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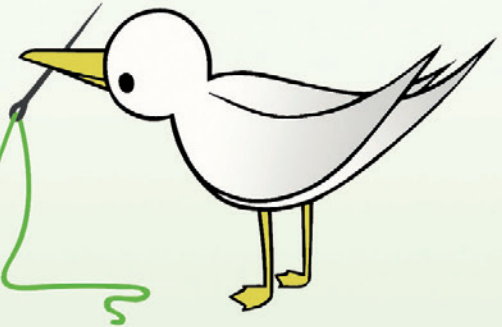
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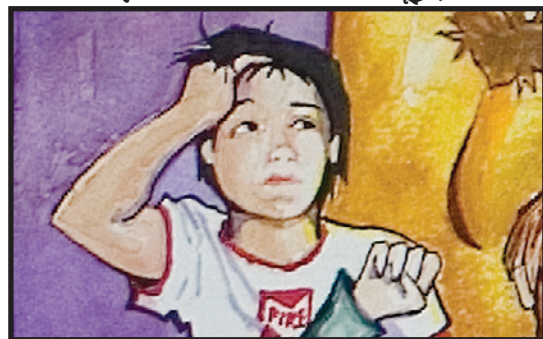
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Contributor Limelight



Manuel Aguilar • Illustrator

As the go-to illustrator here at SLUG Mag, Manuel Aguilar has become an indispensable resource whenever we have a story that can't be described by words and photos alone. Aguilar's fine artistry has graced stories about the Beehive Bazaar and the Salt City Derby Girls as well as a Mike Brown column or two. Aguilar was also responsible for the giant train photo backdrop featured at SLUG's booth at the 2010 Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention. Choosing Aguilar to create the cover art for our third annual beer issue was a no-brainer, and while we knew his cover would be killer, he gets bonus points for featuring various SLUGers as his movie poster models. Aguilar also cuts a mean figure in his duct tape robot costume and can throw down in *Super Street Fight IV* with the best of them. Aguilar is available for freelance commission work: contact him at: themanuelguy@gmail.com



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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dearest, Darlingest Dickheads, Mike Brown's recent article has brought to my attention that there are Juggalos out there that are curious about the nature and physics of magnets. A simple Google search turned up the relevant information in a Wikipedia article. I've posted this information to several Juggalo forums (and elsewhere on the internet) already and got banned for it =(Nevertheless I think that Juggalos need to know this High School level science. The following is a rough translation of a Wikipedia article into layman terms:

A fucking magnet produces a fucking magnetic field. The fucking magnetic field is fucking invisible (which makes it a motherfucking miracle and shit) and is responsible for creating the most notable fucking property of a fucking magnet: a motherfucking force that pulls other ferro-fucking-magnetic materials like fucking iron and attracts or repels other fucking magnets depending on which fucking pole the other fucking magnet is pointing to. If you get some crazy shit with lots of rotating electrons, usually the electrons pair up and cancel each other out but some weird fucking metals have extra unpaired electrons (kinda like when you cheat on your girl)! When they all fucking spin the same way, they all distort the fucking universe in the same way and you get a motherfucking magnetic field. BAM! Its special fucking relativity bitches! However, ICP seems to think that all of this is bullshit because it's what scientists believe. Ya'll know them fools is lyin'!

Stay handsome Dickheads!
-Critter

incredibly easy and incredibly unoriginal to make fun of Juggalos and their lack of understanding of magnets, rainbows and long-neck giraffes (by far the preferred type of giraffe among Juggalos), but the world really needs more people willing to brave the Faygo-drenched pits of ignorance and drag out ill-informed Juggalos by their hatchet-man necklaces. We may be the most Juggalo-friendly publication in town (not really by choice, but hey, we'll take it), but sending your "educational" letters to us is a total pussy move. If you really wanna be part of the solution rather than one of the millions of boring-ass Juggalo shit-talkers, take your message to where it's needed the most: the downtown library. The library is a hotbed of Juggalo activity and general ignorance, and rather than taking the half-assed explanation of magnetism above (which I'm pretty sure you don't really understand), you could utilize the library's vast collection of Juggalo-friendly books to teach yourself and your new facepaint-wearing pals all kinds of science-y shit. I recommend starting downstairs in the kids' section, not only because the books are easier to understand, but because there's some bomb-ass napping spots and your Juggalo pupils can take frequent bathroom/weed breaks and cruise the internet for Jugalette porn in between study sessions. And seriously, who the fuck knows how magnets really work?

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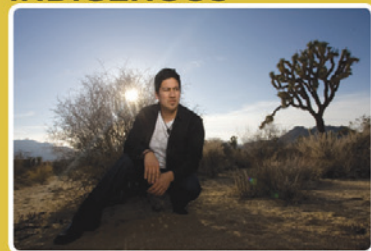
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Localized

by Ricky Vigil

ricky@slugmag.com

There's no better way to celebrate *SLUG*'s annual beer issue than by knocking back a few at this month's *Localized*. Bands from all over Utah's musical landscape will converge at *The Urban Lounge* in the name of booze on June 18, as Ogden psych-rockers **Fox Van Cleef**, Salt Lake surfers **The Boomsticks** and Provo garage rock openers **Big Trub** take the stage. As always, five bucks gets you in, and you get what you pay for.

Chase Baur - Bass
Matt Froling - Drums
Erich Newey - Keyboard
Dustin Bessire - Vocals, Guitar
Jesse Hodshire - Guitar

There really isn't an easy way to describe Fox Van Cleef. The very name of the Ogden band simultaneously invokes images of a **Sergio Leone/Pam Grier** mash-up and a Dutch porn star—neither of which are bad representations of their sound, but both neglect crucial aspects of the Cleef's existence. However, combine the aforementioned images with the astronaut sporting a rainbow-splattered helmet on the cover of their most recent release (*Cigarettes, Terrorism, Etc.*) and you should get a pretty good idea of what the band's all about. Their mix of prog, psych, soul, funk and rock is unlike anything else being created in Utah right now, but fits right in alongside bands as diverse as **Spell Talk** and **The Lionelle**. I ventured deep into the heart of Weber county to talk to the band about their forthcoming EP, strategy board games, digital media, video games, Ogden, and alcohol over the sound of beers cracking, dogs fighting and nearby children screaming—it was a pretty good time.

After forming in 2006 while most of the band's members were still too young to play in bars, Fox Van Cleef quickly made a name for themselves in Ogden's all-ages scene. "There are lower standards in Ogden," Baur says, "It's not hard to get a show here." Rather than joking about the Ogden scene, Bessire put the band's trajectory in terms I could better understand, comparing it to a game of Risk 2210: "Often the best move is to go with South America because it's the smallest country, and you can get your energy bonus right off the bat. Instead of moving to Salt Lake first, which has a few more territories, we conquered South America." Makes sense. In conquering smaller territories, the band has also built up a diverse audience ranging from young Ogdenites to *Urban Lounge* aficionados and, the staple of any respectable rock band's audience, old drunk guys. Hodshire said, "We tend to do really well with old drunk guys. The kids don't always get us, but the old drunk dudes..."

Earlier this year, the band released *Cigarettes, Terrorism, Etc.* on CD, but they had been offering the EP for free on their Myspace page for most of 2009. So far, the EP has garnered over 1,500 downloads and has landed the Cleef media coverage from the likes of *City Weekly*, *SLUG* and *The Standard-Examiner*. Offering their music for free and pushing it on as many people as possible in a crowded local

music scene has helped the band build a solid fan base in both Salt Lake and Ogden. "If you really think you've got something special, there's no shame in shoving it down people's throats," Bessire says. "We just try to do what we need to do to get to the next step," Froling said. "I will call and bug [KRCL DJ] **Bad Brad** every day. If I have to, I'll show up at his house with a bottle of whiskey and a broadsword and I will challenge him if he doesn't start playing us on his show," Bessire said.

Later this summer, the band will be releasing their newest EP, *Pleasure Junkies*, recorded in February with **Wes Johnson** of **Archive Recordings**. The band promises a more accessible, but more natural sound, or as Bessire described it, "Stuff that you don't have to be two bowls deep to really be into." *Pleasure Junkies* features four songs with four interludes, each showcasing one Cleefer's instrumental prowess alongside Hodshire's guitar playing. The pair of songs I heard from the new EP totally deliver on the band's description: They had a more coherent structure than the songs on the band's previous releases, but retain Fox Van Cleef's eclecticism and experimental nature as they occasionally incorporate theramin and horns into the sound. *Pleasure Junkies* will be released as a CD and free online in late July or August.

Even though Fox Van Cleef seems to have mastered the art of self-promotion, they know that succeeding in Utah's music scene is really about who you know. Connections they've made with **Portia Early**, **Gavin Sheehan**, **Circus Brown** and **Tim Smith** of *Ogden's Own Distillery* have increased their profile and helped land them bigger gigs. In addition to releasing *Pleasure Junkies* this summer, the band will also play at the *Utah Arts Festival*, the Weber County Library's *Summer Sizzle* and the Downtown Library's *Music at Main* concert series. I suggest catching a show, then drunkenly approaching the band to discuss **Miles Davis**, *Cowboy Bebop* or **Joss Whedon**.



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

FOX VAN CLEEF

THE BOOMSTICKS



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Chris Gilmore – Drums

Chase Lantis – Bass

Ted Colby – Guitar

Noall Montgomery – Guitar

Given the ubiquity and general awesomeness of *Evil Dead* and *Army of Darkness* anti-hero **Ash Williams**, there should be thousands of second-rate, horror-influenced crapably bands called The Boomsticks. A Myspace search yielded only four results, two of which don't warrant mention and one which is an Australian classic rock cover band, but the best use of the name is easily the all-instrumental, non-horror, surf rock incarnation of the band. Salt Lake City, these are our Boomsticks. I met up with the sharp-dressed band to discuss their place in the Salt Lake music scene, their upcoming CD and the virtues of being one of the few (if not the only) surf rock bands in Utah.

The band that would eventually become the Boomsticks formed in 2003 when **Chris Gilmore** and **Noall Montgomery** came into possession of their first instruments: a drum set and a guitar, respectively. **Ted Colby** (who wore a Star Trek pin during the interview) joined when he and Gilmore became roommates a short time later. By 2005, Gilmore joined the band and The Boomsticks officially began gigging in Salt Lake City. The decision to play surf music came naturally to The Boomsticks, especially since none of the band's members particularly enjoy singing. In addition to having a name in line with classic surf bands like **The Shadows** and **The Pyramids**, The Boomsticks also have an interesting connection to another legendary surf band. "My mom used to date the bass player for **The Ventures** when I was a real little kid," Colby says. "She had all those old records around and they were so much more fun to listen to than her **John Denver** and **Barbra Streisand** records." The resurgence of surf music brought about by *Pulp Fiction* and propagated by new surf rock bands like **The Mermen** and **Los Straitjackets** definitely exposed a void in the Salt Lake music scene, and the arrival of The Boomsticks seems to have filled it nicely. Being practitioners of such a niche genre has also afforded The Boomsticks another opportunity: "Nobody realizes it, but about half of our set is covers," Lantis says.

As a surf band, The Boomsticks don't really run with a particular group of bands in Salt Lake. Their retro vibe fit in well with the recently defunct **Kate**

LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators and **The Radio Rhythm Makers** (both

of whom shared the stage with The Boomsticks during *Localized* last June), but the band has a wide appeal as well. "We can open for metal bands and get a good reception doing that and we can also get really good gigs with the city," Lantis says. The Boomsticks are just as comfortable and welcome in dive bars as they are at bigger public shows like the *Avenues Street Fair* and the *Brown Bag Concert Series*. "Since there are no words to the songs, it's more or less family friendly," Montgomery says. At the same time, Gilmore pointed out a fundamental truth about The Boomsticks and surf rock in general: "It's pretty good drunk party music."

After five years (and counting) of existence, The Boomsticks will finally release their first CD on the night of their *Localized* performance. Montgomery says, "It's like a CD release party. Remember when that used to be something that mattered?" The self-titled album will feature ten songs, six of which were recorded last summer and four recorded four years ago. "The songs are absolutely perfect in every way possible," Lantis says.

The Boomsticks have played countless shows over the last five years, including a stint as the house band during comedy night at *Mo's Bar and Grill* and an ill-fated performance at *Studio 600* ("I don't really have a problem playing a show where nobody shows up but the bands, but when nobody shows up and there's no alcohol... it's horrible," Montgomery says), but one of the shows they spoke most highly of was their performance as the opener at last June's *Localized*. "It was a great show. It was the crowd we always wanted: They know the genre and understand what we're trying to do," Gilmore says. "They get it and people over 60 get it." I don't know about you *SLUG* readers, but I see that as a challenge. Bone up on your surf rock knowledge. Listen to a song that isn't "Miserlou." Hell, forget **Dick Dale** all together. Get drunk and have fun, but most importantly, show The Boomsticks that you get it. And if that doesn't work, catch The Boomsticks at the *Arts Festival* on June 24, where you'll almost certainly be the coolest person that isn't on stage.

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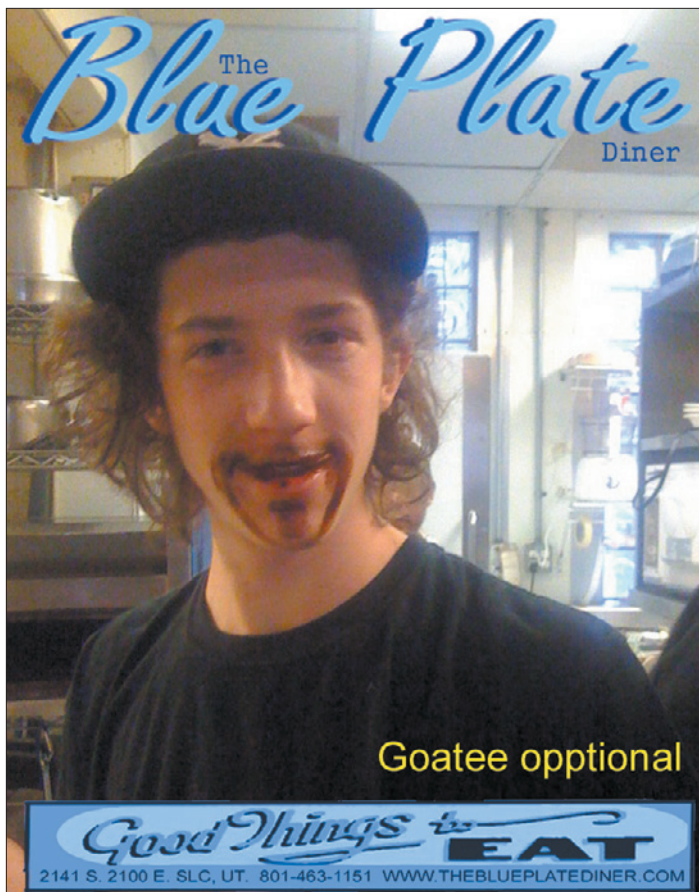
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An overview of the session while Dorobiala throws a back-side flip. Photo: Milianta

water LOGGIN'

By: JESUS SALADO

INFO@SLUGMAG.COM

There are very few things that make for an epic day trip. The crew (one), the vibe (two) and location (three) can make or break a day trip much like a sharp sword can easily slice through skin. **Mike Murdock, Sam Milianta, Mark Judd, Adam Dorobiala, Josh Joye, Conor Provenzano, Willy Nevins** and myself recently traveled to the west desert to ride the Tree of Life's (Sculpture by artist **Karl Momen**) outer wedges just off of I-80. With the first step of a great day trip locked down, it was time to move to the second step: setting the vibe. Morale was high during our ride out, even though we couldn't match the fast and furious lifestyle of the highway. Nevins' "Silver Tooth" van managed to careen us safely into the desert at no more than 60 mph at any given time. We shared stories, ideas and thoughts about future trips and projects that fused us with the proper mindset for the trip. I knew the day trip was going to be fantastic because the location (third step in the guidelines) is such a commodity for

us folk, there could be no way of messing up our plans for skating this photogenic sculpture in the middle of nowhere.

After an hour or so, we arrived at the Tree of Life to find mass amounts of water surrounding the entire obstacle we came to skate. There was approximately two inches of standing salt water surrounding the orange-like wedge of concrete, which added another step in the "day trip epicness guidelines," the danger/awesome-ness factor. Once you make that fourth step happen, there is no denying that if you missed out on a day like this one, you should be kicking yourself in the shins. As we piled out of the van, stiff and groggy from the early start and late night, it was apparent that the day trip would be considered a success even if we left without skating the sculpture at all. Due to the bad/good fortune of the spot being in the condition it was, it's safe to say that we had both feet planted firmly on the fourth step.



Murdock, Dorobiala and Nevins removing the water and debris prior to the awesomeness. Photo: Milianta

Milianta and Joye were already there when the Silver Tooth arrived, setting up cameras and getting ready for some transition trickery by the rest of the crew. On top of the surrounding water, the inside of the wedge we came to skate was filled with six to eight inches of stagnant salty water as well, so we had to get to work cleaning it out. Dorobiala hopped in and went to work with the shovel Milianta brought, followed by Nevins and then Murdock. Judd brought some old unwanted t-shirts that ended up coming in handy for that last wipe away of wetness in the bottom of the wedge. It dried up in about ten minutes or so and the skating commenced shortly thereafter.



Male bonding at its finest. Murdock breaking shit. Photo: Joye

The first few runs by everyone were a little sketchy. Riding in a car for an hour plus and then going straight into skating a six-foot full pipe surrounded by skateboard-destroying saltwater takes nerves of steel. After the first run by everyone, it seemed they had forgotten about the water altogether and were at full ripping power by run two. The wedge is a super physical obstacle to skate because of the lack of flatness to get ready for the next trick, divots in the cement in the lower part that hinder speed and focus, and the fact that once you start to pump the transition you aren't stopping unless you fall or decide you absolutely have no more energy to keep going. Dorobiala was the first to lose his board to the briny, stale water, and during his attempt to get it out he managed to slice his heel on a piece of glass lurking in

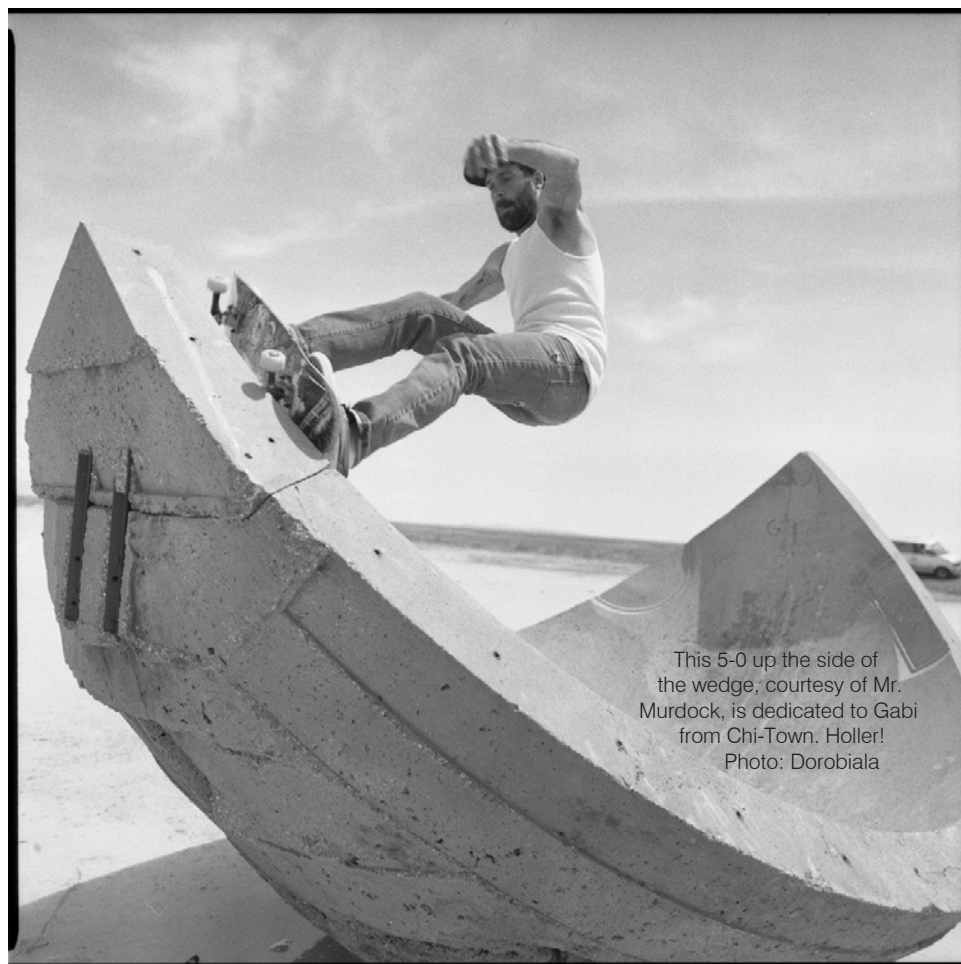
the muddy mist near his board. After a quick patch up and dry up of the board he was back in action, and it seemed as if he fed off the pain. Eventually everyone lost their board at least once in the salt (besides Judd who caught his board right before falling in the small lake) but it didn't seem to stop any of them from skating it until they couldn't breathe. It almost seemed as if they

skated better after their boards became one with the salty mixture that kept us company that day.

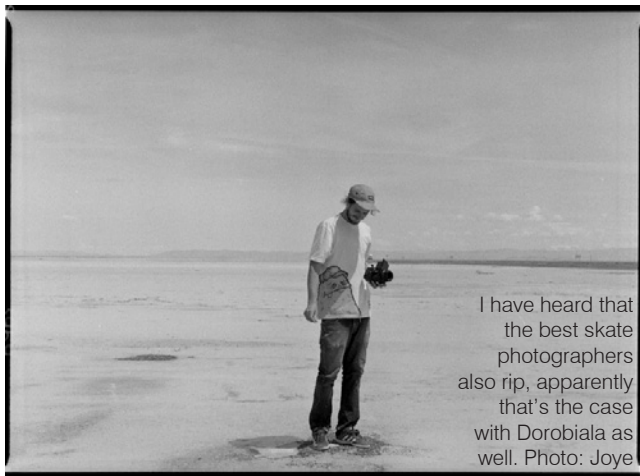
Murdock mixed it up with nonstop trick choices and changeups without holding back everytime he went, and Judd shredded it with the power of a thousand Vikings at his back. Nevins pushed it harder than anyone in my opinion, doing tricks that were completely unique. Everybody got some sweet skate action in the wedge no matter what they did. That place is fun and challenging just like any and every spot should be. Milianta was the only one who wasn't able to skate due to the fresh tattoo of **Oi' Dirty Bastard** on his leg, but he sure did a fantastic job with his cameras. It was a round robin affair for sure: if someone wasn't skating, they were filming or taking photos and it made for double angles and overall awesome coverage of everything landed. Even though we were tired and probably semi-dehydrated from the desert sun beaming down on us all day while we skated hard, our boards salty as the land around us, everybody was skating to their maximum potential throughout the stay there.



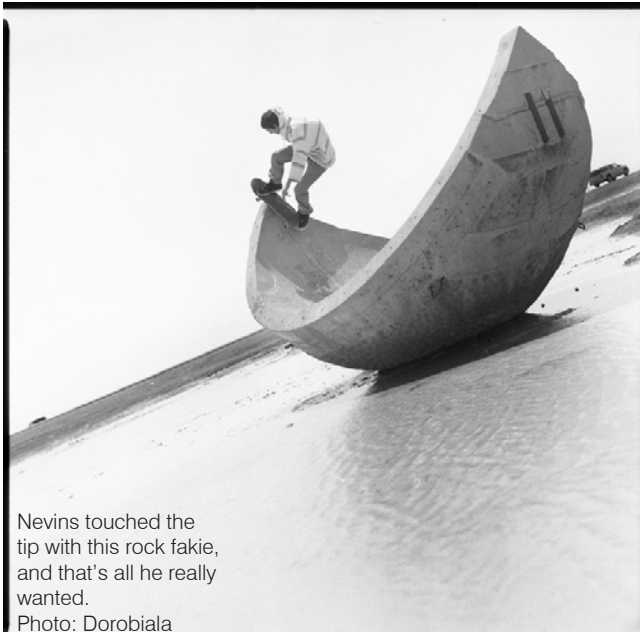
Nevins and Provenzano. Photo: Milianta



This 5-0 up the side of the wedge, courtesy of Mr. Murdock, is dedicated to Gabi from Chi-Town. Holler! Photo: Dorobiala



I have heard that the best skate photographers also rip, apparently that's the case with Dorobiala as well. Photo: Joye

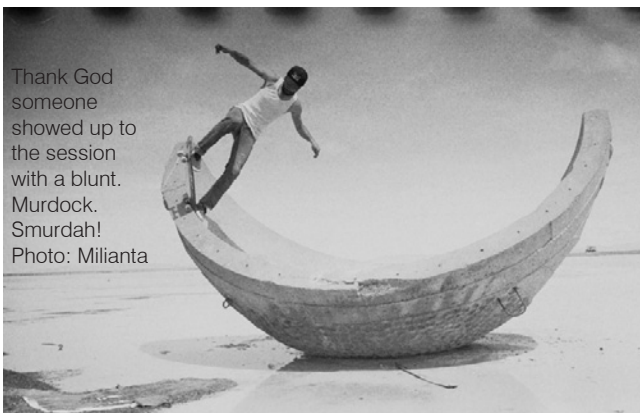


Nevins touched the tip with this rock fakie, and that's all he really wanted.

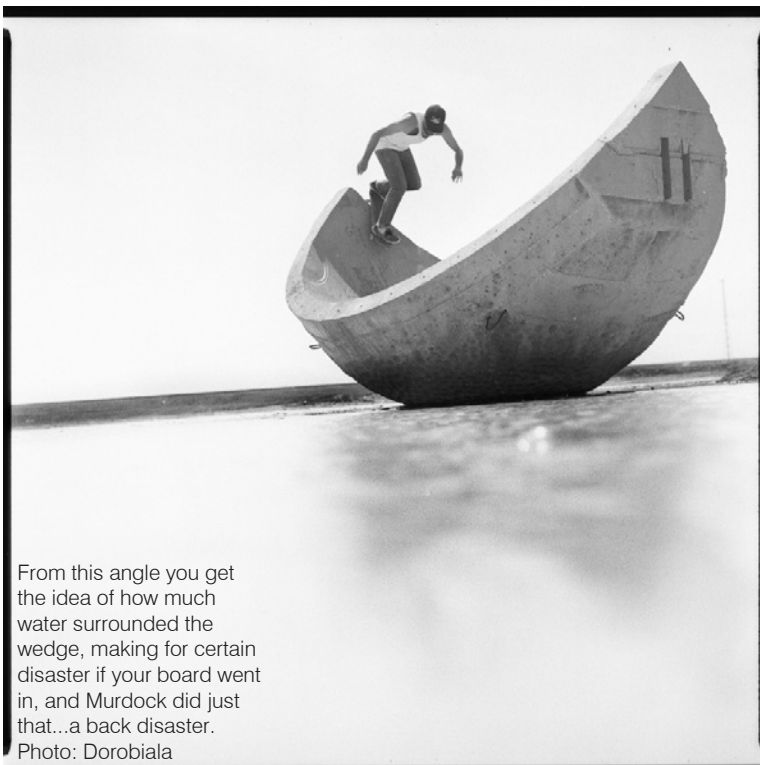
Photo: Dorobiala



Dorobiala pondering his next adventure. Photo: Milianta

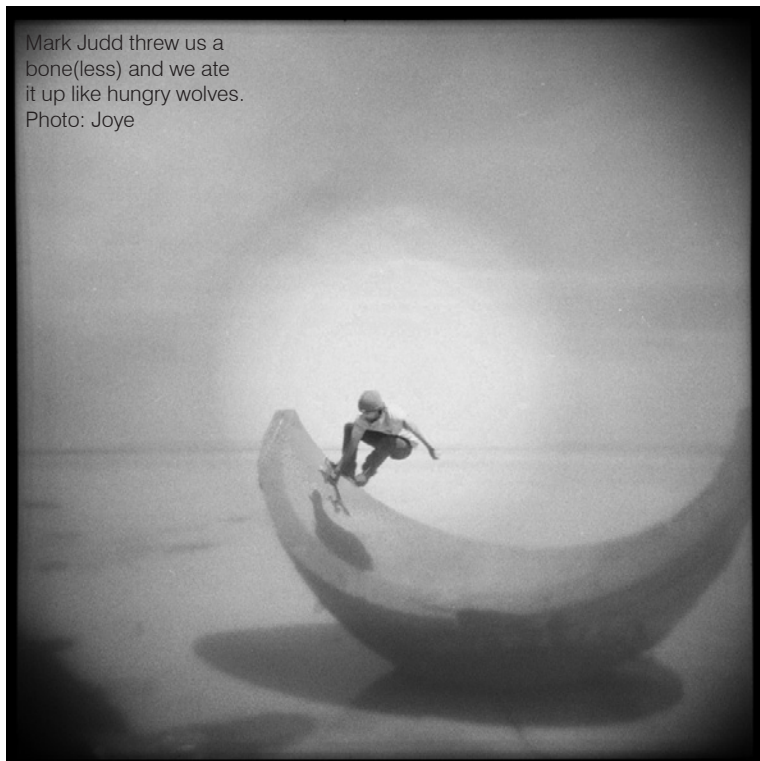


Thank God someone showed up to the session with a blunt. Murdock. Smurdah! Photo: Milianta



From this angle you get the idea of how much water surrounded the wedge, making for certain disaster if your board went in, and Murdock did just that...a back disaster.

Photo: Dorobiala



Mark Judd threw us a bone(less) and we ate it up like hungry wolves. Photo: Joye

Reflecting back on this day I feel that everyone and every crew should have the time and the resources to make things like this happen on a much more consistent basis. Much akin to the feeling of Go Skate Day (coming up on the 21st of June), we all should find reasons to go out and experience the feeling of quasi-trips—even if that means a day trip to the desert with all odds against/for you to spend some time doing what you love with people who share that same love.



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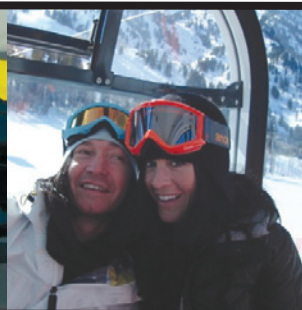
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A Tribute to KRISTA MOROGE-BEUTLER

By Stacey Adams

May 9, 1974 ~ May 24, 2010

To know Krista is, has, and always will be the utmost of honors. If any of you ever had the privilege of crossing paths with her, in a business or on a personal level, then you know her sheer exquisiteness. Krista was the person you couldn't take your eyes off of—she was so astonishingly beautiful and talented. She charged life with the amount of gusto and relentless courage that you would expect from a super hero. Words cannot express how much this woman inspired me in every aspect of my life. (I'm tearing up now, come on Krista, help me through this one) The world has truly been a better place with the presence of Krista. She was an angel. An angel with the sickest skate style of any female I have ever seen. She could drop in any old day, at any skate park or half pipe, and make most dudes feel uncomfortable because of her skill—while looking like a fashion model all at the same time. I am sure that there are hundreds and hundreds of people who could raise a hand right now to say something great about Krista. Here is what a few of her closest and dearest friends wanted to say:

I have so many fond memories of Krista but possibly the one that takes the top is of our first girls surf trip down to Salyulita where all us snow bettys were determined to shred waves. Krista was describing to us how she'd been dreaming about whether she was going to grab Indy or melon as she was slashing the lip of the wave, after all it couldn't be harder than skating.... Paddling out day one we all make it out past the break and we look over at Krista to find a look on her face neither of us had ever seen—she actually looked scared. She quietly smiled and looked at us and said "I can't swim very well..." She continued to charge waves and drink seawater for the next four days. She loved to LIVE and loved to help others close to her realize their potential and reach it. She was quite possibly the most selfless person I have ever known, who handled any kind of challenge with the utmost grace and dignity, even cancer. In the three and a half years she was sick and even when it was bad Krista never looked down or back, she was always charging forward and smiling and asking others, "How are you? Can I get you anything?" Since her passing it's brought up so many emotions and questions that I know a lot of people ask. On such a deep and personal subject it's hard to know what is appropriate to say. For me, I strongly need to believe and feel that some of the strongest people pass away too young because warriors and heroes are just needed elsewhere. In a lot of ways I feel like she is with me, and watching over us all. I know she is shredding perfect pow, skating clean seamless bowls and just maybe she is looking down the barrel of wave.

—Erin Smith

There are so many wonderful stories ... From dance parties in NYC, powder days in Utah, Colorado and

Chile, to sunny beach days in Mexico. However, a story that stands out most takes place on one cold Vermont evening with Krista. After a long day of sitting inside, we all decided to take the 10-passenger van out for a spin. Great idea! So here we are, 10 people, in a van, a little buzzed (except the driver of course), and rallying in the parking lot. To no avail the next thing I know Krista guns it, she races motorcycles so I am not worried right? However, since I was in the very back of the van and it was full of loud passengers, I had no idea what she was gunning it at...a 2-foot drop. Yea. Woool! We are all screaming. The next thing I know we are air-born, my body lifts from the seat, and my forehead slams into the lining of van ceiling. The wheels hit the ground and I am laughing so hard that stars fill my eyes. Almost immediately a large bump and rug-burn-like mark began to form on my forehead. Krista quickly took us back to the hotel, got me a bucket of ice and a beer and told me that I looked great and not to worry about it. We finished the night with laughs. Krista was always focused on fun, making the most of life, living a little on the edge, working hard, and loving all of those she surrounded herself with. She was a constant inspiration and mentor to those around her. As her favorite quote says, "There is NO weapon more deadly than the will," (Bruce Lee). She will be missed, but never forgotten! —Domonique Kiernan

Six years ago, Krista gave me a 99 cent Golden plastic trophy for "Super Mitch." Her slashed handwriting across the chest read "Heliz Yeah Award!" The golden trophy stood proudly on my desk for years. Previously invisible paper corners mysteriously stuck out the gifts bottom. One particular day I bumped the trophy. It dropped and sent the invisible prize inside to the floor. I safely picked up the trophy and gently replaced it on the desk. An envelope, tightly wrapped, had revealed itself from inside of the trophy. I smiled. I unfold her message and realize how long it has been since she had given me the trophy with the secret prize. I open the letter, it read: "Congratulations! Contact me via email for instructions, YOU ARE STOKED!" She had enclosed her business card with a very generous bonus. I really had no idea. I was way more stoked on the act of giving the trophy. Visions of her sneaky playfulness enlighten me as I closed the envelope for another day.

A month ago I asked Krista about the card and told her I didn't want the envelope, but cherished ever so much my trophy.

TO KRISTA: You enter into a world that spins at a faster pace than mine. You will always be with us, until we meet again. Love you always Krista! —Mitch Lawrence

I am forever indebted to Krista for the opportunities she opened up to me and I'm honored to have shared some of the most unforgettable experiences of my life with her.

I've never known anyone who made such an immediate and indelible impression on everyone she met. Krista lived by the mantra that you could accomplish anything you want. She instilled that in me and inspired countless others.

Krista is the strong center of an amazing group of friends. Any of us would have been lucky to meet just one person in a lifetime as inspiring as Krista. We've all been blessed to share life with her.

—Josh Fisher

The first time I met Krista she was skating transitions at Guthrie way better than I could or could ever hope to. I wouldn't admit it at the time, but I was immediately impressed and slightly intimidated. Soon after that, she became the Burton rep and I was managing Salty Peaks, so naturally we developed an amazing relationship. Once I got to know her she didn't intimate me, but impressed me even more.

There were always so many people in the snowboard industry that drove me nuts with their lack of sincerity and passion for skating and snowboarding. I won't name names, I just need to say that to give you an example of how real Krista kept it. I'm not even going to play off of the 'girl who can rip' card—Krista is the real deal.

Krista made time for what she loved and that sincerity, to me, is what made her so great at everything she did. That in-turn made her so much more than just a rep for one of the biggest snowboarding companies in the world.

Here are some more brief memories I have of her: I barfed at an exclusive Burton party she threw in a nice club and she thought it was rad. She gave me her old cell phone with all her contacts in it and said I could prank call Ross Powers. And she would let me snowboard with her even though I refused to ride a Burton board (sorry Jake). When I moved on from Salty Peaks, Krista was one of the few people in my life at the time that inspired me to create my own path and follow my own dreams and aspirations. I got to work with her more closely but it never felt like work. She truly trusted me and will always be more of a friend to me than anything else.

—Mike Brown

Krista's life is what she made it. It was full of vigor, passion, and heart. Her thoughts, as many of us tend to forget when we get caught up in the drama of life is that we move too fast. She would want us all to slow down and STOP for a minute to enjoy the people around us, ourselves, and prioritize in accordance with what is really important. We should all take time to cherish our lives, and to take care of our minds and bodies. It can so easily be swept away.

I will always hold Krista in my heart, as will all of you. I will end with a favorite quote of Krista's:

"Your life is what your thoughts make it"
—Marcus Aurelius

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I Left My ~~Heart~~ Liver in San Francisco

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

I don't really know how it all happened or where to start, so I'll start as far back as I can remember. About a year ago, **Mike Murdock** invited me to a barbeque. But it wasn't any ordinary barbeque: it was a barbeque to induct me into his gang, which shall henceforth be known as the *International Gang of Awesomeness*. Not only was I made a member, but I was now privy to all the rights and privileges pertaining to being a member of this gang.



One of the privileges of being in an international skateboard gang is the fact that you can travel to any strange city in the world, and as long as someone in your gang knows someone there, you will always have a place to stay. It doesn't matter if someone doesn't know you—all that matters is you skated with someone they skated with, and that gives you the right to share a beer and sleep on their couch, sometimes for months on end. If they're someone in your crew's homie, they're your homie too. That's just the way skateboarding works. Another benefit of being in an international skate gang is the lack of territorialism. Skate gangs are generally nomadic by nature and travel is essential in the quest for good curb cuts to carve. If someone is going on a trip, you're automatically invited, no matter how much room there is in the hatchback.

I still don't really know how it all happened, and how it happened so quickly. It was as if one weekend I was in Southern Utah with friends (SLUG 256, March 2010) and the next thing I know I'm in San Francisco sleeping on a floor with eight other people (technically four months). I guess this is the blur that comes with the alcohol privileges associated with the *International Gang of Awesomeness*. It was a great



I can't remember much about my nights because apparently in California, the alcohol content is higher, so half the beer



Isaac has a car that is the shit—literally. Look at how awesome all that pigeon shit looks all over it.

time though,

or at least what I can remember of it. The trip had a lot of highlights, and even though the whole gang wasn't there, it was a great crew. I tried my first watermelon beer (strangely satisfying) and for the first time in my life I was part of "bring the bar." For those unfamiliar with "bring the bar," it's what happens when you have a group so big, you can go to any bar and it will become crowded. I believe at one point we were walking down a street and there were 18 of us. Awesome. If you told me in high school that one day I would have 18 friends, I wouldn't have believed you.



Murdock with a boardslide 270 out. Something this rad deserved more than one frame.





This photo of Josh doing a fakie pivot at Double Rock makes my mouth taste like watermelon beer.

boards head honcho **Jim Thiebaud**. **Mike Hays**, **Kris Nelson**, **Ashley Bloxham** and **Micah Scholten** were all there skateboarding too, but I'm not sure what any of them did on skateboards.

We did enjoy, as I mentioned earlier, some watermelon beer. Plus, even though it's considered a faux pas in most skate gangs, the *International Gang of Awesomeness* is an equal opportunity gang, so people were able to bring girlfriends and wives along on the trip. I've heard it's not cool to bring girls on a skate trip, but the crew on this one was so proper that I would say you should bring girls on every trip. It was a great addition to the crew on "bring the bar" nights and everyone killed it both on and off the board, as well as on and off the wagon.

The old saying goes, "I left my heart in San Francisco." I'm afraid that after this trip "I left my liver in San Francisco" is much more appropriate. I'll see you soon San Francisco, but I'm going to build up my drinking immunity first so I can remember more next time.



Ashley & Murdock checking the spot.

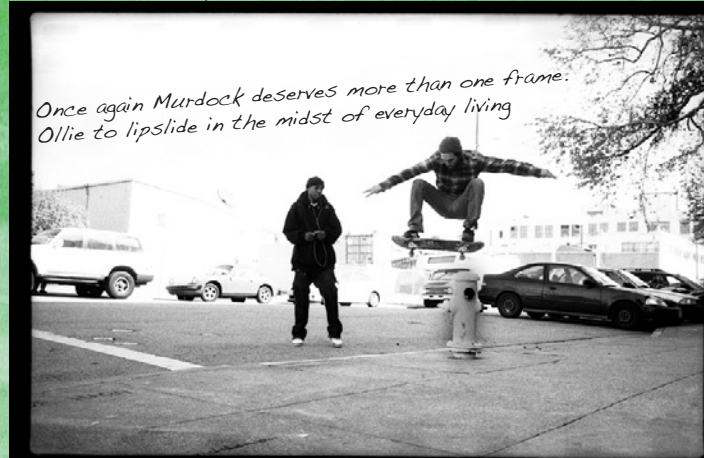


McGreevy wasted no time getting this ollie to manual. Such proper form.

got me twice as drunk... I think that's right (my math skills aren't all there sometimes). I do remember falling down a lot. I also remember accidentally calling **James Atkin** at four in the morning. I heard someone talking to me (via my phone) and woke up curled up on the floor with a boot as a pillow. I think my pants may have been missing as well. But those warm San Francisco days were great for skateboarding. **Mike McGreevy**, a friend from South Dakota who was staying with some of our gang, was MVP of the trip for sure. McGreevy was usually the first one out the door to skate and the last one to sit down for a tall can at the spot. Murdock killed everything as usual and it never ceases to amaze me how good the guy actually is at skateboarding. **Andy Pitts**, who I'm pretty sure learned how to skateboard in the future and then traveled back in time, had a hurt ankle but was the best damn tour guide ever. **Josh Martinez** filmed the whole thing but also did a pivot on pool coping at *Double Rock* that got cheers from Real Skate-



Patton is the king of drunk driving.



Once again Murdock deserves more than one frame. Ollie to lipslide in the midst of everyday living



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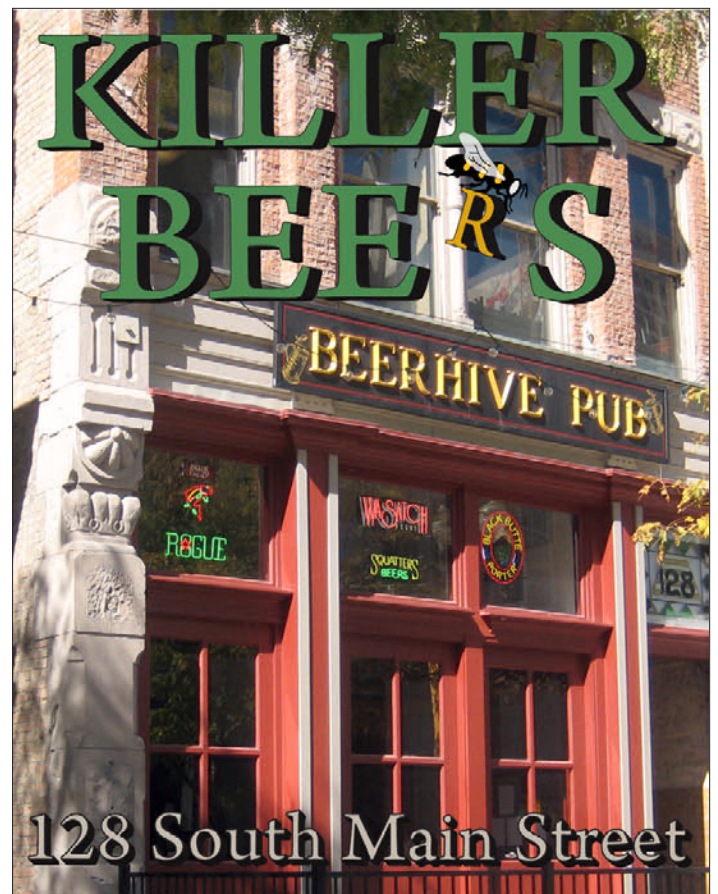
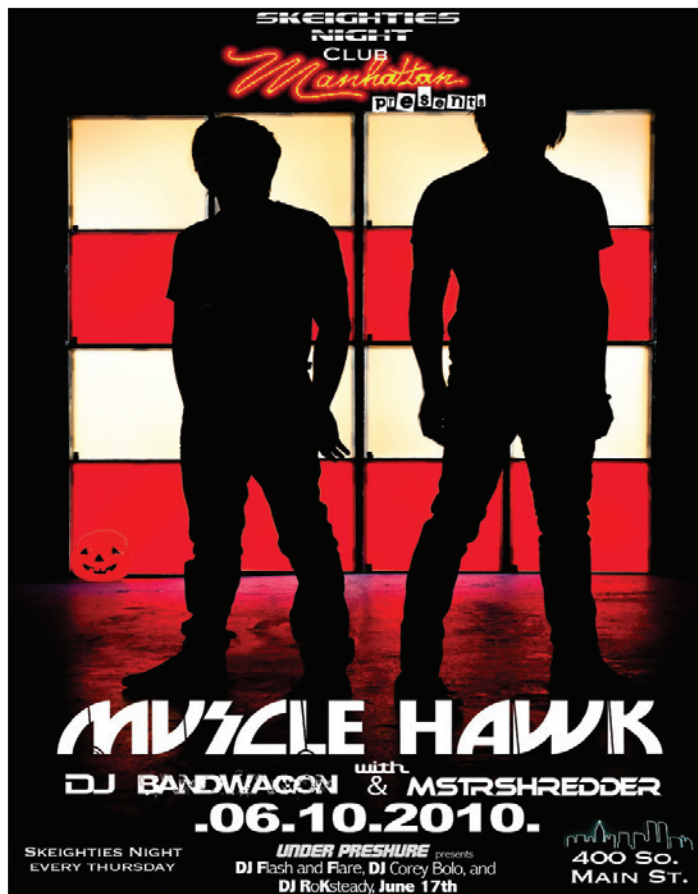
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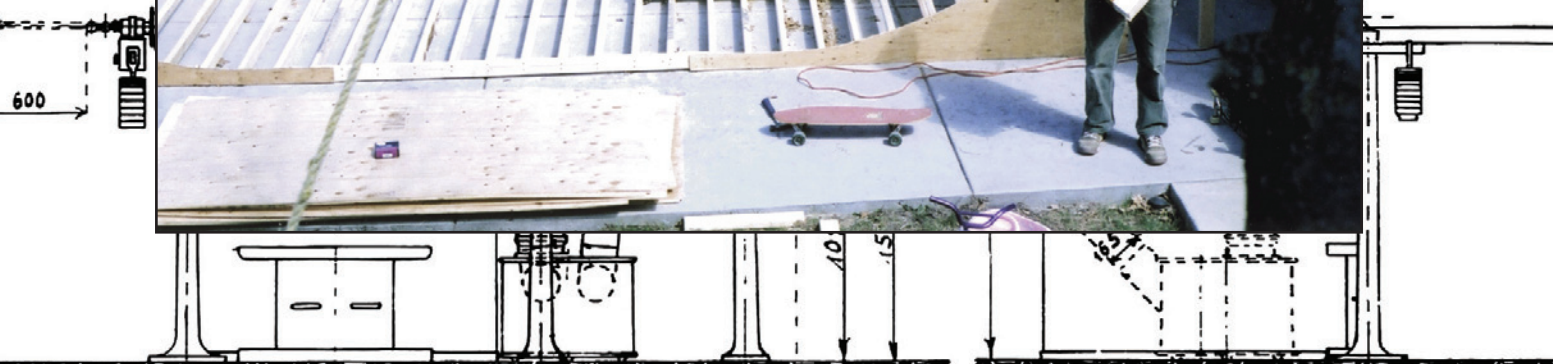
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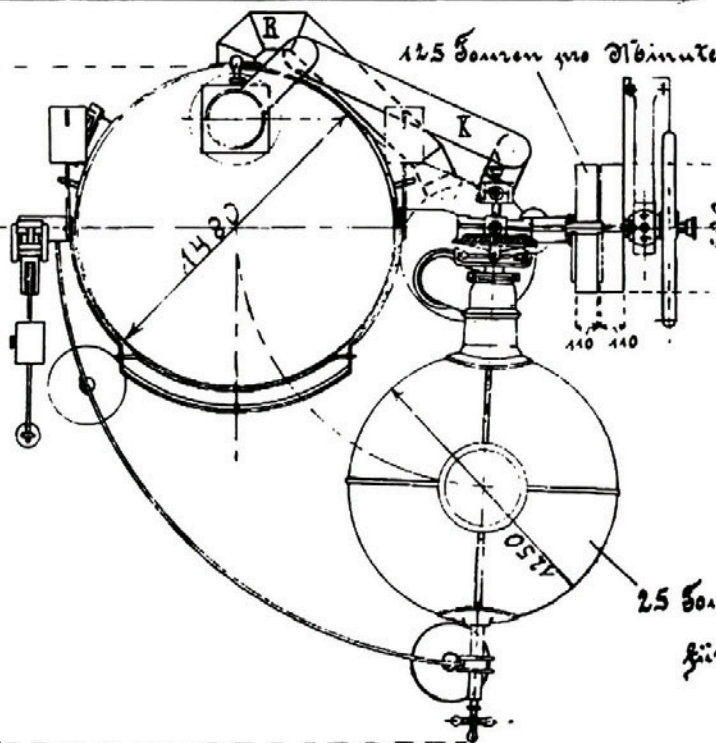
Text and photos Amstel Adams
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Ahh, the smell of fresh cut grass. The good lord gave us things like that and other things like half pipes and the American Dream to make life worth living. While the latter has become a thing of the past—stomped under foot by the big wigs in Washington, greed and anti-Americans everywhere—Kevin Templin, head brewer at Red Rock Brewing Co. in Salt Lake City, has taken it upon himself to make sure his eight-year-old son **Porter** gets a taste of the glory. In this case, a taste of cold refreshing glory is a three-foot half pipe in his very own backyard. Ramps are typically made one of two ways: (a) the wood is stolen from neighbors' yards and/or construction sites and the ramp is slowly pieced together as hardware and know-how are acquired, or (b) help from a loving parent, winning lottery ticket, inheritance or help from god almighty himself. Kevin took the "Plan B" route, showing his son that skateboarding doesn't have to be rebellion and it can be a hobby father and son can enjoy together.

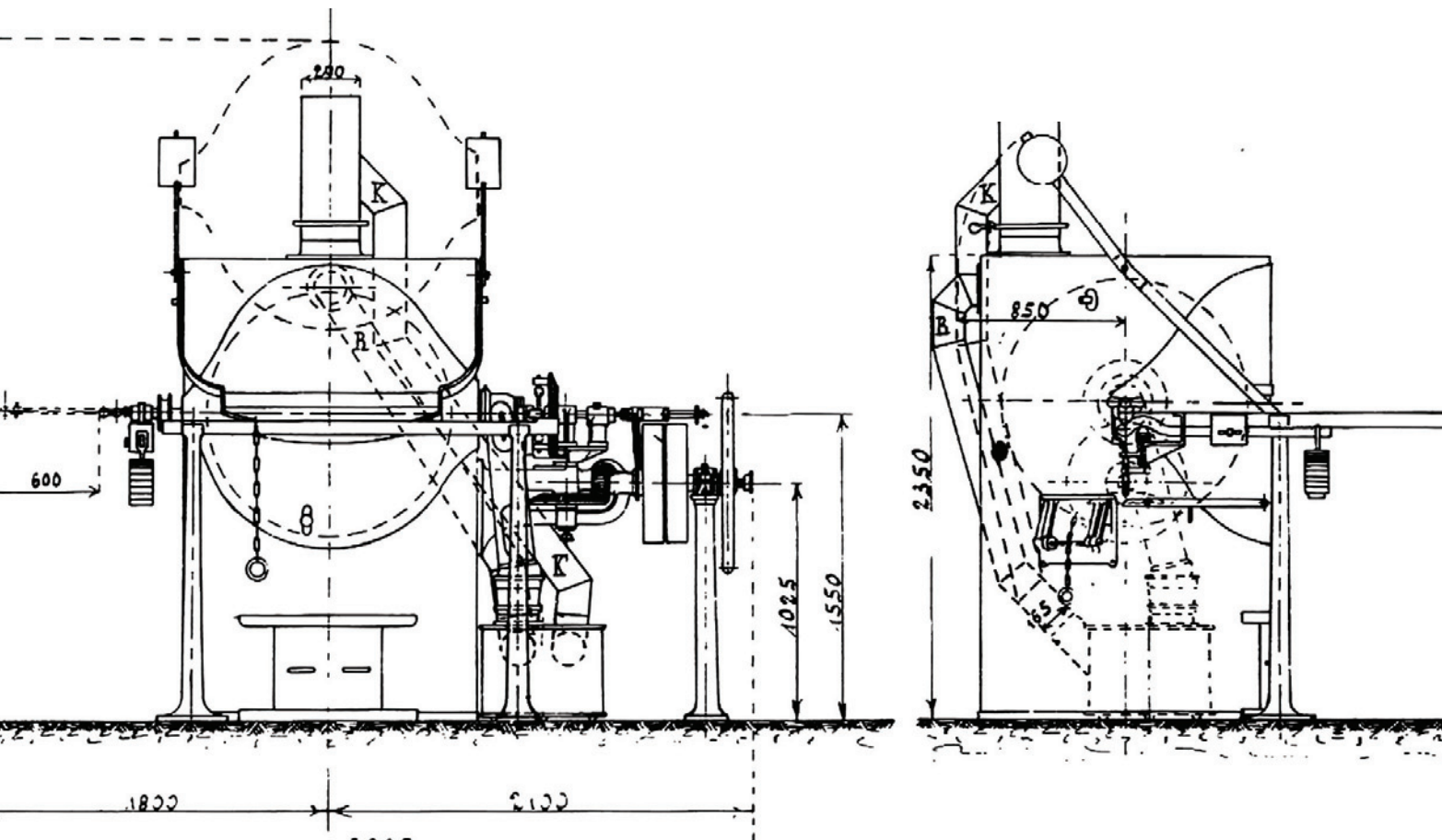
Father-son bonding can never be in a more concentrated form than the act of building something together. Add some cold ones and the hum of power tools and you're in for some good old-fashioned weekend fun. Heck, add some brats and kids playing in the yard and you can call that the American Dream alive and kickin'. But I'm getting side tracked with all this chatter of human potential. Why a ramp? Couldn't Kevin take Porter to the garage, pop open the hood of the Ford and show him how to change the spark plugs? No sir. While that might put some hair on the pup's chest, in no way will that make your beloved kin the king of the neighborhood—not like a ramp will. Templin decided to show his son and the other children of the flock that life isn't about the things you do or don't have, but what makes you smile at the end of the day. After purchasing supplies, organizing expertise and locking down a spot, the building commenced. It reminds me of the *King of the Hill*

699.

episode where Dale Gribble helped his son Joseph, to achieve "rad" status with all the cool kids at school. Gribble gives his son a bow and arrow and masterminds a scheme to kill a panda at the zoo. While being a totally awesome idea, I prefer half pipe construction to panda killing any day. Not only do you not have to shed blood, you're also giving back to the community by giving the kids a safe place to release their unbound energy and aggression.

Kevin wanted to make it clear that skateboarding is not a crime: When done in it's pure form, skateboarding is nothing but a bond between good friends, man and simple machine, and in this case, father and son. When skateboarding is misunderstood and demonized, a youth can be pushed to the fringes, forced to rebel and ultimately forced to bond with other neglected souls—left to wander, finding their fix of skateboarding in the back alleys, on the fresh painted red curbs on the west side or anywhere else their hearts yearn, Kevin hopes to, "Teach the kids respect, bring them up respectful like." Amen to that. The good lord was a carpenter, so ramp building could technically be called doing the lord's work—Well, that and mowing the lawn. Thank you **Britt**, Kevin and the whole Templin family for inviting me into your home and letting me enjoy the finished product of your hard work. In a world of Goldman Sachs and oil spills, at least we know that there are still a few good dads making sure there kids live the dream before America explodes.

Now that I'm on the subject of America exploding, let me tell you something, you've got to run down to *Red Rock Brew Pub* and drink some of that delicious beer before it's too late—the Amber Ale is my favorite. They have a long list of award winning beers and handcrafted soda pop for the kids (sarsaparilla never sounded so goll darn good). After you wet your whistle, make sure to eat some of their fine grub. Head chef **Eric Holmes** puts together one amazing menu: burgers, steaks, salads—good gravy, I could go on and on. When doomsday is upon us, you're gonna want a full tummy.





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Del Vance has been an important part of beer culture in Utah for literally decades. Vance has helped found both *Uinta Brewing Company* and *The Bayou* bar in Salt Lake City—aficionados and casual drinkers alike have benefited from his love of beer. His latest project, the *Beerhive Pub*, opened up last August on the north end of Main Street and has been bustling ever since. *SLUG* sat down with Vance at the ice-ringed bartop (which is effing sweet!) inside the Beerhive to talk about the everyday challenges Vance's business faces in a state notorious for its lack of alcohol selection, the future of Utah nightlife and that most frustrating obstacle, the Utah Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control (DABC).

The rapidly expanding "Downtown Rising" projects on Main Street were a major motivation for this new undertaking. "I wanted to be downtown," says Vance, "Everybody seems to be getting out. With the church spending a couple billion dollars downtown, we want to get on their coattails. Not everybody there is going to be shopping for garments." Unlike past projects, the Beerhive is just a bar, though if you are hungry, a rich menu provided by *The Vienna Bistro* next door is available. Vance's favorite is the Jägerschnitzel. Boasting over 180 available beers, the menu at the Beerhive is ridiculously swollen with tasty brews, but where do they all come from? "Our emphasis is American craft beer," Vance says, "We do have imports, but about 80 percent of what we carry is domestic."

From the latest huge bottles of barleywine from Sierra Nevada to draught seasonals from most of the local breweries including *Hopper's* and *Rooster's*, there's guaranteed to be something to satisfy any beer drinker.

Perusing the pitiful selection available at our state liquor stores, you might think bar-owners have some kind of secret stash of all the good stuff. To the state, they're just bums like you or me. Downtown bar owners must have licenses and then use their own cars to pick up their beer from a special warehouse-like liquor store. "For the privilege of that," says Vance, "I get to pay retail. That's the real killer. I and all the other bars and clubs have to pay retail price, so it's really hard to make a little money on it without pissing off the customer." In fact, the ordering procedures for a club are exactly the same as for you or me. If you'd like to special order some beer, simply ask for a form to do so at your local liquor store. The main difference is volume. It may be expensive, but the entire range of product is theoretically just as available to the public.

This still doesn't explain why our selection is so limited. Why don't we humble Utahns get access to national staples like Fat Tire, Arrogant Bastard, or 40oz-ers of Colt 45? What is preventing us local beer nerds from enjoying the riches of Dogfish Head, Stone, Odell and other exceptional craft beer brands? The answer, Vance tells me, lies in the state's

monopoly.

"I call it 'the single payer alcohol system,'" he says. Apparently the major problem is that many producers refuse to do business with the state, and for good reason. "First of all, the state doesn't have any refrigeration," says Vance, "Beer needs to be refrigerated—it's not like wine, it doesn't get better with age, it goes stale. And secondly, a lot of them are really freaked out by the monopoly of state control."

Part of understanding why Utah's system is broken is knowing how it's different. In most of the rest of the country, beer is distributed through what is called the "three-tier system." Breweries, distribution companies and retailers make up the three tiers and each has its role to play in getting the beer to the consumer. In Utah, there are only two tiers: breweries and the DABC. The strength of the three-tier system is free-market competition.

If a brewery doesn't like how its beer is being stored at retail locations, it can switch companies. "They're used to being able to keep a little control over their product, how it's handled, how it's distributed," says Vance. "When they send it to Utah, it's 'hands off.' If they have a concern or complaint, the state can say, 'Tough shit, take your product and get the hell out.'" Whereas complaints and concerns have at least two levels of accountability to address them in the normal system, none exist in ours. "They don't understand beer has to be kept cold, kept out of sunlight, its stock rotated—it has an expiration date for a reason!" If the DABC existed in a normal market, it would have gone out of business long ago. "China and all those socialist monopolies are jealous of the DABC,"

says Vance with a laugh.

Vance has a solution though: "I think the state needs to get out of the beer business." He makes a good point. By Utah law, everything over the notorious 3.2% alcohol content (4% alcohol by volume) is classified as liquor, which is ridiculous because a bottle of beer and a bottle of whiskey are not the same thing. States like Washington maintain state liquor stores while having beer and wine available in groceries stores and gas stations. The state retains control over liquor, but lets the market decide how beer is distributed. So while Salt Lake City nightlife is a thousand times better than it once was, until our alcohol distribution system changes, it will be unlikely for an outsider view of Utah to improve. "It's hard to change perception," says Vance, "There's no public pressure. All these conservatives are anti-monopoly, anti-Obamacare, but not the DABC." It might be a cold day in hell before we say goodbye to the DABC, so until then, I'll take comfort in local watering holes like the Beerhive where I can look at the beer menu and almost forget that we live in Utah. Thank you Del Vance.

The Beerhive is located at 128 S. Main St. in downtown, Salt Lake City.

Photo: Sam Miliana

Del Vance, an important part of beer culture in Utah for literally decades.

THE PLIGHT OF THE UTAH BAR OWNER

By Rio Connelly
globalricon@gmail.com

GETTING WOOD FOR UTAH BEER

BY TYLER MAKMELL
TYLER SLUGMAG.COM

RedRock Rêve Awards
2009 Australian International Beer Awards - Silver Medal
2007 Great American Beer Festival - Silver Medal
2007 North American Brewers Association - Silver Medal
2006 Great American Beer Festival - Bronze Medal
2006 North American Brewers Association - Gold Medal

Squatter's Fifth Element Awards
2008 Great American Beer Festival - Bronze Medal

"Some people just want to put beer in a barrel and called it oak aged beer, but it takes a long time for those flavors to develop."

—Kevin Templin
RedRock Brewing Company

The concept of aging beer in oak casks is nothing new to the brewing world. It was how the drink was served and stored at the dawn of the beer age. Hell, even oaking beer with soured bacteria was a well-known craft perfected by the Belgians at the beginning of their artisanship. So why would this have anything to do with Utah? Believe it or not, Utah has been busting out high-quality oak-aged brews for beer festivals since 2005, and the general public since around 2007. Some of the oak-aged brews from *RedRock* and *Squatters* are even taking home medals.

Oak aging beer can lend to the complexity in flavor, help deepen its characteristics and give a brewer a variety of options to alter the beer according to any stylization that they are trying to achieve. Brewers can use oak that is fresh to give it a robust "oaky" flavor, they can use whiskey or wine barrels to give their brew the flavors that the oak has absorbed, or they can use the oak as a vessel to dose the brew with wild yeast to create a soured ale. From the interior charring of the oak barrel itself, to the origin of where the oak was grown, there are limitless possibilities to what the brewing artist can accomplish. Brewers like **Kevin Templin** of *RedRock Brewing Company* revel in the unpredictability of oaking a beer. "You never know what you are going to get out of the oak, every batch is going to be different," says Templin. Oak is essentially a playground for any brewer.

In this decade, oak aging has reemerged and it has thrown the brewing world into a whole new wave of craftsmanship. There are now brewing festivals like the Little Woody in Central Oregon that are solely dedicated to the lengthy process of oaking a beer. The shift has allowed smaller breweries to stand out and be recognized for their talents in the competitive brewing world. Two of our local breweries, *RedRock* and *Squatters*, have gained national and international recognition at brewing competitions in the category of oak aged beers.

RedRock released its first oaked brew to the public in 2007, although their affair with oak started back in 2001 when they first got their oak barrels. The initial batch of brettanomyces (wild yeast) was even blessed by Templin's uncle, Catholic priest, Father **Ken Templin**. After years of playing, an oak aged Belgian seemed to be the one that stuck.

Now known as The Rêve, it is the beer that I would consider to be the pioneer that made oak commercially available to the Utah craft beer scene. At its original release in November of 2007, it had been a work in progress for roughly three years. This brew was actually winning medals before it was released to the public.

The Rêve (French for "dream") is an oaked Belgian tripel that is aged with brettanomyces (wild yeast) imbedded in the barrel. The newest batch is a fantastic combination of a medium bodied high gravity Belgian, with aromatics of candi sugar, pears and oaky tartness. The flavor leads into a sweet candy with blends of pear and a dry tart finish.

Another release from *RedRock* is the Paardebloem (Flemish for dandelion). This collaboration beer with New Belgium was brewed back in 2008, and while New Belgium released theirs much earlier, *RedRock*, in true oak-loving fashion, aged their version in American Oak with some funky yeast. "It gave it a bit of spice and added certain bittering compounds," says Headbrewer Templin. What sets the Paardebloem aside from other Utah brews is that dandelion greens were used in place of hops to bitter the beer along with the use of more fresh dandelions and grains of paradise for flavor.

RedRock's new brew house came equipped with a total of twenty barrels of American and French oak. The new facility will not only increase their production, but also aid in the return of the Paardebloem and Rêve. With these new vessels *RedRock* also hopes to add a couple additions to the line including a double IPA aged on brettanomyces and soured brown ale with some wild bugs from New Belgium Brewing.

Although *RedRock* is the pioneer in oaking, *Squatters* seems to be the local brewery to keep an eye on. When we last talked to Brewmaster **Jenny Talley** (2008 Beer Issue), she was in the midst of releasing The Fifth Element—an oak-aged Saison inoculated with wild yeast cultures that would sour the beer, increase its acidity and add a depth of flavor. As we all know, beer is made up of water, hops, barley and yeast—what set this beer aside is of course, its "fifth element," oak. On this particular batch, Talley started out with a very basic light Belgian recipe and pitched what she referred to as, "The most difficult yeast

I have used." This acted as the base for the Fifth Element before the oak was brought into play. The oak used on this particular batch came from Firestone Walker, and was previously used to ferment their Double Barrel Ale (which is available in most of our liquor stores). Talley dosed one of her four barrels with three wild yeast cultures and then filled them with her Saison. This allowed the wild yeasts to sour a single barrel, go airborne and infect the others. Once all the beer had been soured and the yeast had developed how Talley wanted it, she prepped the bottles for a higher carbonation and was set for sale.

The 2010 batch of Fifth Element is up to the quality of the original, which was a medal winner at the 2008 GABF (Great American Beer Festival). This one comes out of the cork-and-caged Belgian bottle a soft yellow straw color with a perfectly white head. The aromatics are rich in yeasty funk, light citrus fruits and oak. The flavor is fronted by lemons that mellow out into peaches and apricots, and finishes off with an oak dryness and a sour pinch.

This leads to Talley's latest oak endeavor, "529," an Oak-aged Oud Bruin. Shortly after Talley had bottled the original Fifth Element in July 2008 she laid down her Oud Bruin in the infected oak for 18 months (529 days) to age. Once the brew had aged to Talley's approval she blended it with a fresh two-month-old un-oaked version to balance the flavors of acidity and malty character. From there the brew was corked, caged and put out for sale.

Much like those first two breweries, Uinta had also been aging beer behind closed doors for approximately five years before it made it to production status. Initially aging their famous Barley Wine in bourbon and sherry casks, Uinta had only intended to give this small running of beer to out-of-state clients and to show off at some brew festivals. It sat in the barrels for two years before it saw the light of day, and as if the beer gods blessed the brew geeks below, some bottles of Uinta's Bourbon Barrel Barley Wine "BBB" managed to make their way to our liquor stores. If you managed to get your hands on a bottle of this, hold on to it and save it for that special occasion. The second release of BBB was released earlier this year and varied from its predecessor. The newest batch was aged only a single year, however, it was just as hard to get your hands on.

Uinta Brewing Company's newest oak brew was released this June as part of The Crooked Line series of beer. Their Crooked Line is a collection of beers that are not on the same line as other beer styles. Their goal was to push the limits of style guidelines and explore new brewing techniques, so how could oak not be involved? In this lineup there was the release of Labyrinth Black Ale aged in rye and bourbon barrels, Cockeyed Cooper Bourbon Barrel Barley Wine-aged in its oak for six months. These are hopefully just a taste of the new projects that Uinta is working on.

Although *Squatters*, *RedRock* and *Uinta* serve as the heavy hitters in the world of oakers, other Utah brewers have been playing with their wood too. **Bobby Jackson** of the *Bohemian* is currently aging their famous Cherry Bock on some heavy American oak. This release is still up in the air. Jackson only says, "It will be ready when it's ready." **Chris Haas** of *Desert Edge* has just started lightly dosing his cask beer with oak. Haas said, "We'll be oaking beer if the style goes with it." So if you are getting that craving for oak, look for Desert Edge cask on tap at *The Pub* or *The Bayou*. Haas even hinted at a bourbon-barrel porter that was produced around the brewery and may go into production. **Donovan Steele** at *Hopper's* recently released a golden rye aged on American oak that will damn near put a splinter in your tongue. And finally, *Epic Brewing Company* acquired some used bourbon casks that will eventually be used to age a smoked and oaked Belgian along with a slew of other projects that ought to keep head brewer **Kevin Crompton's** hands busy for quite some time.

Although Utah isn't up to par on releasing the number of oaked brews that big names nationwide have released, we are sure as hell on track to put some big numbers on the board in the coming years. Small batches means that brewers are giving these brews the utmost attention, resulting in incredible beer. It is in your best interest not only to keep an eye out for these immaculate beers, but also give credit to our local brewers who are doing a damn fine job with this artisan craft, so that they will continue to delight us.

Kevin Templin and RedRock Brewing Company released their first oaked brew, The Reve, in 2007.

Photo: Barretti Doran



Photo: Jesse Anderson

Brewmaster Jenny Talley (pictured with fellow *Squatters* brewer Jason Stock) won a gold medal at the 2008 Great American Beer Festival for her oak aged Fifth Element beer.

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All Mixed Up with

By JP jp@slugmag.com

Mix Master Mark

Bayou



Photo: Bryan Mayrose

Brewology



Photo: Bryan Mayrose

The Bayou offers drinks such as The Dirty Hoe and the PBJ on its 16 item mixed-beer menu.

Owner Mark Alston founded the Bayou in 2002.

The Bayou, established September 2002, is the best place in town for beer and Cajun food. It is widely understood that Utah would be a dimmer place for beer drinkers if the Bayou's 30 drafts and 239 bottled beers were unavailable. Lately, they've been making things much brighter, with a new mixed-beer menu that expands on ideas like the classic Black and Tan (Guinness and lager). Contemporary beer blends, with names like "Chocolate Covered Cherry" and "Hummingbird Water," have been sharing menu space with mixed brews like "Dirty Hoe" since January of this year. **Mark Alston**, owner and co-creator of the Bayou, says the trick is finding the appropriate ratio of perfect beers that complement each other. "When we were screwing around with working out 'Port in a Storm,' we tried with a few imperial stouts, with some of the others—the hoppy imperial stout with the port sweetness ... was not good. In our experiments to get good, we ran into some bad things."

Alston tells us it has mostly been great though. 19 concoctions make up the exhaustive list of beer blends recommended for those who aren't boring. The Bayou's widest brew variety in town offers some hidden weapons to mix and match to exclusive perfection. Though some may experience anxiety, hyperventilation, feelings of being "overwhelmed," sweaty palms and extreme thirst when looking at the huge beer menu can be for your first time. Layering together the amazing citrus powers of the Belgian Hoegaarden and the traditionally brewed Framboise (Raspberry) Lambic, creates something I would rather call the "Amazing, Gentle-Souled Ho." This isn't a Bayou original so we can't start changing this name without protest, but we can offer up a Bayou creation for critique.

"PB&J", which tastes like the sandwich it is named after, is one of the tastiest beer blends at the Bayou. Bayou bartender **Danni Nutter** created this simply concocted brew. Watching a 651 mm bottle (really is there any better size for a beer to be?) of Hazelnut Rogue Ale impregnate a tiny glass of pink Lambic is great for those who like their brew kicks voyeuristic and subsequently tasty. Alston agrees that it is partly the look of this brew that makes it so enjoyable to drink, "So much of what you feel is by what it looks like—it tastes better. A lot of the blends that layer well, like a black and tan, it adds a visual element to it," says Alston. You can also mix the Hazelnut Rogue with another fruit-infused style of Lambic—try a Peach, for instance, and don't be frightened by a drink named after a sandwich.

When asked about his own favorite beer blend, Alston smiles big and answers " 'Lost in the Orchard Again.' It's Anchor Foghorn, which is a large barley wine and Pyramid Apricot beer." The mix is amazing and has a robust malt combined with apricot that makes it delectable—as tasty as the Fried Twinkies the Bayou serves for dessert. Actually, Alston recommends pairing any of the fruit-infused beer blends with that dessert. Something about fried, cream-filled cake, raspberry sauce and an earthy/apricot beer make for an unbelievable taste explosion. "The Pyramid isn't really a beer I would drink by itself ever," Alston says, "but when you combine them [in 'Lost in the Orchard'] it's just earthy, apricot, malty taste. It's incredible."

The transition from recreational beer drinker to beer taster may be a bit scary, but Alston sagely reminds us, "Don't be scared of the beer." Explore beer mixing a little. And if beer drinking itself is daunting or conflicts with your code of ethics, remember something an old-school revolutionary said: "Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy" —Benjamin Franklin. That's true because it's printed in The Bayou's menu. Look inside it for other "heretical" concepts, like blending beer and try sipping a "PB&J" while doing so. The Bayou is located at 645 South State Street in SLC, Utah.

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THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED

Bohemian Brewery

By Heck Fork Grief
info@slugmag.com

Bohemian Brewery
94 East 7200 South
Midvale, UT 84047
bohemianbrewery.com

Bohemian Brewery is a homegrown business reimagined from Czechoslovakia to Utah. An alpine feeling brewpub making traditional Czech beers and homey food, Bohemian Brewery makes some of my favorite comfort meals. I go there when I need fried fish or a killer bratwurst. My friends from Vienna and from Romania heartily approve of the food as authentic central European fare. All the food is made fresh on the premises every day, as is the beer.

Bohemian makes great beers strictly according to the Reinheitsgebot, a set of old German brewing laws that limited the ingredients used to make beer—a harder way to brew than some contemporary techniques. But still, it's like they came out of the womb fully developed and started brewing. No learning necessary. Despite the 3.2 barrier being broken, Bohemian has continued to make its super fine 3.2% beers and they are as good or better than any of the rest, in keg and can. It's just plain good, always consistent and always a pleasure to drink.

The Cherry Bock, a light bodied black beer, has a set of molasses flavors that are as deeply colored and edgless as a **Miles Davis** trumpet solo. One of the slow, airy ones with a mute. This beer goes really well with some of the more intensely flavored foods on the menu, particularly the Bohemian Goulash (\$15) which is both darker and sterner than some of the other goulashes I have had in town. While this dish is often filled with onions and noodles or spetzle, the Bohemian's is pleasantly austere—a generous serving of beef and sauce, with the signature house dumplings on the side. Another tasty pairing for the Cherry Bock—the Old World Roast Pork (\$16), is a big helping of sauce and cubed pork served with the impeccable sauerkraut, which is made in house—a real treat.

The Bavarian Weiss (served as other Hefeweissens are in the West, with a lemon on the rim), is cloudy like other heffe beers, but lighter with more citrus and less banana flavor than most. It is a good choice for the fine Pilsener Battered Fish and Chips (\$16), a richly-battered hand-cut halibut countered nicely by a dash of coleslaw. The Fried Calamari (\$12) would also be a good choice, tasty either on its own or as part of the value oriented Brew Master's Basket (\$12.75), an ap-

petizer assortment of calamari, garlic fries (with a good house sauce), and spreadable roasted garlic heads with Parmesan-toasted rye slices.

The Viennese is the most dynamic of the Bohemian beers. It is very proud, fun and drinkable. An amber lager, there are times when it feels like I can almost taste it molecule by molecule, the precise shape and flavor of the malt. It's awfully nice with the Schnitzel (\$16), which is served with creamy, chunky mashed potatoes. Schnitzel is fried breaded meat, chicken or pork in this case. It's not part of the American scene, but really good and really simple. It's also the item my European friends mention as being "right" when they eat here with me. The delicious Blackberry Brandy Chicken (\$17) would also be a good choice with this medium-bodied beer.

The Czech Pilsner is lightly-sweet/slightly-mouthy and crisp, with a subtle hop which comes to the top of my attention like a distant mountain on the horizon or a shark fin over there, past the life boat, safely away. It's a comfort beer, a session beer, drinkable for the long haul and not flashy enough to become dull. Pair this one with the Halibut Fillet (\$22), for one of my favorite dishes in town. It's crusted in horseradish and fried, and it's just what I want from fried fish. It comes dressed with a rich lemon hinted white sauce, potatoes and vegetables. Also good with the Pilsener are the delicious house made Pirogies and Bratwurst (\$15), a tasty and classic beer food done right. I like sausage, always, and I like these Bratwurst as well as any I can remember. Also Gary's Seafood Pasta (\$22) is a nice garlicky dish whose rich palate is handily complemented by the Pilsner's crisp bite.

Bohemian's line of beers are hard to make, excellent to drink and under-appreciated. As local kegs go, Bohemian beer is the most expensive, but most local bars don't pass the price difference on to me, the consumer. So on a value basis Bohemian is often among the best buys on the taps at your local bar. But if you decide to try the beer or one of the beer samplers (all four beers in 4 oz. sample mugs) at the brewery itself you can also indulge in some of the delicious food Bohemian makes to accompany its beers.



Photo: Barrett Doran

**Fish never looked so delicious.
Bohemian Brewery's Halibut Fillet paired
with their Czech Pilsener.**

Beer prices at the Bohemian are: Samples \$0.50 (served in a cute glass mini-mug), PINT (14 oz) \$4.75, LOVELY (20 oz), \$6.50 MANLY (30oz) and \$8.50 PITCHER (60 oz) \$14. All the merits are my approximate guesses. Growlers are filled to go too, for \$11 if you have your own growler, and an additional \$8 if you need to buy one.

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Back in the mid-80s Utah was a sad place to be if you were a beer drinker. Between 1968-1986 absolutely no beer was commercially brewed in the Beehive State. The 19-year drought was caused in part by Utah's confusing liquor laws, but also because of Congress failing to grant small breweries tax help in the 1960s. Utah's final remaining brewery, Fisher Brewing Company, closed its doors in 1967 due to market forces and the rise of the big three beer manufacturers: Miller, Coors and Anheuser-Busch.

Lucky for us Utahns, **Greg Schirf** ended the dry spell when he opened Schirf Brewing Company (aka Wasatch Brewing) in Park City, UT on Oct. 15, 1986. Today Utah is proud to call itself home to 19 microbreweries—many of which produce award-winning brews year after year. So the next time someone tells you that there is nowhere to get a drink in the land of Zion, whip out this handy guide and let the naysayers know what's up.

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bohemianbrewery.com

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desertedgebrewery.com

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(435) 259-2337
eddiemcstiffs.com

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825 S. State St.
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(801) 906-0123
epicbrewing.com

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Helper, UT
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themoabbrewery.com

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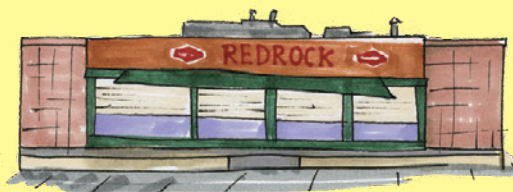
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(801) 521-7446

• 1640 W. Redstone Center Dr.
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(435) 575-0295
redrockbrewing.com

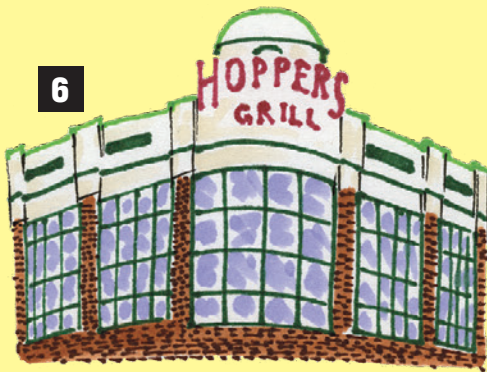
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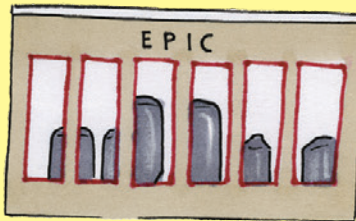
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UTAH BEER GUIDE

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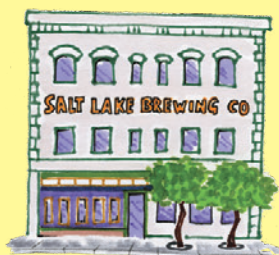
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rubyriver.com

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Shadesofpale.com

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Salt Lake City, UT
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• Concourse C Terminal 2/
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Uinta Brewing Company / Four &

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utahbeers.com

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For the beer issue, I decided I would check out one of the many 'with drinks' groups in town. No **Green Drinks**—cause hippies make me vomit in my mouth—**Vegan Drinks** I've been

to, and **Writers with Drinks** is tired and affected. After careful consideration, I thought I'd dust off my red skirt suit and take a chance with **Drinking Liberally**. Drinking Liberally is a national organization that meets in pubs 'cross America to talk and drink over the hot button issues of the current state of affairs. The Salt Lake group meets bi-monthly at *Piper Down*.

I thought I'd surprise them in all my tranny glory, testing the liberal limits of the group and the *Piper Down* crowd. I wanted them to not know that I was showing up so that I could actually get a feel for their group, get involved in the political discussions and find what it is about this group that gets them drinking. Lord knows I need no excuses to perch at the end of a bar, so it really intrigues me when people need to form a group to do so. I called in the three most political people I know— **Ben Downing, David Berg and DJ Justin Strange**—to be conversation buffers, as I am probably the least political tranny in the world. I felt that if someone was there to guide me in conversation, I could at least bullshit my way through it. How hard could it be, right? Strange told me that he had gone once and it was just a bunch of people talking about health care reform and the capitalization of big business. That's all well and good, but what about the drinking? In my head I thought it would be funny to saunter in there in all my finery, belly up to a table of six or so middle-aged men drinking lager and throw questions at them about gay marriage and other GLBT rights. HA!

The joke was on me.



I arrived to *Piper Down* to find that it was 'Meet the Candidates' night. It seems that the group was caught off guard with the 200 people that showed up to listen to the 25 or so candidates that came out to promote themselves. Instantly, I totally shut down. I went into a panic due to unpreparedness. FUCK! Why didn't I take the time to find out about the candidates so I could hit them with the kind of award-winning journalistic questions to which my readers have become accustomed? The following is an account of my evening:

Completely taken aback by the sight of the massive group of politicians, I found my Drinking Liberally contact, a pretty red head named **Laura Arellano** with the same overwhelmed look on her face. She introduced herself and told me what was happening that night, explaining that the candidates had 'Hello My Name Is' stickers on and to "feel free to flow about the room to ask questions." That was the last time I

saw her. I sent my cohorts to the bar for libation while I ran to the smoking patio in anxiety. While out on the terrace, someone noticed my state and introduced me to some guy with a name sticker that said he was in district 25. I asked him what that meant. He crunched up his nose all poeey-faced and responded with, "is that all you're going to ask me?" Bu-hxcuse me? I didn't know this was liberals wearing drinks, Councilman ass-face!

The best part was when an older Mr. Rogery-type gentleman was given the Princess Kennedy intro, truly testing his comfort zone. His mouth got all dry and cottony and he paced in a circle for what seemed like five minutes or so with a blank look on his face, completely unfocused on what was being asked of him. I have nothing but sheer elation when I have this effect on people. In my own mind, it's because he realized he was in the presence of greatness. Ben took the reigns and got him to sit down, chill for a sec and make him feel at ease with GLBT rights questions. As soon as his politician voice/hand gesture movement thing started, I lost interest and started texting. From what Ben said, it was mostly positive.

Finally, political power house Davey Berg showed up. I grabbed him to escort me through the room and ask hard-hitting questions while I smiled and nodded my head in a Jackie Kennedy fashion.

I met the lady that applied for her candidacy on craigslist, which totally reminded me of the hot guy I met on craigslist who I had been hanging out with for a while before he up and joined the Marines. I'm so excited that he gets out of basic training next week, I can't wait to see him.

Next, I met the gay candidate. At least I think he was gay. He was the only one at the group drinking and had beautiful eyelashes. He was wearing lip gloss, and that so doesn't go with tweed! The only suit that should be accompanied with lip gloss is a shiny, dark blue, fitted David Bowie look. For (might be) gay shame!

Then we stopped and talked to Sammy Something, DA candidate, (very good looking—I'll vote for him). He was standing by the mirror, and I caught a glimpse of my hair, which I hated. I can't believe I wore a side bun! I'm worried that it's going to be all wrong for the outfit I'm wearing for my lip-sync later at another club. That was IT! I had to go redo my 'do. Besides, this club was tired. Where in the hell is the DJ, for God sake?

Although my experience with Drinking Liberally was utterly overwhelming, it did seem like Candidate Night was atypical compared to what usually goes on. For more information about Drinking Liberally visit drinkingliberallyslc.org.



Photo: Jon Carlisle

Princess Kennedy (second on left) rubs shoulders with politic aficionados during Drinking Liberally at Piper Down

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I'M DRUNK RIGHT NOW

by Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com



Photo: Mitch Allen

“Bud Girls serve a great and special purpose: To promote a brand of beer through the raw channels of sex appeal and free stuff.” – Mike Brown

I'm drunk right now. How drunk? Well not so drunk that I can't write this article, but drunk enough that I might slur in it. Not so drunk that I'll forget my train of thought, but drunk enough that I might crash that train. But fuck it, it's the beer issue so I might as well take full advantage of the adverse effects of alcohol and at least write one article for *SLUG* while wasted.

So allow me to go off on a drunken tangent. It's a good thing I don't edit the mag, or else instead of the beer issue we would have the whiskey issue and absolutely nothing would get done. I have a motto when it comes to shooting liquor: If its brown it goes down, clear liquor makes me sicker.

So now that you know what I've been drinking tonight, which is mostly Natural Lights and Jim Beam shots straight from the handle, let me talk about what I'm supposed to write about for this month. I'm gonna keep drinking and take a swig after every paragraph I finish. Ok, so one thing I've learned about booze is that when I drink enough of it I might start dressing up as a girl—but not in the **Princess Kennedy** sort of way. I am by no means trying to steal her thunder or learning the ways of the true tranny (which, from what I understand, involves a lot of duct tape or a surgery I cannot afford). I just get wasted before **Fucktards** shows and dressing in drag seems like a good idea as a way to fuck with people in this town.

For the second straight month I have queened myself out in the name of effective journalism. Last month I did it to see how Juggalos respond, and this month I did it

to see how your average club going, Bud Light drinking aficionado responds. So I dressed up as a coveted Bud Girl, blue wig and dress to boot. Basically, like anything that is heaved into our eternally capitalistic society, Bud Girls serve a great and special purpose: To promote a brand of beer through the raw channels of sex appeal and free stuff, like lanyards, key chains, and flashing blinky shit that somehow grabs the attention of the most derelict drunk at the club.

My friend **Beverly**, who is in charge of leading this local marketing attack, strategically placed blinking bottle caps upon my nipples. She is a marketing genius who shall not be underestimated. I've never had breasts before, meaning I know not what it's like for a guy to unwaveringly stare at my natural or silicone phenomenons, but I think having blinking Budweiser caps on my chest is the closest I'll ever get to having such attention adorned upon me.

This got me to thinking about what a Bud Girl has to go through on a nightly basis. It cannot be easy to promote a product—that product being alcohol—that is notorious for turning people into idiots. These girls need to be commended on the most utmost and highest levels. The way I was treated when I walked into the club with my blue dress and blue wig only reassured that. But maybe my own insecurities were due to the fact that I was the only Bud Girl there with a beard. It made passing out lanyards and blinking lights that much harder. But if there's one thing I've never shied away from, it's a challenge.

And besides, I have an extensive sales background. I used to sell snowboards, so basically I used to sell shit that

people didn't really need to ass-fucks who didn't really deserve it. And I was damn fucking good at it. God I love capitalism. Can you tell I'm drunk? I can. Hold on, I need a smoke break, I'll return to this article in a minute...

Ok I'm back. So anyway, being a Bud Girl was not easy. And in classic Mike Brown fashion I double booked myself for being a Bud Girl on the same night that I planned Mike Brown Fest #4, which was pretty epic, and involved pudding, skateboarding, **The Naked Eyes** (now known as **Spell Talk**) and more pudding.

In fact, it took me and **Lance** three days to fully clean up the pudding. One of Lance's cronies, **Stev-o**, threw up twice in front of some police while disposing of said pudding, while I pretended I was too busy to help clean up. Such candidness would not reveal itself unless I was truly drunk right now, which I am. Sorry you barfed **Stev-o**, but I think that's kind of funny.

K, back to me being drunk and being a Bud Girl. Blue is one of my favorite colors, and I was lucky enough to wear a blue wig and blue dress on a Saturday night. Most people should be so lucky. I only wish I was able to get totally trashed while being a Bud Girl to erase my own drag queen insecurities and such.

Man, can you tell I'm drunk? I hate that, when you are drunk and trying to act like you are not. I do it so much. Like every time I show up at the *SLUG* office. Anyway, enjoy the beer issue. And next time you see a Bud Girl, don't grab her ass or nothing like that—that can get you kicked out of the club.



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The Real Care Package

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com



Illustration: Ryan Perkins

"The box is the first thing an employee at your shipping provider of choice will look at, so avoid using a Jack Daniel's box."

Last year, I taught *SLUG* readers the hypothetical scenario of transporting beer, porn and fireworks (the BPF run) across Utah's borders. This year, I figure we can teach you about the possibility of shipping beer over state lines.

I love the selection that the *Bayou* and *Beerhive* have to offer, however, the shitheads at the DABC and the lack of refrigerated shipping options tend to keep some of the better craft beer from ever entering our state legally. Some mornings when I wake up, there is nothing I want more than a Founders Breakfast Stout and there is no way in hell that I am driving to Michigan to get my hands on a bottle. It's all too easy to ask the question, "What if I wanted to call a friend in Michigan to ship me a bottle?" Well, that is what I'm about to explain.

Allow me to reiterate: this is a hypothetical scenario. I have never participated in any activity related to shipping beer over state lines, nor has anyone else at *SLUG*. That being said, let's talk about the pitfalls of getting caught. The law basically states that you are not allowed to ship or transport alcoholic beverages into the state from another place. It's a class B misdemeanor and you can get slapped with a \$1000 dollar fine and/or get six months in jail. Generally, if you do get caught for your first time, you will receive a letter in the mail from the State Bureau of Investigations giving you a warning. This means you or your friend fucked up in the shipping process. With the correct technique, it's unlikely that you will get caught.

Now on to the fun stuff, some tips on shipping:

We'll work from the outside in. The box is the

first thing an employee at your shipping provider of choice will look at, so avoid using a Jack Daniel's box. I have always had the best luck finding a friend who has Wine of the Month Club boxes and taping over the art or simply changing the box and keeping the internals. Another way for you to avoid someone looking inside your box is to tag it with something like, "fragile glass" or "yeast cultures for evaluation" (which is sort of true). Finally, if you think that you are going to be doing this often or you have a friend that is willing to ship you beer back using your box, the best thing to do is buy some boxes intended for shipping bottles.

Second, there is no such thing as too much padding. The best way to put this is: wrap the shit out of it, the more the better. Just remember—the more you pad it, the less booze you can pack inside your box. The clear indicator for any package inspector is, of course, a leaking box, so one of the best tips I have ever heard is this: after padding each bottle, put it inside a zip-lock bag. In the unfortunate event that a bottle breaks, the bag will keep the liquids inside, allowing your package to make it safely to you.

Finally, it is really hard for the man to catch you if the package is not addressed to you. If you have a neighbor that is ever so conveniently out of town, it just may be time for your alter ego to receive a package. No connection, no crime.

I hope that all of these tips helped inform you of the better points of shipping booze over state borders. Of course, I know that you are a law-abiding citizen, but if you managed to read this issue out of state, and want to test your shipping skills, feel free to try out what you learned. Email me for an address.



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UTAH BREWERIES

By Mike Riedel

alegeek@gmail.com

Believe it or not, Utah has a great beer history that's only enhanced by the crazy influences of the dominant culture. Ever since the pioneers first set up shop in the Salt Lake Valley, beer was here. Breweries of all sizes once dotted the landscape, proving the need for beer in pioneer culture. Our zest for suds may have lost its way since then, but it's still an important part of our lives.

Since the repeal of prohibition, there has never been such a desire for great craft beer in Utah. In the last 20 years, Utahns have seen an explosion of breweries. Starting with *Wasatch Brewing* in 1987, local breweries have been producing a variety of complex styles and creating a demand that many felt was never obtainable here behind the Zion Curtain.

In total, 26 breweries have popped up in Utah since **Greg Schirf's** *Wasatch Brewing* opened up, and many are still with us today. Others like *Ebenezer's Brewing Co.* out of Ogden (1994) and *Brook Haven Brewing* (2001) in Midvale, have since closed up shop.

There are currently 19 breweries operating in the state of Utah that are brewing unique beers. The most recent to open was *Zion Canyon Brewing Company* which set up shop in 2006 in Springdale, Utah. ZCBC services most of southern and central Utah with their craft beer.

Today is a different story. Years of combined planning has given rise to two new breweries in Utah days apart, proving that even in a downward economy people in

Utah still thirst for great beer. *Epic Brewing Company* located in downtown Salt Lake City received their final license on March 26 and went into production on that day. *Shades of Pale Brewing Co.* in Park City acquired their permits exactly two weeks later on April 9, 2010 and began making pilot batches of beer that day.

Things like this don't just happen in Utah's craft beer community. The restrictions that are placed on the manufacturing and selling of alcohol in Utah can be difficult on new entrepreneurs. And if it wasn't for the creation of the Class 5 Packaging License in 2008 that allows breweries to sell their beer that's made on the premises, these boys may never have been inspired to start brewing.

So I couldn't pass up the chance to get my ass over to these two new breweries, find out what they're all about and get the low-down on why Utah's newest "Beer Gurus" decided to get into alcohol business—in Utah of all places.

I started at *Epic's* new state of the art facility in SLC. Owners **Dave Cole** and **Peter Erickson** are new to the beer business but have a passion and a business model that may change the craft brew landscape in Utah. **Kevin Crompton** is the brew master. Crompton is a local boy with a long resumé both locally and nationally.

SLUG: How did you guys first meet?

Erickson: Dave and I met in San Diego in the mid-

eighties, we were in the brine shrimp business making pet food.

SLUG: Is that what brought you guys out here?

Erickson: Yeah, not many people can say that they came to Utah for the Great Salt Lake, but we did!

SLUG: So what's your background like?

Cole: We're both biologists. I majored in Marine Science, Peter in Genetics.

SLUG: Is that how you fell in love with beer? Brewing and biology go hand in hand right?

Cole: That, and the fact that we moved to the Bay Area in the late eighties/early nineties during the craft beer explosion there.

SLUG: So what makes two seemingly sane guys from California want to get into the beer business in Utah?

Cole: We like to manufacture things, make things that are special. Beer is one of those things that has always been pulling at us—even when we were in San Francisco.

Erickson: Plus the opportunity to do something different as well as take advantage of some of the new licensing laws that allow for the sale of "high point" beer directly from the brewery.

Cole: It gave us focus to create and deliver a fresh high quality product straight to the consumer, and that hasn't been anyone's real focus as far as high gravity beer goes in the state, not since before prohibition anyway.



Photo: David Newkirk

Shades of Pale owner Trent Fargher's beers will debut in Utah this summer.



Photo: David Newkirk

L-R Owner Peter Erickson, head brewer Kevin Crompton and owner Dave Cole of Epic Brewery

SLUG: How did you guys come up with this business model?

Erickson: It was a gradual evolution. We had an idea of a very small brewery that just kept on getting larger and larger due to recommendations from Kevin and the model began changing, probably four or five times since conception.

SLUG: Speaking of Kevin, how did you guys come to select him as your Brew master?

Cole: We had the job posted on professional brewing websites, Craigslist, publications all over the world. There were applicants as far away as a South Africa that were immensely qualified. Then we found Kevin, and he was the guy.

SLUG: What was it about Kevin?

Cole: He was obviously passionate about beer. That really came through in the interview.

Erickson: Plus he came highly recommended by people that he didn't even know through cross-referencing. He had a strong work ethic and that's something that's desperately needed, especially when you're a start-up business. We could tell he was that guy.

Crompton: They were very intimidating. I

had just come off a ten hour shift over at the *Bohemian Brewery* and had slammed a bunch of energy drinks right before. I prayed they wouldn't make me scatter-brained, but after I met them they put me at ease. And they convinced me that if anyone could pull this thing off it was these guys. It's the best brewing opportunity I've had in my life.

SLUG: So let's talk about the product. Besides alcohol content how is it different?

Crompton: It's not a volume thing with us—it's about producing the highest quality product we can with the best raw materials available. Now, any brewer can say that, but it's not always true. We'll be using expansive high quality malt from all over the world. We'll have the widest selection of specialty grains available in Utah, if not the country.

SLUG: Let's talk about your "three tier line." What's that all about?

Cole: We knew we needed familiar and approachable beers to appeal to everyday beer drinkers, so we're starting with the "Classic Series." These beers won't change—they'll always be in the lineup. But Peter and I always envisioned more aggressive lines so we came up with the "Elevated Series." These are somewhat more creative beers that still fit

within style guidelines. The top tier of the line is the "Exponential Series". These are the super creative "out of the box" thinking beers that will be pure cutting edge stuff. We're only limited by our imaginations. Those are our three realms.

Epic's beer debuted in Utah's bars on April 30, 2010 with nine different labels including three different India Pale Ales, an Amber Ale, Stout, Porter, Pale Ale, Wheat Beer and a Belgian Style Golden Ale—just to name a few.

On the other side of the Wasatch Range, more beer is a-brewing in Park City. *Shades of Pale Brewing Company* is Utah's other new new kid on the block. It's slightly smaller than *Epic* with a more traditional Utah brewing philosophy. While *Epic* will only be in bottles, *SOP* will initially only be available on draft.

Trent Fargher is the owner and brew master of *Shades of Pale*. He and his wife **Alexandra** are transplants as well. Fargher originally grew up in Toledo, OH while his wife Alexandra comes to us from Colombia, South America. Like most brewers, **Fargher** got his start in his kitchen.

SLUG: What got you into brewing beer?

Fargher: My mother is kinda like Martha Stewart on crack: She was always in the kitchen experimenting on one thing or another. Growing up around all that, it just seemed like beer was the next step in my culinary evolution.

SLUG: And you've been brewing ever since.

Fargher: I spent a lot of time out of the country a few years back, first in Venezuela then in London. All that travel wasn't real conducive to the art of brewing so all my brewing equipment sat in storage here in the states.

SLUG: So after all the travel you move to Utah. What the hell made you want to get into the beer industry here?

Fargher: (laughing) Everyone asks me that! Ya know, with the downturn in the economy and uncertainty in my field [I.T.], I decided I needed a plan B. So I asked myself, "What do I know how to do?... Well I know how to brew beer." So I started looking into all the logistics and everything involved and found that even though Utah is tough in some regards it's quite easy in others.

SLUG: How did you come up with the name for your place?

Fargher: We kicked around a lot of names. This one just sounded right. It fit in with the beer industry. There are so

many different shades to craft beer, not just in color but style.

SLUG: So what's *SOP's* business plan for the market?

Fargher: We're going to start with kegs. It's a small start-up, and bottling lines are expensive, so we need to create a little revenue. Then someday acquire a bottling line and go from there. Right now we're working on getting our retail license from the city so we can sell straight from the brewery. Eventually we'd like to be making full strength beer as well.

SLUG: What do you think you will debut with?

Fargher: Probably a Belgian style Witbier. We'll target restaurants and bars in Park City and down into Heber. That will be our initial market since we will be a self-distributing brewery. Then we'll move into the surrounding cities and towns from there.

SLUG: Is the timing right for a new brewery?

Fargher: I hope it is. There's definitely room in the market for more local brands and there's a definite resurgence of people who want to buy local. So yeah, I think this is a good time as long as we stick with quality over quantity. That's ultimately what the consumer wants.

SLUG: Where do you think Utah is in the national beer scene?

Fargher: I think Utah's brewers are as good, if not better, than any in the country. We just need a little more reform to our alcohol laws to bring us into the forefront. I hope to be more active politically in that regard.

The addition of two new breweries definitely changes the beer landscape in Utah. More competition benefits the consumers. As long as we buy from our local breweries whenever we have the option, the quality and selection will continue to expand. Cheers!

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HEAVY HITTERS

Getting High Point Beer to the Masses

By Sean Zimmerman-Wall
prijon85@netscape.net ■

Photo: Adam Dorobiala



Wasatch Beers founder Greg Schirf was instrumental in passing a 2007 bill that allowed Utah breweries to sell their product on-site.

When I first arrived in Utah, I knew two things: I was going to ski over a hundred days a year and I would have to settle for 3.2 beer. The second fact was tolerable because of the first. However, over the years I have learned that this need not be the case. Due to changes in local legislation and brewing laws, all Utah residents can enjoy high point beer—they just have to know where to find it.

Unfortunately, you can't just waltz into your neighborhood pub and order up a pint of Squatters Fifth Element or Wasatch Devastator. Not yet, anyway. Currently, the consumer's best option is to visit one of the brewpubs scattered throughout the state. In Salt Lake City proper, thirsty locals can stop by *Hopper's*, *RedRock*, *Squatters*, the *Utah Brewers Cooperative* (UBC) or *Epic Brewing* (who specialize in creating only high point brews). Each of these establishments is able to sell high-point beer in bottles under a special license. The UBC, for instance, has a full-fledged *Beer Store* that offers up a wide selection of higher alcohol beers. From year-round favorites like Wasatch Devastator, to limited releases like Squatters Hell's Keep, you can quench your thirst in a variety of tasty ways.

If you would rather grab a bite and a brew, you can check out *RedRock Brewery* and pick up the bottle-conditioned Reve, which is a meticulously crafted Belgium-style Trippel available in limited quantities. When you first taste this wonderfully made beer, you can understand why Head Brewer, **Kevin Templin**, won't serve it in a standard pint glass. "It would be like painting a masterpiece on a scrap of cardboard," says Templin. Instead, Reve is served in a larger snifter type glass that allows the beer to breathe and adds to the presentation. Be careful though: More than one of these 10.3% bevs will put you on the train to buzz town.

The rules governing the sale of high point beer in Utah are quite dynamic, and breweries have had to acquire special liquor licenses just to sell their beer on premise. Talking with Wasatch Beers founder **Greg Schirf** revealed another side to the story that most drinkers probably don't realize. Years ago, high point beer was only sold in liquor stores that were strictly monitored by Utah's Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control. At that juncture, consumers were able to purchase higher-gravity (above 3.2% alcohol by weight) at a substantial mark up. This made acquiring such beers quite cost prohibitive and reduced the revenues of breweries like *Wasatch* and *Squatters*. As an astute businessman, Schirf realized that current regulations were hindering the state's economic development, since out of state breweries like Budweiser and Coors were raking in the cash. With a bit of help from some sympathetic (and Mormon) legislators, Schirf was able to get a bill sponsored that allowed breweries to sell the beer that they produced on site. This came about around 2007 when local wineries convinced the state government that they would go under if they could not sell their wines directly from the vineyard. Fair is fair. Now that breweries could offer better profit margins, it became economically feasible to start selling the brew right from the source. However, businesses like *RedRock*, *UBC* and *Wasatch* still had to acquire a Type Five Package Agency License that effectively made their breweries into package stores. So, in exchange for the ability to sell their products out the door, they write the UDABC a check every month and go about their business. At this point they will take what they can get. "Currently there is no new legislation on the books, but brewers are optimistic that laws will come around as people realize the growing number of sophisticated beer drinkers throughout the state," says Schirf.

As more breweries and brewpubs are able to offer their products on location, the benefits of doing so present themselves in a number of ways. "One advantage is educating people about your beer. We can't do tasting, but we can talk. Clearly, there is also an economic incentive because of the change in the law. The synergism of benefits between the educational advantage, the economic advantage, the volume, and the overall enthusiasm of different beers is great," says Schirf. Other breweries like *Squatters* and *Hopper's* are also able to sell up to two bottles of high point beer to customers. However, due to the current law, they must have their thirsty guests come around to the actual brewery entrance to pick up their beverages. "I don't really hold it against the state, they have their concerns to look out for, and so do we. I'm all about making beer. If I continue doing that, results are sure to follow," says Squatter's head brewer **Jenny Talley**. Her tenure with *Squatters* has led to an array of award winning brews over the past nineteen years, and she continues to use the brewery as her creative outlet. **Donovan Steele** of *Hopper's* is on the same page. "I hope to see a day when we can make and sell full strength beer on draft in brewpubs. Bottling from a brewpub is challenging due to the limited space, but the advantages are small batches and creative opportunities with recipe design," says Steele.

With more breweries making the move to bottling and selling high point beer, it will only be a matter of time before the state's legislators get the picture. Until then, brewers like Talley, Schirf, Steele, **Kevin Crompton** of *Epic Brewing* and Templin will just keep doing what they do best: making beer.

Photo: Barrett Doran



Two brews from RedRock's high point line.

Name Uinta Brewing

HIGH POINTS 10.3%



STRAIGHT UP CROOKED

Jesse Hawlish
jhawlish@gmail.com

Releasing thoroughly unique, high alcohol craft brews in big, celebration-style bottles, *Uinta Brewing Co.* has gone to great lengths for their labor of love: a new line of beers dubbed The Crooked Line. When it comes to brewing the delicious cornucopia of mass-produced Utah beers, consistency is paramount. But with a Crooked beer, bending the rules is more acceptable, and creativity takes center stage. The Crooked line will be, quite literally, the biggest and strongest beer ever produced in our fair state. The first four beers hit liquor stores last month.

The Crooked line is the pet project of **Will Hamill**, hands-on President of Uinta Brewing. This man is responsible for Cutthroat (probably my favorite Utah beer, and I know I'm not alone) and he personally created the recipes for each of the Crooked beers, so set your expectations accordingly. The initial four brews, a Black Ale, a pilsner, a barley wine and an IPA, have that one very important thing in common – potency. 9% abv is the bare minimum, while the Labyrinth Black Ale weighs in at a corpulent 13.2%. The alcohol content and unique bottling would be enough to warrant Uinta creating a whole new line of beers, but the real motive behind the Crooked line is creative freedom.

Beyond the initial four Crooked beers, Hamill intends to brew a variety of small, 250-case batches of high alcohol craft beers to add to the line for years to come. "There'll be a lot of beers that we're only going to make once," he says, "What those are I don't [yet] know. But I've got an idea for the next one: it's gonna be a Belgian double whit beer." Double, naturally. To store all the bourbon and rye barrels and the schmancy new bottling machine for Crooked's fifth-size cork and cage finished bottles, Hamill built a second, smaller brewery attached to the south side of Uinta's existing facility.

Although future beers in the Crooked line will be limited-release, the line itself is here to stay. "I just spent a million bucks," Hamill says, "this isn't a temporary deal." The new, 100% wind-powered brewery will provide the perfect home for Hamill's mad-scientist-like beer alchemy. "We love the tact of making a consistent Cutthroat Pale Ale like we've been doing for seventeen years," he says, "but this allows me to push the envelope and . . . play with a lot of different ingredients."

Since I'm no **Tyler Makmell**, I'm not even going to try to put words to the intense flavors of these brews (seriously: I'd blow it). The Labyrinth black ale is "dark as tar. You can't see through it," Hamill says. "It's very strong and complex . . . probably the most complex beer that we've made."

On the other hand, the Tilted Smile imperial pilsner has only two raw ingredients: saaz hops and an imported German pilsner malt. "It's a very simple recipe," says Hamill, "but . . . it's a pretty intense beer, even though it's bright and clear. It's 9% alcohol, which is pretty unusual."

The Detour double IPA will slap you upside the head with Apollo and Bravo hops. "A lot of the alpha acids of our hops are 11%," says Hamill, "[but Detour] is 18.9% alpha acid, so it's a very pungent hop."



Uinta Brewing Company's new Crooked Line, spearheaded by Will Hamill, boasts unique flavors and high potency

Rounding out the quartet of deliciousness is the Cockeyed Cooper bourbon barrel barley wine. Beer lovers will be happy to learn Cockeyed Cooper is the new, more permanent name for the much loved bourbon barrel-aged barley wine Uinta released last year.

Even the labels on these bad boys are special. Uinta reached out to local artists **Trent Call**, **Leia Bell** and **Travis Bone** to wrap their stylish interpretations of the beers' names around every bottle. Expect more local art talents gracing the labels of Crooked line beers in the future. So this is all good news, right? I like beer, I'm safe in assuming you like beer, and now we have some potent new Utah beers to try. Neat-o. But probably the best news in all this good news is that the Uinta brewery on 1722 South Fremont Drive (2375 West) should have received its type 5 liquor license on the 25th of last month if all went smoothly. That's right, we now have not one but two places in the valley to go for full point beer that doesn't need to be thrown in the freezer when you get home. I'll drink a (cold) 750ml barley wine to *that*!

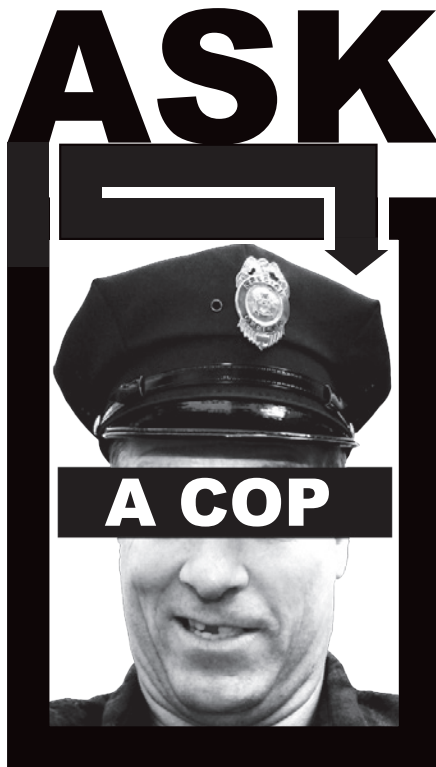
Dear Cop,
The other day, I saw a Highway patrolman getting into his brand new all-black Dodge Charger, complete with tint and rims. I thought to myself, "Why would a cop car ever need rims?" but then I thought about a much bigger issue. Why do we even have cops driving around in Dodge Chargers in the first place? I looked up the value of a 2010 Dodge Charger on Kellybluebook.com and found out that a stock Charger can start at 30k brand new. But when a car is purchased for the purpose of being a police vehicle, it is gutted and numerous additions are put into the vehicles—super chargers, interior upgrades (computers, radios, etc.) and suspension upgrades. These vehicles get 17 mpg in the city and 23 on the highway. They don't need these hot rods for high-speed chases—if you double the speed limit a police officer is required to cut off his pursuit and radio ahead for backup. Since this is the case, why would we ever need our officers driving around in vehicles that go up to 170 mph, if not higher? I know there are other vehicles on the market that could very easily do the job.

I couldn't find out how many of these cars are in the force, but I see them everywhere. If we had ten of these cars in the force at Kelly Blue Book value, that adds up to be \$300,000. In my opinion, that money should be used in different departments of the state, like education. Dodge probably hooks the state up with a discount because they are getting the bid on getting these glorified hall monitors new cars every few years. Even if you were to get them at 20k, that is still a grip of money that could be spent elsewhere.

How does the state justify the purchase of these vehicles with tax payer dollars knowing that there are more efficient vehicles on the market that are much better for our environment as well as the state's budget? -Eric Eugene Phillip Hess

Dear Car Aficionado Guy,

To address your first issue, I seriously doubt it was a trooper getting into that car. It might have been a local or county cop. Or, it could've been an administrator. And, cars aren't issued with "rims" or tint. If you could show a legit need for tint, like K9 duty with a dog in the car, or being an administrator who needs to masturbate anonymously, they'd probably put it on for you.



Otherwise, you'd have to pay for it yourself, and I couldn't possibly see any need for "rims." In fact, they could be deemed hazardous. The dude was probably such a lifer that his POV looks like a cop car. Troopers are known to do such things.

Yes, law enforcement buys their vehicles on the state bid. If they go outside of the bid they have to have all kinds of legislative approvals which isn't easy and a pain in the ass. Consequently, the bid gets them the equipment pretty cheap, considering. However, I bet it's still \$30K to \$40K to outfit a roller. No, there is nothing in any legit police policy I've ever heard of that says that doubling the speed limit during a high speed chase requires its termination. You're making up shit there, kind of like thinking the money you save by issuing all cops a Pinto will save education. But, you're thinking might be partially correct. I was at a recent conference, and many of the cops from the admin and detective ranks I observed were driving hybrid Toyotas. Better gas mileage, cheap and green!

No road cop or trooper working patrol could effectively do their job from a hybrid Toyota. Go on a ride-a-long, you'll find out.

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GALLERY STROLL



**"Blues Cloud" Acrylic on Canvas
48x36 by Nate Pack**

Is it Bar Art or Art in a Bar?
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

In honor of *SLUG*'s Annual Beer issue, and especially because drinking beer with friends is my favorite pastime year-round, this *SLUG* reporter hit the streets / bars in search of your monthly art experience.

Dick N' Dixie's, located in the old space of *Andy's*, is now a fun, bright neighborhood bar with views of the street life at 300 S. and 500 E. Adding to the air of revitalization and renovation is the presence of artwork by artist **Greg White**. White's soft contemporary landscapes include a mountain range, winding road and a grove of trees in autumn colors, which lend to the airiness that was largely lacking in the old establishment. Bravo to *Dick N' Dixie's*. I'm happy to add this place to my list of possible hangout spots.

Up the street at 241 S. and 500 E. the *Urban Lounge* not only hosts national touring acts, but also provides wall space for local artists. Come by for *SLUG*'s June *Localized* on June 18 to check work by Utah artist **Trent Call**.

The *VFW Post 3586* on 2920 S. Highland Drive was designed as a meeting hall for the Veterans of Foreign Wars in 1938. As you walk down the plank to what resembles a hull of a ship, you're transported through time. Walt Disney had just released *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, **Benny Goodman** and his orchestra became the first jazz musicians to headline *Carnegie Hall* and **Adolph Hitler** had just abolished the German War Ministry, giving himself direct control over the German military and ridding the ranks of any opposition. The VFW provided a space for veterans to get the most recent intelligence, discuss, speculate and encourage those heading off to uncertainty of war. To a naval officer the

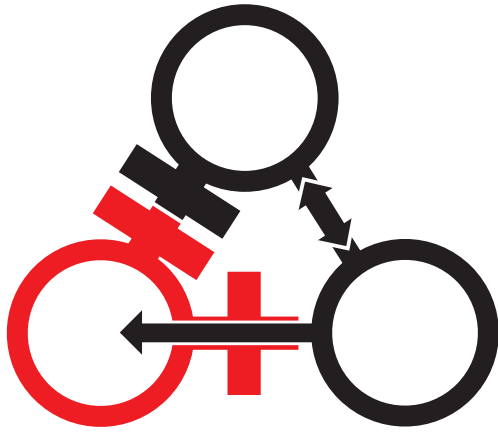
hull of a ship with it's portal views of the ocean blue was calming. The dioramas depicting coral reefs and ocean life are not only entrancing to look at, but once functioned as actual fish tanks. This best-kept secret is out with a full ship on Tuesday nights for Beer Pong and 75-cent draft beers. It is a must-see stop on our local art bar tour, especially for those who appreciate three-dimensional art.

The State Room provides Salt Lake City with a much-needed swanky live show experience, made complete with velvet ropes and fine art hanging in the lobby. Currently on display are works by **Nate Pack**, a Utah resident and graduate of Utah State University. Pack creates abstract images of musicians—the bony knuckles of the piano player, the neck muscles of the female lead belting it out, and the inflated cheeks of the harmonica player.

The *2010 Utah Arts Festival* takes place June 24th through 27th in the cross section of Library Square and Washington Square at 200 W. and 400 S. This is the main event for summer drinking and taking in art. Enjoy Uinta and Bud products, or a glass of wine for the refined, and check out artists from around the world. Gig poster queen **Leia Bell** created the look for this year's festival, depicting Utah's varied terrain—the cityscapes, the snow-capped mountain ranges and Southern Utah's red rocks.

Uinta Brewing Company is jumping on the local art bandwagon as well. The brewery reached out to local artists **Leia Bell**, **Travis Bone** and **Trent Call** to design the labels for their new high point Crooked Beer. What can I say? Beer and art go hand in hand. It doesn't have to be the official Salt Lake Gallery Stroll, and you don't have to wait for the third Friday of every month to enjoy local art. Slow down and appreciate the art around you, even if it's in a bar!

DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



Shove It Up Your Ass, or NOT!

©By Dr. Evil, Ph. D —
DrEvil@slugmag.com

Your asshole is that lovely place where farts and shit come from, and an orifice to explore with fingers and tongues, dicks and dildos, butt plugs and...

According to *The Straight Dope* and *Rectal Foreign Bodies: Case Reports and a Comprehensive Review of the World's Literature*, the following items have been removed from human rectums in hospitals: a bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's syrup, an ax handle, 72-1/2 jeweler's saws, a frozen pig's tail (it got stuck when it thawed), a six-by-five-inch tool box weighing 22 ounces, a six-inch stone weighing two pounds, a sand-filled bicycle inner tube and a magazine.

The rectum is a fun place to visit, and has become more popular as a less homophobic generation has come of age. They understand that just because you like your ass played with it doesn't mean you're a fag. It can simply mean you like more sensation, more possibilities. You do have to be a little careful, though: if you lacerate (cut) or tear any part of your colon you can die... and not just from embarrassment of the doctor pulling a gerbil out of your ass. (FYI, that 'live gerbil' story you've heard is completely B.S.)

If you are new to anal sex and want to try it, don't just shove something LARGE in your partner's ass. Start with a lubed finger or small butt plug and see if your lover is comfortable with the new sensation. If it's a good feeling, then work up from one to two, two to three fingers or your penis or dildo. Inch by inch, not slam by slam. Abrupt pain does not make for good consensual sex.

Use lots of lube. The butthole is not a self-lubricating place like a wet vagina. There are special lubricants made for anal sex (Anal Eze) that have a topical numbing chemical in them (benzocaine) to help start the pleasure without the pain. Water-based lubes are the best—simple K-Y Jelly, water Astroglide or Eros.

There are several basic rules that you should remember in ass play:
—Use a condom. Always use a condom unless you are blood bonded with your partner.
—Don't cross contaminate. Have vaginal sex first, then anal sex. You don't want any fecal matter, any, to get into a woman's vagina and give her a nasty infection. Save the ass for LAST.
—Use lube.
—Take it slow. The more relaxed the partner, the easier the sex, right?

The rectum is an extremely sensitive place with thousands of active nerve endings. More arousal and stimulation of the nerves means more pleasure will occur. If you don't want to use fingers or a penis, go to a porn store and get some advice on butt plugs, anal beads, rectal vibrators and strap-ons. Or read up on the topic on the web or buy a book. The best books on anal sex are: *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* by **Tristan Taormino** and *Anal Pleasure and Health* by **Jack Morin**. **Nina Hartley** has great info too—just Google her. I've taught at the same venues as Tristan and Nina and we all agree with the gay boys... the ass is fabulous, but be careful!

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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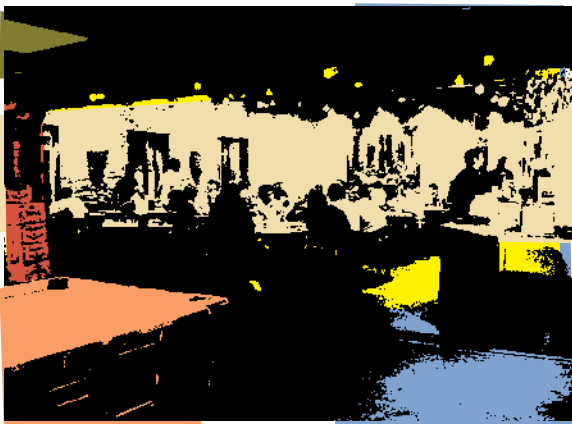
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PRODUCT REVIEWS

BACtrack
S75 Pro Breathalyzer
Breathalyzer.net



Photo: Dorobiala

The first person to blow into this piece of shit blew a .28 8/10, which, according to the user's manual, is borderline "loss of consciousness," yet he still operated at normal motor functions. Ten minutes later, we had him blow into it and it still said he was probably in total "mental confusion" by his .25. Now, the limit is .08, and after discussing how many drinks he had, there was no way he was blowing such a high b.a.c. This means that there is no possible way the BACtrack S75 Pro is a reliable way to test if your impairment level is too high to operate a vehicle. Besides being an entertaining toy to have with you when you are out drinking, save your \$150 and buy a cab for everyone in the bar instead. — Lamar Jeed

Pabst Blue Ribbon
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Pabstblueribbon.com

You've got to love it when companies give you tchotchkes. Especially when that company is Pabst Blue Ribbon and the tchotchke action comes in the form of a cruiser-style longboard with some all-American PBR art on the underside and bright blue wheels that make your heart long for a cold refreshing bottle of Pabst (the closest

place to get Pabst in a bottle is at the Discount Liquor in Evanston, Wyoming). Since the board is basically used as a promo item to con you into drinking more PBR, it isn't the best of quality. I found this out while testing her out in a church parking lot (drunk on Coors, of course). I'm not entirely sure if it was because I was intoxicated or if it was the lame cheap trucks/bearings, but I launched off this big ol' Megalodon son of a bitch and skinned up all kinds of stuff on my body. So either it needs an upgrade in parts, or I needed to sober up. Either way, this board is fancy and is definitely a good time. —Jon Robertson

Pabst Blue Ribbon
PBR Tent
Pabstblueribbon.com

I tell you what, friends: with all this talk of the Iranis getting' their darned hands one of those atom bombs, livin' off the grid never sounded quite so nice. For Pete's sake, I'm on my way outta town now that I got mine hands on this spiffy Pabst Blue Ribbon tent. It's rattlesnake proof and prob'ly gonna hold up to those rowdy young'uns always trying to break my shit. On top of that, I seen this guy spit on it and, heavens to Betsy—no friggin' leaks. I figger it'll stand up to a light breeze, but heck, with all this global malibu shenanigans the brainiacs are talkin' about, I figger fuck it. Did I mention this puppy has a secret pocket I can stash my methamphetamines? God darn hooligans always tryin' to get their paws on my stash. I'd like to see them find my sack hidden deep in the belly of my mother fuckin' PBR tent. Fuck you Rex, keep your goddamn monkey paws off my woman and especially off my drugs!



Photo: Dorobiala

One last thought, this tent smells like my uncle Barney's been sleepin' in it. Reminds me of home. —The Old Prospector

Soaperhero
Devastated Beer Soap
Soaperhero.com



Photo: Dorobiala

After a hard day's work at the construction site, there is only one thing I want: a nice frosty beer. Well, that and a shower of course. Soaperhero genius **Chelsea Petrich** has figured out the chemical process to turn my beloved beer into something I can wash with (that actually cleans, unlike the stale remnants of a wounded soldier tall can for shampoo). The Devastated soap is made with Squatters' Devastator Double Bock and it's beyond me why people haven't been doing this kind of thing since the conception of alcoholic beverages. Not only is there beer in the soap, but rapeseed, palm and saponified coconut oils are mixed in as well to leave your skin with that smooth silky feeling. Watch out Dove, I think you have a competitor. —Tyler Durden

Flipcups.com
4 Man Beer Bong Funnel
Flipcups.com

The 4 Man Beer Bong Funnel is the most competitive thing to hit the binge drinking market since the... one man beer bong. This beer bong allows you and three friends (plus one person to hold this behemoth) to race to the finish of chugging down your section of the bong. The shorter tubes make it even easier for you and your friends to bump beer bellies, making it all the more memorable of an experience. I am not saying that this will replace the lawn dart as your new favorite drinking "go-to" item. However, this is something to keep in mind if your frat is looking for a new way to get fucked up. —Tyler Makmell

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GAME REVIEWS



Somebody needs a breath mint.

**Alien Vs. Predator
Sega/Rebellion**

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: PC, PS3

Street: 02.16

For what it offers in gaming diversity, the revisitation of Alien Vs. Predator on consoles easily achieves the entertainment factor despite its large flaws. Going into this game as a fan of Aliens and/or Predator is almost a must, because if you're looking for an engrossing storyline, forget it. You need to be a fan of the concept to enjoy the game. AVP features three unique single player campaigns: Marine, Predator and Alien. Unfortunately, I picked my favorite, the Alien, to start the game off and it was sadly the weakest of the three campaigns. It feels more like Alien vs. Human, rather than taking on lots of Predators. The Alien's lack of various abilities can't compare to the multitude of weapons the Marines have at their disposal and the combo of melee and shooting abilities the Predators have. Flaws aside, the single-player campaigns for all three species are a blast to play through and difficult enough to keep even the most discriminating gamers on their toes. The game is worthy of a rent or purchase for its extensive play in multiplayer land, offering up a diverse array of gaming tactics successfully melding stealth gaming with balls-out shooting and gore galore. Pick your favorite species and prepare to pwn or to be pwned. —Bryer Wharton

**Left 4 Dead 2: The Passing (DLC)
Valve**

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: PC

Street: 04.22

If you've grown weary of being called a fag

54 SaltLakeUnderGround

by the legions of pubescent *Modern Warfare* and *Borderlands* players, this add-on provides an entertaining but brief new setting in which you can be berated. Set between the first and second campaigns of last year's zombie-killin' blockbuster, *The Passing* finds the four survivors stranded in front of a bridge that can only be lowered at the other side of the level. Convenient. Lucky for you, three of the survivors from the original *Left 4 Dead* are waiting for you atop the bridge and will assist you in the level's finale, but the meeting between the two groups of survivors is lackluster. The new campaign is brief at only three maps and a lot of the environments feel like re-hashes from other levels. There is a pretty fun scene taking place at a zombie-infested wedding (complete with a Witch bride!) and a tense race through a crowded sewer, but the campaign is severely lacking in level design when compared to the others in L4D2. There's also a new zombie type in the "Fallen Survivor" who drops useful items when killed, a new gun (the M60), a new melee weapon (golf club), and an interesting new mode called "Mutation," where special rules in various game modes are set and changed each week (Realism Vs., etc.), so you get quite a bit for \$6 (or free, if you own the PC version). Even so, *The Passing* is a bit disappointing given how brilliant the original game is and how Valve was able to crank out a quality sequel so quickly. —Ricky Vigil

**Splinter Cell - Conviction
Ubisoft Montreal**

Reviewed On: Xbox 360

Also On: PC

Street: 04.13

I wish I had the vocal chords of **Michael Ironside** (aka Sam Fischer). He's right up there



**"Only six?" Sam muttered.
"It's almost an insult."**

with **TC Carson** (Kratos), **Nolan North**, and **Mass Effect's** female Shepherd in my just-now-compiled Favorite Voice Actors List. **Conviction** marks a pretty serious departure from the Splinter Cell gameplay of yore. However, unlike certain recent franchise reboots (I'm looking at you, **FFXIII**), *Conviction* improves upon the pre-existing gameplay concept in almost every way. The pacing is just amazing: gone are the days when you're stuck hanging from a pipe for a solid three minutes, waiting for that guard to come back around to where you need him. You can still play slowly and cautiously (I do), but you don't *have* to. The whole experience has that level of polish you were hoping to see in a sequel that took so damn long to release — Ubisoft Montreal used their time wisely. So, we play videogames to *feel* things, right? Well, *Conviction* makes you feel like a badass: like a professional, frightening, "Oh fuck where did he go, he was right he— [choking noise]" — type of badass. Fischer's story is more accessible this time around, though still full of silly Tom Clancy-isms ("Get the EMP to the SSC and we'll download the ABC to your PDA" . . . uh, sure). They say the game's too short and I agree — I think most games of this generation are too short — but it took me ten hours on realistic difficulty, plus another five to ten for the co-op campaign, so it was not bad, comparatively speaking. *Conviction* is both a great new direction for an old franchise and a perfect jump-in point for newcomers or people who generally find stealth gameplay somewhat tedious. —Jesse Hawlish

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— Charles Bukowski



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MOVIE REVIEWS

Exit Through the Gift Shop Paranoid Pictures In Theaters: 06.18



A refreshingly creative approach to the doc genre, *Exit Through the Gift Shop* is not so much about **Banksy** as it is about a French-American character **Thierry Guetta** and his personal journey to capture the worldwide street art scene. Guetta's footage is fantastic—and the film opens with heart-pounding excitement as clips from one street artist after another show them scaling buildings, running from the law and painting in the dead of night. The viewer quickly understands just how dangerous this art form can be and what extreme physical risks these street artists take for their work. Street art heavyweights **Shepard Fairey**, **Invader**, **Buff Monster**, **Swoon**, **Neck Face** and others are all featured making art in the film, shedding new light on the process behind this underground lifestyle. Towards the end of *Exit Through the Gift Shop*, Banksy fans finally get to glimpse rare footage from some of his most prolific pranks: the renegade Guantanamo installation at Disneyland, Banksy hanging his own paintings at the *Metropolitan Museum of Art* and every street artist's wet dream of viewing the inside of Banksy's actual working studio. Filled with wit, unseen footage and an unprecedented ending, Guetta's personal journey through the street art scene is one not to be missed. —Lora Roy

The Good, The Bad, The Weird IFC Films

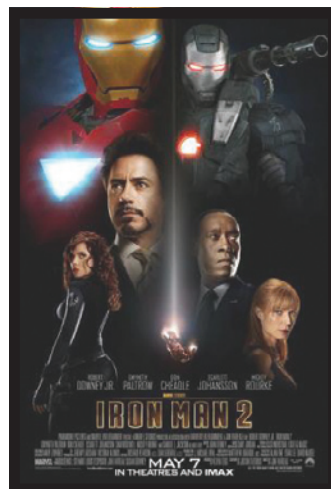
In Theaters: 05.14

From the onset, writer-director **Ji-woon Kim** hurls the audience into an explosive treasure race set in 1930s Manchuria with an epic train robbery that leads to heightened deceptions and lavish gun fights. The adventure revolves around a map that may lead the three title characters to riches, but their merciless ambitions to outwit and outgun one another in order to possess the parchment could prevent the truth from being discovered. From one shootout to another, the action continuously increases and ultimately erupts into a magnificent pursuit through the vast desert landscape with an entire army squadron in the mix. Ji-woon veers from his successful strides in the horror genre and efficiently showcases his versatility with blending action, comedy and drama in one melting pot, while paying homage to multiple classic westerns. Intensity and flow are briefly hindered by the multiple backstories and lengthy verbal exchanges. The film's finesse comes from the incorporation of choreographed showdowns that seem like a ballet of chaos and destruction, and three well-crafted characters with unforgettable physical appearances and mannerisms. With such an impressive character selection, viewers can root for their favorite individual without worrying whether they're considered good or evil as they blast their way to the stunning finale. —Jimmy Martin

Iron Man 2 Paramount

In Theaters: 05.07

Each summer, audiences want more bang for their buck and filmmakers have to deliver the explosive goods without hindering the credibility of their projects. The majority of the team from the original *Iron Man* returns with a handful of new characters and thrives in harmonizing a heightened level of wild action with a dash of restrained yet necessary character development. It may have been two years since the original hit screens, but in the world of director **Jon Favreau's** follow-up, it hasn't even been five minutes. As Tony Stark (aka Iron Man, aka **Robert Downey Jr.**) confesses his heroic moonlighting activities to the world, Russian physicist Ivan Vanko (**Mickey Rourke**) watches with resentful eyes in the snowy shadows

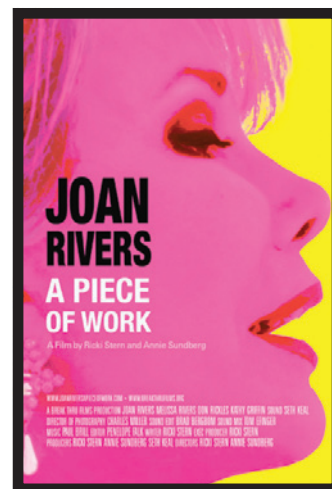


of Moscow and immediately initiates a plan of retribution against the bustling billionaire. Back on American soil, an egotistical Stark becomes aware of the realities attached to becoming an icon of peace. Not only must he deal with the U.S. government's attempts to confiscate his suit, and the smugness of fellow arms manufacturer Justin Hammer (**Sam Rockwell**), but he must also solve the riddle of creating another power source for his artificial heart, because his current setup is killing him. Downey remains the only actor suited to pull off the pompous playfulness of Stark, but has some charismatic comedic competition with the whimsical Rockwell. Packed to the brim with new partnerships, multiple villains, discussions of collaborative superhero projects and a subtle romance, *Iron Man 2* is on the verge of collapsing with oversaturation. But Favreau maintains its composure and offers an on-par continuation that acts as a building block of things to come. —Jimmy Martin

Joan Rivers: A Piece of Work IFC Films

In Theaters: 06.25

Walking away from the 2010 *Sundance Film Festival* with the Documentary Film Editing Award for **Penelope Falk's** beautiful compilation of footage regarding the legendary entertainer's personal and professional lives, the time has come for the rest of the world to endure the delightfully distasteful humor of **Joan Rivers**. Over the past 40 years, Rivers has overcome monumental obstacles and continues to lead the fight for female



comedians worldwide, but, as is the reality of show business, no one stays on top forever. In this riveting one-year peek into the private life of an actress/comedian/writer/mother/grandmother/friend, the audience is given the opportunity to witness Rivers' vulnerability and constant fear of opening her schedule book and seeing nothing but a blank page. As the year progresses, the workaholic exposes her relentless desire for continued success as she tours with her self-scribed theatre production, appears on NBC's *Celebrity Apprentice* with her daughter **Melissa**, and performs her stand-up routine in various clubs around the country, both seedy and reputable. Directors **Ricki Stern & Anne Sundberg** tastefully infiltrate the disheartening and encouraging sides of Rivers' past and project the talented artist as an inspirational yet levelheaded subject. At 75-years-old, the crass comic can still make a ship full of sailors blush by keeping up with the rising comedians of today, but it's her personal hardships, shrewd outlook on life and devoted family relationships that make her stand out among the crowd. —Jimmy Martin

MacGruber Rogue Pictures In Theaters: 05.21

Every time it's announced that a *Saturday Night Live* sketch will receive a feature-length treatment, a warning flare is fired across the night sky. The history behind these adaptations has been rather shaky. There's been the good (*Wayne's World*), the bad (*Stuart Saves His Family*) and the ugly (*Blues*

Brothers 2000). With that said, it's no surprise that concern came along with the announcement of an adaption of the recurring MacGyver parodies of late, but it turns out this apprehension is completely wanton. The U.S. government's most skilled gun-fearing agent, MacGruber (**Will Forte**), is called out of retirement when his top adversary, Dieter Von Cunth (**Val Kilmer**) is linked to the hijacking of a nuclear warhead, placing America directly in harm's way. As the threat becomes more dangerous, the crafty hero must use the skills of an old friend and a military rookie, after accidentally killing his original super-team with homemade explosives, in order to restore order. Without a doubt, this is the funniest SNL sketch adaptation in decades. Newcomer director **Jorma Taccone** unifies the excitement of raw action films with the raunchy hilarity of R-rated comedies and provides his hysterical cast with enough room to improvise themselves into a laugh-out-loud hybrid. Forte offers everything thing he's got comically, and then some, but the unexpected revivals of Kilmer and **Ryan Phillippe** in comical roles is a fantastic surprise. —Jimmy Martin

Mega Man
Sollar Systems Studios
 Available Online at ScrewAttack.com



A new era of filmmaking has arrived with the development of digital technology—and it has only just begun. It is now conceivable for fans to generate worthy cinematic versions of their favorite characters and franchises from the comfort of their homes. Sure, copyright protections prevent the unauthorized creators from any form of monetary gain, but that stipulation won't stop die-hard fans from bringing their visual interpretations to life. Such is the case with **Eddie Lebron**, who shot, edited, wrote and directed a live-action feature-length film of the 1987 Capcom-developed Nintendo classic, *Mega Man*. Lebron carefully follows the original concept of the video game as Dr. Thomas Light (**Edward X. Young**) and Dr. Albert Wily (**Dave Maulbeck**) unveil their Nobel Prize-winning robotic

creations to the world in the year 20XX. Weary of his partner's corrupt motivations, Light fires the envious Wily, only to have him return and reprogram the machines to assist his plans of world domination. As the robots terrorize the city, humanity's only hope comes from Light's latest creation, Rock (**Jun Naito**), a weaponized android with human emotions. Lebron's boundless imagination has unveiled the true nature of what's becoming possible in modern-day filmmaking. Are the fight sequences and visual effects as polished as those at the megaplex? Of course not, but who cares? Here is a coherent fan-made film full of emotion, decent acting and respectable direction with a handful of enjoyable jabs at the dated source material. —Jimmy Martin

Robin Hood



Universal

In Theaters: 05.14

In what should have been a joyous reunion given their previous partnership, director **Ridley Scott** and **Russell Crowe** throw down the swords and armor from their *Gladiator* days only to pick them back up and offer a lengthy and dull origin story of the infamous archer at the turn of the 12th century. **Brian Helgeland**'s rambling script finds Robin Longstride (Crowe) in the tail end of the Crusades as he deserts his king's army, only to come across a fallen comrade who begs him to return a sword to his awaiting father in England. Seeing this detour as a guaranteed safe passage home, Robin takes on the deceased's identity, which eventually lands the impersonator in the middle of the well-established world of Nottingham and within the sights of the stern-yet-yearning Marion Loxley (**Cate Blanchett**). After the king's sudden death in battle, an onslaught of callous acts are forced upon the land from the recently enthroned tyrant (**Oscar Isaac**) and his right-hand man Godfrey (**Mark Strong**), though the deceiving aide has other plans for the country in revolt. Scott starts off strong with an inventive twist on the legendary tale, but exhausts attention spans with a clichéd story arch and

incessant dialogue. The only two action sequences, while forceful and fierce, feel too reminiscent of earlier projects. This only reiterates Scott's lack of originality toward this endeavor, making it feel more like a television pilot rather than a stand-alone feature. —Jimmy Martin

Shrek Forever After



Paramount

In Theaters: 05.21

In an attempt to revive the series after the dreaded third chapter, the creators behind the Shrek franchise offer this supposed final installment and partially succeed with a clichéd narrative that never seems to get old. The monotony of married life and parenthood forces Shrek (voiced by **Mike Myers**) into a depressed lull. Seriously, if you ever question whether or not you're ready to have children, watch the first 15 minutes and you'll be purchasing a lifetime supply of Trojans in no time. As Shrek's misery increases, he finds a temporary escape with a contract scribed by the sneaky Rumpelstiltskin (voiced by **Walt Doherty**) that'll reinstate his bachelorhood. However, a ruse in the contract actually sends the ogre into an alternate universe where he was never born. Realizing his error, the reinvigorated ogre must rekindle his love with his former bride before the day's end or his existence will vanish permanently. Blending the lives of *Back to the Future*'s Marty McFly and *It's a Wonderful Life*'s George Bailey for a character arch, the film itself only offers an ordinary love story without enhancing the animation's appearance in the slightest. The funniest aspects and one-liners, other than a hilarious nod at **Eddie Murphy**'s faux band "Sexual Chocolate" from *Coming to America*, come from subsidiary characters, leaving the main cast outshined with bland material.

—Jimmy Martin

The Secret in Their Eyes

In Theaters: 05.28

Based on the novel by **Eduardo Sacheri** and the unexpected winner of this year's Oscar for Best Foreign Language

Film, **Juan José Campanella**'s chilling crime drama follows the actions of retired criminal-court investigator Benjamin Esposito (**Ricardo Darín**) as he attempts to write a novel based on a rape and murder case he inspected two decades earlier. In an effort to spark his recollection of the unspeakable events, he visits his former coworker, now judge, Irene (**Soledad Villamil**), but the only item reignited is the unspoken romantic tension between the two. The story flips back and forth between the past, in which the young detective works with his alcoholic partner (**Guillermo Francella**) to solve the case in a corrupted judicial system, and the present, where a silver-haired Esposito yearns to finally unravel the mystery behind the young woman's death. Campanella's project not only offers a panic-filled caper with a heart-pounding story line, it also exposes the tragic consequences of Argentina's sullied social structure. Shot with spectacular cinematography, including a jaw-dropping chase sequence captured in a crowded soccer stadium in one seamless shot, the finest element to emerge from this multi-layered thriller is the exceptional performance provided by the entire cast. Everything from the tacit facial expressions conveyed in Darín and Villamil's interactions to the unnerving presence of the callous suspect (**Javier Godino**) help make this one of the most engaging movies of the year and undeniably worthy of the top accolades it has already garnered. —Jimmy Martin

Sex and the City 2

In Theaters: 05.28

The feisty New York City foursome returns to the big screen and skyrockets their tastelessness to an unimaginable height as the reality of the aging process becomes evident both in their lives and their appearances. Fashion diva Carrie Bradshaw (**Sarah Jessica Parker**) sees her marriage becoming domesticated with nights of watching television on the couch with take-out food instead of clubs and cosmopolitans in chic Manhattan. Her closest confidants also find themselves in common episodic predicaments. Suspicious wife and mother Charlotte (**Kristin Davis**) questions her husband's fidelity with the braless bouncing nanny, workaholic Miranda (**Cynthia Nixon**) finds herself being discriminated against by her sexist employer, and the smutty Samantha (**Kim Cattrall**) literally fills every orifice with age-defying ointments in an attempt to prevent the inevitable. Just as the misfortunes reach their pinnacle, an all-expenses paid luxury trip to Abu Dhabi offers a refuge for cultural mockery. Aside from the comical flashbacks to the girls' horrendous 80s fashion faux pas, and an over-the-top uber-gay wedding complete with a boy's choir and **Liza Minnelli**, the reminder of the film is 80% fluff and 20% embarrassment. Problems are resolved without conflict, leaving absolutely no room for character development, and bizarre side stories, including an underground women's resistance and ex-boyfriend pop-ins, only add to the jumbled mess of high heels and couture clothing. —Jimmy Martin

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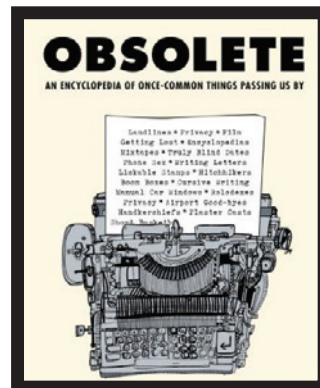


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BOOK REVIEWS



Obsolete: An Encyclopedia of Once-Common Things Passing Us By
Anna Jane Grossman, Illustrations by James Gulliver Hancock

Abrams Image
Street: 09.01.09

Man, I love me an encyclopedia. Yet this particular self-hating encyclopedia makes the wild claim that both encyclopedias and books in general will inevitably become obsolete in our exponentially progressing civilization. But it doesn't stop there—among the other quickly fading favorites Anna Grossman includes in her catalog are airport good-byes, lickable stamps (good riddance, I say), film, fax machines, doing nothing at work (a truly unfortunate loss), phone sex (I beg to differ), and pornographic magazines (lies!). Her claims may be wild, but her arguments are certainly compelling. Each entry comes with a clear explanation of how it made the list. And to be fair, she's irrefutable on most of them...I'm just in denial. Check the book before it's too late. —Ischa Buchanan

Sober Living for the Revolution: Hardcore Punk, Straight Edge, and Radical Politics
Gabriel Kuhn

PM Press
Street: 02.10

Here's one for the beer issue: *Sober Living for the Revolution* reads like a 352-page zine, outlining the fascinating and sometimes embarrassing history of straight edge. It includes reprints of several seminal zines such as *CrimethInc's Wasted Indeed: Anarchy and Alcohol*,

which sit alongside brilliant interviews with sXe idols like **Ian MacKaye** and **Dennis Lyxzén**. Maybe the most interesting chapter is the one in which straight edge is examined within radical LGBTQ and feminist communities in essays like **Nick Riotfag's** "My Edge is Anything but Straight: Towards a Radical Queer Critique of Intoxication Culture" and an interview with **Jenni Ramme**, the founder of the Polish, anarchofeminist record label **Emancypunx**. Kuhn points out the shallow boredom of hardcore's tendency to be dominated by apolitical tough-guy posturing, and directly attacks the ultra-conservative, homophobic politics that took hold of the scene in the '90s. Although it feels overly academic and heavy sometimes, *Sober Living for the Revolution* is essential reading for anyone who is even a little bit interested in hardcore, LGBTQ culture, feminism, or radical politics—or for anyone who doesn't quite "get" any of those things. —Nate Perkins

Ultraviolet: 69 Blacklight Posters From The Aquarian Age and Beyond
Daniel Donahue

Abrams Image
Street: 10.01.09

It seems a strange coincidence to have just happened upon this book on 4/20. The book is a collection of 69 (hehe) of the grooviest, mind-blowing "neon" posters from the psychedelic era. Best viewed under blacklight, the colors explode and bounce off the 9 x 14" pages. The reproductions are so good, you can actually tell where some of the posters were flocked with black felt. The imagery is a menagerie of naked chicks, zonked hippies, afro-coiffed black militants, rockers, wizards and bikers amidst fields of mushrooms, geometric patterns, pot leaves and planets. Political messages are effectively painted pastel on a few prints, representing anti-war, anti-drug, and one birth control poster suggesting, "Be Impregnable, Use the Pill." The real fun is in the over-the-top psychedelic debauchery herein: sex, needles, freak flags a-flappin'. In the '60s, Warhol and others received much critical acclaim as pop artists, but it is this particular pop art that the "heads" chose to adorn their bedrooms and living rooms, integral fields and cosmic triggers of many psychotropic journeys. —Davey Parish

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BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

If this is the mother fucking beer issue, then why don't we cover some beer that is EPIC? There is no other brewery in the state of Utah that has a name that warrants that level of urgency, so I'll be reviewing a few brand new brews from the recently opened Epic Brewing Company. These brews are just a glimpse of Epic's full line up, check out slugmag.com for an extended version covering Epic's full line up of brews.

825 State Stout

Brewer/Brand: Epic Brewing Company

ABV: 6.0%

Serving Style: 22 oz Bomber



Photo: Dave Newkirk

Description: This oatmeal stout pours a deep ruby brown to black color with a nicely receding head that dwindles down to what a stout ought to be. The aroma is a collection of perfume "y" chocolate, coffee, sweet candy-like malt and a dry astringent bitter. The taste opens up into well balanced roasted flavor with hints of burnt chocolate and an overall sweet rounded flavor yet finishes dry.

Overview: If there is one style that I would say I am a major critic of, it would be stouts, and the 825 is a damn fine stout. It does not have that heavy-roasted astringency to keep the novice drinker away, and it had just enough sweetness to make you crave some more.

Hopulent IPA

Brewer/Brand: Epic Brewing Company

ABV: 8.5%



Photo: Dave Newkirk

Serving Style: 22 oz Bomber

Description: With a loud hiss, this double IPA pours a hazy copper-orange color and a nice fluffy white head. The aroma initially gives your sniffer a punt of hops, but upon further smelling, you are given soft herbal and citrus notes. The flavor packs a punch of intense hops, but after your palate has been destroyed, you get softer floral and spicy hop notes that finish with a sweet malt body.

Overview: If you are a hop head in Salt Lake City, then look no further than the Hopulent IPA. It still has that dominating hop punch that will satisfy your fix for lupulin (hop oil), but has an amazing floral hop character to make a stand-alone brew.

Intermountain Wheat

Brewer/Brand: Epic Brewing Company

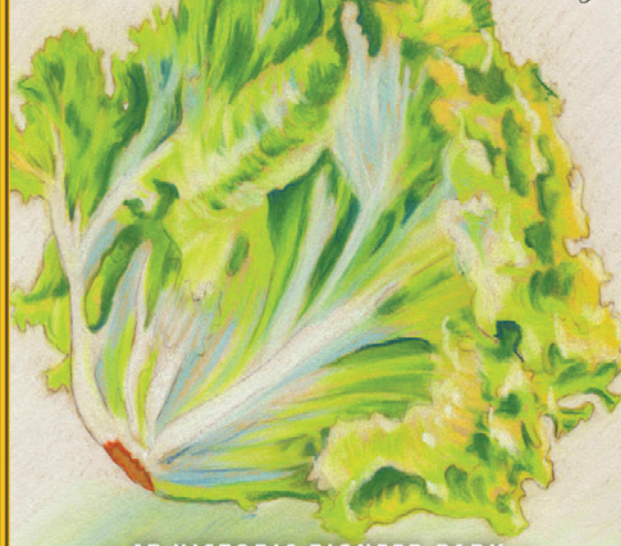
ABV: 5.0%

Serving Style: 22 oz Bomber

Description: This hazy straw-colored American wheat opens you up to a nose full, where you get a kick of lemon zest, a touch of floral hops, a malty sweetness and just a pinch of sulfur. The flavor is well balanced, with a definite presence of lemon, citrus accents from the hops and a well-balanced malt body.

Overview: This one will be a summer thirst-quencher to have out on the Bayou patio. And fuck the need to have your bartender get you a slice of lemon, this brew already packs enough citrus to keep it as is.

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CD REVIEWS

Acid Tiger Self-Titled Deathwish Street: 04.27

Acid Tiger = Converge + Queens Of The Stone Age + Valient Thorr + Black Sabbath + Mastodon + Witch + Motörhead + Form Of Rocket
Usually, bands have names that don't have anything to do with how they actually sound—I'm sure that woolly mammoths sounded a lot less cool than **Mastodon**. Acid Tiger, on the other hand, sounds exactly like its name. With lysergic genre synesthesia, the band mauls you with technical guitar riffs and equally tricky drumming. Right from the get-go in "The Claw," Acid Tiger lets you know that this trip is not only going to make you head bang, but also keep you interested, with inventive chord structures and sometimes-atonal leads that coalesce with sporadic drum rolls. In "Big Beat"—out of NOWHERE—**Ben Koller** busts a fatty drum solo, after which the band returns to a thumping chorus like it's no big deal. "Death Wave" is a stoner-metal epic poem with killer dynamics, and "Feel It" forces your hand down your pants. Dear Acid Tiger, Salt Lake will love you. —*Alexander Ortega*

Angel City Outcasts Self-Titled Sailors Grave Street: 05.11

Angel City Outcasts = Black Crowes + SuperSuckers + Zeke + Guns and Roses

I don't know what it is, but I always am surprised how this band sounds more like a hard rock band than a street punk band. It's like they're trying too hard not to sound like the band they've been billed as. The Angel City Outcasts have this reputation of bringing all these outside influences to a base of punk rock and all I ever hear is lame hard rock that makes **AC/DC** sound like the **Exploited**. Lyrically, it's clichéd so poorly that it's like a patchwork of lines from 80s and early 90s hard rock songs. "It's a shakedown, better hear what I'm sayin'/You better get down, and start praying," is how this record begins, and it just gets worse. There is an element of blues to their songs but when all is said and done, their music comes off as watered-down bullshit. I'm told about innovation and creative approaches, but all I hear is regurgitated rock that wasn't that great when **Axl Rose** was singing it the first time. Every time

I come back to these guys, I think maybe it's different than I remember. I want to like them, but I'm always let down. —*James Orme*

Arma Gathas Dead to This World Metal Blade Records Street: 04.27

Arma Gathas = Earth Crisis + The Ghost Inside - speed

There are really only three options for every band in the world: 1) Work hard to be distinguished from other bands. 2) Work hard to blend in with other bands in an effort to inherit a portion of a genre-driven fan base. 3) Play shows a few times a year to get laid. In an effort to be a slightly slower, less interesting version of The Ghost Inside, Arma Gathas has chosen option number two with *Dead to this World*. On "The Rise and Fall," Arma give a taste of what can be expected during the following 11 tracks—big, distorted guitars, flawless drumming and monotone growling. No metal fan will dispute that this is a solid album, worthy of any **Vin Diesel** movie soundtrack. But many bands have forgotten that sounding perfect is the industry standard. Note to metal bands: It's ok if your album sounds live—it's refreshing. —*Andrew Roy*

Ava Mendoza Shadow Stories Resipiscent Records Street: 04.01

Ava Mendoza = Max Ochs + Kaki King - enjoyment

Two things stand in the way of *Shadow Stories* being a listenable solo acoustic guitar album. First, on an album made up largely of songs written by other musicians, Mendoza's loyal takes on **Skip James** and **Louis Armstrong** standards hardly warrant an almost hour-long record. Sure, she slaps some reverb on there, and loops a few distortion-laden passages, but these come so infrequently that most of the album can be passed as a perfunctory exercise. Like a jazz musician going over scales. Second, and most importantly, is the lack of virtuosity. I am not the most demanding listener—I don't demand to be floored—but I do expect some level of "how-they-do-that?" type flourishes of pure musicianship. Instead, Mendoza sticks close to the script on her confident finger-picked blues numbers on one hand, and pummels us with discordant, screeching 12-minute expressionistic segues on the other. —*Ryan Hall*

The Batusis Self-Titled EP Smog Veil Street: 05.04

The Batusis = New York Dolls + the Dead Boys

Sometimes when a band comes together, it just makes sense. When **Cheetah Chrome** of the **Dead Boys** and **Sylvain Sylvain** of the **New York Dolls** decided to join forces and put a band together, the planets aligned and the demon gods of rock n' roll smiled. Their first output is this four-song EP, which I hope is the beginning of a lot more material to come. Two of the tracks are instrumentals where both proto-punk guitar luminaries rip it up and show just how raunchy and primal rock n' roll can get. The track "What You Lack in Brains" is a sexually driven tribute to the kind of girl that gets by on looks and sex instead of her mind. "Bury You Alive" is a dark and ominous rock song about the sad future we could be headed for. Great songs by a great band, and hopefully they keep 'em coming. —*James Orme*

Devin The Dude Suite 420

E1 Music

Street: 04.20

Devin the Dude = Snoop Dogg + Too Short

Devin the Dude basically does what any good artist does: he raps about what he knows best and what he knows best is weed and hoers. I didn't think that after putting out five other albums it would be possible to write any more about these two particular subjects, but I was wrong. Although the subject matter of his lyrics has been about the same since his first album in 1998, his actual lyrical form and rapping style is done with a serious dose of finesse. Put that together with some classic, slowed-down, gangster-type beats and you get a winner every time. His new gems like "What I Be On," "We Get High," and "I Can't Handle It" will send you straight back to that mid-90s "playa" mentality. —*Bethany Fischer*

Exodus Exhibit B: The Human Condition

Nuclear Blast

Street: 05.18

Exodus = Testament + Metallica + Slayer

Thanks to the Metal Gods, Exodus's *Exhibit B* is far more enjoyable as compared to 2007's *The Atrocity*

Exhibition ... Exhibit A, which was horrifyingly awful, boring and way too long. The production on *Exhibit B* enjoys some perks that thrashers can enjoy, like a meaty yet raw guitar tone (almost German thrash-styled) that has a great shredding value, and a nice, audible bass guitar sound. The songwriting also endures, with plenty of all-out speed/thrash metal glories or slow-wound opening grooves. However, while this album is far better than its predecessor, it is still flawed. The songs are still too long—the band should've taken the short and sweet approach, because listeners can easily tire of *Exhibit B* after time. The guitar soloing is also mostly rather stale. Also, the vocals are painfully uninspired and downright annoying. In the end, though, I'll take this album for what it is rather than have no Exodus album at all. —*Bryer Wharton*

The Fall Your Future Our Clutter Domino Street 05.04

The Fall = The Birthday Party + Joy Division + 34 years

I recently saw a Joy Division T-shirt on eBay mistakenly paired with the face of the Fall's **Mark E. Smith**. I was appalled that the seller didn't know that the front-man emblazoned on his product was not **Ian Curtis**, but the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. Smith had many of the same qualities as Curtis, and even one more important one: longevity. Smith has been performing with The Fall since 1976. This latest record, on a British indie label, has a rapid and simple vibe to it. It is tempting to use a word like "lean" to describe it, but that would imply a slenderness that really doesn't fit. The songs aren't skinny. Some are downright bold. And some are even compound. The second track, a song called "Bury Pts. 1 + 3" is actually three different versions of the same song. The third time through adds a little more grit than the first two, and the resulting track is actually quite listenable. Other highlights include the almost spoken word, spaghetti-western-sounding song "Cowboy George" and a lyrical reference to killing off the cast of **Murder She Wrote**. And where name-checking **Angela Lansbury** will do nothing to close the age gap between Smith and much of his audience, that singular bizarre act shows just how odd of a record this really is. —*James Bennett*

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Tues 6/8: Gravecode Nebula, Nazxul, Nightbringer, Xoloti

Wed 6/9: Constellation Branch, Theta Naught

Thurs 6/10: Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys,
Wicked Bloody Brilliant

Fri 6/11: Blues Dart, Junior Giant-Marc Glauser's B-Day!!

Sat 6/12: The Velvetones, Dirty Blond

Sun 6/13: Doin' It At The Park After Party w/
Rasco, Big Pooh, Supastition

Mon 6/14: Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound System

Wed 6/16: Mouse Fire

Thurs 6/17: The Codi Jordan Band

Fri 6/18: New City Skyline

Sat 6/19: Major St Project, Fizzy Form

Sun 6/20: Rodeo Ruby Love (possible Agent Orange Show)

Mon 6/21: Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound System

Tues 6/22: This Years Fashion, This City Alive,
We Are Isabelle, Whitman

Wed 6/23: Alexis Kane, Heavenly Soulja, Issac Farr

Thurs 6/24: Billy Baxter and Solid Juice

Fri 6/25: Cabin Fever, The Craving, Carlos Cornia

Sat 6/26: Andy Frasco-Jake Glauser's Dirty 30 B-Day!!!

Sun 6/27: Oh Infamous City, Ivy League

Mon 6/28: Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound System

Tues 6/29: The Southern Elements Tour: MC Astro,
Goat, Kilo, Jackrabbitt

Wed 6/30: 15 Mins of Fame Variety Show

Thurs 7/1: Iconoclast Contra, Skelator

Fri 7/2: I Like My Trike, LP Sessions

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LOCAL CD REVIEWS

Bears on Parade/Everywhere Insert a Plug into a Socket split

Self-Released

Street: 03.10

Bears on Parade and Everywhere = Baby Birds Don't Drink Milk + Viking Fuck + Woodsman

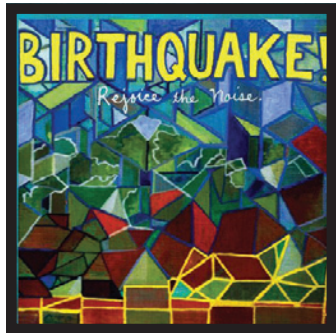
Although I don't find the music incredibly interesting, I love this split on principle. *Insert a Plug into a Socket* is a DIY, hand-dubbed, tape-only release with typewritten j-cards and a rattlecan colored cassette shell. Now don't get me wrong—these bands are excellent at what they do, but there's only so much of this drifty, ambien(t) music I can take before I nod off into a content slumber. I don't understand ambient pop music at all. (In fact, would somebody write me an Ambient Manifesto? Email it to me. I promise I'll get it published somewhere.) However, I was driving with someone who listens to this kind of stuff, and he really dug it. He compared it to a **Jackson Pollock** painting. Assholes who don't have any concept of art will say, "Man, my six year-old could paint this." I don't know any six year-olds with synthesizers or looping devices, so I think these guys' music careers are safe. —Nate Perkins

Birthquake! Rejoice the Noise

Kilby Records

Street: 12.19.09

Birthquake! = Apostle of Hustle + Cougar + Vampire Weekend



In many instances of math rock, the progressions can feel forced. The beauty of that music is its subtle tension. There's a comfort to the cascading riffs and staccato rhythms. These guys feel utterly at home in their musical space, which is fitting, as the three members are brothers. Imagine the technicality of Cougar or **Fang Island** through the

filter of simplicity present in Vampire Weekend, all constantly switching feels and apparent influences with the ease of Apostle of Hustle. Latin-sounding afro-pop butts heads with melodic post rock, sometimes bringing to mind **Hot Club de Paris**, and at other times the **Fucking Champs**. The album starts with "There Are Possums on this Plane," which breaks its energy only for the choral utterance, "I love you brother!" Seventies-style arrangements show up on "Que Culo," with its **Gil-Scott-Heron**-esque flute lines. Horns and more choral vocals make appearances, but as evidenced by "Speed Display" and "Panda Pajama Party," this is undeniably math-influenced post rock. The album's end, featuring "Farewell, Fare Thee Well, Well," and its staircase bass and guitar growls just left me wanting more. Rumor has it the brothers Whittaker just entered the studio again and will have a third release shortly. —Rio Connelly

Daniel Day Trio Champions

Self-Released

Street: 02.20

Daniel Day Trio = The greatest jazz/cover band around

Listening to *Champions* is almost as good as seeing DDT live, and that's saying a lot (**Dave Bowen** slays on the upright bass). Drummer Day has been around for a while (**Iceland**, **Cosm**), and local guitar guru **Gentry Densley** even contributes to four tracks on this album. With the exception of two original tracks, *Champions* is a cross section of brilliant lounge covers. From **Nirvana**'s "Heart Shaped Box" to **Oasis**' "Champagne Supernova," DDT give just enough of the original song to make you bob your head and hum along, while adding their own original zest. They even cover **Jay-Z**'s "Can I Get a..." without sounding like boners. Seriously, they can do no wrong. The DDT original "Warm" gives a taste of Day's drumming skills, doing a lot with a little. So throw *Champions* into your boom box, kick off your shoes and enjoy the next 50 minutes of your life. (*The Red Door*: Saturdays) —Andrew Roy

Drew Danburry Goodnight Dannii

Self-Released

Street: 04.26

Drew Danburry = Conor Oberst + Will Sartin

Provo-based songwriter Drew Danburry can do no wrong. It's been a few months since his release *Goodnight Gary*, and now we are blessed with its companion

piece, *Goodnight Dannii*, an album recorded in five different cities: Provo, San Francisco, Chico, Fargo, and Huntington Beach. In the opener "Nirvana, by Kurt Cobain," he sings of giving up in a whisper over gentle finger plucking and a faint kick drum. This track alone is reason enough for purchase. Danburry pulls out the pseudo doo-wop harmonies on "Optimus Prime is Dead," while that ever-familiar Conor Oberst-esque yelp appears on "Hero Kensan." The shuffle of "Kevin Costner Is The Barry Manilow Of Actors" hits, and I'm sold—*Goodnight Dannii* is damn good and you need to hear this. Show support for one of the hardest-working musicians out there and buy this. —Miss Modular

IX Zealot Articles of Ophidian Faith

Self-released

Street: 04.06

IX Zealot = Esoteric + The Gates Of Slumber + Thou

Prepare yourself for IX Zealot's *Articles of Ophidian Faith*. It provides three tracks of damn good, scary-as-immortal-sin audio distortion that will help you open a door to your very own black hole. Combining elements of doom, death and black metal, each track is over nine (seemingly endless) minutes of sonic darkness that brim forth from the massive abysmal depths of metaldom. All you really need to know as a potential listener is that this release gives the color and feeling of black a whole new meaning. Everything here is downright frightening sounding—be it in the extremely low bottom-end percussion beatings, the bellowing fuzziness of the bass guitar, the bleak screeches of guitar leads, or the haunting and howling high and low vocal disenchantments. All of these elements will easily chill your bones and have you closing your curtains and embracing every darkened morsel of music that IX Zealot dish out. —Bryer Wharton

Mechanical Skies Fix Your Good Mood

Self-Released

Street: 10.31.09

Mechanical Skies = Mean Molly's Trio + Elvis Costello

Richfield's Mechanical Skies is an unorthodox group of musicians. Guitarist and occasionally gruff vocalist **Henry Reese** formed a band with bassist/vocalist **Jaylee Amey** freakin' **Toro** (pardon the language) and drummer **Zefree**, who are each half Reese's age. This adds to the appeal of the simple, backyard-BBQ-type rock they produce

together. *FYGM* is a charming lo-fi collection of songs, some with classic themes, some involving curious stories (the pop-rock "Debbie Died at the Disco" is about a teenage girl being killed by a mirror ball after the narrator told her not to go, while spectators thought her jeans were cool). Reese has some decent soloing chops on the bluesy "Rain Keeps a Fallin'" that will make you want to listen to **The Beatles**' "One After 909." It's clear that the members of Mechanical Skies enjoy writing music together, and *FYGM* is a job well done. —Andrew Roy

Onesfate Arise demo

Self-Released

Street: 03.05

Onesfate = Metallica + Voivod + The Doors + Megadeth



Every band has a beginning, and those beginnings rarely strike lightning on their first shot. Salt Lake City's Onesfate have provided four solid cuts for their debut demo CD that hark back to old school thrash and mix in some progressive metall and blues styles. The track "So Far," the least metallic of the demo's four tracks contains the most solid songwriting, instrumentation and highest replay value. There's quite a bit to appreciate. With some fun, heavy riffs and catchy rhythms, the guitars and drums tread along at interesting and unique paces. Unfortunately, the vocals, with exception of the aforementioned "So Far," falter and waver a bit, giving the songs on this demo a bit more of a garage-band feel instead of the cool proggy metallic thrash niche feeling that they could have. —Bryer Wharton

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Thu Jun 3: North Emissary, BITTER SOBER, Skatba

Fri Jun 4: RAUNCH RECORDS presents: Subrosa, ARANYA, Blackhole, MENTES AJENAS, Digna Y Rebelde

Sat Jun 5: MetalFest 2010 Doors at 4:30 16 Bands Outdoor All Age Stage & Indoor Stage 21+

Thu Jun 10: Brewsky Riot, MURDER MAJESTY, BURNING HEADS, Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday

Fri Jun 11: VITAL REMAINS, Trigon Aion, BARN BURNER, Through The Eyes Of Carrion, Adipocere

Sat Jun 12: Autumn Eclipse, Opal Hill Drive, Bastard John, Revealer

Thu Jun 17: Blood Of Saints, HELL WITHIN, LETTER TO THE EXILES, StormCrow, Ravings Of A Madman

Fri Jun 18: SLAVE TO THE METAL Hosted by MISTRESS JULIYA Part 1

Sat Jun 19: SLAVE TO THE METAL Hosted by MISTRESS JULIYA Part 2

Mon Jun 21: POWERMAN 5000, Reaction Effect, 12 Ton Jezus, DarkBlood

Tue Jun 22: KINGDOM OF MAGIC, Dwellers, Old Timer

Wed Jun 23: MONSTER ENERGY DRINK TOUR LOST POINT, BLIND DRYVE, HOWITZER, Means Nothing, My Own Time

Thu Jun 24: TADDY PORTER, Marinade

Fri Jun 25: HANK 3, ASSJACK, IZZY COX, Thunderfist

Sat Jun 26: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

Tue Jun 29: Still-Born, HEMLOCK, Blessed Of Sin, The Dark Past

Thu Jul 1: ZOROASTER, BLACK TUSK, DARK CASTLE, Invdrs, Los Rojos

Fri Jul 2: RAUNCH RECORDS PRESENTS

Sat Jul 3: Vernicious Knid CD Release, Ravings Of A Madman, Etched In Red, Autumn Eclipse

Tue Jul 6: GBH, OUTERNATIONAL, Corner Pocket, Negative Charge

Thu Jul 8: DEATH ANGEL, Blood Of Saints, Killbot, Toxic Dose

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Friday, June 4

Gay Pride Grand Marshal Reception – *Jewish Community Center*
Jason CoZmo Celebrity Impersonator – *Piper Down*
Arienette – *Riverton Arts Festival*
The Recovery, Allred, Broke City, Harbor Royale – *Kilby*
MGMT, Tame Impala – *In The Venue*
Subrosa, Aranya, Blackhole, Mentas Ajena, Digna y Rebelde – *Vegas*
Joshua James – *State Room*
DJ Bandwagon, Knucklez, Mstr Shredder, Typefunk – *Urban*
The Royal Court of the Golden Spike Empire's Annual Pride Pageant – *Edge*
Neal Spencer and Friends – *Bar Named Sue*
Hannibal Buress – *Wiseguys*
Haystak and Lil Blaze – *Saltair*
Nas – *Depot*
DJ Selleck – *Bar Deluxe*

Saturday, June 5

Junction City Roller Dolls – *Golden Spikes Events Center*
Little Red Riding Hood – *Lewiston City Park*
Pride Day 5K – *Memory Grove*
Pride Rally & Opening Ceremonies – *City Creek Park*
Pride Festival – *Washington Square*
Vannacutt – *Outer Rim*
Eye Candy Car Show & PinUp Competition – *Oscar's*



Trisha McBride

Sat. June 19 w/ Mavi of DC, Beaute Derangee, Stephanie Buranek, Dragomi, Aspen Moon, Vile Blue Shades, DJ Lil' G & Terrence at *One Mind Studio*.

68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Mess of Me, Larusso, Ophelia Swing, MKJ – *Kilby*
Korn, 2Cents, 2 AM Logic – *Saltair*
Mewithoutyou, Rocky Votolato, Rubik, The Spill Canvas, Oh Be Clever – *Murray Theatre*
La Farsa, Cub Country, Lindsay Heath – *Urban*
Metal Fest: Dead Gates, Penalty of Treason, Prophecy, Arsenic Addiction, Gawdzyc, Cvltvs Mortem, Blood of Saints, Brutality, ToxicDose, Clockwork Illusion, Blessed of Sin, Meat, Ravings of A Madman, Autostigmatic, Freedom Before Dying, Lidsore – *Vegas*
Robert Francis, Nikki Lang, Jack Littman – *State Room*
Dewey Lecture Series: Annette McGivney, James Kay – *Main Library*
Wayne G – *Edge*
Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
Parabelle, I Hear Sirens – *Bar Deluxe*

Sunday, June 6

Gay Pride Parade: Find SLUG's Boat – *Downtown SLC*

Salty Streets Flea Market 2, Spell Talk, Max Pain & The Groovies, Ulysses, DJ ChaseOne2 – *Kilby*
10 Acoustic Performers – *Urban*
Heart to Heart, The Thrifters, Passive – *Outer Rim*
Pride BBQ – *Edge*
Green Man 7 – *Bar Named Sue*

Monday, June 7

Gaza, Clinging to the Trees of Forest Fire, Ken Mode – *Burt's*
Tinsely Ellis – *State Room*
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*

Tuesday, June 8

Arienne – *Gallivan*
Hosannas, The Continentals, Silver Antlers, Lake Mary – *Kilby*
Josiah Wolf, Cars & Trains, The Platte – *Urban*
Rock n' Roll Academy – *Library Square*
Nightbringer, Gravecode Nebula, Nazxul, Xoloti – *Bar Deluxe*
Discover Hidden Hollow – *Sprague Library*
Utah's Energy Landscape – *Sweet Library*
Neal, Spencer and Friends – *Bar Named Sue*
Dweezil Zappa – *Depot*

Wednesday, June 9

My Education, Theta Naught – *Kilby*
Black Hounds, Dead String Band, The Lionelle, Matt Ben Jackson – *Urban*
Rage Against The Supremes – *Bar Named Sue*
Constellation Branch, Theta Naught – *Bar Deluxe*

Thursday, June 10

Damn These Heels! Film Festival – *Tower Theater*
The Brobecks, Birthquake, Cowboys Aren't Indians – *Kilby*
Puddle Mountain Ramblers, The Weekenders, Small Town Sinners – *Urban*
Cute Is What We Aim For, Friday Night Boys, Bigger Lights, Down With Webster – *Murray Theatre*
Deception of a Ghost, A Past Unknown – *Outer Rim*
Farm City: Author Novella Carpenter – *Main Library*
Mishka – *Star Bar*
Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, Wicked Bloody Brilliant – *Bar Deluxe*
Brewsky Riot, Murder Majesty, Burning Heads, Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday – *Vegas*

Friday, June 11

Damn These Heels! Film Festival – *Tower Theater*
The Devil Whale, Red Bennies, Allred, Ask For The Future, Fictionist – *Kilby*
32 Bravo, Funk Fu, Hunter Harrison & The Family Gallows – *Urban*
Vital Remains, Trigon Aion, Barn Burner, Through the Eyes of Carrion, Adipocere – *Vegas*
Chiddy Bang, 2AM Club – *W Lounge*
Chelsea Grin – *Outer Rim*
The Grey Dogs – *Bar Named Sue*
Dark Arts Festival – *Area 51*
Drag the River – *Burt's*
Jerry Seinfeld – *Abravanel Hall*
Blues Dart, Junior Giant – *Bar Deluxe*
Benefit for Timm Paxton – *Club Edge*
Happy Birthday Manuel Aguilar!

Saturday, June 12

Damn These Heels! Film Festival – *Tower Theater*
Sleepy Sun, Lookbook, Ramblin Trio, Sonic Massacre – *Kilby*
The Devil Whale, The Future of the Ghost – *Urban*
Imogen Heap, Geese – *Rail Events Center*
Indigenous – *State Room*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
Hot Air Platoon, Destroy Nate Allen, Insomniac, S.L.F.M, War Chefs – *Blue Star Café*
Survive Writers Block: Emily Wing Smith – *Main Library*
DIY Now! – *Main Library*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
Dark Arts Festival – *Area 51*
The Velvetones, Dirty Blond – *Bar Deluxe*
Autumn Eclipse, Opal Hill Drive, Bastard John, Reveeler – *Vegas*
Happy Birthday Kate O'Connor!

Sunday, June 13

Damn These Heels! Film Festival – *Tower Theater*
Arienne – *Park Silly Days*
The Rescues – *Kilby*
Sri Whipple Benefit: Doodle Jam, Chase One Two – *Urban*
Sofa Sly – *A Bar Named Sue*
Dark Arts Festival – *Area 51*
Rasco, Big Pooh, Supastition – *Bar Deluxe*
People's Market – *International Peace Gardens*

Monday, June 14

The Brian Jonestown Massacre, Floorian – *Urban*
At the Skylines, Casino Madrid, A Sudden Tragedy – *Outer Rim*
The Original Wailers – *State Room*
Mondays Are Murder: Author Michael Norman – *Day-Riverside Branch Library*
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*

Tuesday, June 15

Between The Avenue, Ophelia Swing, Make Me Shake, Mess Of Me, The Crimson Winter – *Kilby*
Delta Spirit, Ezra Furman, Romany Rye – *Urban*
From the Pawn – *Outer Rim*
Wayne The Train Hancock – *Piper Down*
La Farsa, Oh! Wild Birds – *Library Square*
Writing for Change – *Main Library*
Neal, Spencer and Friends – *Bar Named Sue*

Wednesday, June 16

Light Pollution, The Future of the Ghost, Big Sky

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Tribunal, Sonic Massacre – *Kilby*
 The Mountain Goats, The Beets – *Urban*
 Jet Black Horror, The Baby Lottery – *Outer Rim*
 Rage Against The Supremes – *Bar Named Sue*
 Miss Utah Scholarship Pageant – *Abravanel Hall*
 Steel Pulse – *Harry O's*
 Mouse Fire – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Ricky Vigil!

Thursday, June 17

Ariennette – *International Peace Gardens*
 Riot Act – *Sugar Space*
 She Wants Revenge, The Hotness – *Kilby*
 Jerry Joseph & Wally Ingram Duo – *Urban*
 The Aggrolites, Orgone, Storming Stages & Stereos,



Callow Sat. June 26 w/Bronco and Oh Wild Birds at *The Woodshed*.

The Love Astronauts – *In the Venue*
 Brokencyde, Jeffree Star, Blood on the Dance Floor – *Sound*
 Jane Eyre: A Musical – *Abravanel Hall*
 Cash'd Out – *A Bar Named Sue*
 Codi Jordan Band – *Bar Deluxe*
 Blood of Saints, Hell Within, Letter to the Exiles, StormCrow, Ravings of a Madman – *Vegas*

Friday, June 18

Riot Act – *Sugar Space*
 Five Kids Down, Super Hero, Potato Pirates, Insomniaxe – *Kilby*
 Before There Was Rosalyn, Onward to Olympus – *Outer Rim*
 The Hood Internet – *W Lounge*
 Josh Ritter – *State Room*
 Nitro Jam – *Rocky Mountain Raceways*
 Blues On First – *A Bar Named Sue*
 New City Skyline – *Bar Deluxe*
 Slave to the Metal – *Vegas*
SLUG Localized: Boomsticks, Fox Van Cleef, Big Trub – *Urban*

Saturday, June 19

Cake – *Library Square*
 Riot Act – *Sugar Space*
 Zombie Pub Crawl – *The Bayleaf Café, Cheers to You Pub & Burt's*
 Oh Be Clever, J. Wride, Nate Baldwin & the Sound, Mathew & the Hope – *Kilby*
 Lou Barlow, Bob Log III – *Urban*
 Mavi of DC, Trisha McBride, Beaute Derangee, Stephanie Buranek, Dragomi, Aspen Moon, Vile Blue Shades, DJ Lil' G & Terrence – *One Mind Studio*

Nitro Jam – *Rocky Mountain Raceways*
 Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
 Anthony Bourdain – *Abravanel Hall*
 Slave to the Metal – *Vegas*
 Henry Rollins – *Depot*
 Major St Project, Fizzy Form – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Conor Dow!

Sunday, June 20

10 Acoustic Performers – *Urban*
 Funk N Gonzo – *A Bar Named Sue*
 Cage The Elephant – *Depot*
 Rodeo Ruby Love – *Bar Deluxe*
 People's Market – *International Peace Gardens*

Monday, June 21

Polar Bear Club, Moving Mountains, Living With Lions, Lemuria – *Kilby*
 Local H, Left Brain Heart, I Am The Ocean – *Urban*
 Hi Fi Horizon, Evelynns, Us From Outside, Ahisma Sunrise, Heroes are Forever – *Outer Rim*
 Powerman 5000, Reaction Effect, 12 Ton Jesus, DarkBlood – *Vegas*
 Gardening with Kids – *Day-Riverside Library*
 You Can Dance – *Abravanel Hall*
 Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday John Carlisle!

Tuesday, June 22

CocoRosie – *Urban*
 A Cursive Memory – *Kilby*
 Joshua Payne Orchestra, Red Bennies – *Library Square*
 Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*
 Concrete Blonde – *Depot*
 Third Crossing – *Sorenson Unity Center*

This Years Fashion, This City Alive, We Are Isabelle, Whitman – *Bar Deluxe*
 Kingdom of Magic, Dwellers, Old Timer – *Vegas*

Wednesday, June 23

The Bradshaw Effect – *Kilby*
 Portugal. The Man, Builders and the Butchers, Morning Teleportation – *In the Venue*
 KnOW RuCKUs: a LOUD – *Urban*
 Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*
 Summer Fling & tailgate party – *KRCL*
 48-Hour Film Project – *Broadway Centre Cinemas, Organ Loft*
 Alexis Kane, Heavenly Soulja, Isaac Farr – *Bar Deluxe*
 Lost Point, Blind Drive, Howitzer, Means Nothing, My Own Time – *Vegas*
Happy Birthday Eric Granato!

Thursday, June 24

The Spins, The Stonewall Jackson, Holy Water Buffalo, The Descriptive – *Kilby*
 Kort McCumber Duo – *Piper Down*
 Lip Lash: Bandwagon, Loki, Corey Bolo – *Urban*
 Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*
 Slightly Stoopid – *Depot*
 Billy Baxter, Solid Juice – *Bar Deluxe*
 Taddy Porter, Marinade – *Vegas*

Friday, June 25

Now the Show – *Sugar Space*
 Jeremy Jay, Parlor Hawk, Paul Jacobsen, The Mighty Sequoyah – *Kilby*
 Vile Blue Shades, Samba Gringa, Birthquake – *Urban*
 Wildernook Music Festival – *Valley Natural Amphitheater*
 Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*

Soulononcopy, 7th Man, American Hitmen – *The Fifth*
 Dan Weldon – *A Bar Named Sue*
 Lubriphonic – *Downstairs*
 A Mac Dre Tribute, J-Diggs – *In The Venue*
 Blue Lotus Belly Dance Troupe – *Utah Arts Fest*
 Hank III, Assjack, Izzy Cox, Thunderfist – *Vegas*
 Cabin Fever, The Craving, Carlos Cornia – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Mariah Mellus!

Saturday, June 26

Salt Lake City Film Festival – Signals (7pm) – *Kilby*
 Cage, Mindstate, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Mr Beny Records – *Urban*
 Heavyweight Dub Champion, Afro Omega – *State Room*
 Callow, Bronco, Oh! Wild Birds – *Woodshed*
 Surviving Editors: Author Scott Allie – *Main Library*
 When She Speaks I Hear the Revolution-Women/Trans open mic – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
 Wildernook Music Festival – *Valley Natural Amphitheater*
 Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*
 Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
 Espinoza Paz – *The Rail*
 Andy Frasco – *Bar Deluxe*
 Ultimate Combat Experience – *Vegas*

Sunday, June 27

Borasca, Faus, Breaux – *Kilby*
 The Meditations, James Shook – *Urban*
 Wildernook Music Festival – *Valley Natural Amphitheater*
 Oh Infamous City, Ivy League – *Bar Deluxe*
 People's Market – *International Peace Gardens*
Happy Birthday Dave Brewer!

Monday, June 28

Mates of State, Free Energy – *In the Venue*
 Rooney, Black Gold, King Niko – *Urban*
 Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Clea Major!

Tuesday, June 29

John Henry, SLAJO, The Orbit Group, Large, Creamy, Joshua Payne Orchestra, Chase Baird Group – *Kilby*
 Walter Trout & The Radicals – *State Room*
 Super Buttery Muffins, Palace of Buddies – *Library Square*
 Red Bennies, Big Sky Tribunal, Subrosa – *Urban*
 Neal, Spencer and Friends – *A Bar Named Sue*
 MC Astro, Goat, Kilo, Jackrabbitt – *Bar Deluxe*
 Still-Born, Hemlock, Blessed of Sin, The Dark Past – *Vegas*

Wednesday, June 30

48HFP: Best of and Awards Ceremony – *Organ Loft*
 Steel Train, Matt Embree, Young The Giant – *Kilby*
 SLC Electric Ensemble, Giant – *Urban*
 Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar Named Sue*
Happy Birthday Princess Kennedy!

Thursday, July 1

He is We – *Kilby*
 Loren Battle, Let Live, Camisado – *Outer Rim*
 VooDoo Swing – *Piper Down*
 Iconoclast Contra, Skelator – *Bar Deluxe*
 Zoroaster, Black Tusk, Dark Castle, INVDRS, Los Rojos – *Vegas*

Friday, July 2

Lovehatehero, Young & Divine – *Outer Rim*
 E-40, I Am Ghost – *In The Venue*
 I Like My Trike – *Bar Deluxe*
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JUNE CALENDAR

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Digna Y Rebelde
We Must Dismantle All This
Disowned | 12 Sleepy Sun
Lookbook
Ramblin Trio
Sonic Massacre | 23 The Bradshaw Effect
TBA |
| 2 The Freelance Whales
Pearly Gates | 13 The Rescues
TBA | 24 The Spins
The Stonewall Jacksons
Holy Water Buffalo
The Descriptive |
| 3 LOUD AND CLEAR BENEFIT | 15 Between The Avenue
Ophelia Swing
Make Me Shake
Mess Of Me
The Crimson Winter
(doors: 6pm) | 25 Jeremy Jay
Parlor Hawk
Paul Jacobsen
The Mighty Sequoyah |
| 4 The Recovery CD Release
Allred
Broke City
Harbor Royale (doors: 6:30) | 16 Light Pollution
The Future of the Ghost
Big Sky Tribunal
Sonic Massacre | 26 Salt Lake City Film Festival
EARLY SHOW (Noon - 5pm)
Signals, TBA (doors: 7pm) |
| 5 Mess of Me CD Release
Ophelia Swing | 17 She Wants Revenge
The Hotness | 27 Borasca
Faus
Breau |
| 6 Salty Streets Flea Market
Spell Talk
Max Pain & The Groovies
Ulysses
DJ ChaseOne2 (Noon-6pm) | 18 Five Kids Down
Super Hero
Potato Pirates
Insomniaxe (doors: 6pm) | 29 New Improvised Music
Festival: John Henry,
SLAJO, The Orbit Group
Large, Creamy (from LA),
Joshua Payne Orchestra,
Chase Baird Group (doors: 5pm) |
| 8 Hosannas
The Continentals
Silver Antlers
Lake Mary | 19 Oh, Be Clever
j.wride
Nate Baldwin and The Sound
Mathew & The Hope (doors: 6:30) | 30 Steel Train
Matt Embree (Rx Bandits)
Young The Giant |
| 9 My Education
Theta Naught | 21 Polar Bear Club
Moving Mountains
Living With Lions
Lemuria (doors: 6:30) | |
| 10 Ajuda Brazil Benefit:
Cowboys Aren't Indians
Birthquake
The Brobecks | 22 A Cursive Memory
TBA (doors: 6:30) | |
| 11 The Devil Whale CD Release
(on Kilby Records)
Red Bennies
Allred
Ask For the Future
Fictionist (doors: 6pm) | | |

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SAT JUNE 14TH MON JUNE 14TH



**THE BRIAN
JONESTOWN MASSACRE
FLOORIAN**

TUES JUNE 15TH



**DELTA SPIRIT
EZRA FURMAN
ROMANY RYE**



**THE MOUNTAIN
GOATS
THE BEETS**



**LOU
BARLOW
OF SEBADOH
& DINOSAUR JR
BOB
LOG III**

SUN JUNE 27TH



**THE MEDITATIONS
JAMES SHOOK**

- JUNE 1: REBEL ZION
JUNE 2: KRCL PRESENTS FRUIT BATS, VETIVER, DAVID WILLIAMS
JUNE 3: KRCL PRESENTS DAMIEN JURADO, KAY KAY & HIS WEATHERED UNDERGROUND
JUNE 4: MGMT AFTER PARTY-DJ BANDWAGON, KNUCKLEZ, MSTR SHREDDER, TYPEFUNK
JUNE 5: LA FARSA CD RELEASE, LINDSAY HEATH, CUB COUNTRY
JUNE 6: TEN PERFORMERS ACOUSTIC NIGHT BY BEAR TALK
JUNE 8: JOSIAH WOLF OF WHY?, CARS & TRAINS, THE PLATTE
JUNE 9: BLACK HOUNDS, DEAD STRING BAND, THE LIONELLE, MATT BEN JACKSON
JUNE 10: PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS, THE WEEKENDERS, SMALL TOWN SINNERS
JUNE 11: 32 BRAVO CD RELEASE, FUNK FU, HUNTER HARRISON & THE FAMILY GALLOWES
JUNE 12: KRCL PRESENTS THE DEVIL WHALE CD RELEASE, THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST
JUNE 13: SRI WHIPPLE BENEFIT: ART NIGHT WITH DOODLE JAM, CHASE ONE TWO,
JUNE 14: KRCL PRESENTS THE BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE, FLOORIAN
JUNE 15: KRCL PRESENTS DELTA SPIRIT, EZRA FURMAN, ROMANY RYE
JUNE 16: KRCL PRESENTS THE MOUNTAIN GOATS, THE BEETS
JUNE 17: JERRY JOSEPH & WALLY INGRAM DUO
JUNE 18: SLUG LOCALIZED: WITH BIG TRUB, FOX VAN CLEEF AND THE BOOMSTICKS
JUNE 19: KRCL PRESENTS LOU BARLOW (OF SEBADOH & DINOSAUR JR), BOB LOG III
JUNE 20: TEN PERFORMERS ACOUSTIC NIGHT
JUNE 21: LOCAL H, LEFT BRAIN HEART, I AM THE OCEAN
JUNE 22: COCOROSIE
JUNE 24: LIP LASH: BANDWAGON, LOKI, COREY BOLO,
JUNE 25: VILE BLUE SHADES, SAMBA GRINGA, BIRTHQUAKE
JUNE 26: CAGE, MINDSTATE, SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER, MR BENY RECORDS
JUNE 27: KRCL PRESENTS THE MEDITATIONS, JAMES SHOOK
JUNE 28: ROONEY, BLACK GOLD, KING NIKO
JUNE 29: RED BENNIES, BIG SKY TRIBUNAL, SUBROSA
JUNE 30: SLC ELECTRIC ENSEMBLE IN C CD RELEASE, GIANT

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THE NEW
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THE DODOS



AUGUST 5
SHARON JONES &
THE DAP KINGS /
JAMIE LIDELL



AUGUST 12
MATISYAHU



AUGUST 19
BIG BOI /
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AUGUST 26
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