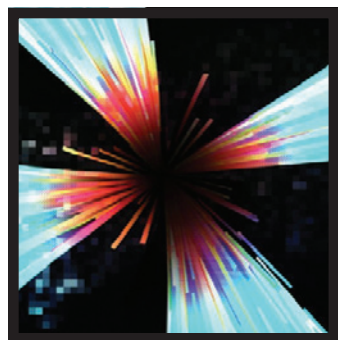
**Leatherface = Hot Water Music + Hüsker Dü + The Bomb**

Before it was cool to mix speed and energy with emotion and melody and to have a gravelly voiced singer with a beard of **Grizzly Adams**-like proportions, Leatherface was doing it 20 years ago in good ol' Sunderland, England. After a six-year absence, **Frankie Stubbs** and Co. have delivered their strongest album since reforming in 1998. Predictably, *The Stormy Petrol* doesn't feature the blistering speed and **Motörhead**-inspired licks of previous albums, but this is about as catchy as Leatherface has ever been. Album opener "God Is Dead" features clever lyrics delivered through Stubbs' raspy whisper, while "Another Dance" and "Never Say Goodbye" are teeming with as much pop sensibility as this kind of punk can have. There's a lot of good stuff here, but "Diego Garcia" is the standout track as Stubbs' vocal vitriol builds up to a bit of intense and awesome vocal harmonizing over the album's fastest track. This isn't the greatest introduction to Leatherface (that would be *Mush*), but if you're already a fan, *The Stormy Petrel* won't disappoint. —*Ricky Vigil*

**Nefarium  
The End  
Agonia Records**

**Street: 05.10**  
**Nefarium = Bestial Warlust + Nargaroth + Funeral Mist**  
More than 90 percent of Italy's populace is estimated to be one of the several Christian denominations. **Nefarium** combats this with 35 minutes of war-like blasphemy, crushing Yahweh's pitiful temples into a gray dust. With a death metal-style production, energy is conjured through a maelstrom of black-metal guitar riffs that let up for hardly more than a few seconds and drums which beat mercilessly, resulting in a particularly ferocious black-metal album. Track titles such as "Mass Infanticide By The King Of Judea (Herod The Great)," **Nefarium** hail their heroes by name, and lunge directly at the hearts of their enemies. This direct frontal attack is heard loud and clear, and those who desire the most aggressive black-metal bands will likely find common ground with this extremely hateful release. —*Conor Dow*

**Prizzy Prizzy Please  
Chroma Cannon**



**Joyful Noise Recordings  
Street: 04.20**  
**Prizzy Prizzy Please = Lightning Bolt + Van Halen + Bon Jovi**

I don't quite know how to take this album. From the start, it's a punch of some crazy keyboard synth noises disguised as shredding guitar, while thunder drums lead the way to some sweet saxophone leads. The vocals take on the idea of an 80s hair band reincarnated, with the distortion of each yell. Then there's a moment when you think you've stepped into the intro of the 90s television series *Family Matters*. In a weird way, it's quite amazing, and at best, words can't describe it. So take a listen. —*Jessica Davis*

**Psalm One  
Women at Work  
Rhymesayers**

**Street: 04.20**  
**Psalm One = Queen Latifah + Lauren Hill**

Psalm One is definitely a strong-willed lady. Being the first lady of Rhymesayers is one hell of a title to hold. She holds it for a reason, though. Not only is she fearless in her flow, but she's quite clever in her word play as well. "I got some things on my agenda that I gotta attend to/So I can be the queen, not the girl with potential" is a line from *Morning* and just goes to show her aim and her drive. Her whole album is chockfull of lyrics hellbent on getting your inner female muscle flex on. The only thing I noticed about Psalm that got to me was her voice itself. It's slightly monotone and didn't have a definitive tone that stood out. After listening to it through 10 songs, it got a little boring. Other than that, I recommend you check out the sassy little lady they call Psalm One. —*Bethany Fischer*

**The Reverend Peyton's  
Big Damn Band  
The Wages  
SideOneDummy  
Street: 05.25**  
**Big Damn Band = Reverend Horton Heat + Dirt Daubers + .357 String Band**

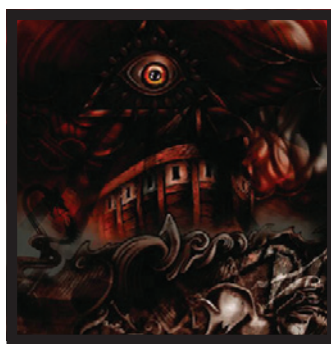


The finger-pickin', slide-guitarin', washboard-scrapin', pickle-bucket-bashin' machine that is The Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band is back with another batch of frenetic hillbilly blues on *The Wages*. The production values on the Big Damn Band's new album have greatly improved, but it's a mixed blessing—The Rev's vocals are much clearer and

**Breezy**'s washboard is actually audible in every song now, but the crispness robs a lot of the songs on *The Wages* of their energy and charm. "Fort Wayne Zoo" is a fun, fast, finger-pickin' good time, "Born Bred Corn Fed" propagates the band's proud hillbilly image, and "Sure Feels Like Rain," propelled by new drummer **Cuz**, is an incredible fusion of blues and soul, but it's when the band tries to recreate their live show, as on "Clap Your Hands" and "Two Bottles of Wine," that the album is weakest. There are some definite keepers on *The Wages*, but the Big Damn Band is best experienced live. —*Ricky Vigil*

**The Ruins of Beverast  
Foulest Semen of a Sheltered Elite**

**Ván**  
**Street: 05.25**  
**The Ruins of Beverast = Lurker of Chalice + Blut Aus Nord + Paysage d'hiver**



**Ván**, a small German label, hosts an impressive roster of black and doom metal. Many of which are adept in exploring new boundaries, standing out from the horde. The leader may be the deserving one-man project, **The Ruins of Beverast**. Thematically, **Alexander von Meilenwald** explores atypical topics such as science and religious history, which results in many head-turning moments on each album. "Foulest Semen" is no exception, and each song is varied with seamless, organic transitions for almost a full 80 minutes. The madness is spellbinding, and separated by a handful of eerie interlude tracks. A large portion of the album relies heavily on choral vocals, including the first track, which sounds like they were performed at a sinister coven. Meilenwald continues to refine his craft without embarrassing outbursts of elitism or absurd social statements, which is to be commended, and he continues to remain at the apex with few comparable peers. —*Conor Dow*

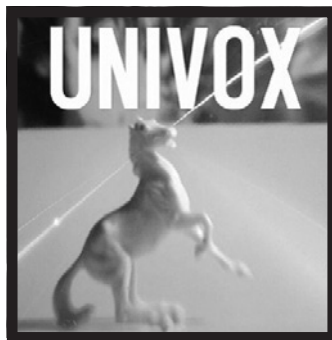
**Spanish Gamble  
It's All Coming Down  
Paper + Plastick Records  
Street: 04.13**

**Spanish Gamble = Hot Water Music + Hüsker Dü + Saves The Day + Against ME! + None More Black + American Steel**

At first listen, Spanish Gamble comes off as a confusing, eclectic mix of punk styles—the gruff, quasi-melodic vocals

seem out of place against the band's wistful guitar leads. But once you reach the title track, they somehow adopt you into their energetic reverie and you "get it." Each musician's respective hooks stand out from one another, yet harmonize in a way that produces cathartic dynamics akin to *Saves The Day*. **Colin Shane**'s vocals resonate with a hollow rancor and dirty melodiousness. His shifts from screaming to singing and the gang choruses, such as in "We Are The Restless," resemble Against ME!'s early work. Spanish Gamble struggles with songs like "Science Can't Explain Magic," where Shane falls into awkward vocal lulls, but with little damage. Most tracks—especially "The Art Of Settling"—offer themes that demand contemplation, yet hammer on with a punching momentum. —*Alexander Ortega*

**Univox  
Univox  
Roir  
Street: 05.11**  
**Univox = The Hold Steady + David Bowie + Jay Reatard + White Denim**



Univox's self-titled debut is full of infectious pop-rock songs with sarcastic undertones, catchy hooks, and a seemingly never-ending energy propelling them forward. However, it took me more than a few listens to take Univox seriously and appreciate their art, which I finally did end up doing. My initial impression of the band was that they were a bunch of obnoxious dudes making borderline obnoxious music. When asked about the future for the band, one member was quoted saying he hopes the band will be "fucking **Brooke Shields** and being rich as shit." Midway through the album, one track titled "All This Blood Came From My Heart," is ridiculously silly with spoken words and over the top harmonies—blurring the line between stupidity and hilarity. But with every following listen, Univox grew on me. I realized part of their appeal is their sardonic and playful attitudes that seep into each track through their vocals, lyrics and instrumentation. Ultimately, Univox somehow manages to blend four males harmonizing with quirky songwriting and refreshing bursts of punk inflected, pop-infused rock and not come off as talentless idiots, but rather clever and skilled musicians who, lucky for us, are just out to make music and have fun—even though it may take you a few listens to realize this. —*Vanessa Wardy*



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3

# DAILY CALENDAR

Send us your dates by the 25th of the previous month: [dailycalendar@slugmag.com](mailto:dailycalendar@slugmag.com)

## Download SLUG Mag's FREE iphone application at [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com)!

### Friday, April 30

Cameron McGill – *Kilby*  
The Beginning At Last – *In the Venue*  
"After Here" Screening (7:30pm) – *U of U Post Theater*  
Gums and DJ Peter Trees – *Harry O's*  
Scotty Haze/ Roby Kap, Strange Medicine – *Pats BBQ*  
Blues On First – *Tram Club*  
Rain, Christopher Lawrence – *Depot*  
Lip Lash, Designer Drugsm JSJ, DJ Bandwagon – *Urban*



### 5/7 The Skaficianados, In Key Drops Out, The Love

Astronauts, Storming Stages & Stereos, 2½ White Guys – *Kilby*

### Saturday, May 1

The Abominable Ironsloth, Eagle Twin, Pilot This Plane Down – *Burt's*  
Kirby Canyon Band – *Woodshed*  
Basshunter, Myon & Shane54, Global-Deejays, Baby Anne – *In The Venue*  
Soulonscopy, Dead Horse, Triggers & Slips – *The Fifth*  
Operation Tee Scavenger Hunt – *Downtown SLC*  
Monster Energy Supercross – *Rice-Eccles*  
Matt Ben Jackson, The Spins, Cody Ribgy, Vinyl Club, Ramblin Trio – *Kilby*  
The Future of Freedom – *Salt Palace*  
The Polaroids – *Pats BBQ*  
Zach Parrish and the Huckle Berries – *Hog Wallow*  
Rocking Jukes – *The Wine Cellar, Ogden*  
Reckless Kelly, The Bartly Wranglers – *State Room*  
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Cameron McGill, Drew Danburry – *Velour*  
Data/Booty, Vile Blue Shades, Coyote Hoods – *Urban*  
Free Film: Secret of Kells – *Sorenson Unity Center*  
Battle Your Way In – *Bar Deluxe*  
Big Black Sky – *Johnny's*  
Spring Shimmy: Oryantal Dansi, Lyra Zoe & Amira, Sophisticated Ladies, Kita Zira, Decadance, DJ Good-E, Tabla Arabia, Gypsy Flame, Utah Rhythm & Dance, Azar – *Highland High Auditorium*  
**Sunday, May 2**  
Craft Sabbath – *Nobrow*  
Shearwater, Wye Oak, Hospital Ships – *State Room*  
Bear Talk 10 Acoustic Performers – *Urban*  
Salty Streets Flea Market – *Kilby*  
**Monday, May 3**  
The Direction – *UtahFM*  
Sightings, It Foot It Ears. Space Studs – *Kilby*  
Sightings, Big Trub, TBA – *The Provo Compound*  
Adrian and the Sickness, Lost By Reason, The Pistol Project – *Burt's*  
Free Film: The Klexmatics: On Holy Ground – *City Library*  
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*  
**Happy Birthday Elliot Secrist!**

### Tuesday, May 4

Nocando, Dumbfounded, Intuition, Open Mike Eagle, Malevolent MC – *Kilby*

68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Michael Dean Damron, Chad Price, Micha Shabel – *Burt's*  
MURS – *In The Venue*  
5 Years and Counting, Cities Underground, Settle, Victory in Numbers, Floral Terrace – *Outer Rim*  
Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*  
How To Kill, Danger Hallstorm – *Urban*

### Wednesday, May 5

Us Thieves, The Second Estate, Adam Dorius, Pancakes – *Kilby*  
Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar Named Sue*

Velocity Son – *Burt's*  
LMNO, Kev Brown – *Urban*  
Spring Beehive Bazaar – *Thanksgiving Point*  
Rickmond Fontaine Acoustic – *State Room*  
**Thursday, May 6**  
Common Loon, Gentleman Ghost, Ferocious Oaks, Citizen K – *Kilby*  
In C By Terry Riley, Giant – *Urban*  
Stephanie Sims "Leather & Lace" Bday Bash – *Club Edge*  
Vibe Rising, DJ DSharp – *Woodshed*  
Free Film: Tapped – *City Library*  
ABK, Dr. Grimm, O-Town Wicked, G.F.C, IIIVI – *Murray Theater*  
Spring Beehive Bazaar – *Thanksgiving Point*  
Haunting Modernity – *House Gallery*

### Friday, May 7

The Skaficianados, In Key Drops Out, The Love Astronauts, Storming Stages &

Stereos, 2½ White Guys – *Kilby*  
Flogging Molly, Riverboat Gamblers – *In The Venue*  
National Public Gardens Day – [publicgardens.org](http://publicgardens.org)  
Ironyman – *Burt's*  
Game On – *Woodshed*  
**2010 Dining Diversity Begins – Diningdiversity.com**  
Loudon Wainwright III, Greg Brown, John Prine – *State Room*  
Dubwise, APX1, Illloom – *Urban*  
Free Film: Se7en – *Salt Lake Art Center*  
Spring Beehive Bazaar – *Thanksgiving Point*  
Big Black Sky – *Bar Deluxe*  
**Saturday, May 8**  
Uzi and Ari, Eden Express, The Weakmen – *Kilby*  
Adult Playshop – *Avenues Yoga*  
Slim Chance & His Psychobilly Playboys – *ABG's*  
BEATEN DEAD HORSE – *Woodshed*  
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Red Fang, Muckraker, Oldtimer, Super Happy Storytime Land – *Burt's*

Joshua James, Brett Dennen, Ray LaMontagne – *State Room*  
Despite Despair, Lady Boy – *Muse*  
I Am The Ocean, Estrago – *Urban*  
Spring Beehive Bazaar – *Thanksgiving Point*  
Rebel Zion, 2½ White Guys, The Chickens – *Bar Deluxe*  
The Velvetones – *Johnny's*  
Live Green Festival – *Library Square*  
**The Spring Scram – City Library**  
Ninja Sparkle League 5K for Kate Evans – *Sugarhouse Park*  
**Sunday, May 9**  
Devin the Dude, The Coughee Brothaz, Kno It Alls, Mr. Beny Records – *Urban*  
**Monday, May 10**  
Phantogram – *Kilby*  
The Great American Beast – *Outer Rim*  
Groundation, Orgone – *Urban*  
Cohed and Cambria, Circa Survive, Torch – *Murray Theater*  
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*  
**Live Green Fest – Library Square**

### Tuesday, May 11

Needtobreathe, Stephen Kellog – *In The Venue*  
Toots and the Maytals, Rey Fresco – *Depot*  
Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*

Heartless Bastards, Hacienda, Amy Cook – *State Room*  
DOSH, White Hinterland, Night Sweats – *Urban*  
Tribal Seeds – *Bar Deluxe*  
The Black Arrows, Swindlers, Sister Audio, Fat Apollo, the Cellulites – *Kilby*

### Wednesday, May 12

Reinventing Reason, A.K.A the Badger, The Reprobates, Cherry Strip – *Kilby*  
Jeff Lawrence – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Duluoz, Bloodworm – *Burt's*  
Drive-By Truckers – *In The Venue*  
Zion I, Macklemore, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Scenic Byway – *Urban*

### Thursday, May 13

Risk and Reward – *Utah Arts Museum*  
Dance Revolution's Anniversary W/ Depressed Buttons – *Club Edge*  
Owen Pallett FKA Final Fantasy, The Awful Truth – *Kilby*  
Wasnatch, DJ DSharp – *Woodshed*  
Frightened Rabbit, Maps & Atlases, Our Brother The Native – *Urban*  
Winter Sounds, Parachute Musical – *Bar Deluxe*

### Friday, May 14

Flyleaf, 10 Years, Fair to Midland – *In The Venue*  
American Hollow, The Waters Deep Here, Skychange – *Abyss*  
American Hitmen – *ABG's*  
Dan Weldon and Blues Dart – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Rigmorale – *Nobrow*  
Loom, Knight Fever, Cedars, Drink Up Socrates, WeDropLikeBombs – *The Basement (Ogden)*  
Drew Danburry, The Continentals, Michael Gross, Emily Allen – *Kilby*

Sonic Boom Six, Knockout, The Hung-Ups – *Burt's*  
ECS, Jack Jones, Katalyst of Disaster – *Woodshed*  
MONO, The Twilight Sad – *Urban*  
God's Revolver, Accidente, Canons – *Bar Deluxe*  
Floater, Soul Coughing, Vast (Night 1) – *State Room*

### Saturday, May 15

The Dove Movement: Toni Braxton – *Rail*  
Adult Playshop – *Park City Yoga Studio*  
Horse Feathers, Dawn Landes, Libbie Linton – *Kilby*  
Alexisonfire, Trash Talk, Therefore I Am, La Dispute – *In the Venue*  
Deal's Gone Bad, Outlaw Nation, Racist Kramer – *Burt's*  
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Woodshed*  
Mike Brown Fest IV – *Urban*  
Baking Up a Dozen: 13 Books from a Letter-sized Sheet – *Book Arts Studio*

People's Market Seedling Swap & Sale – *SLC Jordan Park*  
Art of Beauty Fashion Show – *Ben Lomond Hotel*  
King Niko, Junior Giant, The Orbit Group – *Bar Deluxe*  
Stonefed – *Johnny's*  
Floater, Soul Coughing, Vast (Night 2) – *State Room*

### Sunday, May 16

Bear Talk 10 Acoustic Performers – *Urban*  
Mr Turkey – *Kilby*

### Monday, May 17

The Tallest Man On Earth, Nathaniel Rateliff – *Kilby*  
Daniel Francis Doyle, Birthquake, Josh & Maht – *Urban*  
Mr. Turkey and His Lazy Circus Friends – *Woodshed*  
Free Film: Climate Refugees – *City Library*  
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*

### Tuesday, May 18

Henry Worly & The Glass Button Factory, Homage to Armageddon, Hunter Harrison And The Family Gallows – *Kilby*  
Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Free Film: Food Fight – *City Library*  
Broken Silence, Pat Maine, Yze – *Urban*

### Wednesday, May 19

Plants and Animals, Lost in the Trees – *Kilby*  
Corcid – *Burt's*  
Martin Sexton, Ryan Montbleau Band – *Depot*  
That 1 Guy, Les Claypool, Buckethead – *State Room*  
Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar Named Sue*  
Jamie's Elsewhere – *Outer Rim*  
The Dean Don Show – *Urban*

### Thursday, May 20

In & Out – *Sugar Space*  
Pyramiddd, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths (Early 5:30PM)  
Weatherbox, Look Mexico, Game On (Late 8:30PM) – *Kilby*  
Break Dance Competition and Pants Off Dance Off Madness –



*Club Edge*  
 Headease, Dubwise Selecta – *Woodshed*  
 Pyramiddd, Vile Blue Shades, Palace of Buddies – *Urban*  
 Three Bad Jacks – *Burt's*  
 Big Blue Ox – *Bar Deluxe*  
**Friday, May 21**  
 Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*  
 In & Out – *Sugar Space*  
 Highball Train – *ABG's*  
 This is Anfield, Blackhounds, Art In Thesis, Ask For The Future – *Kilby*  
 Microtia – *Burt's*  
 FAUNA – *Woodshed*  
 Obsession – *SugarHouse Gallery*  
 In Words of the Mute, Shag Harbor – *Muse*  
 Hard Rockin Johnsons – *A Bar Named Sue*  
 Shag Harbor, Dissenter, Corcid – *Outer Rim*  
 1,000 Inspirations by Heather "Ill G" Gaither – *Nobrow*  
 Derby Misfits, LHAW, Heart Shaped Box – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Cooperative Photography Show – *Fresh*  
**Fashion Stroll – Broadway**  
**SLUG Localized: Bluebird Radio, Libbie Linton, Indian Headset – Urban**  
**Saturday, May 22**  
 Junction City Roller Dolls – *Davis Conference Center*  
 In & Out – *Sugar Space*  
 Local Natives, Suckers – *Kilby*  
 Negative Charge, Pass The Axe, Killbot – *Burt's*  
 Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*  
 Mean Molly's Trio, Fox Van Cleef, My Three Sons of Bitches – *Woodshed*  
 Cobra Starship, 3OH!3, Travi McCoy, I Fight Dr – *In The Venue*  
 Enrique Bunbury – *Depot*  
 Vinyl Club – *Muse*  
 Audioflo-Radar, Emile, Djunya – *Urban*  
 Riverhead – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Moose Canoe – *Johnny's*  
**Sunday, May 23**  
 The Requested, I Catch Fire, Flight to Athena – *Outer Rim*  
**2010 Dining Diversity Ends – DiningDiversity.com**

On The Rhodes: Tribute – *Urban*  
 Free Film: Afghan Star – *City Library*  
**Monday, May 24**  
 Angels and Airwaves, Say Anything – *In The Venue*  
 Mark Mallman, Fox Van Cleef, The Futurists, Red Pete – *Urban*



## 5/11 Heartless Bastards, Hacienda, Amy Cook – State Room

Free Film: Beyond Gay – *City Library*  
 Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Amber Pacific, Runner Runner – *Kilby*  
**Tuesday, May 25**  
 Loom, Sleeping in Gethsemane, I am The Ocean, Borasca – *Kilby*  
 Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*  
 Sage Francis, Free Moral Agents, B. Dolan – *Urban*  
 Geri X Rising – *Bar Deluxe*  
**Wednesday, May 26**  
 Laura Marling, Smoke Fairies, Pete Roe – *Kilby*

Semantic – *A Bar Named Sue*  
 Deadbolt, Hog Luvdog & The Sleaztonz – *Burt's*  
 Discourse, Steady Machete – *Urban*  
 A Midsky Surrender, A Phoenix Forever – *Outer Rim*  
**Thursday, May 27**  
 A Billion Ernies, Hot Air Platoon – *Kilby*  
 Dub System – *Woodshed*  
 Covid, Muscleshawk, Electric Valentine – *Club Edge*  
 Reviver, Caravels, Despite Despair – *Muse*  
 Vibe Rising – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Far – *Urban*  
**Friday, May 28**  
 DDJ – *Liquid Joe's*  
**Desert Rocks Music Festival – Area BFE Ranch Moab**  
 Loom, The Love Puppets, Sons O Valley, Deadbeat Dad – *Why Sound (Logan)*  
 Cavedoll – *ABG's*  
 Reviver, Caravels, Damiir Hara, Despite Despair, The Lionelle – *Kilby*  
 John Whipple, Filthy McNasty – *Woodshed*  
 God's Revolver, Cornered By Zombies – *Urban*  
 DJ Rocksolid, MCK – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Terry Lynn Tschaekosfske – *Gallivan*  
**Saturday, May 29**  
**Desert Rocks Music Festival – Area BFE Ranch Moab**  
 American Hollow – *Deerhunter*  
 //, Dead Explorers Club, Social Studies – *Kilby*  
 Duwayne Burnside – *Burt's*  
 Red Bennies, Laserfang, Night Sweats – *Urban*  
 The Relief Society, Small Town Sinners – *Woodshed*

Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*  
 Planet Asia – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Jeremiah Maxey Trio – *Johnny's*  
**Sunday, May 30**  
**Desert Rocks Music Festival – Area BFE Ranch Moab**  
 MC Chris, Math the Band – *Kilby*  
 Lip Lash – *Urban*  
**Monday, May 31**  
 Eluvium, I Hear Sirens, Charles Stanyan – *Kilby*  
 Coco and Camaro – *Woodshed*  
 Sugar & Gold, Ted Dancin – *Urban*  
 Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*  
**Tuesday, June 1**  
 Kottonmouth Kings – *Saltair*  
 Digna Y Rebelde, We Must Dismantle This, Disowned – *Kilby*  
 Hobo Nephews of Uncle Frank, Marinade – *Burt's*  
 It Prevails, Close Your Eyes – *Outer Rim*  
**Wednesday, June 2**  
 Lacuna Coil, Hail The Villian, Seasons After – *In The Venue*  
 Nerveskade, All Systems Fail – *Burt's*  
 Fruit Bats, Veltiver – *Urban*  
 The Black Keys, Brian Olive – *Depot*  
 Till We Have Faces – *Muse*  
 Straight to our Enemys, Rathdrum, A Pyrrhic Victory – *Outer Rim*  
**Thursday, June 3**  
 BlueSkyReality, Mayson Lee and The Rock & Roll Space Studs, It Foot It Ears – *Kilby*  
 Reviver, Despite Despair – *Muse*  
 We Are The New Year – *Outer Rim*  
 Damien Jurado, Kay Kay and His Weathered Underground – *Urban*  
**Friday, June 4**  
 Pride Day Prep 5k – *Capitol to Memory Grove*  
 Gay Pride Grand Marshal Reception – *Jewish Community Center*  
 The Recovery, Allred, Broke City, Harbor Royale – *Kilby*  
 MGMT – *In The Venue*  
 The Quick and Easy Boys – *Burt's*  
 Glade, Adam Acuragi – *Woodshed*  
 Dubwise – *Urban*  
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fans of: Greg Brown, John Prine

Sat May 8  
**JOSHUA JAMES**



fans of: Brett Dennen, Ray LaMontagne

Tue May 11  
**HEARTLESS BASTARDS**



with: HACIENDA | AMY COOK

Fri-Sat May 14-15  
**FLOATER**



fans of: Soul Coughing, Vast

Wed May 19  
**THAT ONE GUY**



fans of: Les Claypool, Buckethead

Mon June 7  
**TINSLEY ELLIS**



fans of: Tommy Castro, Coco Montoya

THE STATE ROOM IS AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE RENTALS. CALL 801-878-0530

## KILBY COURT MAY



1 (doors: 6pm) Matt Ben Jackson, The Spins, Cody Ribby, Vinyl Club, Ramblin Trio  
 2 **SALTY STREETS FLEA MARKET!**  
 12:00pm - 6:00pm  
 3 It Foot It Ears, Space Studs, TBA  
 4 Nocando, Dumbfounded, Intuition, Open Mike Eagle, Malevolent MC  
 5 Us Thieves, The Second Estate, Adam Dorius, Pancakes  
 6 Common Loon, Gentleman Ghost, Ferocious Oaks, Citizen K  
 7 (doors: 6pm) The Skaficionados CD Release, In Key Drop Outs CD Release, The Love Astronauts, Storming Stages and Stereos, And Two and a Half White Guys  
 8 Uzi and Ari, Eden Express, The Weakmen  
 9 Phantogram  
 10 The Black Arrows, Swindlers, Sister Audio, Fat Apollo and the Cellulites  
 11 Reinventing Reason, A.K.A the badger, The Reprobates, Cherry Strip  
 12 Owen Pallett FKA Final Fantasy, The Awful Truth  
 13 Drew Danburry CD RELEASE, The Continentals, Michael Gross, Emily Allen  
 14 Horse Feathers, Dawn Landes, Libbie Linton  
 15 Mr Turkey, TBA  
 16 The Tallest Man On Earth, Nathaniel Rateliff  
 17 Henry Worley & The Glass Button Factory, Homage to Armageddon, Hunter Harrison And The Family Gallows

18 Plants And Animals, Lost in the Trees  
 19 (EARLY SHOW - 5:30) Pyramiddd (formerly Starfuc\*er), Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths (LATE SHOW - 8:30) Weatherbox, Look Mexico, Game On  
 20 This is Anfield, Blackhounds, Art In Thesis, Ask For The Future  
 21 Local Natives, Suckers  
 22 Amber Pacific, Runner Runner, TBA  
 23 Loom, Sleeping in Gethsemane, I am the ocean, Borasca  
 24 Laura Marling, Smoke Fairies, Pete Roe  
 25 A Billion Ernies, Hot Air Platoon, TBA  
 26 Reviver tour kick off!, Caravels, Despite Despair, The Lionelle, Damir Hara  
 27 // with Dead Explorers Club and Social Studies  
 28 MC Chris, Math The Band  
 29 Eluvium, Charles Stanyan (member of Concert Silence), I Hear Sirens

### ALSO:

May 4th @ In The Venue  
 MURS (of Living Legends)  
 Sick Jacken  
 Burrell Washburn

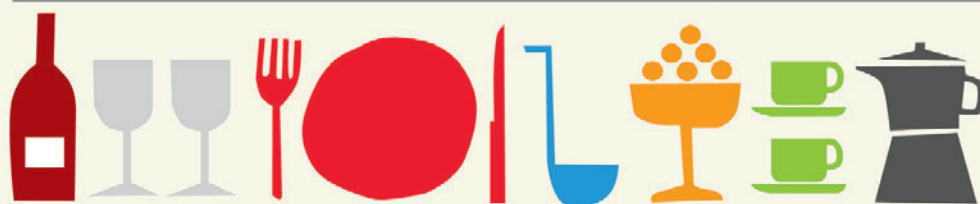
741 S. 330 W.  
 all shows start at 7PM  
 (unless otherwise noted)  
 ALL AGES  
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Tiburon  
Trio Downtown

Trio Conttonwood  
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Yamasaki

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# nat • ta • dor (năt'e-dôr')

An individual who side steps or avoids contributing cash for a Natty Light beer run.



“When Danny tried to collect, Richie pulled a nattador and pretended to talk on his cell phone... Ole, Richie, Ole.”

Visit [naturallight.com](http://naturallight.com) to submit your own nattyisms!

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