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JP – STAFF WRITER /AD SALES

JP (or Jon Paxton if you are being proper) joined the SLUG Mag team approximately two years ago after interviewing Angela Brown as part of his then-internship at KUER. When his "official" business with Brown had ended, he was quick to ask how he might get involved with such a fine enterprise.

Almost a year later he joined the ad sales team. JP single-handedly holds the record for highest number of hairstyle changes during his time working with the magazine. When JP isn't hustling money for the Mag, he's probably spending time penning up feature articles, covering local art collectives like Copper Palate Press, Beer Mix Master Mark Alston at the Bayou and the Coachella Arts and Music festival in the last three months alone



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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I picked up SLUG Mag at a dinner this morning. My first time ever hearing about it. I love it. I've read the whole thing front to back. Interesting shit. I'm writing cuz I totally agree with the woman writing in about Juggalos. That's bullshit the treatment her and her family received about the destruction to their property. That's straight up discrimination. I personally love I.C.P. for some reason when I feel like shit or unhappy. I listen to I.C.P. and it makes me happy and pulls me right out of that fucked up feeling. So what's the difference if its I.C.P. or Jazz music. And who the hell do they think they are singling out someone for the type of music they prefer. I also am a full time employee, mom of two, and wife. My husband, my kids, and myself all love I.C.P., Twisted, and Dark Lotus. I'm also a tax payer and pay every year. Law abiding citizen and teach my children right from wrong. Along with following laws and respect for everyone no matter how different they are. So I say, I'm right there with you Branley family. And I'm signing to petition to support the removal from gang Task Force. Use the resources were they are needed. On real crimes and gangs.

Sincerely, M. Bowers

Dear members of the Juggalo community,

The dickheads at the SLUG HQ have used up all the good Juggalo jokes, and now this whole "I'm a victim because I listen to ICP" role is starting to get old. Don't even get me started on the difference between Jazz music and ICP. Is that even a real question?

Dear Dickheads:

There have been some recent shakeups in the office of governor with Jon Huntsman heading off to Washington to serve as the ambassador to China and the Lt. Governor Gary Herbert stepping in to fill the vacancy, temporarily. There will be a special election held this November to appoint a replacement and I, Rusty Shackelford, am announcing my candidacy for this highly coveted position. While I really can't offer any opinion on almost all of the major issues of Gov. Huntsman's campaign, (the economy, education, climate change, etc.) I would like to share some of my personal viewpoints on various subjects, mainly things I would like to see outlawed.

#1 Personalized license plates. Operation of a motor vehicle requires 100% focus from a driver. We can't have our motorists being distracted by some jerks clever way of telling the world that he's the best realtor or by some lady expressing her gratitude to her husband for the new X5. If elected governor the issuance of personalized license plates would seize and

desist and those already in possession of one would be sent to a re-education camp before being released back into society. There they would learn that it is wrong to force everyone who pulls up behind you to try and decode the meaning behind your unique combination of letters and numbers.

#2 Balancing on your bicycle at a red light (trackstanding, as it's known on the streets). You've probably seen them around town at any give intersection, fidgeting erratically in an attempt to save them from the horrible inconvenience of taking one foot off of a pedal. For God's sake put your foot down! That is exactly what I intend to do. If elected to office I would have officers posted up at various known trackstanding locations throughout the city (much like a speedtrap) to ticket these arrogant show-boaters.

#3 Combine cemeteries and golf course. According to a 2004 report by the World Watch Institute, the world's golf courses, alone, use 2.5 billion gallons of irrigated water a day and the average cemetery waters once every three days and uses around 45,000 gallons. Not to mention the amount of valuable land they occupy. Either start burying humans on golf courses or allow golfers to play in cemeteries (or both), kind of like mini golf.

#4 Switch the celebration dates of Christmas and Independence day. Celebrating Independence day in the dead of winter would drastically reduce the number of fires caused by rogue fireworks. If we celebrated Christmas in the summer we could create a new hip urban santa from the streets, or maybe a party dude santa who wears Hawaiian shirts and on Christmas Eve he rides around on his vespa from party to party taking Jager shots, hitting on girls and making them feel awkward. Instead of reindeer he would have an entourage of bros to travel with him. On Deshawn! On Darren, on Preston and Vincent! Colin and Cubert, Donny and Brandon! And Randolph, with his bulbous bright red alcoholic's nose.

#5 Gay marriage. I am for gay marriage. They are human beings and should be allowed to express their love by participating in the greatest tradition known to man, by signing a piece of paper and having an agent of the most high wave his magic wand across their foreheads. We as hetros though are in a particularly advantageous position and I believe we should cash in on it. We should allow gay marriage but in exchange homosexuals should have to pay double at all parking meters and shouldn't be allowed to practice yoga in the park.

Thank you for your time and I look forward to receiving your support this November

Sincerely

Rusty J. Shackelford

Dear Rusty,
Your ass might be crazier than Super Del's—and apparently not nearly as organized. You missed the filing period. It happened way back in March and candidates are already getting eliminated. Better luck next time, my friend. Although you missed the boat (but let's face it... you didn't have a chance in hell of actually getting elected for much of anything, not even the town drunk) we'll still weigh in on your "major issues," mostly because we like to hear ourselves talk.

1) Personalized license plates are really fucking stupid, but there is no better indication that its time to get the fuck away from someone's car. Try to think of personalized plates as idiot identifiers. They are just as useful as bumper stickers featuring massive stick figure families, people that have a Jesus fish eating Darwin or anti-abortion stickers. Giant indicators that you don't need to bother being friends with someone.

2) Trackstands are cool—stop hating. What, you jealous that you can't do them? Cops at every corner you say? Fuck that shit. We got enough police state mentality going on in this town.

3) This idea I like, but it's probably because I don't golf. Sorry golfers ... the man has a point, it would be more efficient to just converge our water wasting entities into one single entity.

4) Christmas in July sounds okay. But changing Independence day to winter would totally fuck with Utah's party schedule in July. Can you really beat raging on the 4th and then getting to rage even harder 20 days later on the 24th? The answer is no.

5) We should allow gay marriage, but it's those fucks with the personalized license plates and obnoxious bumper stickers that should be paying extra on the parking meters. And gays and yoga in the park go together like peanut butter and jelly. Taking that away is just cruel.

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

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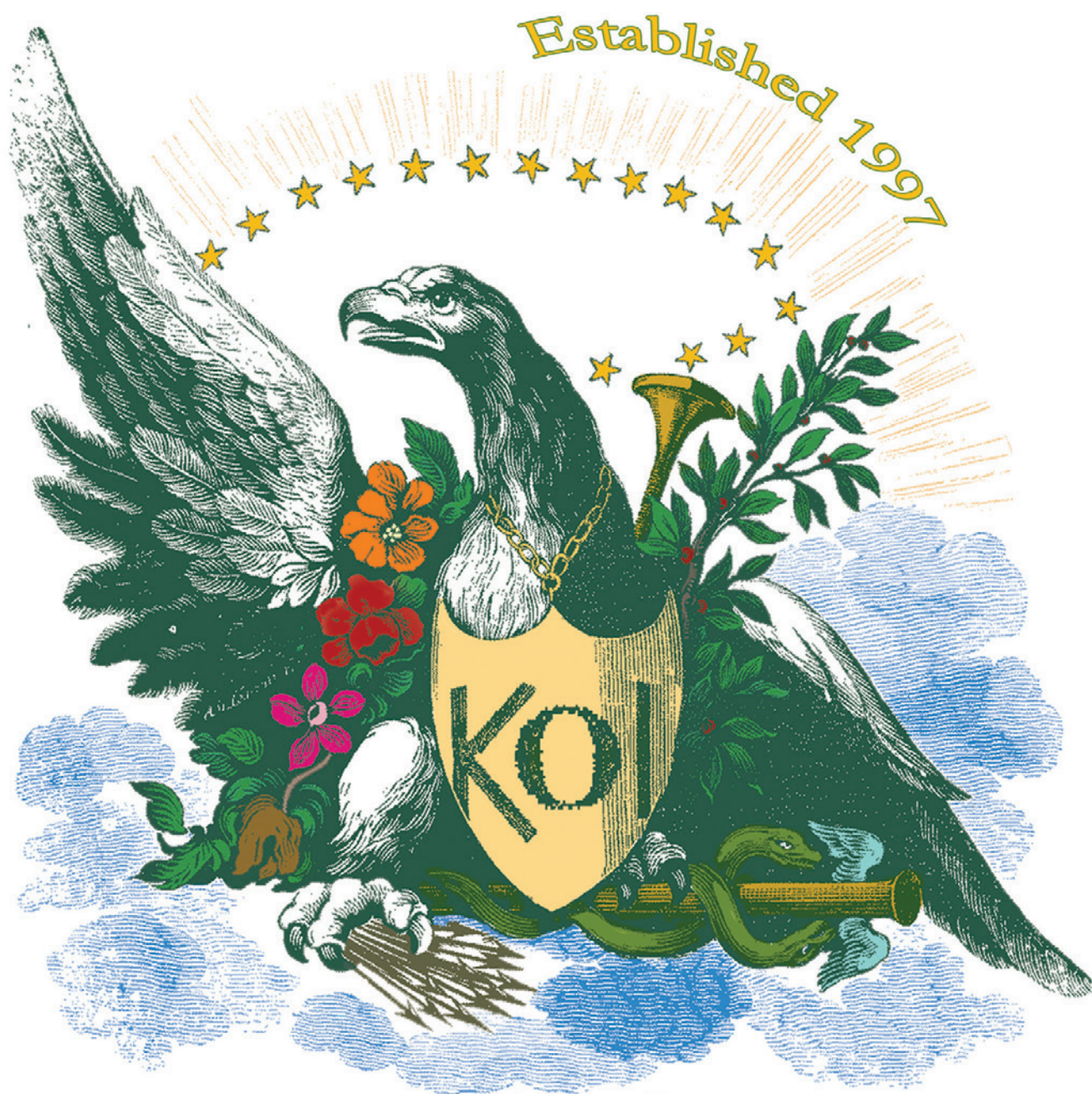
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SWINGIN' UTTERS

BACK IN THE SWING OF THINGS

By James Orme

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In the early 90s, a five-piece punk cover band set aside their renditions of **Cock Sparrer** songs and began dabbling with their own original material. They would go on to create a body of work crucial to the story of American punk rock. Though the Swingin' Uppers haven't released a studio album since 2003, they've released a live album, a b-sides/rarities compilation, and earlier this year a tribute record (*Untitled 21: A Juvenile Tribute*) was released by **Red Scare Industries**. With news that the band will be releasing a new 7" entitled *Brand New Lungs* on June 22, a new album coming this Fall and extensive touring in the near future, I felt the need to get an interview with Uppers' guitarist/multi-instrumentalist/songwriter **Darius Koski** and to get his thoughts.

SLUG: You guys are gearing up to do a lot of touring, more than you've done in a while. What's it like to get things going again?

Darius: We're going to do something every month until the end of the year, and more touring in the Spring, but I've been dying to do it since we've stopped, and with the new record coming out I really wanted to support it.

SLUG: I know you and the other guys have to hold down jobs when the band's not active. How difficult is that? What kinds of problems arise?

Darius: It's a giant pain in the ass! Personally for me, I've just taken jobs that allow me to tour and, if they don't, I just quit and I move on. That's just always been my priority. I've had the opportunity to have pretty good jobs. Like, I was butcher for a long time and I could have run my own shop and made a hundred grand

a year and this and that, but I don't want to do that because I couldn't take time off to tour, so I make less money, but I get to do what I want.

SLUG: Since the last record you've added **Jack Dalrymple**, who played in **One Man Army**. How did that come about?

Darius: I've wanted Jack in this band forever, and he wanted to be in this band, but I knew that taking him away from **One Man Army** would end that band. I didn't want to be the guy that stole him away, so I had to let that kind of run its course. He's such a good guitarist and everything that I think now we sound better live than we ever have.

SLUG: Now with Jack, everyone in the band can write and sing lead. Does it ever feel like too many cooks in the kitchen?

Darius: No. We go in knowing that **Johnny** ["**Peebucks**" **Bonnel**] is the singer—he doesn't play guitar or anything—and I usually sing a couple songs, and Jack sings a song on this new record, but if there are 15 songs and Johnny doesn't sing lead on 5 of them, that just seems like too much. As far as writing, I really want to get Jack's stuff on the next one. This time he seemed a little shy about it, and [bassist] **Spike** [**Slawson**] is really writing some great shit and he's mostly using it for his other band **Re-Volts** which is cool, but I want more writers on the next record.

SLUG: Over the years you have incorporated many different genres of music into your brand of punk rock. Where did the inspiration first come from to mix folk

or country into what you were already doing?

Darius: Everyone in this band is a huge fan of music—not just punk rock, but all kinds of music. I myself have all sorts of jazz records and **Sinatra** albums, so bringing those outside influences to our music just came naturally. I guess if I had to pinpoint it, it would come from listening to **The Pogues**—after listening to them who wouldn't want to throw accordion into the mix?

SLUG: You guys have become pretty accomplished as musicians. Do you back away from sounding too polished?

Darius: It's a weird, fine line in the studio, because you can make everything sound so perfect nowadays anyway. It's not just musicianship—it's the way you mix things and produce things. We're not like **Rush** or anything, and we really don't worry about it in the way that we play. It's more in the way that we want our records to sound, and with everything digitally recorded there's so much editing involved, it's hard not to be artificial. We don't worry about it too much.

It's always astounded me that the Swingin' Uppers have been able to play by their rules all this time. The Swingin' Uppers set out to produce electrifying, inventive, unassuming punk rock, and have not wavered from that aim for the past two decades. Without them, the punk rock landscape wouldn't be half as inspired and not nearly as fascinating. The Swingin' Uppers will perform at Burt's Tiki Lounge July 23.



"Everyone in this band is a huge fan of music—not just punk rock, but all kinds of music." —Darius Koski
Swingin' Uppers plays Burt's Tiki Lounge on July 23

Localized

By Ryan Hall

dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com

Menlo's intricately orchestrated indie-pop and Theta Naught's improvised post-rock will be politely taking the stage July 9 at the *Urban Lounge* for only \$5 with openers **The Eden Express**.

MENLO

Hyrum Summerhays' musical trajectory is completely backwards. It has only been in the past five-to-ten years that the tall, amicable band leader, professional sound recorder and owner/operator of **Eden's Watchtower Records** could admit to tolerating heavy music on a basic level. Instead of gravitating to the ubiquitously heavy and distorted output of the late eighties/early nineties that sucked every pizza-faced adolescent into learning the power chords to "Lithium," his first high school band was decidedly "anti-grunge." Taking cues from **The Smiths**, **The Dream Academy** and the **4AD** roster, this band contains Gary Larson and Ray Childs, who, along with Summerhays, make up half of Hyrum's current project Menlo, only this time with 60 percent more rocking out.

"Rocking out" is a phrase used with caution by the sextet. Even when they turn it up to a seven or an eight, it is only to give their typically subdued songs the needed push-pull between loud and soft. When asked what it is about quiet music that appeals to Summerhays, he says, "It just speaks to me more. I definitely can appreciate getting loud and hard at moments, but it just doesn't have the same meaning without the softer parts. Especially with Brian on his rocking solos, we can rock out to an extent, but then bring everything down." Brian Scott Young, possessor of said rocking solos, says, "We work hard to have a lot of loud and soft dynamics. I mean, we don't have anything that is real uptempo, but it is a little bit more so than a lot of stuff that Hyrum has done."

After a decade of fronting two notably subdued projects, **Elsewhere** and **Mona**, Menlo is ostensibly Summerhays' "loudest" outfit. Forming little more than a year ago and consisting of six members with musical pasts ranging everywhere from experimental hip-hop country to jazz, it is a miracle that Menlo sounds as spacious as they do. "I think it speaks to the musicianship of the band, for a sextet to keep quiet enough and have such a dynamic level, where I am not just more noise on the top. That is really liberating

Guitar/Vocals—**Hyrum Summerhays** | **Brian Scott Young** – Guitar/Vocals
Piano—**Gary Larson** | **Anthony Phan** – Trumpet/Keyboards
Drums/Percussion—**Ray Childs** | **Peter E. Trappa** - Bass



because there is space that is hard to find with a group. We are a big group, but you wouldn't think it by listening to us," says trumpet player Anthony Phan.

In terms of these influences barging each other around, Childs says, "Playing with these guys I can definitely hear all of their influences individually. I can hear where Gary's [influences] come in, I can hear where Hyrum's and Bryan's ... since I am a big fan of them, it comes in just fine." Summerhays' sees these influences as complimentary to the eclectic sound Menlo strives for, "One thing that I have never achieved with any of the other bands is the eclectiveness like **Belle and Sebastian** ... we've got six guys, we can pull it off," he says.

A large reason why Menlo sounds so good (seriously, even their myspace demos sound remarkably deep) is having a recording studio (which doubles as a practice space) as well as a professional sound recordist on call 24/7. "It is an interesting process, seeing as how we have an engineering master and a recording studio at our disposal, and it makes for an interesting process because everyone contributes tracks and ideas individually and we can bring them together effectively and in a more efficient way than a lot of bands," says Childs. But, even without those obvious conveniences, Menlo has the collective years of experience as veterans within various camps of local music, "I don't think we are one of those bands that has to rely on production. I daresay that a studio album and a live album would be pretty similar. I think that really helps the band stay cohesive, when you know what to expect," says Phan.

In a live setting, Menlo offer nothing more than solid musicianship, incredibly catchy melodies, a comforting, mellow output and perhaps a face-scorching guitar solo ... or three.

Photo by: Adam Heath/Image

Math. Math is something I swore I would never touch again when I started pursuing my goal as a writer. My eyes glaze over and my brain shuts down whenever I am asked to make change at work. But there I was, nodding and interjecting "uh-huhs" like I had any idea of what a Fibonacci sequence was, or how the repeating numbers in that sequence make up the golden ratio that is somehow translated into a 4-4 time signature ... or something. Numbers, how do they work?

It would seem impossible to talk about Theta Naught without discussing or acknowledging the mathematical language they couch their musical output in. From their name (Theta being a common equation in physics, Naught being a subscript of 0), to their song titles, to their brainy, largely improvised arrangements ... hell, they even have a homework page on their website. It is no surprise that career choices in the group range from mechanical engineer to computer and electronic engineer/programmer to a professional musician.

In terms of factoring Theta Naught's listenability or performance dynamic during their long instrumental tracks, Briawna Howard made it clear that, "The expressiveness or intuitive factor of the music is never sacrificed for some mechanical, mathematical idea." Ryan Stanfield, bassist, founder and defacto band leader, stated, "If we ever do follow it rigidly, it is Darren and I in the rhythm section ... and everyone knows that they are welcome to go off and do whatever they want."

The balance between the formulaic rigidity of number theories and the inherently volatile and unpredictable nature of improvised music, while seemingly contradictory, is woven into the fabric of Theta Naught itself. Viewing their band as a collective, rather than a crystallized set of members, their songs are incredibly elastic and able to withstand extensive improvisation and reworking. When it comes to writing songs, drummer Darren Corey says, "We have a lot of basic song structures and chord progressions ... but that's it." Stanfield added, "Or, it might just be a time signature, or a time change or a key or a mode that we are playing in. Beforehand, we will say, 'we will play in this mode or this key and in this time signature,' and then just go."

When asked if this free-form musical expression sometimes leads to stepping on each other's toes, guitarist Josh Ogzewalla stated, "You have to actively listen, you can't just wait for your part. You have to listen to what is going on to provide any sort of input that will be maximally effective." Howard added, "I think it is a lot like a conversation, even like this [one right now], you get a group of people together and they don't start talking all at once and over each other."

Understanding the language of music is a crucial factor in the effectiveness of Theta Naught, and after eight years as a collective, the core rhythm section of Stanford and Corey is fluent in its pronunciation.

Drums—**Darren Corey**
Lap-Slide—**Greg Corey**
Cello—**Peter Romney**
(not pictured) —

Ryan Stanfield – Bass
Josh Ogzewalla – Guitar
Briawna Howard – Harp

Starting at the University of Utah in 2002, Theta Naught has had a revolving door of players filter in and out, often contributing for a year or two before moving on. On any given night, the membership of Theta Naught can stretch anywhere from two to six members. Stripped down to a three-piece during a show at the *Vertical Diner*, I observed other members of the band content to watch with their spouses and children, the feeling being much more of a family than an ever-hustling, careerist band.

This relaxed attitude to creating music speaks directly to the intended effect of their performance, to create a wholly unique listening experience. No two Theta Naught songs will ever sound the same. Coming from the rigid world of professional music, Howard finds freedom in playing music directly for the moment, relying on a dynamic and fluid exchange of musical ideas over perfectly choreographed statements. "It is actually really refreshing to go from a world where we spend hours and hours every single day rehearsing to make something just so in order to get a desired effect, and then to play a show with these guys where we haven't seen each other in a couple of months and we just get out there and there is a certain synergy and it just jives," Howard says.

Theta Naught, Menlo and opensers The Eden Express will play July 9 at 10 pm at the *Urban Lounge* for only five dollars. Do the math.



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Skate News
Words By Chris Swainston
chris@slugmag.com

It has been a long while since we spread any news on the local scene. First off, some new blood has hit the streets: **Mark** and **Tennille White** are now the parents of **Justus Gun White** born July 22, 2009. **Adam Dyet** has a lovely little girl, **Annibel Diane Flaaim**, born November 4, 2009. **Mark** and **Madison Linn Judd** brought their second child into the world, **Hannah Gracie Judd**, born on April 20, 2010 (their first **Ada Minn Judd** was born July 29, 2008). With so much skate talent in the veins



Photo: Swainston

Sam Milianta keeps it "G" after a successful cancer surgery.

of these young pups, we could see the next **Elissa Steamer** or **Lizard King** emerge.

Speaking of Lizard, he's been on a mean streak of killing it. He landed his second **TWS** cover this year, a pro spotlight and won the **Readers Choice Awards**. He has a character in the latest EA Skate game and his first pro model shoe from **Supra** just dropped. Dyet has been on the road filming for the new **Bones** video and skating the **Maloolf Money Cup** in NYC. **Chris Cole** clinched first place there for the second time, taking home \$100,000. And your mom said there was no money in skateboarding. You gotta pay to play before you get those big checks.

Lil' Jeff Richards took the winter to heal up from knee surgery and is now 100 percent recovered, stacking footy for **Brock "Butters" Nielsen's** next video project. **Jared Smith** had an enjoyable few weeks dealing with yet another fractured

ankle, a hyperextended elbow and bursitis. **Brooks Hall** shredded himself up laying down his motorcycle. Thank god for all that leather he's always wearing. **Dirk Hogan** punctured his lung after getting t-boned by a car on his way home from work. Watch where you're going assholes, there are people in the streets! **The Fish** separated his shoulder riding his fixed gear. 10 lbs later, he's almost all healed up and droppin' switch 360 flips like nobody's business. **James Atkin** scratched both corneas of his eyes while taking a nap. It's a good thing he can skate with sunglasses on. **Sean Hadley**, **Rob Peterson** and the **Fish** tried to run from the law when three cops pulled up on a flat ground session at the old Hansen Planetarium. From what I've been told, a full-on police chase ensued, with one cop power-sliding through a red light trying to catch up with a fleeing Hadley. Eventually both Hadley and Peterson were cuffed and taken to jail for skating flat ground, but the Fish got away. Fuck the Police — straight fuck 'em. However, they will be much easier to get away from now that the city has them patrolling on Segways that cost nearly \$9000 each (good use of money guys, apparently bicycles aren't good enough anymore.) It makes for a good laugh, and they are only getting fatter, lazier and slower, so that's a plus. Keeping with shit talking on the city, they once again tore down one of our efforts to build a park under an empty freeway bridge, thus replacing our ramps with crack needles. Nevertheless, we will keep on building, so they might as well just let us have it.

On the lighter side of things **Sam Milianta** is singing, "cancer free is the way to be." After a small surgery, his body shows no more signs of cancer. Double high fives for Milianta. **Brodie Penrod** took first at **Volcom's Wild In The Parks** at



Photo: Swainston

The "Ice Man" Levi Faust hits the after burners over this rail to a narrow landing strip.

American Fork park. He should have also won the **Man Expo** contest earlier this year, but big bucks **Lutzka** pulled the carpet out from under everyone's feet. It's not that hard when you haven't had to skate for five hours just make it to finals.

Danny Souk won the **Red Bull Manny Mania** contest and is on his way to skate in the global amateur finals contest in New York on August 22. The creative minds of the **Nobrow** skate team will be unleashing their art in the July exhibit at **Nobrow Coffee and Tea** on 315 E. and 300 S.

Jason Gianchetta has taken the **SK801** crew and made it a legit business for everyone to enjoy. They have shirts now and boards are coming soon. Keep your eyes peeled because they are hot items.

Badda bing, badda boom. That's the news for now. I'll hit you all back in 6-8 months with some more updates, and if you have anything to contribute, shoot me an email. Otherwise keep skatin', 'cause there ain't nothin' else better to do.

PICTURE ME ROLLIN':

MARK JUDD



WORDS AND PHOTOS: ADAM DOROBIALA

I met Mark Judd informally a long time ago, maybe it just seems like a long time, but it was back in the day of *Connections*. I saw him skating in a competition there (I wouldn't remember for the life of me which one, but if you were there you know what I am talking about) and he was throwing bangers on the rails and shredding the park harder than anyone I had ever seen. He was pure energy. "I got like fifth place, but I thought I should have gotten better," Judd recalled. I agree he should have. After that contest was over I knew he was a lifetime ripper.

It would seem as if he fell off the map for a little bit, but he didn't—he was just under the radar making shit happen. He grew up, fell in love with a girl (which definitely can take time away from skateboarding as we all know), got a job and went on his way, but it never seemed to encroach on his time for his first love: skating. It is really hard to put into words the drive that makes him who he is. Recently married and with another new baby in the basket, Judd works full time so his wife, **Madison**, can stay at home and tend to the two children. Somehow he still finds time to skate. And when he does skate, he has that smooth style and a plethora of tricks

at his fingertips, all while remaining sincere and genuinely fun to skate with. Most people overlook the fact that the dude is skating whenever he has free time, and when he does get to skate, he will tear shit up. I have seen him land a trick or line more than three times just to make sure it looks and feels proper to him. He is a Purist. Not only is he working for someone to pay the bills, he is also working on a personal project of getting his board company, **SKULL**, into the mix here in Salt Lake. "I'm working on the company so I work on that a lot, but it's not paying anything right now. It may take a lot to make it 100%, but I should be making boards by this year," Judd says. I believe

ADAM@SLUGMAG.COM

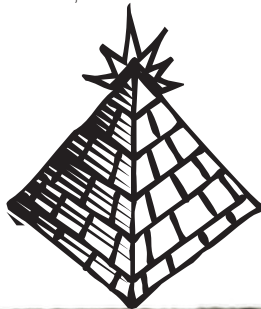
him. Anyone that can take care of themselves, support a wife and two kids, work and work on a side project, all while still taking time to skate, is basically on point with their life.

He currently lives in a sweet little set-up with his wife and two kids, **Hannah Gacie Judd** and **Ada Lynn Judd** (Hannah is almost two and Ada is 8 weeks old). It would seem as if he is a "grown-up" now, with all the grown-up things he is doing with himself.

Mark grew up in West Jordan skating with the **A.D.101** crew (R.I.P. **Jacob Allison**), which included (but is not limited to) **Kendall Johnson**, **Caleb Orton** and **Eric Hess**. The people around him speak so highly of him and his way of life. "He was always a bit maniacal..." Johnson said about Judd. "Once he was arrested in a robot suit made of cardboard and tinfoil for destroying various Christmas lawn decorations." Johnson continued, "When the police got the call that there were two robots running around smashing things, they were surprised to find out that was indeed the case." Things have changed since then, but Mark still rips, even more so now than ever. Growing up skateboarding, Judd, Johnson, and Hess held it down in *Weast Infection*, **Erik Jensen's** last cut, which re-premiered at *The Manhattan* earlier this year. Keep in mind, he filmed this on his time free from family life and work. It's really a stand-out part in the video—

Judd, Johnson and Hess kill it. I don't think it is online anywhere but hopefully the hard copies of *Weast Infection* will drop soon.

I would like to mention at this point that Mark Judd is the real deal. This guy doesn't let the drudgery of modern life get to him. He handles his biz whatever it may be. Whether it be tending to his children or wife, or taking care of his sponsors (**D.C. Shoe Co.**, **Salty Peaks** and **SKULL**) by continuing to skate harder everyday. He is out there, on the grind, 24/7. Like **Master P** says in the song he skates to in *Weast Infection*, "It ain't where you from boy. It's where you at." And where Judd's at, is where it's at.



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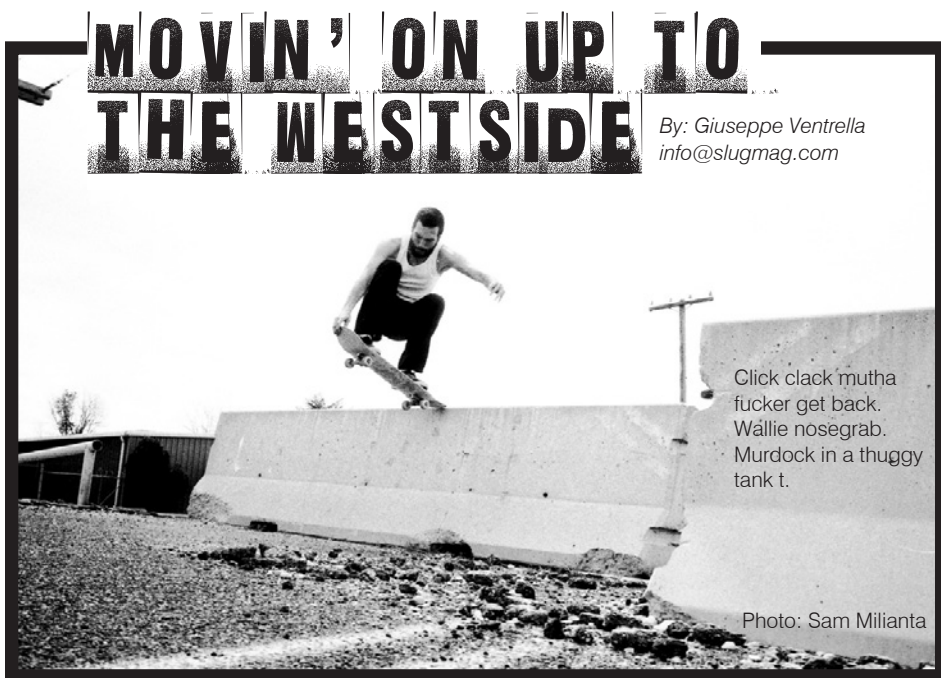


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Every time I turn left when I leave my driveway, I head west. I know turning a different direction in the morning doesn't seem like a big deal, but it is. Out west, there are vast unexplored areas, consisting of acres and acres of land that have only been tread upon by the likes of indigenous Native American tribes and buffalo.

The rush for westward expansion is alive and well in the Salt Lake Valley. Cheap land is available by the acres. You could think of places like West Valley, Rose Park, Kearns, West Jordan, Riverton and Herriman as the Louisiana Purchase: big, fertile land just waiting to be exploited by some rich white man.

The exploitation of land, however, has an unexpected side effect. This side effect is advantageous for a skateboarder. This kind of expansion leads to a boom in building. Strip malls, convention centers, manufacturing plants, schools, and the like all provide a variety of skateable terrain. A lot of this stuff has been here for years, but surprisingly is mostly untouched by urethane. It is amazing to take a drive through the strip-mall-infested streets of the western Salt Lake valley and see all the random concrete banks, railings, ledges and gaps. Call me a pioneer if you will, but I really don't deserve it. I'm just taking care of my responsibility as a skateboarder



MOVIN' ON UP TO THE WESTSIDE

By: Giuseppe Ventrella
info@slugmag.com

Click clack mutha fucker get back.
Wallie nosegrab.
Murdock in a thuggy tank t.

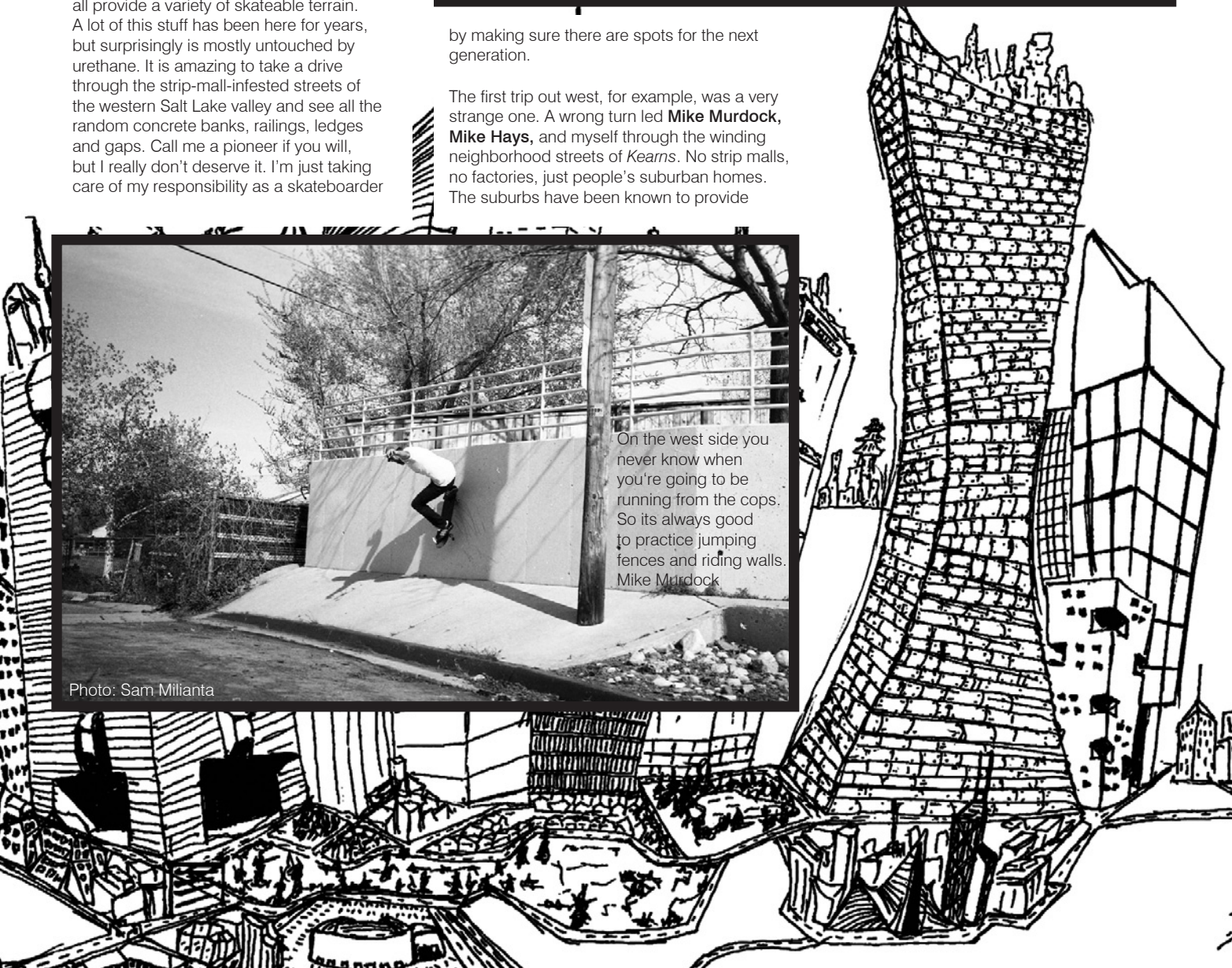
Photo: Sam Milianta

by making sure there are spots for the next generation.

The first trip out west, for example, was a very strange one. A wrong turn led **Mike Murdock**, **Mike Hays**, and myself through the winding neighborhood streets of **Kearns**. No strip malls, no factories, just people's suburban homes. The suburbs have been known to provide

On the west side you never know when you're going to be running from the cops. So its always good to practice jumping fences and riding walls.
Mike Murdock

Photo: Sam Milianta



stuff to skate in the past, such as fire hydrants and schools, but we experienced none of this, at least at first. Thanks to **Murdock** and his amazing eye for the obscure, we were able to find spots that were blocks away down side streets off nearly every block. After a few minutes of driving, however, we discovered an amazing cement bank just outside of an apartment complex. This spot got skated for a bit and then we decided to move on, trying to find the main road again.

Every block we drove would be followed by a "Hey, turn around, there's something down that street." At one stop, we found a perfect bank to wall. To make things even better, it had a channel gap in the middle of the bank. The only problem was it was in someone's driveway. We decided to give it a go anyway. After skating for a few minutes, two thugged-out dudes came out of the house to get in their car. My old roommate was from Kearns and had told me horror stories of getting jumped by gangbangers for often no reason at all. However, skateboarding sometimes gives you access to places you would never be welcome otherwise, and these guys gave us the nod of approval, watched us skate for a minute and then got in their car and left us to our intentions.

A few more trips to the west side followed over the next few weeks. The first trip was the spark that started the fire. Lots of areas got explored and there's still a lot more out there. I still haven't checked out Copperton, Magna, Tooele, or that whole area by the airport. But the summer is young and my friends and I are now pioneers. Pulling out handcarts (i.e. skateboards), we travel forever west in search of freedom from "religious" persecution and cheap farmland.



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TRUE TO FORM: THE SOFA KING INTERVIEW

Words and Photos by Chris Swainston
chris@slugmag.com

The rat is the first of twelve animals in the Chinese zodiac, possessing qualities of creativity, intelligence, honesty, generosity and ambition. In Indian tradition rats are recognized as the vehicle of **Lord Ganesh**. Eating food that has been touched by rats is considered a blessing from god. Rats are opportunistic survivors that scurry quietly through the streets, relying on their shyness to keep them undiscovered. When considering these symbolic references of the rat in parallel with **Willy Nevins**, it becomes obvious why his alias is "Ratchild." His art, music, skateboarding and writings are the proverbial foods for you to devour. Infected with the disease of creation, he rapidly spreads it through the streets he scurries through. The child inside keeps him youthful, adventurous and curious. "Don't think just feel ... it's the Wu way," Nevins says.

At the age of 14, Nevins created his first zine, *Id Rather Be Killing The Infidel*. It only lasted for one issue before he collaborated with **Eric Trauba** to create, *Id Rather Be Killing The Prairie Dog*, a high-school zine project that lasted for five issues. With the exception of a few off shoot publications like *Internal Robot*, his zine makings fell off slightly until the summer of 2008 when Nevins and his friend **Ty Weeks** decided to throw together a zine that would showcase the ridiculousness going on between friends. They jokingly tossed around the name *Sofa King* until it just stuck. Now, four issues later with the fifth issue underway, Nevins says "I'm branded by the *Sofa King* whether I like it or not." With close to a decade of experience in making zines and nearly two dozen self publications floating around out there, I asked Nevins where he continually draws his inspiration from. Simply put, Nevins says, "There are just so many talented kids in the community around me that I want to showcase them all under one project."

Although the initial birth of *Sofa King* may have been mostly a Weeks and Nevins production, the truth of it is that *Sofa King* is a community collaboration. With a long list of contributors like brother and sister **Riley** and **Polly Nevins**, **Eric Balken**, **Kildem Soto**, **Brian Butler**, **Mart Warsos**, **Katherine Zimmer**, **Shark Eye**, **Otion** and other opulent individuals, including the **Salt**



Will Nevins fans out the first four issues of Sofa King

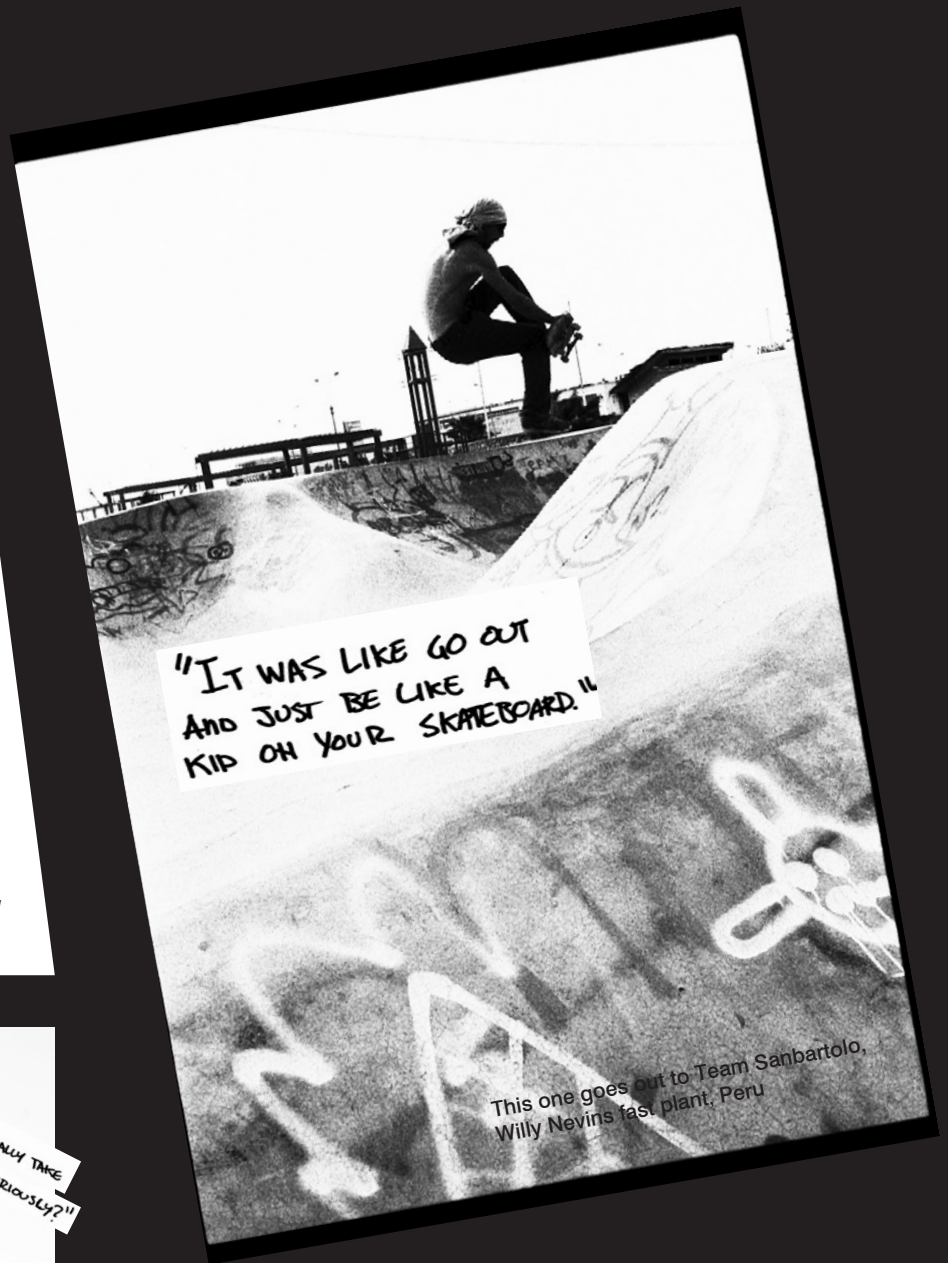
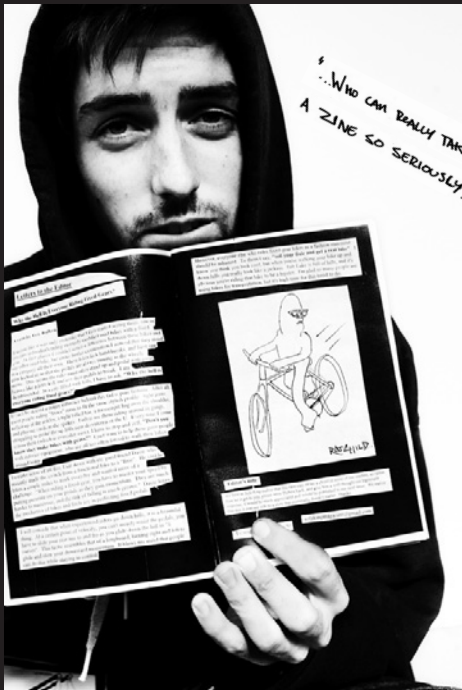
Lake Acting Company who has been the xeroxing source that makes it possible for Nevins to give out the zine for free. Nevins says, "I don't want to sell a zine. I want to leave it on their door step or coffee table on the back of somebody's toilet, or hand it out to people and leave them at coffee shops. I don't want to worry about trying to sell them to recoup my costs."

With the era of digital media vastly overtaking most forms of artistic media, a craft such as zine making is so rudimentarily created by hand, that one could easily accelerate the process with the use of computers and elaborate design programs. So the question arose: Has Nevins stayed true to form with his zine publications? Nevins says, "I don't use a computer to format or edit it. A lot of people ask me what program I used to make it? Dude, I used tape, scissors and a xerox machine. It's not scanned in and edited on any program. It's pretty nitty gritty, nothing's perfect."

There are fuck ups and scribbled out parts. It's just really raw looking and that's what zines are. The hard copies are definitely layered labors of love."

Last winter, a *Sofa King* skate video emerged as a sub-project of *Sofa King Magazine*. "We have a pretty ripping skate team," says Nevins. "The idea behind the video was to make a video magazine that meshed with skateboarding, video, art, local music and other happenings in the city to capture the original depiction of skateboarding and the culture behind it."

The project didn't follow the typical skate video format (with the skater's name at the beginning of each part and all the slow motion bangers in the end). It meshed all the good times behind skateboarding and the freedoms the skaters experience rather than the frustrations behind working for a part. "Which is why I named it *Beginners Mind*," Nevins says. "It was like go out and just be like a kid on your skateboard again." Fast on track, Nevins and the rest of the *Sofa King* skate team are well underway in creating the second *Sofa King* skate video. Breathing in those luxuries of life outside, under blue skies, gallivanting



in the streets of freedom. The summer has just begun and it is without a doubt that this year's video will surpass the joyfulness of last year's work. There isn't a projected drop date or title for the video, yet, but keep your eyes peeled for the release party sometime this coming fall/winter.

In closing, Nevins expresses that he thinks zines are cool because you can "write whatever the hell you want in it, whether it be some really crass stuff or something beautiful that people can take from." If done right you get a little of both, inspiring some while getting others riled up. In the end, who can really take a zine so seriously anyway? "Hopefully some, but hopefully not everyone," says Nevins. He is grateful that his favorite music is created by local musicians, his favorite skateboarders are people he skates with and favorite artists are kids here in Salt Lake City that he gets to work with. Nevins says, "I'm humbled and inspired by them all and feel really fortunate to have this ongoing project tying it all together. I hope it continues. And dat's my word!"

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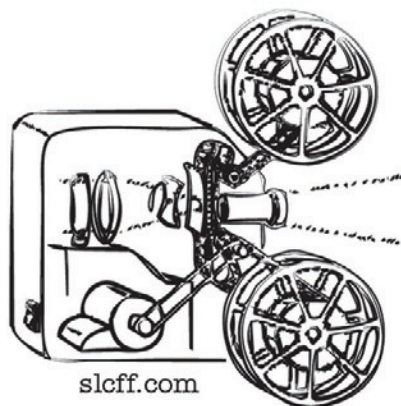
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10 YEARS OF STONEGROUND

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

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straight by without ever seeing the large rust-colored sign. In June, Stoneground celebrated its tenth anniversary. And while this is an incredible feat for any restaurant, it is even more impressive when you consider the eatery's humble beginnings and the adversity it has faced over the past decade.

When owner **Bob McCarthy** moved to Salt Lake City in 1992, the last thing on his mind was opening a restaurant. "I was a ski bum. I moved here from upstate New York to ski and to go to school." To finance his winters on the slopes, McCarthy took as many odd jobs as he could, earning money in part by working with contractors and by painting commercial buildings. This was how he came into contact with the space that would eventually become his restaurant—he painted it. At the time the facility was owned by **John Bolton**, a commercial real estate man who had made his money as a member of the local **Epicurious Restaurant Group**. "The building was an original location of the **Salt Lake Roasting Company**—it was one of the first coffee roasting facilities in Utah," McCarthy says. There had been some fire damage to the structure and it had been renovated to house a second story restaurant.

This possibility got McCarthy thinking. His few years in

Utah had convinced him that Salt Lake City needed a family-style Italian restaurant, like the ones he remembered from growing up around Albany. He explained, "there were Italian restaurants in Salt Lake, and the food was really good, but you knew you were going to have to spend a lot of money if you ate there. It was all fine dining—there wasn't a reasonably priced, authentic family-run restaurant anywhere in the city and I thought there should be." He pitched his idea to the building's owner and before he knew it he was opening Stoneground. The second floor was already set up to be used as an eatery. Bolton also had a warehouse full of old restaurant equipment and was willing to work with McCarthy on finances, agreeing to take a percentage of the earnings until the place got up and running. The inspiration for the majority of the early menu came from the Italian side of McCarthy's family, and he and his cousin essentially did everything to run the place. "It was more work than I ever thought it would be. It was devastating to my lifestyle. I was there from open until close most days. I worked 70 hour weeks for four or five years." It should also be noted that McCarthy opened Stoneground without ever having worked in the food service industry. He was good at being social, and enjoyed being a host, especially one that offered food and libations to customers, but the first day the restaurant opened was his first day working in a restaurant. This was a daunting task.

Inexperience wasn't the only challenge. Stoneground's proximity to several churches and a public library made getting a liquor license an 18 month legal ordeal. With that hurdle overcome, they now offer an impressive list of beer and wine. The early days also saw extended road closures as the city constructed the new library square and tore up 400 South to put in a Trax line. There was also the location and layout of the building. Statistically speaking, restaurants not located on the street level almost always do poorly. This coupled with a lack of street parking and a parking lot that wasn't visible from the front of the building made it especially

Photo by: Chris Swainston

**Bob McCarthy and
Marsha Merrill of
Stoneground Restaurant**



Pork Tenderloin at Stoneground Pizza



challenging to attract walk-in business. Stoneground was on the cusp of closing for years, but as more people found them, word of mouth spread. Today the restaurant enjoys many regular customers. The servers and kitchen workers tend to stick around for years at a time, something that rarely happens in the restaurant business. It has become a gem of a restaurant in the heart of downtown. The result has been the creation of the very same family-run feel that McCarthy had hoped to capture when he opened the restaurant in 2000. The combination of quality food and the familiarity of the staff makes for a genuinely warm experience.

I have often thought of Stoneground as a pizzeria. They offer two sizes of pizza, 12 and 16 inch versions, with specialty varieties that range in price from \$10 to \$19. There is, of course, the possibility of customizing your pie however you'd like it, but the list of family and staff favorites on the menu is a truly eclectic, sample-worthy assortment. A popular choice is the Forest Mushroom and Goat pizza (\$13/\$19) that includes portobello, porcini, and button mushrooms with goat and mozzarella cheeses, and your choice of tomato or pesto sauce. I have always loved this pizza. I'm a sucker for the tangy bite of goat cheese, and feel that the trio of mushrooms and the basil-walnut pesto pair beautifully together. There are plenty of options for those who don't favor mushrooms, like owner Bob McCarthy. I asked him which pizza he preferred and he pointed to the one that was named after him. Bob's Late Night (\$12/\$17) features Stoneground's signature New York-style crust topped with pepperoni, jalapeno slices, fresh tomatoes, sauce and mozzarella cheese. In preparation for this review I branched out and ordered the Moon Dog (\$13/\$17). Another well-liked pie, the Moon Dog features sausage, caramelized onions, tomato sauce and agrodolce peppers. The sweetness of the onions and the peppers cut the heaviness of the sausage, and the resulting pie is as pleasant to eat as it is to share.

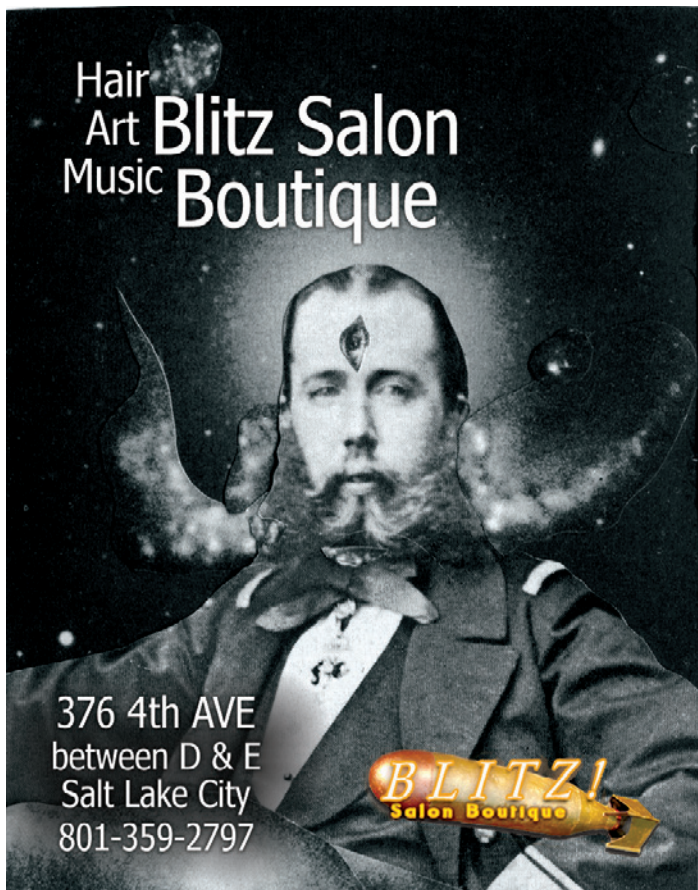
But Stoneground is more than just a pizza place. Today's menu is the culmination of what has and hasn't worked over the past ten years, with a handful of chef's specials becoming permanent menu items. Though it is still a mostly Italian restaurant, you can start your meal with fried-to-order tortilla chips and house-made salsa (\$5). The chips are served warm and the salsa strikes a good balance between sweet and spicy. When you run out of chips, and you will, a second bowl is available for a nominal fee. Another slightly non-traditional dish is the Pork Tenderloin (\$16). This entrée consists of a generous portion of brined, roasted pork tenderloin served over a thick slab of grilled polenta and finished with a creamy portobello, dried cranberry and red wine sauce. Everything about it is tremendous. The savory and tender pork matches up perfectly with the crisp-on-the-outside, creamy-on-the-inside polenta. The pan-grilled crust of the corn polenta holds up well under the weight of the meat and the acidity of the sauce. You'll want to ask your server to bring out some

bread, because there is no way a single drop of the mushroom-cranberry-wine sauce should escape from being eaten.

As daring as these choices sound, it is the Italian fare, the traditional family-inspired selections that are the most popular. Time-honored classics like Chicken Parmesan and Eggplant Parmesan (\$13) continue to bring in diners. The pasta dishes are also spectacular. The Lemon Caper Linguini (\$14) allows for the customer to choose between grilled chicken or shrimp, to be served over al dente pasta in a lemon butter and caper sauce. And then there's the one that tugs on the heart strings: Grandma's Pasta (\$10). This is an exceptionally authentic Italian dish—something very typical of a family kitchen setting. McCarthy noted that this was the exact dish that his grandmother made for over seventy years and was something that she prepared for his grandfather on an almost daily basis. It is a simple yet elegant combination of thin cappellini noodles and roasted garlic, olive oil, fresh herbs, butter and asiago cheese. It may leave you with that familiar garlic afterburn, but that is a small price to pay for pasta this graceful. Upon hearing that this was a dish that McCarthy's grandmother had perfected over a seventy year period, my wife had this to say: "I could eat this everyday for seventy years." So could I—It's that good.


After surviving its first couple of years, Stoneground has really hit its stride. The past five years have been better and more profitable for everyone involved. McCarthy was fortunate enough to have been able to buy the building that houses the restaurant and to give the parking area some much needed attention. He was also able to lend some financial backing to friend **Brian Morris'** dream of opening an upscale, smoke-free, gay-friendly club. The resulting business, **Jam in the Marmalade** (751 North 300 West), helps to provide a hospitable and fashionably chic nightclub environment for Salt Lake's DJ and dance crowd. More recently, McCarthy purchased and has started to renovate the **Jimax Lounge**. Located on the northwest side of Capitol Hill at 1199 Beck St, Jimax is a work in progress. It butts up against the oil refinery in an industrial area, free from many of the zoning issues found downtown. McCarthy hopes to turn it into a roadhouse-style bar. He's keeping it open during the renovations and plans to rechristen it **the Garage** early next year. When asked to what he owed his success in the restaurant business, he said it was a result of trying to create a place that would be a destination. "I remember places like the **Dead Goat**, **Bill & Nada's** and **Junior's Tavern**," he said. "I wanted a place you would want to take your family when they came to town—someplace different." And to what does he attribute Stoneground's endurance? Distinctness and character. "It has to come from your heart and soul. And it has to be unique. If you can pull off unique then you can get longevity."

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Frosty Darling's Frosting Fix: *The Fourth Annual* *Cupcake Social*

By Esther Meroñ / esther@slugmag.com

Photo by: KatiePanzer

Nothing is worse than a cocktail party. After squeezing into some spanks to get that slinky dress on, you sit around sipping martinis and trying not to make a pig out of yourself at the snack bar as you casually converse with a bunch of pretentious yuppies. An hour into it, the constant sipping reaches your bladder and you end up in the bathroom for 20 minutes, huffing and puffing your way in and out of the "power panties," racking your brain for excuses as to why you have to leave early.

Gentry Blackburn, owner of *Frosty Darling*, is getting you out of that yuppie mess on July 30 from 5 to 9 p.m. for the *Frosty Darling Cupcake Social*. A cocktail party gone cupcake, this is an event you won't want to miss. *Frosty Darling* is Broadway's unique, 1950s-vintage gift boutique, featuring handmade crafts by Blackburn and other local artists. *The Cupcake Social* has become an annual event, and this summer brings it into its fourth year. "There's Christmas at one end of the year and the Cupcake Social at the other end ... It just seems to make sense for this place, everyone thinks it's an ice cream store or a cupcake place anyway," says Blackburn.

The Cupcake Social is kid (and vegan) friendly and sans martinis, but you won't miss the mixed drink with a gourmet cupcake in hand. So *Cupcake*, *Carlucci's Bakery* and *Diva's Cupcakes* are all providing the icing-topped delicacies, along with some other baked confections and peach iced tea made by Blackburn herself. There's no need to make stuffy conversation either, as a variety of cupcake-themed activities will be available for your entertainment. From the obvious cupcake decorating to cupcake bingo,

face painting and a cupcake walk kind of like musical chairs but with less tears and more prizes, there will be much fun to be had by all. Of course, once the players catch wind of the crafty prizes that can be won, the competition may get a little fierce. As I spoke to Blackburn, she was putting together little felt cupcakes to make into magnets, bracelets, pins and hair barrettes. She had also made some very realistic plastic cupcakes, whose deceptive scrumptiousness left my mouth watering. "I'm just really into fake food," she says. In the past, Blackburn has also held a cupcake exhibition, featuring cupcake-centered artwork by local artists. This year, *Frosty Darling* will not be hosting a gallery show, but Blackburn requested cupcake crafts from some of her consigners to be given out as prizes and available for purchase, including work by **Dallas Russell** and **Laurie Knowley**.

Attendees are also encouraged to wear "cupcake cocktail attire," which is open to interpretation. Personally, I suggest dressing as a humanized cupcake: frosting-styled hair, "sprinkled" torso and some cute leggings minus the power panties. Those who dress up will be given the chance to compete in a cupcake costume contest and win a prize.

The Cupcake Social is free, as are the edible gourmet cupcakes, but some of the activities ask for a suggested donation to cover flour and sugar costs, so be a *darling* and bring \$5 if you plan to stuff your face and participate. For photos of last year's fun and frosting go to slugmag.com/photos/166/Frosty-Darling-Cupcake-Social.html. Once again, don't miss out on supporting Salt Lake's sweetest vintage gift shop. See you on July 30 from 5 to 9 p.m. at *Frosty Darling*, 177 E. Broadway.





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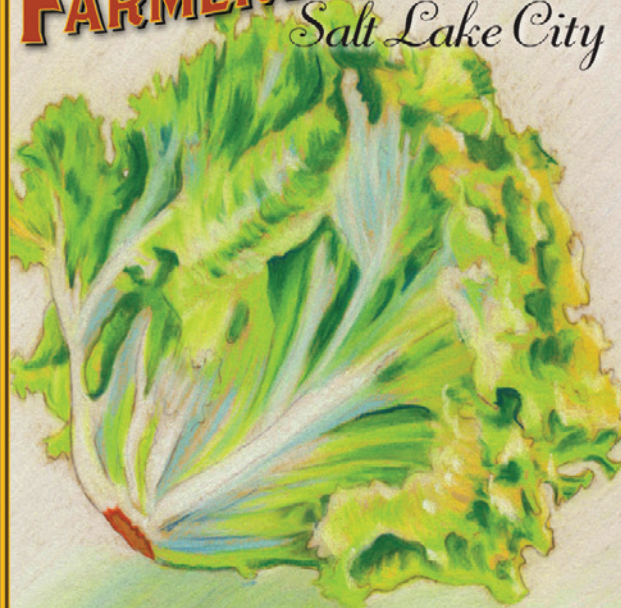
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PRO FITNESS FOR PRO GYM-AVOIDERS

By Ryan Powers (ryan@slugmag.com)

Vitality Fitness' old school approach reinvents the gym experience

While physical fitness certainly has its benefits, a lot of people (including this writer) have a number of negative connotations about 'going to the gym' and the stereotypes of persons that embrace their gym memberships and workout routines. So, the occasional bike ride to the bar or sporadic day on the slopes is about the extent of exercise I experience in any given year. You might even say that I don't see the point of the gym - what are you working out for anyway? Abs? And what are abs for? I personally don't think any amount of abs could make their way through my hairy man stomach anyways, not to mention I've never found myself in the company of a lady who is looking for 'abs'... at least I think I haven't.

In efforts to tackle my fear of the more muscle-bound of us, I head towards Vitality Fitness - a unique gym hidden inside a commercial park in west Sugarhouse. There is no real 'sign' per se, no giant windows offering exciting monthly packages, just an unassuming door leading to an unassuming office. Once inside, the gym itself doesn't scream 'gym' either - meticulous graffiti on the walls, no machinery (save for two 1970s exercise bikes and two rowers), no mirrors, and what's more important, a small group of people who seem to be genuinely enjoying themselves as they reach the boundaries of their physical capabilities. It turns out, the problem with exercise for me is gyms themselves. The big box chains don't particularly care if you completely slack off and neither do the underpaid employees. You simply walk into the giant maze of machinery amongst strangers, sweat a while, get judged and go home. This doesn't sound appealing to me and doesn't seem to work for most people either. The trainers at Vitality seem to actually give a shit about how I do, and furthermore, don't just bullshit around either - you aren't 'allowed' to just come for social hour.

Before Vitality, trainers **Chase Evans** (a former gymnast and current tri-athlete) and **Michael Blevins** (an accomplished cyclist) spent years training in chain gyms and noticed the lack of focus and unorganized

exercise routines - they would constantly challenge each other and create exercises focused on performance rather than vanity. While exercising at these chain gyms, Evans mentioned, "Kids would come up to us and ask what we were training for, what we were doing. I noticed that the people attending the gym didn't have the foresight or drive, they didn't have a clear idea of what they were doing. So at Vitality, it seemed like a good idea to give people monthly programming." This guidance is not only given to the trainers' respective clients - Blevins and Evans also train each other to push themselves not only harder, but also keep each other from exercising to the point of injury. As I spoke to Evans, he was on his way to Boise to compete in a half-Triathlon, one that he had been training for with Blevins for months. While this all sounds very intense, even this non-athlete writer found the focused training approach surprisingly adaptable. After the initial shock of exercise to my rusty joints and cubicle-jellied muscles, I found the approach to be not only encouraging, but effective.

Each person who starts a program keeps a detailed journal of their achievements during the strenuous exercise program-when they maxed out, passed out, fell over, or called it quits. In addition, the trainers take a personal interest in the stats - and if someone is doing worse than a previous session, they'll work with the client to find out why. I found cyclists, triathletes, moms, slackers, tiny dudes and big guys working towards wildly different goals in the same class which was designed to be flexible enough to equally work a wide variety of physiques and capabilities. While I'm not going to give up any of their secret routines, I can provide a basic outline of how a typical hour workout at Vitality goes:

The first ten minutes are spent warming up on either one of the 1970s Schwinn Airdyne or rowing machines - which seemed enough for me all by itself. Next, the class (with a maximum of four people) begins with some fairly simple, old-school exercises. Pushups, body squats, lunges, etc. As the workout proceeds, the difficulty slowly increases, and the time typically used to 'rest' is exchanged for some

bizarre form of torture. So, in between each grueling set, I found myself holding medicine balls over my head, jumping up and down, or holding a push-up position called 'plank.' I began to think this was some cruel joke being played on the unassuming SLUG writer as my vision would blur and my legs would be as supportive as slinkies covered in Jell-O.

At this point, there is usually a slightly longer rest, and most non-athletes will feel about as 'exercised' as they have ever felt at this point. Unfortunately for me, I was about exhausted and had no idea that the body-decimating, willpower-destroying exercises were still ahead of me. This is where the gym seemed to transfer into a bizarre montage from a Rocky film. Everyone is making super-embarrassing intense faces, grunts, and dramatic collapses to the floor. I didn't get to see anyone throw up, but Chase did pull a "If you're gonna spew, spew in this," move on me and placed a mop bucket next to the stationary bike as I joined a group of cyclists in an 80 calorie sprint. The end of a one-hour workout at Vitality is the end of one's life as a candy-ass, and the first real 'training' I've ever experienced. This is very real preparation for professional level athletic competition, and because of this, the results I saw in some of my classmates were above and beyond the average New Year's resolution and more on target with the type of physical changes erroneously reported by infomercials and Muscle Milk.

I'm not sure if Vitality is for everyone, but if you are the type of guy (or girl) who refuses to be on top in the bedroom because you can't hold the weight of your own head up for a measly two minutes of pathetic effort, you should maybe consider scheduling a few sessions.

Vitality Fitness is located at 2212 South, West Temple in the Tempest commercial complex, in Suite 7. Monthly rates vary from \$80-200. To schedule a session, contact founder and trainer Chase Evans at 801-699-9615.



Trainer
Michael Blevins
and humble
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Ryan Powers

Photo courtesy of Chase Evans

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SKIRTING THE MAINSTREAM IS JUST MORE FUN

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS COLLECTION

By Jeanette D. Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com

The main Salt Lake City Library is like a diamond in the rough. Its modern design (created by Moshe Safdi), light-colored walls and the prevalence of glass used in the structure make it one of the most distinctive buildings in the city. Although the stunning architecture is obvious, the downtown library hosts a variety of hidden gems within its walls.

On the second floor of the building, near the fiction reference desk and the periodical section, a handful of shelves hold approximately 2,500 zines—one of the largest public alternative press collections in the country. Unfortunately, if you weren't looking for it ... it's unlikely that you'd ever know it was there.

"It's surprising to see that, even now, after the collection has been going on for so long, and we've had so much publicity for it, that a lot of people don't even know that it exists," says **Moey Nelson**, an employee of the library and one of the organizers behind the second annual Alternative Press Festival.

Julie Bartell and **Brooke Young**, two librarians then working at the old downtown location, started the massive collection in approximately 1997 in the periodicals department. "It was kind of just a side project ... it was just kept as kind of a little happy secret," Nelson says. "It's definitely due to their innovative vision of what [the collection] could be, that it happened." Both women are no longer involved with the collection, Bartell has moved on to other ventures and Young currently works as the assistant manager at the Day-Riverside branch.

What started as a small side project has exploded into a collection notorious in zine-making

circles. The current chair of the Alternative Press Collection, **Clint Watson**, inherited managing the collection approximately two and a half years ago and has added somewhere between 500 and 600 new titles since that time. "Most of what we get just shows up in the mail. I don't know who these people are. I've never talked to them," Watson says, "Zinesters just mail them to us because everyone knows the Salt Lake City Zine Collection." The portion of the collection that doesn't come as unsolicited mailers is collected through a variety of zine distributors like *Microcosm* and *Poop Sheet*, networking with other zine librarians and Watson's involvement reviewing zines for *Zine World*. The collection is made up of comix, poetry, per-zines, music zines and a variety of other sub-genres. The oldest zines in the collection date back to the early 80s, many of which cover underground punk and hardcore music scenes in cities such as Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. "There was no other way that those bands were being documented," Nelson says, "Those are still the most interesting to read. They're historical documents at this point."

Unfortunately, the collection hasn't garnered the same kind of attention from the local community that it has from the national zine-making community. According to Nelson it is astonishing to see how many young people come to the library and are totally unaware that the collection exists. This eagerness to inform and educate people about the collection is why Watson single-handedly started the Alternative Press Festival last summer. "I had just built the website and was cataloging things and one of my coworkers suggested I should have a festival," Watson says, "I said 'okay that will be

fun,' and it was way too much work." Despite the overwhelming amount of work, last year's turnout was good. According to Watson, 400 people attended the event and all of the artists that were involved wanted to do it again. He is also quick to point out that Nelson was an indispensable asset in organizing the second annual Alternative Press Festival. "Moey came into a meeting and was full of fire," he says.

This year the Alternative Press Festival organized a work group of library employees that consists of Watson, Nelson, **Isabelle Roehrig**, **Rachel Getts**, **Courtney Brueckner**, **Andrew Eoff** and **Amanda Perry** to help with the planning of the festival. Planning started back in January and to date the festival will include over 30 zinemakers, printmakers and bookmakers such as **Trent Call**, **Willy Nevins**, **Ryan Perkins** and **Jen Sorensen**; live music from **La Farsa**, **Bramble**, **Lindsey Heath Orchestra**, **8335** and many others; films from **Salt Lake Film Festival** and **Silent Film Shorts**; and various performance art groups such as **Salt Lake Adult Puppet Theater** and **Spinning Poi** dancers.

"[The reason] I wanted to do this a second year was to make it known to the community that the collection exists, but also it's alternative press ... it's not just a zine collection anymore," Nelson says. For years the collection was known as "the zine collection," but a few years ago the name was changed to the "Alternative Press Collection." The distinction between "zine collection" and "alternative press collection" is an important one for Nelson and Watson. Watson explains that alternative press is more encompassing than the previous title. "I think alternative press is about zines, definitely, but



Photo by: Sam Milanta

**"Alternative Press is about ... skirting the mainstream ... in any medium."
—Clint Watson, Chair of Alternative Press Collection**



Photo by: Sam Milanta

**"... A lot of people don't even know that it exists,"
—Moey Nelson**

it's [also] about ... skirting the mainstream and trying other routes in any medium," be it art, filmmaking or even music. The change was made in part because of the amount of non-zine media that the library began receiving. "We have a lot of submissions for music and films and we have just kind of kept them in the back—not knowing exactly what we want to do with it yet." Nelson says, "It would be great if we could have listening stations, if we could display them to the public, because it is an unheard voice and we are a free establishment, and it is about sharing ideas."

Although the Alternative Press Collection has yet to add any music, art or films, Watson says that it is something that they are working with the cataloguing department to make happen. Changing the name of the collection wasn't just about incorporating new media though, it's also a move meant to strengthen the ties between the local community and the library, which Nelson says is really the whole philosophy behind the library. "It's not so much about the material, but what we are providing to the public." She says, "We are providing a link to the community. Representing communities that may not be represented by anyone else and providing that for the community so it's linking everyone in all these diverse communities. With that being said, zines are less and less popular because of blogs ... so what else can we provide for the community ... What kind of uniqueness can we provide and represent in this collection?"

Watson's answer to this question, not surprisingly, lies in the local music scene. "I think there is a lot of local music in the main collection downtown that gets overlooked.

No one is highlighting it, showing that this is local and cool, and I think those sorts of things, especially local acts, would be better off being highlighted in a separate collection among similar materials like local writing and local art." He says, "I've just got this vision of a collection that's sort of ... not quite tied in with the mainstream."

Ultimately the decision to expand the collection is to give more unheard voices an opportunity to get their work into the community. "I don't have any loyalty to zines themselves. It's more the idea that people are creating things and I want to provide a forum for expression, for them to share this stuff with other people in the city," Watson says. "Having the library host [the Alternative Press Festival] really legitimizes, in a big way, the stuff that is in the collection ... It's a useful thing to do with your time, energy and creativity, and it's a useful form of expression."

"I think the more places that we have to experience our community and share these ideas ... the better. We can't just have it at *Urban Lounge*, *Kilby Court* and *Craft Lake City*. These things don't happen enough," Nelson says.

Nelson and Watson both see the Alternative Press Festival as one more place where creative types can get together and bounce ideas off of one another. "If you were to see it from above you'd think it was really disorganized," Watson says regarding what he hopes the atmosphere of the day will be like. "We want it to be a really loose, comfortable environment for people to get to know each other." Nelson adds: "we are hoping that this will serve as an open door, not only for people to submit more material but

also to volunteer their hours as well."


Watson says that the Alternative Press Collection is currently looking for volunteers to help catalog the zines for their website (altpressslcpl.org). "Cataloging consists of reading the zines, recording a bunch of info, tagging it with descriptors and authoring a brief description." He says, "It's highly involved volunteering, but anyone who participates will get all of the benefits of library volunteerism, plus they'll help contribute to one of the largest catalogs of zines in the world." Interested individuals should contact should contact Watson at cwatson@slcpl.org.

The Alternative Press Fest workgroup has a number of additional events planned leading up to the actual Alternative Press Festival. On July 7th, in conjunction with the Salt Lake Film Festival, a film screening will be hosted behind FICE at dusk.

The Alternative Press Festival takes place on July 9th at the Downtown Library from 3pm-9pm in the Urban Room, the auditorium and Library Square Plaza. Live music is scheduled all day and zinemakers, printmakers and bookmakers will all have tables. The event is free, open to the public and everyone is encouraged to bring copies of their zines or books to submit to the collection or trade with others during the day. Visit altpressslcpl.com for more information about the festival, submitting your work to the collection or just simply familiarizing yourself with some of the hidden treasures that Salt Lake City has to offer.

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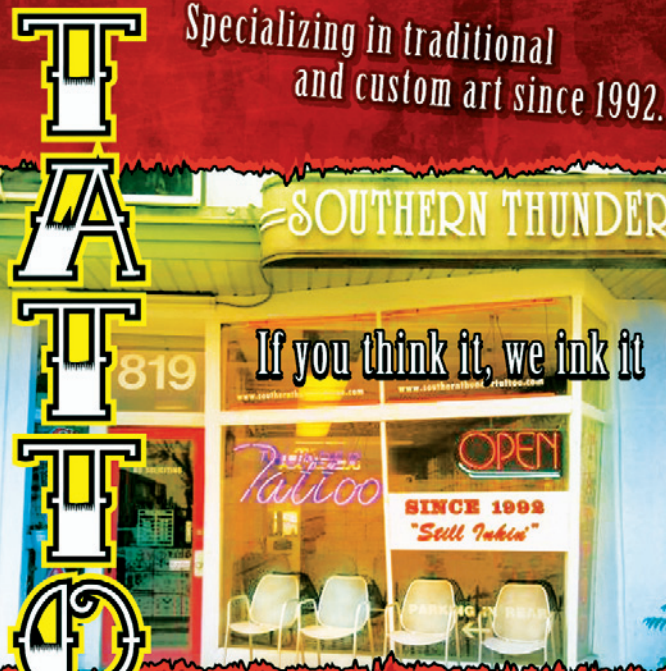
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A TALE OF (TWO) TEXTILES: COPPER PALATE PRESS PRINTS ON IT

By JP
jp@slugmag.com

Create a design, apply photo emulsifier onto a screen, attach the design, shoot super-powered light at it, rinse the screen off and start applying paint through the holes the photo emulsifier made: that's the most basic story of screen printing. But there's more to the tale for a local woodcut and screenprint artists' studio:

"The goal of art, with all of us, is to communicate with an audience and to make an impression on people," **Cameron Bentley** says. Bentley, along with an ever-expanding group of other professionally trained print artists, including **Dave Boogert**, **Chad Tolley**, **John Andrews**, **Colin Ledbetter**, coagulate into a studio known as **Copper Palate Press (CPP)**. Note the distinction between the speaking and spelling of "palate." "Palate," as in "a person's appreciation of taste and flavor" versus the traditional color "palette" that you'd think a place dealing in color spectra would delineate in their name. The devil is in the details, and precision in a name is a must for the type of people who spend several hours carving out slivers in a woodcut utilizing Japanese printmaking tools or designing screens for printing onto textiles.

CPP sits behind *FICE* and *Este* pizza on 200 South in Salt Lake City and is a burgeoning beehive of energy focused on making art, both wearable and hang-able. The year-old commune has become known as an amazing place to stop every third Friday for music and live screen printing during Gallery Stroll. CPP decided to increase exposure of their fellow artists by selling prints at these monthly showings and note increasing numbers of guests through their doors since. Past guests artists include **Sri Whipple**, **Meg Charlier** (of the **Vile Blue Shades**), **Mary Toscano** and out-of-towners **The Drive By Press**, just a small selection of artists who've had their art transferred onto shirts. CPP wanted the experience to be unique and become clothing several shades away from Wal-mart wear. "It's not sitting on somebody's wall. It's a lot more live than that," Bentley says. "Why does any business print t-shirts?" CPP artist **Brian Taylor** asks. "It's exposure, it's marketing, it's advertising. But when you get to see it printed and you get to wear it? It's a dope shirt."

Proceeds from events pay the guest artists, cover materials expenses and help keep the lights on so these artists can freely practice the art many of them learned at the University of Utah from a shop mentor. "**Justin Diggle** is our professor and he's amazing," Taylor says. "He will have taught every person in here as soon as he teaches **Mike [Marcinek]**," Bentley adds. The trio of gents who sat down for SLUG (Bentley, Marcinek and Taylor) all moved to Salt Lake City in the early 2000s from differing locales, partly inspired by local artist **Leia Bell**. From Taylor's journey out of the wilds of Pennsylvania, Marcinek's escape from New York via California to Utah, and Bentley's sojourn to the big city from Moab, most of CPP artists' byways led to SLC and then Copper Palate Press via the U's Fine Arts program.

CPP has been featured using skills they spent years paying for and perfecting by executing live print work at many community events. At **KRCL** (90.9 FM and KRCL.org) events they print logos on bags and t-shirts. CPP was on hand at June's Asian Expo printing Asian-inspired art. The collective will continue to be out and about throughout the summer, including at this year's second annual **Craft Lake City** (presented by SLUG at the Gallivan Center on August 14, 2010). But that exposure only helps pay bills. These people aren't a business. They're a studio, and with that distinction comes a lot of freedom you won't find at other print shops—the ability for local art fans to get paper prints on the cheap. "We don't charge much for our prints," Taylor says. "You buy stuff from us? It goes into [artists'] pockets. You're helping us out by purchasing prints from us. You go to a gallery? It's 50/50."

"If we have our friends showing their work, if they sell anything it's going all to them," Marcinek says. "It helps them out ... those guys work their asses off and they're scraping by like the rest of us."

"We understand that," Taylor says. "That's why we're charging five bucks a shirt. I would like to make enough to pay for my rent here. Sometimes I do, some months more than others. I know times are hard, but we keep our prices lower than average for sure." These guys have regular day jobs and have felt the squeeze of the declining economy, but that doesn't stop their desire to create affordable, sharable art.

"None of us count on income from this," Bentley says. "We're just trying to show everybody in the city how much good art is out there in Salt Lake." Taylor adds: "And just produce, keep making art. It'll get better and better each fucking month."

See what these new and existing SLC residents make when artists **Evan Memmott** and **Ben Dougal** have their works screen printed live at Copper Palate Press headquarters July 16th, 2010 (160 E. 200 South). Buy a shirt there for \$10 or pay \$5 to have designs printed on any textile you bring in.

A handful of the artists behind Copper Palate Press L-R
Mike Marcinek,
John Andrews,
Brian Taylor,
Emilee Dziuk,
Dave Boogert
and **Cameron Bentley**.



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It's Only Good If It's In Your Ears!

Metal of the Mountains

By Alexander Ortega

alexanderlightfingers@hotmail.com



Photo: Patiri Photography

I walk into **Burt's Tiki Lounge** with **Deavy Metal**, the wicked bard of **Killbot**. Nobody else is in the bar except for the bartender, who later decides that it's a good idea to shop-vac stuff while I'm recording my interview—but it's okay because everything in this feature piece was top secret, up until now anyway, so nobody overheard. After cracking open some tall boys and ascertaining that the reason Devin's hair is so shiny is because he uses *Dove*, I have one thing on my mind: *Deavy Metal Productions Presents S.L.C. METAL Volume #1 - FREE*.

To lay down the big idea, if you couldn't infer from the title, *S.L.C. METAL Volume #1* is a free compilation of 13 tracks from metal bands across the Salt Lake valley. Devin began rallying up bands for this comp in February, and has fiddled with the logistics of the release up to this point, investing three-to-four months of brutish man hours to provide a free CD for those with the hands to wield it. What was going through our Deavenly Father's metal-head when he decided to undertake such an endeavor? "The lack of local people knowing that there's actually legitimate metal bands out here," he says. "If they're exposed to it and they don't have to buy a CD, they just see it and they can pick it up. Then they can listen through and [say], 'I like this band, I don't like this band—wow, there's actually good music in Salt Lake—good metal music...'" It's not so much that Devin aims to get more fans for the bands, but rather generate a sense of a Salt Lake metal scene: "The bands are there and they already have exposure. I'm just looking for everybody in the valley to realize that we have legitimate shows, we have legitimate bands. There's more than a handful of fuckin' longhairs in this town."

And the songs on the release warrant Deavy Metal's claims. **ToxicDose** thrashes your presumptions of local metal from the get-go, **Dead Vessel** provides a corrosive shot of death metal and **Seventhing** time warps you back to the '80s. Of course, *SLUG* regulars, **Killbot**, **Oldtimer** and **Spélite** make an appearance along with big names like **Separation of Self** and newer acts such as **Such Vengeance**. "These particular bands [on the comp] are good buddies of mine. I know them because we played with all of them a million times," says Deavy Metal. **Deny Your Faith**, **Brute Force**, **Blood of Saints**, **Deception** and **Truce**, Devin's dad's band (from whose testicles **Killbot** emerged), shape a well-rounded compilation. "I didn't want to have all trash metal, I didn't want to have all 80s metal, I didn't want to have all new metal [not nu metal]. I made sure to get a nice mixture of every type of metal... The more sub-genres the better," says Deavy. **Miley Cyrus'** contribution to the compilation was "a whole lotta fuckin' jizz rags" (Devin wants me to clarify that that's not actually true because Miley Cyrus is his future wife). "I checked a lot of Myspaces. Almost everybody I wrote to wrote back. I just asked 'em if they're interested and, if yes, gimme a track. There was a couple bands that I picked the

Im just looking for everybody in the valley to realize that we have legitimate shows, we have legitimate bands. Theres more than a handful of fuckin longhairs in this town. Deavy Metal

tracks [from]—they just said pick whichever one you want."

Though hatred and anger often fuel the genre, "the love of metal," Deavy Metal proclaims, has pushed him to produce a top-of-the-line release that consolidates our metal scene—all for

zero dollars and zero cents. Other than the bands' contributions to the finished product, the sponsors of the compilation have played a crucial role in making this CD possible. Devin has designated **Bruce Kirby** at **Boho Digitalla Studios** as the official audio producer of the album. Kirby has mastered all the disc's levels and has recorded seven of the comp's tracks, not to mention that four bands on the album went specifically to Boho to record solely for this compilation. **Advanced Media Solutions** (AMS) has pressed 500 copies of the disc along with full-color cardboard inserts and fliers for the bands' upcoming shows. The simple black and red cover art stems from Deavy Metal's desire to simply convey that the comp is a metal album without taking away from the music. Thus, with all the jewel case essentials in tow, these bad boys have been delivered straight to your local music shop—"Graywhale, the Heavy Metal Shop, pretty much any music store around here"—for your greedy little fingers to snatch.

Additionally, Deavy Metal cites **Club Vegas** as the "elite supporter of metal shows in Salt Lake." As the elite venue, thus far Vegas will host two shows based off of the compilation: July 23 with **Killbot**, **Separation of Self**, **Blood of Saints**, **Deny Your Faith**, **ToxicDose**, and **Such Vengeance**, and Aug. 21 with bands to be announced. As far as the all ages realm goes, "**Kilby Court** is the only legitimate local venue... **Kilby Court** is where I think it's going to be," Devin says. Also, though it's still in the works, Devin tentatively plans to set up an S.L.C. Metal tour where local metal bands team up to pillage Utah from St. George to Logan, which could possibly lead to a Utah Metal compilation.

Don't stop salivating. "I plan on doing a bunch of these [compilations]," says Devin. "Two a year. Two volumes a year, one in the summer, one in the winter." This is only the beginning. Keep your eye out for a Deavy Metal Productions punk rock edition too... And although there's a lot of information in this article already, Deavy Metal does have something to plug: "**Killbot**, **Killbot**, **Killbot**, **Killbot**... I wanna shout out to the eskimos, Wu, Wu, Wu, Tang, Tang, Tang!" He even has the right answer to my fuck, marry, kill question: "**Marry Oprah**, I'd have sex with my girlfriend, and I'd kill **Barbara Walters**."

After our rendezvous, Devin bought me *Arctic Circle*. It was delicious. Seeing as how our Deavenly Father will bestow only the finest of things on a humble newshound like me (it had bacon on it), you can only imagine the caliber of metal bullets that he will shoot into your skull with this glorious compilation... for free.

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Remember kids, Kennedy isn't a doctor she just plays one on Avondale.

On Easter, my friend **DJ JORY**, who just moved to town from San Francisco, introduced me to his friend **Dennis Reynolds**. Reynolds and his friend **Robin Ballard** are the creators of a 'homemade soap opera called *Avondale*. Reynolds and Ballard have been friends since around '89 and told me they bear striking similarities to Capote and Radzwell. *Avondale*, which is shot in the old school style of 60s cinema and voice-over, is mainly, as Reynolds puts it, "about people gossiping in hallways." The show centers around the Crenshaw sisters: Leslie Crenshaw (big red), Gail Crenshaw Gardner and Dr. Crenshaw. The main focus is on Gail Gardner and her best friend, Mrs. Deverose. The plot always revolves around the hospital, Freedom Medical Center, and comes complete with a lot of flirting and tawdry love scenes between Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Stool, the show's villain. Reynolds said that he pulled much of his inspiration for *Avondale* from the comic *Apartment 3-G*. I personally think it is a tall cuppa cuckoo that I can't get enough of! My interest was sparked when Reynolds told me they were interested in having me appear in an episode—even more so when I was told that they filmed *Avondale* in the Pleasure Palace.

The Pleasure Palace is a space on South Temple that I'd only heard rumors about from a friend who had attended some legendary parties that owner **Pete Ashdown** and his wife **Ballard** throw there. The opulence of the Palace is legendary, but I was not prepared for the gorgeousness I was going to encounter during my tour of the space.

Avondale is set in a mid-century, modern, white building that once housed an insurance agency called (and still called) *Western General* on South Temple. I was amazed to see that all three floors and roughly 81,000 sq ft, had been turned into different sets for their home-spun telenovela.

Before I go any further, I must tell you about the strange penthouse that was added onto the building in the late

60s. There is way too much detail to get into, even for this wordy tranny. The interior designer who worked on the Pleasure Palace is the same woman who designed Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. Shag carpet decorates every room in the penthouse. The walls are covered in flocked and foiled fleur de lis wallpaper. The bathroom features a sunken pink tourmaline faux-ancient Roman bath tub. There is an atrium and an all-chartreuse patent leather dining room. The kitchen is modeled to look like a Tuscan village. The rooftop pool is a replica of the one at Caesar's Palace. The cherub fountain in the entryway is made of black and white marbled tile to match the marble columns throughout the space. My favorite room is the front room, the celestial room, named as such because of its honeydew colored with hand-painted walls that look like a vineyard in Italy. It has a hand-painted ceiling to mimic the sky that changes with the time of day. Ballard asks if I want a drink before pulling out the corner of the marble coffee table in the celestial room to reveal a bar.

"Do you need music?" she asks, as she pulls out the other corner to display a turntable and 8-track. When I ask where the sound comes from, she chirps and opens all the end tables in the room, which house four corner speakers. I ask, "What is this place?" She tells me it was added on for entertaining in the late 60s. My first thought was that this place had seen some whores. Next I wondered if there was vintage cocaine in the shag carpet.

These rooms act as the homes of the two main characters of the soap opera, Mrs. Deverose and Mrs. Gardner. The apartment is set in the fictional building they show in every episode, which is a real building on South Temple across the street from the Pleasure Palace. The other two floors of the Pleasure Palace are where hospital scenes are filmed. There is a surgical theater, pharmacy, corridors, waiting and exam rooms. The main floor features a candy shop, a full 1960s department store and a secretarial pool that would make any collector of vintage office furniture break that

one commandment on not coveting things.

I showed up to my filming not quite sure what to expect. To my surprise, they had wardrobe, wig, makeup and a script all in my dressing room. Yes, they even have dressing rooms in the Pleasure Palace—big, professional, stadium-style ones. It turns out that I was going to be a part of their newest project called "Dreams About My Mother." Ballard explains: "Our pilot episode of ['Dreams About My Mother'] features Princess Kennedy and will debut late June or July to coincide with this article. The premise of the show is that viewers write in to tell us about a dream they had in which their mother appears. We re-enact the dream with delicate confidentiality, changing the names and identities to protect the innocent. We encourage readers to write to robin@westerngeneralfacilities.com if they wish their dream to be featured in the show," Ballard told me. In the episode that I starred in, I played a doctor that tells a mother that her fully functional 36-year-old is actually retarded.

With such a decadent playground, I got the sense that this eccentric duo have many other projects up their sleeves. The possibilities are neverending—so many that I could write a book on them. Here are some of my favorites that I've shown friends across the world, all of whom were amazed by the artistic brilliance found here in little old Salt Lake City. Enjoy!

<http://www.youtube.com/user/248329>
<http://www.youtube.com/user/WGFacilities>
<http://westerngeneralfacilities.blogspot.com/>

Be sure to check out "Tornado Lady," with actual footage of the SLC tornado and "White Bread." A-mazing!

And remember kids, I'm not a Doctor, I just play one on *Avondale*.



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Zines and Shit

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

So I write a zine and shit. **Zack Hammers**, an imaginary skateboarder I made up, wanted to interview me about my zine, *The Leviathan*. So I kindly obliged, even though Zack Hammers is a total asshole. I respect him because he's not afraid to ask the tough questions.

Zack Hammers: You make a zine and shit, does that mean you think you're better than me?

Mike Brown: What? No, remember when you switch 50/50-ed the *Delta Center* double kink, and kick flipped out of the motherfucker cleaner than a freshly washed virgin butt hole? I could never be better than you. Are you saying that because you don't know how to read, Zach?

Hammers: Fuck you Mike Brown!

Brown: You wish, homo. Are you going to ask me questions about my zine or what?

Hammers: Ok, fine. Since this interview is going in *SLUG*, we might as well start with the boring interview question protocol. You know, where I just ask you stupid shit, like what are your inspirations and when did you start your zine? How does that sound fuckface?

Brown: Sounds great. I started *The Leviathan* when I was 18. I had some punk rock buddies that were doing a zine called *Maybrick's Diary* and I was contributing to it, but felt that *Maybrick's Diary* was a piece of shit not fit to wipe your butt hole with. Plus I was working at a drug rehab at the time and had unlimited access to a big fucking copy machine there that no one but me used. Thus, *Leviathan* issue No. 1 was born.

Hammers: I bet issue No. 1 sucked harder than your mom. What was in it and what did people think about it?

Brown: Whatever the fuck I wanted was in it. I had a poem about masturbating, an interview with a girl I worked with who was into the devil and the very first Fuck You List—shit like that. People seemed to like it, but people were much stupider back then. The zine landscape was a lot different because no one blogged, texted, e-mailed or participated in what I like to call the Digital Emotional Apocalypse.

Hammers: What the fuck is the Digital Emotional Apocalypse?

Brown: Good question. It's the death of intimacy. It's Facebook. It's Twitter. It's the generation that has learned to communicate electronically, that is forgetting what a hug is. Unplugging themselves long enough to fuck after

receiving a booty text and then returning to their status updates. It's 40 people in a coffee shop not talking to each other because they are too busy writing a blog no one will read.

The Digital Emotional Apocalypse is also one of my main motivations for making zines these days.

Hammers: Back up a bit, I'm not quite following your ass, are you high or something?

Brown: Well yeah, but that's not the point. Back when I started *The Leviathan*, people were using zines to connect with each other, and there was something real cool about it. I would send a stack of zines with random punk bands touring through town and before I knew it, I would get letters with dollars hidden in them asking for a copy. And these letters would come from all over. It was one of the funnest parts of punk rock to me. But that shit doesn't really happen anymore. Once people started

texting and blogging, it died a little bit. There is a resurgence of sorts going on right now. And I hate to sound like the fat washed-up scene queen that's always bitching about how much better it used to be, because I hate that bitch. So I won't say things are worse, just different. But that's kind of why whenever anyone says I should start a blog, I want to punch them in the kidneys.

Hammers: Dude, you should start a blog.

Brown: Fuck you.

Hammers: So tell me about this resurgence.

Brown: The true warriors against the Digital Emotional Apocalypse! Basically, you just have to ask yourself: when was the last time you received a handwritten letter from a friend in the mail? There is something more

tangible and sincere about that than a fucking Facebook message or e-mail. Or when someone makes you a gift instead of buying you one, it will always mean more—something you can hold, that someone took the time to make for you to enjoy—like my fucking zine! I think people are realizing it's missing a bit and some are stepping it up. Mad props to Lil' G for always sending me postcards! *The Sofa King* kids got it right, too.

Hammers: Ok, this interview is getting about as exciting as my grandma's funeral. Now for some tough questions. You said your zine has ended up in some random places. Where is the strangest place your zine has ended up?

Brown: Definitely in the hands of world famous prop comic, **Carrot Top**.

Hammers: Has *The Leviathan* Fuck You List ever had any repercussions?

Brown: Yeah, but that's kind of the point. **Erik Lopez**, who is a Fuck You List regular, confronted me in person about why he keeps making it. I was way pumped though, because I got to tell him in person to go fuck himself.

Hammers: Has making a zine ever gotten you laid? Do you think it could help me?

Brown: Definitely. I started a zine that is a spin off of *The Leviathan*, called *Women, Duh* just for that purpose. By spinoff I mean *Leviathan* is *Cheers* and *Women, Duh* is *Frasier*. It's everything I know about girls and yeah, it got me laid like 15 times.



Concert Announcements

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

Fri Jul 2: Visions Of Infinity, SPIRAL ARMS, Dead Vessel, Unthinkable Thoughts

Sat Jul 3: HEIDI'S HEAVY METAL BASH with Vernicious Knid CD Release, Ravings Of A Madman, Etched In Red, Autumn Eclipse

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

Wed Jul 7: SUBMERSION with CHLOE DAY Hosted by Reverend23

Thu Jul 8: DEATH ANGEL, Truce, Killbot, Toxic Dose

Fri Jul 9: CAROLINE'S SPINE, American Hitman, Monarch, Lucid 8

Mon Jul 12: ADLER'S APPETITE, Aerial, Deny Your Faith, Seventking

Thu Jul 15: PARASITIC EXTIRPATION, KATAPLEXY, Adipocere

Fri Jul 16: Ayin, WATER & BODIES, Dulce Sky, The Black Arrows

Sat Jul 17: Bandwagon Live w. Game Show Host, 20XII

Mon Jul 19: ORIGIN, GIGAN, Vinea, Adipocere, Philosofist

Wed Jul 21: VEER UNION with tba

Thu Jul 22: A WORLD CONDEMED TOUR with NIGHTSHADE, BLOOD OF PROPHETS

Fri Jul 23: Blood Of Saints, Crow, Such Vengeance, Toxic Dose, Killbot, Deny Your Faith

Sat Jul 24: Tombstone Jesus, Cattle Drive, Lucid 8, Brian Bingham Band

Tue Jul 27: NAYSAYER with tba

Thu Jul 29: BANG TANGO, Aerial, THE SAMMUS THEORY, Metal Tears

Fri Jul 30: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

Sat Jul 31: TANTRIC, ADEMA, BURN HALO w tba

Wed Aug 4: 36 CRAZYFISTS, STRAIGHT LINE STITCH, DIRGE WITHIN, Reaction Effect

Fri Aug 6: MICHAEL SCHENKER, LYNCH MOB

Mon Aug 9: MONDO GENERATOR

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SEM STUDIO

OUT OF SCHOOL AND IN THE STUDIO:

SPY HOP RECORDS EMPOWERS A NEW GENERATION OF MUSICIANS

By Mary Enge

marycenge@gmail.com

If the term 'teen musician' makes you want to rip out your own eardrums, I understand. Or at least, I did. Listening to the over-hyped, mass-produced, cookie-cutter drivel from the likes of **Justin Bieber** and **Miley Cyrus** is enough to turn even the most optimistic of music fans into jaded cynics whining about the future of the music industry.

It's no wonder, then, that when I got a hold of a free CD sampler of local youth artists produced by a local youth record label, I was surprised. Actually, I was in disbelief. The first time I popped the CD into my stereo, I did a double take. I checked the CD and the sleeve to make sure that this was, in fact, the music of teen musicians as produced by other teens. It's not just that the musicians themselves are talented and original, but the production quality itself is so good that I couldn't help but wonder if some mistake had been made.

My apologies to the talented folks over at **Spy Hop Records**. Spy Hop Records is a youth-run record label, housed within **Spy Hop Productions**, responsible for invigorating and empowering youth artists from the Salt Lake City area. Some of those youth artists are the product of Spy Hop Records' sister program, **Musicology**. The musical arts instructor and mentor over both programs is SLC-born musician **Jeremy Chatelain**. Chatelain describes Musicology as a ten-month program made up of teen musicians. "This year, I decided to make it one big project. So over the course of 10 months, these kids come in here—there's seven of them—and they all play different instruments. We work on writing songs and being in a band and rehearsing," says Chatelain.

Spy Hop Productions is a local nonprofit

dedicated to "empowering youth through multimedia." Students from around the Salt Lake City area come to Spy Hop to learn various skills: how to make documentaries, make video games, run a youth radio program, etc. Students become designers, editors, audio engineers and cinematographers. Spy Hop Records and Musicology are two of Spy Hop's newest programs, both only in their second year. Students of the Spy Hop Records program are generally recruited from other Spy Hop classes. As instructor/mentor for Spy Hop Records and Musicology, Chatelain tries to find designers, writers, audio engineers and publicists for the Spy Hop Records team. As a result, the Spy Hop Records class is the most diverse group of students at Spy Hop—hailing from high schools all over the Salt Lake valley and from all walks of life.

Essentially, the class is an actual record label experience. The students determine which local acts to sign and then offer contracts to those chosen. Then, students are faced with the difficult task of "trying to disseminate music to the public," says Chatelain. "That class, for myself and the students is a constant learning experience ... Some things we try totally fail, but some things we do totally take off. I think that's the state of the music industry at large. They're struggling, so we are a little micro look at their struggles—How do you sell CDs? I don't know. We're trying to figure it out."

This year, Spy Hop Records has signed six different acts: **Sam Burton**, **The Direction**, **Eliza Shearon**, **Malevolent MC**, **Joel Brown** and **Idyll Rigamarole** (the Musicology band). All of the artists on the Spy Hop Records label are young people—none over 21 years old. SHR is one of just a small handful of youth-run record labels, and both students and artists at the label are proud of it.

Gabriella Huggins is a driven 16-year-old who co-manages the Spy Hop Records class with Chatelain. She speaks for most of her fellow students when she says "Spy Hop Records is such a cool thing because we're youth, we sign

youth artists for free and we give them a chance to put their art out there. That's not an opportunity that [teens] get very often, and if we get those opportunities it's because we're under the control of other people, not because we have artistic freedom. Spy Hop Records gives [our artists] the freedom to do what they want to do, to make their records on their own time. We're just there for support. We're there to help them ... We empower people."

The students in Musicology are automatically signed with Spy Hop Records, giving the new artists the unique opportunity to form a band and record an actual album in only 10 months. This year, the work of Musicology and Spy Hop Records students will be showcased on July 21 at 6pm at *Kilby Court*. There, the students' 10 months of hard work culminate in a concert featuring all six artists on the Spy Hop Records label and the CD releases for **The Direction**, **Eliza Shearon**, and **Idyll Rigamarole**'s new albums.

This year's Musicology class consists of seven students in the band **Idyll Rigamarole**. The group, who had not met or played together before the class, became fast friends. They have already played several live shows and radio spots. Though referred to as a "class," Musicology is not a typical music class. Students who join Musicology already know how to play their instruments, but don't have much experience playing in a band. Since they play only original songs, no covers, class discussions explore what makes music "good." Much of Musicology's class time is spent writing songs and rehearsing music. According to Chatelain, "It's a band experience in a condensed version... I don't teach music lessons." In fact, Chatelain doesn't feel much like a traditional "teacher" at all, calling himself a "mentor" or "guide," instead.



During rehearsal, Chatelain may suggest, subtly, "Do you want to run through this song, start to finish? ... Good, I think you should." But it's obvious that the students themselves are in control. The technical term for this approach, taken in all Spy Hop Productions classes, is "student-driven curriculum." It's what makes Spy Hop Records and Musicology so empowering for students.

At Spy Hop, students are given the one thing that all teens crave but that adults are unwilling to give them—independence. Chatelain says, "We let the kids here do what they want in the class and then we facilitate them pursuing those ideas." The kids definitely appreciate it. When asked what the best part about Spy Hop Records is, **Gabriella Huggins**, 16, and **Perry Layne Decker-Tate**, 16, say that it's their independence or "artistic freedom." The students have even learned to trust each other's artistic freedom. During one rehearsal, **TJ Hunter** told his fellow guitar player, **Teager Czubak**, to improvise a second guitar part, saying encouragingly, "You can come up with something." And Czubak quickly improvised a new, complimentary piece to Hunter's original song. **Aspen Hinkle**, a 17-year-old who returned to Spy Hop Records for her second year says that the independent aspect resonates with her, since the work doesn't feel 'required' and stifling the way schoolwork sometimes can. Decker-Tate says, "They give you the tools to do what you want to do. Jeremy just gave me this [video equipment] and told me to [record this promotional video] the way I wanted to do it, and so I am. And it looks professional, by the way."

Professional work isn't always the result of this student-initiated approach, however. As Chatelain admits, it can backfire. He cites one example when the Musicology kids wanted to write a song collectively, as a band. Despite his suspicion

that the experiment might not work, Chatelain encouraged them. The result? After a few minutes of initial inspiration, "I think they sat there for an hour and a half in silence." Chatelain laughs as he relates these stories, because with his 25 years of experience in bands, "I've been there," he says. "But it's totally worthwhile. That [frustration] is real. I tell them that all the time, 'This is what band practice is like—sometimes it sucks.' But I feel like they're getting lessons they wouldn't get elsewhere."

Many of those lessons are practical pieces of advice straight from Chatelain's experiences playing in and touring with bands since he was a teenager. A native of Salt Lake City, Chatelain is currently working on a new album with his band **Cub Country** and enjoying two new roles as a father and a musical arts instructor at Spy Hop. Though he never pictured himself working with teens, Chatelain says he has enjoyed the opportunity to "establish trust with students and work on something creative." He has watched some of his students turn from sullen, disinterested teens to engaged, active students, and "that's pretty gratifying to see. Though I had no idea that was coming when I took the job here. I just thought, 'Oh my gosh it's a job where I can play guitar and record myself on Pro Tools.'"

Chatelain sets some curriculum goals and benchmarks for the students at the beginning of the year. Though he generally lets students "figure it out" on their own—which they eventually do and then excel—some of his broader goals have to do with the students' larger experience with the program. He wants his Spy Hop Records students "to come away knowing that they can complete a project and see it through. When we release these records at the end of the year, I want them to have ownership of them."

"One of the most important things [the program] is about is kids collaborating with kids they would possibly never be friends with outside of this class ... and collaborating with all kinds of different people. I think it's a valuable life lesson," Chatelain says. Musicology student and Idyll Rigamorole drummer **Braden Tipton**, 15, says collaboration can be difficult in band practice: "The hardest part is having so many ideas in the same room and trying to get everybody's ideas heard." But the reward is well worth the struggle. If nothing else, the group has learned the joys of playing music and being in a band, which are, as Chatelain says, "the best reward."

The hardworking, talented, freethinking students at Spy Hop Records and Musicology have opened my eyes to the amazing potential of youth to make good, original music and to empower each other. Salt Lake is lucky to have these innovative programs for students, and our music scene is continually enhanced by these capable, driven teens.

Don't miss Spy Hop Records' end-of-the-year show featuring all six artists and three new albums for sale on July 21, 6pm at Kilby Court.

To score a free download of the Spy Hop Records 2010 Spring Sampler, go to spyhoprecords.bandcamp.com, and keep up to date with Spy Hop Records on their website, spyhoprecords.com, or their MySpace page, myspace.com/spyhoprecords

For more information about Spy Hop Productions and the other programs they offer, go to spyhop.org or to Spy Hop's location at 511 W 200 S, Salt Lake City.





Musicology students during a band practice session

Photo: David Newkirk

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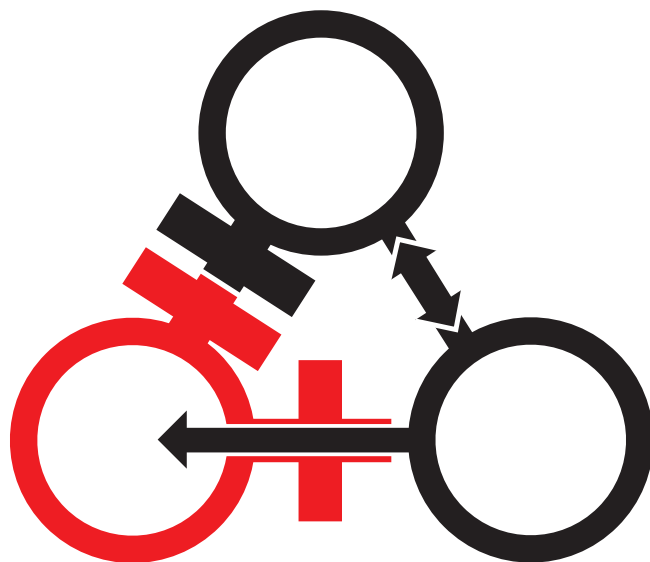
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



Give Your Balls A Good Feel ©By Dr. Evil, PhD

There are cups, ribbons, lighters, t-shirts and paper buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken colored pink. Pink is the color now associated in this century with the fight to stop breast cancer in women (thanks to the Susan G. Komen foundation—the largest breast cancer charity in the world). Since its inception in 1982, the Komen organization has raised over \$1.5 billion for research, education and health services for the battle against cancer in men and women. But there aren't greasy buckets of chicken with ads for charities for men suffering from testicular cancer. Men don't get sick, right? You don't see 25,000 joggers at the Gateway once a year raising money to stop ball cancer in men because men don't talk about their health issues much.

Testicular cancer is the most common cancer in men ages 15-35 years old. It is also the easiest to cure when detected early. Women are told to do self-examinations of their breasts for lumps every month. Men who get regular check-ups are also advised to do self-exams on their nuts, but many guys just don't have health insurance or see a doc regularly.

The most convenient time to examine yourself is while taking a shower or bath. The warm water causes the skin to relax, making the examination of your nutsack more telling. Examine your testicles. Slowly roll each testicle

between the thumb and fingers. It's better you do this to yourself than to have your partner do it, as you touch yourself much more often and you will notice changes faster in your own body. Try to find any hard, non-sensitive lumps in your balls. Examine the epididymis for lumps. This crescent-shaped cord is behind each testicle. This area is the most tender area of the testicles, so don't be alarmed if it's really sensitive in a bad way. Examine the vas deferens (the sperm-carrying tube that extends from the epididymis) of each testicle for any changes or new growths.

In its early stages, testicular cancer may be symptomless. When symptoms do present they include: a lump on the testicle, epididymis or vas deferens; enlargement of a testicle; a heavy sensation in the groin area or testicle or a dull ache in the groin or abdomen area. If you have any of these symptoms get to a clinic ASAP.

Do this exam each and every month. More information on the topic is available all over the web and there are free flyers at any Planned Parenthood Clinic in the country. The clinics charge on a sliding scale.

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.

GALLERY STROLL

Who needs the Kayo Gallery?

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Who needs the Kayo Gallery? It might seem like a peculiar question given the popularity of Kayo, but an appropriate one for the patrons of this month's Gallery Stroll. The Kayo Gallery is in need of an immediate cash infusion to stay alive for the next twelve months. Sales from the July show will be the deciding factor on whether Kayo will remain in business for another year. A very meager budget of five thousand dollars is needed to cover the month-to-month operations. I can't remember the last time I could survive on five thousand dollars for a whole year. That's the budget of someone eating ramen, living in their parent's basement and only drinking PBR on special occasions (no offense PBR—you're still the best). The Kayo Gallery has been a tent pole for the Gallery Stroll activities on 300 South, since its early beginnings at 315 E. Broadway. What would Broadway be without their infusion of high- and low-brow art patrons?

Owner, operator, front desk girl, cleaning crew, book keeper and dream maker **Shilo Jackson** has chosen the popular and thrilling **Box, Paper, Scissors Show** to serve as the "SAVE KAYO" fundraiser on Friday July 16th in conjunction with the month's Gallery Stroll.

For this show, artists refurbish old cigar boxes, repurposing and recreating the interiors and exteriors, and once the artists are finished, the boxes are sealed. Bidders have to imagine what the boxes might look like inside or contain and bid accordingly. At the end of the evening

when the bids have closed, the winning bidders get to open their box, "It's like Christmas morning," says Jackson. Personally I love any kind of fundraiser where you leave with artwork, especially if you can collect work from artists such as **Cassandra Barney, Sri Whipple, Stephanie Dykes, Claire Taylor and Mary Toscano**, to name a few, all while saving this jewel in the art community.

Kayo is an integral part of the arts community in Salt Lake City. No other gallery has given us this level of access to contemporary artists in Utah. Kayo curates exceptional shows like the recent "Into The White," with **Cara Despain** and Mary Toscano and often gives emerging artists their first solo show. They encourage collaborations among artists and even host fundraisers for other nonprofits.

So if Kayo is important to you, realize that they need your help. Put your money where your mouth is and come prepared on July 16th to spend a little. See one less concert this summer, unless it's already free, have one less bar night and save one of Salt Lake City's little treasures. "The sad part is, if people donated \$1 or \$2 during the stroll every month, Kayo could stay open indefinitely. It really takes that little to keep us going," says Jackson. So please go out and support our local artists and galleries, because if you don't, they won't be there when you decide to pull your head out.

Let's not let Kayo meet the same fate as other Salt Lake galleries that have bitten the dust. This article would like to remember those who we have lost: *The Unknown Gallery, The Women's Art Center, Artisan Frameworks and Gallery, Palmers Gallery (West side location), Left Bank Gallery, Eclectic, Dolores Chase Fine Art and the Meyer Gallery (Salt Lake City)*—just to name a few.



Mary Toscano's cigar box from the 2009 Box, Paper, Scissors Show



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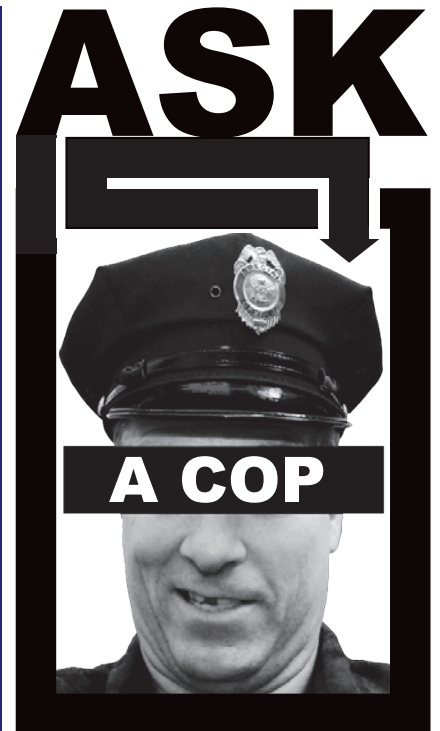
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Dear Cop,

I was recently reading an article about an animal rights group that was suing the police department for shutting down a legal protest. Say what you will about animal rights groups ... yeah, I get that they can sometimes border on a level of craziness similar to Glenn Beck ... but in this case it seems like the cops were violating the First Amendment rights of the protesters. When cops shut these protests down, they claim that they are using tax-payer-funded authority. If protesters decide to sue because they believe that the police have violated their First Amendment rights ... the police department is defended by a tax-payer-funded lawyer. Regardless of your stance on animal rights activists (or any activists really), doesn't it seem a little fucked up that the police department is wasting taxpayer money when they are dumb enough to violate First Amendment rights? Who is to say that those protesters aren't taxpayers? Am I the only one who thinks it's totally asinine that people essentially have to pay for the right to protest three-quarters of a right that is supposedly guaranteed to us by The Constitution.

Dear Animal Treater with Ethics,
 The way you put things, yes, it is ridiculous that you pay taxes in order to shut down the protest you support. However, you're making an assumption that law enforcement is political. It is not. It is apolitical, with a capital A. Law enforcement has no opinion as to animal rights groups' arguments for or against. The individual cop might in his civilian life, but with the badge on, he's apolitical.

When a law enforcement agency is required to "police" an event such as

the one you describe, they are going to do so based on "policy." Policy does not take into account whether the rally, protest, march or whatever is for or against any particular view. They're required to "police" the event to preserve public peace. That's why you'll see black cops protecting a Klan rally or white cops protecting a Muslim Brotherhood event.

The only time a law enforcement agency is going to shut an event down is when there is a threat to the "public peace." In other words, the "peaceful assembly" is no longer peaceful. Sorry, there goes your free speech.

Believe me, no copper ever took the job anticipating baby-sitting peaceful marchers holding hands and singing Joan Baez songs. There's no job satisfaction in that but, once in a while, some of the fucksticks using that organization will show themselves. They are the anarchists, vandals, instigators and destroyers. They're the ones who commit arson, murder, vandalism and mayhem in the name of whatever cause they choose that day. They are criminals, and whatever their stage and audience, they're there to cause destruction. Cops get off on them and can be biased against them. We call it "Hats and Bats," the riot helmet and the stick, job satisfaction.

Oh yeah, cops are animals lovers, too. Did you know it's a misdemeanor to assault a cop, but it's a felony to assault a police service dog (K9)? Cops got that bill passed. See, they love animals more than themselves, and cops love themselves a lot.

BELLYOGRAPHY



Photo: Tom Sparks Photography

Shazia

By Astara

In the world of belly dancing, people come and people go. It is especially wonderful when an energetic and exciting dancer returns. One such a dancer is Shazia, who has come back to the Utah Middle Eastern dance scene after several years' absence, bringing with her a boundless enthusiasm and a perpetual joy for dancing. She is so much fun to watch because she appears to be having such a good time and effortlessly manages to include her audience in the experience. Shazia recreates the early days of belly dancing with her self-proclaimed "old Salt Lake" style of belly dancing — big movements, more hip action than isolations and lots of energy. Her exuberance is infectious, and her command of the stage is undeniable. A real player and a born performer, Shazia knows how to bring an audience into her dance aura. She is talented and a consummate professional.

"I only want to dance where I am treated well and people are happy to see me," Shazia says. "Coming back into the Utah dance scene after being gone for several years, I have found a relaxed and accepting environment. I like this evolution of the dance community. There seems to be a place for all styles and artistic expression. Everyone just goes for it. It's all about having fun!"

Shazia grew up in Honeyville, Utah, where she studied gymnastics, ballroom dance, ballet, modern dance and lyrical dance. She excelled in jazz and clogging, in which she was involved for seven years and won several national championships.

"I became enamored with belly dancing at an SCA event. Some belly dancers there showed me the basic moves, and I was hooked. I started studying with Kismet immediately," she says. "Yasamina, Kimaya, Jason and Zahira were my teachers, and they were wonderful. I also danced in Kismet's performing troupe for two years. I created Scimitar in 1999 and shortly after that moved to Seattle."

Shazia has also taken workshops from Fat Chance Belly Dance, Amaya, and Tina Sargent. "My favorite, though, is Sahra Saeeda because she is so intelligent, energetic and optimistic [on top of] being an incredibly talented dancer. I love taking workshops in all styles because I believe learning something new makes me a better dancer. Then I take all the variations and styles and blend them into my own 'old Salt Lake' style of dance. I like to dance big and think big."

Today, Shazia lives in Brigham City and is the single mother of two boys, ages 9 and 13. She teaches beginning and intermediate belly dance classes and is the director and choreographer for Scimitar, a professional performing dance troupe. She has also taught workshops in Utah, Colorado, Washington and Idaho.

Shazia performs off and on at Cedars of Lebanon in Salt Lake City. She will be dancing this summer with Scimitar at the Weber County Fair, Roy Days Celebration and the Ogden Arts Festival. For dates and times, check out scimitardance.com.

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VIDEO GAMES



Well . . . do ya . . . punk

Dead To Rights: Retribution

Volatile Games

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3

Street: 04.27

DTR: Retribution is fine. The third-person shooting works fine, the cover system is functional, and the dog does what you want fairly well. There are plenty of weapons, the storyline is dramatic and the hand-to-hand combat operates correctly. About the only thing wrong with the game is some painful dialogue. Well, I mean, unless you want to count the fact that it's boring. Goddamn boring as hell. I swear to god I tried to finish it. The part of my brain that deals with ethical journalism was simply no match for the part of my brain that didn't give a fuck about this stupid game. Take it as an indicator of the thriving state of the gaming industry that a storied third-person shooter with adequately programmed gameplay could seem so aggressively lackluster. We're spoiled, is what it amounts to. I'm no longer willing to settle for "fine," and I think I'm happy about that. *Dead to Rights* is not complete crap – I enjoyed the levels where you controlled the dog in stealthy sneak-a-kill fashion. The hand-to-hand finishing moves are fun to watch, and the number and accuracy of enemies has you relying on your limited bullet-time meter to stay alive. In fact, the whole experience is quite a challenge, and not in that frustrating, broken-game way. It even has a certain degree of polish with fluid menus, stylish presentation, and limited load times. *Retribution* is only boring by comparison. Ten or fewer years ago this would've been a solid addition to its genre, but these days I'd rather stab myself in the eye than take cover behind another gray box and shoot at enemies taking cover behind their gray boxes. – Jesse Hawlish

Red Dead Redemption

Rockstar San Diego

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3

Street: 05.11

You probably already know by now that *Red Dead Redemption* is a must-buy or at least a must-try videogame from Rockstar, the guys who brought you the **GTA** series (including **GTA IV**, which reset just about every gaming precedent I can think of). I've always felt that the biggest weak point of Rockstar games in the past has been the third-person shooting and cover mechanics, which were functional, if slow, in **GTA IV** and a bit cumbersome in **San Andreas** and **Vice City**. Well they figured that one out. On horseback, stagecoach, mine cart, train or foot, the combat in *RDR* controls flawlessly and with very satisfying accuracy – especially noticeable on expert targeting mode. The developers toned down the satire from previous efforts, which results in a more serious narrative that is nevertheless populated with the rich, often hilarious cast of supporting characters I've come to expect from Rockstar. John Marston's story is as powerful as Niko Bellic's (albeit a bit similar), and it's made all the more impressive by the world he inhabits. The sandbox map of 1911 America and Mexico is the real star of *RDR*. I never thought I'd say this, but for me the most successful part of this masterpiece of gaming is its topography. The physical shape of the environment (combined with fantastic textures, animations, etc.) is so incredibly convincing that, honestly, I often got the urge to put the game down and just go outside and play – everything felt so genuine that I yearned for a camping trip. Despite the sadly frequent but rarely crippling bugs, *RDR* is a highly polished experience on every front, right down to the multiplayer which could stand as a full-priced game all its own. You can do absolutely everything you could possibly desire in the Wild West, from helping police round up escaped criminals to shooting fleeing whores in the kneecaps, hogtying them, and placing them on the train tracks. Giddyup. – Jesse Hawlish



Look at all the realism in this bitch

Skate 3

EA Black Box

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3

Street: 05.11

As soon as the intro track came in ("Put On" by **Young Jeezy**), I was hyped to get into this game. The story takes place in the skate Mecca of Port Carverton, where your main goal is to sell boards by shooting photos or videos of you or your team, which you also get to create. This gem of a game is a must-have for every skateboarder—not saying that every skater plays video games, but every skater gets injured and *Skate 3* will keep you at ease. After seeing all the trailers and commercials, I knew this game would be awesome, but didn't know exactly how much until playing it. The control that you have over your character is pretty much as real as it gets, besides a little excessive pop. I say don't play the game unless you're in hardcore mode so you can get the extra tight physics. Once you really get to playing this game, it has the capabilities of putting a grin on your face like you just landed something awesome without actually having to go through the pain of learning the trick—and the game isn't easy to perfect either. I also have to give props to the local homie **Mike Plumb** aka **Lizard King** for making it on the roster of this jam-packed skate simulator. EA also added a section of bone-breaking challenges with the Hall of Meat. In these challenges, you leap off buildings and have targets in which you have to land in or hit certain ways. It's just brutal, but way funny at the same time. I picture this series of games sticking around for a long time due to its ability to satisfy those natural urges to shrap something. I wish I would have had this game at the beginning of winter. Go Skate! –Hehshun

PRODUCT REVIEWS

War Regime

Tee Shirts

Warregime.com



I have never been one for the short wide type: I prefer the long and thin type myself. War Regime did the damn thing, and did it right with the first design printed on American Apparel tees. The designs won't get you laid at the bar, but they will keep you feeling good out in the streets. The second tee was a bit of a let down because it was printed on some other brand of shirt. It's a bit short and a bit fat, not really my swagger, but it may work for someone. The second graphic was also a bit questionable. In a fat, all-over neon print, "Bitches Ain't Shit But Hoes and Tricks," it was reminiscent of some real 2007 gear. The stickers I got were dope, stuck like a dream and came in some catchy colors. One even said Limited Edition: people love that shit. —*Jemie Sprinkle*

enjoi

Panda & Friends With Jerry Tee

Enjoico.com

Let's face it: after a slew of hot nights and even hotter days, sometimes you just can't stand to see another summertime sweater-vest. From the Bag of Suck crew come shirts of suck to cover up your chinchilla chest. The eye-stabbing, bright yellow "Jerry Hsu is my friend" shirt was a hit with the bugs. The fuckers wouldn't stop flying into me. It was like a parasite party and I wanted to smoke bomb the fuck out of there. My eyes stopped working for about two minutes after looking down to see how big the pit stains were: big. It's pretty hard to skate around in a t-shirt that blinds you and everyone in a six-block radius more than the fucking sun. Get over it and get iced, Thomas. Needless to say, the enjoj boys have made it acceptable for dirt bags to rock a Panda with pride—they're all comedians and this is their biggest joke. —*Grasshopper Vomit*

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I remember growing up as a wrestling fan in the late 80s. The WWF aired two shows a week on network TV, the AWA was all over cable and Hulk Hogan's Rock 'N' Wrestling was the coolest Saturday morning cartoon anyone had ever seen. The mixture of camp, gymnastics and xenophobia was often the best thing on television. Recently our office received a pair of seven-inch action figures to review. They came with a scale-model wrestling ring with elastic ropes and a trapdoor in the center that would snap open if the figurines were body slammed hard enough. There were attachments alongside the ring where the spring-loaded men could be launched at one another. In all it was a very high tech assortment of wrestling gear and the perfect gift for any fans you know. I passed the toys off to a 60-year-old woman at work who plans her entire life around the schedule of her wrestling shows. This is the same woman that throws away any copy of *SLUG* that gets left in the break room unattended. Something about how "Jesus wouldn't read that smut." She trembled as she took the plastic, shirtless men from my hands. At last report mini **John Cena** and tiny **Rey Mysterio** are standing on top of her television. The ring? She converted that into a gorgeous rhinestone-bedazzled bed for her cat. Just what Jesus would have wanted. —*James Bennett*

Cliché

Résumé Book

Clicheskate.com



A lot of people only stay focused on the California scene in the world of skateboarding, but thanks to **Jérémie Daclin** (founder of Cliché), we all had a reason to want to visit Europe. Even though this is not quite what they wanted—expatriots of America coming over to try and blow up their spots—it seemed to have worked out quite nicely for the company. Filled from cover to cover with great photos, history lessons and video stills, this book is a must have for anyone who likes to read, skate and look at pictures. I am sure someone with no knowledge of skateboarding would still like it just the same. Cliché offers some of the freshest looking graphics around on their products, while still keeping it old school, by having only one artist (besides guest artists) doing all their designs to remain cohesive. Check out their shit right now if you haven't already, or **Javier Mendizabal** might come over to your house and tailslide your face off. —*Adam Dorobiala*

Darkstar

Speed Plus Accelerator 55mm

Darkstarwood.com



Now, I like fast women, fast cars, fast food, fast DSL, fast forward and fast actin', tough actin' Tinactin, but above all, fast skateboard wheels. BOOM!! Now, now, now, if you're a guy that likes to bomb hills, then you're going to want to learn how to powerslide. But you don't want to have to buy a new pair of wheels every time you bomb that burly ass hill. That is why I had to try Darkstar's Speed Plus wheels: They claim to be "the fastest" and have a no-flatspot guarantee. BOOM!! What we're seeing here is a high-performance wheel that just won't quit. I mean, these babies are "formulated from the purest ingredients and supercharged with the highest rebound for maximum speed," and if it were me out there, I know I wouldn't want to get caught between them and some hot asphalt. Don't take my word for it, go down to your local skate shop and buy some already. —*John Matten*

MOVIE REVIEWS

The A-Team 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 06.11



The understatement of the decade comes from **Jessica Biel's** character that hunts down the infamous ragtag team and declares they "specialize in the ridiculous." From the opening airborne sequence to an explosive shipyard finale, **Joe Carnahan's** resurrection of the 1980s television series packs more edge-of-your-seat action in two hours than every summer blockbuster in 2009 combined. After longtime comrades Hannibal (**Liam Neeson**) and Face (**Bradley Cooper**) meet the robust B.A. Baracus (**Quinton "Rampage" Jackson**) and the batty Murdock (**Sharlito Copley**) for the first time and survive an exhilarating helicopter chase over Mexico, the four form an unbreakable bond and soon become the military's most valuable asset. While stationed on the outskirts of Baghdad, the squad is secretly assigned to recover U.S. currency plates from a terrorist cell, but when the mission goes awry and a U.S. general is murdered, the four soldiers are setup to take the fall and are wrongfully sent to prison. Rather than receiving religion behind bars, the group accepts the ideals of revenge against those responsible and does so in a series of outlandish escapades and unbelievable stunts all while avoiding capture from law enforcement. Carnahan executes all the right moves by refusing to take himself or the production series too seriously and unleashes one hell of a ride with one action sequence after another. He utilizes his more talented actors (i.e. Neeson & Copley) with more screen time and lets

his less capable actors (i.e. "Rampage") shine with witty dialogue and callbacks to the original series. To be fair, the entire plot is convoluted and easily exchangeable, but none of that matters when massive fireball explosions are lighting up the screen every 15 minutes to distract the audience. —*Jimmy Martin*

Cyrus Fox Searchlight Pictures In Theaters: 07.16



The **Duplass brothers**, directors of *The Puffy Chair* and *Baghead*, return with their third feature film about a lonely and socially awkward divorcee, John (**John C. Reilly**), who discovers his ex-wife, Jamie (**Catherine Keener**), is getting remarried. Just as a sense of never-ending misery seems to settle, John meets Molly (**Marisa Tomei**) while urinating in a bush and instantly reignites his position toward love and companionship. To his surprise, everything appears to be going well for the new couple until John meets Cyrus (**Jonah Hill**), Molly's overly pampered son, who's not at all enthusiastic about his mother's new boyfriend. As their relationship becomes more serious, the spoiled son's eccentric behaviors become increasingly disruptive forcing John to push back. The directing duo succeeds in developing a well-proportioned comedy with enough soul and sentiment to separate itself from other mundane slapstick comedies. Reilly, who hasn't had the opportunity to flaunt his true dramatic acting capabilities since **Paul Thomas Anderson's** *Magnolia*,

is brilliant as the drowning bachelor who can't seem to catch a break, but it's Hill who surprisingly carries out an unexpected yet hilarious career-defining performance. —*Jimmy Martin*

Get Him to the Greek Universal In Theaters: 06.04



Similar to **Kevin Smith** and his *View Askew*-iverse, it appears director **Nicholas Stoller** and his screenwriters are attempting to create a fictional community where minor characters from one film become major characters in another. **Russell Brand** returns as the crude English rock star Aldous Snow (last seen in 2008's *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*) who has become a raging alcoholic gracing the cover of every tabloid magazine since his celebrity girlfriend dumped him and his latest album *African Child* was referred to as the worst thing to hit the continent since the apartheid. Across the pond, up-and-coming record producer Aaron Green (**Jonah Hill**) attempts to win the respect of his aggressive boss (**Sean "Diddy" Combs**) by suggesting that a reunion concert with Aldous is a sure moneymaker. After both parties agree to the event, Aaron is sent to chaperone the singing sensation back to the States but is caught up in the wild world of sex, drugs and rock n' roll, jeopardizing his life both professionally and personally. What starts off as an out-of-control comedy with ridiculously funny mock music videos and droll banter between the two leads ends on

a dour note of unwanted sentimentality. Brand's character isn't powerful enough to keep audiences interested for the entire duration and should have remained as only a memorable sidekick two years ago. Ironically, the funniest bits this time around come from the side characters including Combs and quick appearances from **Metallica's Lars Ulrich** and *The Today Show's Meredith Vieira*. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Karate Kid Columbia Pictures In Theaters: 06.11

There's an enormous difference between



a reimagining and a remake. The first allows a director to feed off the foundation of the previous film, but molds the project into a fresh undertaking, giving it new life and originality. The latter latches itself to the underbelly of the source material and suckles so much second-hand substance one begins to question why they're not watching the original. In the case of **Harald Zwart's** take on the 1984 classic, he's battling about 20% reimagining and 80% remake. Dre Parker (**Jaden Smith**) is forced to move from Detroit, Michigan to Beijing, China with his widowed mother. As quickly as he establishes an attraction with a fellow student, Dre is introduced to the art of kung-fu from the school bully's relentless punches and kicks. With the beat downs becoming too unbearable to endure, Dre finds rescue and solace in the martial arts teachings of Mr. Han (**Jackie Chan**), the building's maintenance man. While Mr. Han trains Dre for a tournament to face his nemesis once and for all, the two delicate souls build an everlasting friendship between master and

student. There's so much dialogue and situations taken from the original film, it's hard to reconnect on a unique level, but Zwart does go above and beyond with other elements. The graceful movements of kung-fu come across much more beautifully on-screen than the former art form, which generates more captivating fight choreography with enchanting cinematography. Chan, who displays both his agility and dramatic acting skills, is the most appropriate candidate to replace the beloved **Pat Morita**. Younger generations who have never experienced the first installation and older generations who have only watched it once or twice will savor this modernized version, but true fans will certainly demand the return of Daniel Larusso and Mr. Miyagi. —*Jimmy Martin*

Knight and Day

20th Century Fox

In Theaters: 06.23

Think what you will about **Tom Cruise's**



personal life and his attempts to fill **Katie Holmes'** brain with Scientology propaganda, the man knows how to take charge of an action film. He's been doing it for over two decades and clearly still has the chops. Thus, it's no surprise that the veteran keeps the intensity flowing in **James Mangold's** tale of government espionage in a world overflowing with professional assassins. But it's a shame it comes to a screeching halt when he's removed from the equation for the majority of the third act. To the untrained eye, the initial bump-in between Roy Miller (Cruise) and June Havens (**Cameron Diaz**) in an airport would seem serendipitous, but seeing that one is a government agent gone rogue smuggling a perpetual super battery across the globe, it's clear their encounter wasn't a coincidence at all. As the screaming, hands-waving-in-the-air Diaz continuously finds herself caught in the explosive crossfire, she can't help but find herself attracted to the mysterious stranger recently deemed public enemy No. 1. Mangold supplies his characters with enough time to build an unconventional yet believable relationship surrounded by unbelievable yet captivating action sequences. Cruise

delivers a comically calm, cool and collected demeanor that plays off nicely while firing a sub-machine gun at a car-load of baddies. However, the film runs out of ammunition by the finale when Diaz is forced to command the screen without her charm or her competent co-star. —*Jimmy Martin*

Marmaduke

20th Century Fox

In Theaters: 06.04

I never believed in euthanizing animals unless it was absolutely necessary, but in the case of the live action version of *Marmaduke*, I'm willing to make an exception. Adapted from **Brad Anderson's** mind-numbingly boring comic strip, the mind-numbingly boring movie follows the Great Dane (voiced by **Owen Wilson**) and his hackneyed family as they move from the rustic cornfields of Kansas to the sandy pompous beaches of southern California for a job the owner takes with an organic dog food company. As Wilson narrates the daily hardships that an awkward teenage dog must face, his transition to the neighborhood only becomes more difficult after he runs into the intimidating pedigrees at the local dog park led by Bosco, an archetypal jock/bully Doberman pinscher voiced by **Kiefer Sutherland**. In order to survive the clichéd high school clique atmosphere, the oversized mutt befriends a group of outcasts but secretly yearns to woo the most popular bitch in the pack. How does he win her heart you ask? With a doggie surfing competition of course! Essentially, it's *The Sure Thing* and *Can't Buy Me Love* casted with talking animals while fart jokes literally open and close the film. Wilson proves his one-dimensional vocal talents are just as bad when attached to a dog as they were when linked to a racecar four years ago in Pixar's *Cars*. And if **Sam Elliott's** involvement as the mysterious Chupadogra isn't the icing on the failure cake to finally divert you, maybe the thought of a massive doggie dance sequence will do the trick. —*Jimmy Martin*

Splice

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 06.04

The horror genre is probably the most difficult venture a filmmaker can undertake due to its unbelievably thin line between approval and hatred. Director **Vincenzo Natali** is no stranger to the genre. His last horror project, *Cube*, received acclaim at the 1998 *Sundance Film Festival*, but his latest production, *Splice*, which was also featured at *Sundance* this year, certainly won't be receiving the same accolades. Biochemists Clive (**Adrien Brody**) and Elsa (**Sarah Polley**) have both a professional and personal relationship. In the lab, they splice DNA from multiple organisms in order to develop cures for riddling diseases. At home, they discuss their hypothetical plans for parenthood. When it's announced their lab is shutting down, the influential Elsa coerces Clive into performing one last experiment that involves the illegal addition of human DNA to the formula. What spawns is a half-



human, half-creature hybrid the couple name Dren (**Delphine Chanéac**). As they take the miracle of science under their wing as the potential child they always wanted, they must avoid the condemning eyes of their coworkers and financiers, but a secret this monumental can't stay concealed forever. The first two-thirds of the film include some of the most intelligent science-fiction content and arguments in recent years. The debates between the ethics of human cloning and the humane treatment of the outcome are astounding. It isn't until the last act when everything crumbles apart with campy thrill tactics and laughable interactions amongst the characters. Not to mention an end shot much too serious for the absurd tone Natali ultimately created. Brody and Polley both put in admirable performances, but it's Polley who outshines the Oscar-winner with her veiled masculine demeanor. —*Jimmy Martin*

Toy Story 3

Disney

In Theaters: 06.18

It's unbelievable how Pixar has managed to deliver quality filmmaking over and over for the past 15 years without missing a beat, and the release of their eleventh feature-film is no exception. The third installment to the Toy Story franchise is, without a doubt, the best of the series, and that's unheard of with trilogies (i.e. *The Godfather* and *Back to the Future*). It's hilarious, heartfelt and a beautiful bon voyage to an exceptional collection of characters. Several years have passed and Woody (**Tom Hanks**), Buzz (**Tim Allen**) and the rest of the gang spend their dusty days inside a toy chest conjuring up schemes that'll force their owner, Andy, to play with them. Unfortunately, their efforts are futile. Andy has grown up and is getting ready for college and in the chaos and confusion of the move, the toys are accidentally donated to Sunnyside Day Care. While initially depressed from the separation, the toys are immediately greeted by a friendly mob of new toys along with their paterfamilias Lots-O'-Huggin' Bear (**Ned Beatty**) and are told of the delightful experiences available in their new home. However, the crew

soon endures the horrific realities of rampant toddlers and the maximum security prison setup formed by Lots-O. In order to break out and make their way back to Andy, the toys must make **Steve McQueen's** *Great Escape* look like mere child's play. As wonderful as it is to see the return of the regulars, the addition of fresh characters including a pompous fashionista Ken (**Michael Keaton**) add even more hilarity to the film. Pixar's greatest strength, besides the stunning visuals and boundless imaginative gags, is their ability to generate stories both young and old audiences can enjoy, and the age range for potential fans this time around is infinite. —*Jimmy Martin*

Winter's Bone

Roadside Attractions

In Theaters: 07.09

Ree Dolly (**Jennifer Lawrence**) is a



17-year-old with more responsibilities than most adults living in the Ozark Mountains. Her father left her handicapped mother and two younger siblings behind to sell drugs, so the teenager is in charge of cooking, cleaning, chopping wood and teaching her younger siblings how to spell and do math. The word childhood doesn't apply for her. When Ree is informed of her father's most recent arrest, she is also notified that he put their property up for bond and skipped his court date. With only a week before her entire family become homeless, Ree hunts down her father by kicking over every rock and interrogating every family member in the impoverished area, especially her insolent uncle, Teardrop (**John Hawkes**). Lawrence commands the screen with surprisingly powerful maturity, overpowering actors three times her age, but it's Hawkes who fights back delivering an Oscar-worthy performance that projects as much tenderness as he does terror. Director **Debra Granik** flawlessly captures the frightening spirit of the rugged outback and its male-dominated society where women are projected as lower class citizens. Not since *Deliverance* has a film brought the veiled existence of America's countryside's ghastly ventures to light. —*Jimmy Martin*



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BOOKS ALOUD

BIKE SNOB Systematically & Mercilessly Realigning the World of Cycling

Eben Weiss as BikeSnobNYC
Chronicle Books San Francisco
[Street: 05.05.10]

Just as preachers seem less pedantic away from their pulpits, BikeSnobNYC puts the brakes on his trademark sarcasm when he shifts from blog to book. The opening "Run to Rockaway" passage seems somehow incomplete without his self-referential hyperlinks or his blurry photos. When writing online at bikesnobnyc.blogspot.com, he combines misinterpretation with innuendo in a sometimes sexual, usually deviant manner while skewering cyclists of all stripes—a velodramatic Shakespeare trading in analogies, puns and invented language. But as an author seeking space on his mother's bookshelf, his blade is bated and unvenomed. Dulled, but not a dullard, BikeSnobNYC shines as a cycling advocate. He alternately channels **Sheldon Brown** when diagnosing bike-related pain and **John Forester** as he invites cyclists to join him on the streets—WHERE THEY BELONG. Make no mistake—this snob's wicked thorn deflates the egos of all pretentious cyclists, whether urban, cross, fixed, recumbent, downhill, commuter, pro or freak ... a pointed thrill for fans and haters alike. Sticker pack included. —John Carlisle

The Complete Idiot's Guide to Eating Clean

Diane A. Welland, M.S., R.D
Alpha Books
[Street: 12.01.09]

Although by and at large the intentions of this guide are good, I didn't love it. It was generic and redundant and, worse still, it was filled with misinformation and false promises. Sure, I'm obsessed with this kind of stuff, spending way more time than I should reading about nutrition in some sort of sick ritual. But really, for a book claiming such dedication to clean eating, I was horrified that the recipes were littered with soy and soy products. As a vegetarian, I understand the importance of ensuring you get the protein you need, and as someone who is sensitive to dairy, I definitely understand the need for substitutes—but soy? It's one of the most common allergens, one of the 9 major GMO foods, typically highly

processed and has some intense medicinal properties. Not something you want to be casually including in your 'clean' diet. It also touted agave nectar, which was recently exposed as being highly processed and more harmful to blood sugar levels than previously thought. And, while enticing gluten- and dairy-free individuals in the introductory chapters with promises of recipes avoiding these ingredients, I found a majority of recipes contained one or both, with no indication of which recipes may specifically avoid them. I'm no idiot when it comes to eating clean, so for those of you who may be, I say avoid this book. I've read better. —Ischa Buchanan

Plan – B Theatre Company: More Plays From Behind The Zion Curtain

Matthew Ivan Bennett, Jennifer Nii & Debora Thredy, Eric Samuelsen
Juniper Press and Oxide Books
[Street: 05.31.08]

Having seen *Amerigo* and *Wallace* in the *Rose Wagner Theater* this year, reading back over them in print was crucial to me fully understanding those conceptually rich plays. Plan – B continues to put out a consistently high level of theater year after year, relying solely on dialogue and acting to get across their sometimes controversial ideas. This collection is no exception. *District 8* delves into the relationship between a young Japanese college student and an aging Mormon housewife in a Japanese internment camp outside of Delta, Utah. *Wallace* gives the parallel biographies of **Wallace Stegner** and **Wallace Thurman**, two brilliant writers who called Salt Lake City home for some time. *Amerigo* and *Di Esperienza* take notable creative license in the retelling of the lives of **Leonardo Di Vinci**, **Amerigo Vespucci** and **Christopher Columbus**. *Di Esperienza* highlights the conflicting personalities of Leonardo as personified by the *Mona Lisa* and Judas painted from *The Last Supper*. *Amerigo* takes place in purgatory in which Vespucci and Columbus bicker endlessly about who discovered America. Gaining some distance from the spectacle of the play allow the whip-smart dialogue and high-concept ideas to fully leave their mark in this highly enjoyable read. —Ryan Hall

BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Mackmel tyler@slugmag.com

Every year, the first weekend in June is signaled by the migratory patterns of the Utah beer

nerd. Seemingly docile creatures, beer nerds make their way out of hibernation and head north to the magical land of Idaho Falls, where the *North American Brewers Awards / Mountain Brewers Beer Festival* events are being held. There, brewers from all around the greater western U.S. meet to host one hell of a beer festival. It is also where Utah proves to kick more ass than what we already think we do: this year alone we pulled out 21 medals. Also this year, the beer nerd was met with some of Uinta's crooked line on tap, a light revealing of Shades of Pale and Epic pouring their line-up of beers that you have probably already missed. The only question now is: where the fuck were you?

Sour Apple Saison

Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Company / Exponential Series
ABV: 7.8 %
Serving Style: 22 oz. bomber



Description: Pouring off a loud hiss, this apple-infused farmhouse is a cloudy yellow color with an average white head. The aromatics instantly lead you into some spice, banana, and some malty sweetness blended with apples. The flavor, much like the aroma, is balanced with sour apple and sweet malts, with a dry, yeasty Belgian roundness to it.

Overview: It's really great to see some random-ass stylings of brew to come out of the craft scene here in Utah, especially ones that taste good. When breweries like Epic are producing off-set styles into the craft industry, especially our evolving Utah scene, it will only allow us to expand our market on a deeper level. Cheers Epic!

Festival British Mild

Brewery/Brand: Desert Edge

Brewery

ABV: 4.0 %

Serving Style: Cask

Description: In the glass, this cask served mild is a mellow brown color with some soft ruby highlights and some off-tan bubbles on the head. The nose is packed with an initial kick of oaky aromatics backed up by toasted and roasted malts, a pinch of coffee and some caramel sweetness. The flavor is filled with oak, followed with some chocolate malt and a dry grainy finish.

Overview: If I hadn't already promised my firstborn child to Red Rock for a bottle of Pardebloem, I would have given it to Haas at Desert Edge for more of this beer. Fresh off a medal win at NABA, this was a reserve special with extra oak made for the beer festival. However if you did miss out, the cask conditioned mild ought to be hitting the taps right as this issue hits shelves.

Labyrinth

Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Company / Crooked Line
ABV: 13.7 %
Serving Style: On Tap (Festival Only)



Description: Out of the tap, Labyrinth pours jet black with a thick brown head that leaves behind a lot of lacing. The aroma is decked out with rich molasses, spicy malts, chocolate, licorice, and some boozy bourbon. The flavor opens up into complex earthy spice, roasted malt, sweet chocolates, more of that licorice, all backed up by an oaky bourbon base.

Overview: Whoever decided to put this on tap at the festival is either a saint or a madman, and whoever poured me a glass of this at ten in the morning ought to have a statue erected in honor of his/her bravery. That aside, this is another NABA medal winner that was proudly represented on behalf of Utah. From what the general drunken shouting indicated, it was the drink to be had at the fest—so get your hands on a bottle!

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American Hollow

Whisper Campaign

Self-Released

Street: 05.14

American Hollow = Pelican + Tool + Breaking Benjamin



I have to give American Hollow a lot of credit for their ambition. I love the fact that they have done their best to make an album that attempts to flow together seamlessly and the structures in the songs are actually some of the more creative and progressive around the local Utah scene. However, the band could still use a bit more developing. The tones of the guitar, bass, keyboards and drums are a bit bland and the vocals, while full of talent, could stand to be turned down quite a bit in the mix. It's hard for me to be critical of this album because I am a sucker for progressive alternative metal and I think American Hollow is definitely on the right path—I just wish they would have put more effort into the recording process. You guys are breaking my heart. I think I'm gonna cry. —Jon Robertson

Anthony Phan

Stet

Self-Released

Street: 04.01.2009

Anthony Phan = Dave Brubeck + John Coltrane + Leonard Nimoy

50% of this album is 100% awesome. Where has Phan been hiding? Seriously, *Stet* is bursting at the seams with covetable musicianship and originality. "Reggae Macabre" could be a chill **Mr. Bungle** song, where Phan and his friends (there are a lot of contributors on this album) brilliantly fuse jazz and a latin dance feel with enough quirks to keep the listener not just listening, but grinning. The gospel-inspired "100 Miles From Here" is a bluesy classic, with **Jes** **60 SaltLakeUnderGround**

Luckett's spot-on soulful vocal. And "Miss Fortune" feels like a nod to **Scott Joplin's** "The Entertainer," but with a delightfully fresh approach. Sure, parts of the album are less mesmerizing than others, and there is some rapping I could do without, but as a whole, it's hard to believe that I haven't heard about *Stet* sooner. I'm continuously left wondering, "Where has Phan been hiding?" —Andrew Roy

Armorie

Pew Pew

Self-Released

Street 4.16

Armorie = WHY? + Grüvis Malt + Beck



While the arrangements of the songs on *Pew Pew* feel a little spastic, a little schizo, giving this record repeated listens helps to understand what the band was going for as a whole. I mean, this sounds like a few different guys getting their ideas down on a recording, experimenting with abandon and developing minor themes into entire songs. Little bits of jaunty guitar or keyboard combine with electronic or produced-sounding bass, lyrics vary from rap delivery to more noise-centered poems like the work of **cLOUDDEAD** or **Saul Williams** and drums that varyingly thump or click. This band is at its best when all five members truly come together, focusing on the same musical project. Other times a song is too crowded to be memorable, but during pieces like "Skipping Stone" and "Whistler," the varying forces at play on this record really seem to be operating in harmony. On "Train Song," the vocals are a dead-ringer for *Guero*-era Beck and I challenge you to not let "B&S" or "Benefactor" get stuck in your head. Overall, this is fantastic record from these Logan artists, especially for

being recorded in basements, on home computers or wherever. Let's hope they keep up the good work and only refine their art. —Rio Connelly

Beta Chicks

Input Launch Code

Spike.Inject.Repeat

Street: 05.23

Beta Chicks = The Faint + The Firebird Band + Depeche Mode

When did Cache County become Dance Rock Capitol, U.S.A? If skinny ties, keytars, and tight grooves that follow lock-step behind killer electronic production aren't synonymous with Logan, UT, The Beta Chicks are on a mission to change that. Featuring some of the best production values to show up in my inbox during my *SLUG* career, Beta Chicks were a welcome surprise. Knowing that it takes more than kitsch keyboards and thick synth lines to sound like an '80s new-wave revival band, The Beta Chicks bury their darkwave moodiness under the wide-eyed swagger of **The Killers** and their subsequent clones. But while **Brandon Flowers** can make a career off peddling his ambiguous sexuality, The Beta Chicks are still in the trenches trying to convince patrons of Logan's only bar to get down and dance to their undeniably catchy hooks, throbbing bass lines, and siren-like vocals. —Ryan Hall

Big Sky Tribunal

Into The Mountain

Self-Released

Street: 04.17

Big Sky Tribunal = Songs: Ohia + Eluvium + Calico



Big Sky Tribunal, while often sounding like the unique vision of band leader **Brian Oakley**, is made up of a veritable who's-who in established and up-and-

coming SLC artists. **Black Hens' Jesse Ellis**, **Seven Feathers Rainwater's Seth Pulver**, as well as **Ben Kilbourne**, **Evan Anderson** and **Sarah Sundahl**, steer

Oakley's barn door creak of a voice and structurally sparse arrangements into fully-fleshed, sprawling compositions with a brooding underpinning of ambient tones and hypnotic guitar drones. All of these elements paint foreboding washes of noise across Oakley's already haunted delivery, turning an album rich in melancholy into a document of timeless pathos. Quite possibly one of the best, but underexposed, releases this year. —Ryan Hall

Brian Bingham

Beat EP

Self-Released

Street: 04.20

Brian Bingham = American Idol hopeful dismissed at the paperwork portion of his audition

Oh local artists, dare to dream! I don't really buy into the notion that *everyone* dreams of being a rock star, yet far too many local artists seem to see themselves this way. Local singer/songwriter Brian Bingham seems to have been bitten by this grand illusion bug and instead of simply singing in his own voice, does that very annoying *American Idol* audition trick where he tries to sing as though someone else. The results (just like they are on that show) are disastrous: he seems to be imitating a number of front-men including **Chris Daughtry**, **Dave Matthews** and **John Mayer**, to name just three, but comes across as nasally and strained. Fortunately, this is just an EP containing 4 tracks—I really couldn't stomach an entire album. Bingham's songwriting is rather generic and his lyrics possess a banality (especially in their choruses) that would be best not published on his website. They are unintentionally hilarious in places, like on "Missed Our Chance" where he confesses: "I've wasted so much time with wasters." If we are to believe him

in the predictably boring "Life Worth Living" that "it's me inside whose voice is singing out loud," and that voice is the imitation one mentioned above then we're all in trouble. —Dean O Hillis

The Devil Whale

Young Wives EP

Kilby Records

Street: 06.11

The Devil Whale = The Animals + John Wesley Harding era Dylan + Blitzen Trapper

In a year where many prominent SLC bands have either broken up or gone on lengthy hiatuses, The Devil Whale soldiers on, releasing a six song EP full of their strongest material to date. *Young Wives* is cut loose from the pervasive, but effective, romantic melancholy of 2008's *Like Paraders* and unleashes something that is much more free, raw, and culturally trenchant. While easily the most instrumentally lush collection of songs to date (the woodwinds on "Television Zoo" kill me), The Devil Whale aren't afraid to go straight for the jugular with hook after hook on "Patent Boots" and "Barracudas." While at times verbally verbose, **Brinton Jones'** songwriting has effectively pared down his big ideas (there are a lot of them) into concise lines of lyrical clarity. If this is any indication of the course The Devil Whale are on, we can expect great things from the full-length. —Ryan Hall

DropSideNine

A Perfectly Orchestrated Breakdown

Self-Released

Street: 02.14

Drop Side Nine = David Archuleta + 30 Seconds to Mars + Nickleback

There is some serious pain and anguish on DropSideNine's debut EP. *A Perfectly Orchestrated Breakdown* definitely lives up to its name. The vocals on this record are mixed so high that it sounds like vocalist **Brandon Larsen** is sitting on my lap bouncing on my taters while the other member of the band, **Scott Peterson**, donkey-punches me. The band made the good decision of self-producing this great work of art in Brandon's basement. This probably explains the amazing clarity of his vocal tracks. It's a shame that Scott's instrumental tracks weren't brought up to the same level in the mix to show their perfection as well. The release also includes a printout of Brandon's deep and emotionally penetrating lyrics. Seriously, you two have brought things to a new level of brutality, and Jesus and I thank you for it. —Jon Robertson

Junior Bellows

Hangin' With Bubbafresh

Self-Released

Street: 09.09

Junior Bellows = Second Stage to Night Ranger at the County Fair

Ever since **The Hold Steady** took back the term "bar rock" from the 40 year old denizens of dive bars countrywide trying

to score with blond meth-head versions of cougars, I have been struggling to think of a catch-all phrase that describes not only the venue where you are most likely to hear this unbearably bland rock 'n' roll, but also the crowd that would pay good money to be assaulted by this incredibly boring version of **ZZ Top**. Solution: County Fair Rock. But this isn't the main stage classic rock revival band, this is the yokels-only second stage playing to a crowd of selectively bred Neanderthals who can put up with "funky" bass lines, big dumb riffs, pterodactyl-like screeches coming from the lead singer, and a (shudder) rap-rock song à la **Run D.M.C** and **Aerosmith**. I have seen the apocalypse, thy name is Junior Bellows. —Ryan Hall

Lo-Fidelity

Self-Titled

Net Weight Records

Street: 05.01

Lo-Fi = Ellas Otha Bates + Beani Sigel + DJ SuPeRB

Jazz anyone? Hip Hop? I'm not talking about the norm mix here. I am talking about the good stuff, the stuff that really surprises you—it reminds you of how awesome music can be when approached with the right attitude (i.e. **Ratatat** minus the hype). **Lo-Fidelity** can cut 16 bars into a piece of art, live no less. Basically, it's stuff you would expect out of a big city. Yeah that's right I said it, we are a big city and this is a tape you have to cop, although you should support Lo-Fi, because this is for anyone that enjoys the smooth, silky style of a gravy train operator. Salt Lake Represent! —Adam Dorobiala

The Love Astronauts

Phenomenality in the Jungle Basement

Self-Released

Street: 04.20

The Love Astronauts = Amy Winehouse + Streetlight Manifesto + Skaficionados



Oh, this album is a-hoppin'. Who knew ska could reach outer space! Well The Love Astronauts did of course, with ska-groovin' keyboard and up-strokes followed by sax to trombone. Aside from the sounds of vomiting in "Rum and Coke," this album is exactly what you'd expect. The cheesy lyrics sound forcefully regurgitated and the only break is the upbeat "heys," makes me want to swear off any music with dancy horned

instruments for a moment. Yes, I understand the band is new, but with very little to distinguish the songs as done by The Love Astronauts all I can say is give them time. Let's hope that in the next album they will have discovered new chord progressions. —Jessica Davis

Mantra Monsta

The BS EP

Self-Released

Street: 04.20

Mantra Monsta = Wolf Eyes + Man Man

This release starts off strong with a song that sort of sounds like a noise interpretation of **Devendra Banhart's** "Fall," but it quickly degrades into an unintelligible mess. For the most part, it sounds like something one would record with friends after getting drunk and playing instruments you are completely unfamiliar with. When the songs were somewhat coherent, they sound interesting ("We are Friends," "God Vs. Star Warses") and the organ sounds and scratchy synth beat make "Haunted" the highlight of the release —Cody Hudson

NSPS

Audio-Visual Carnival Fragments

Self-Released

Street: 04.17

NSPS = Flaming Lips + They Might Be Giants

This six song, six music video, limited Record Store Day release is a thing of its own. With ups and downs and spring-de-loop noises topped with vocals that linger between talking and trying to sing, it's an accomplishment to simply get through the album. I realize the story-book-style lyrics are intended to make you laugh, but at the point of "got the STD but I never had the sex," I feel like I'm in high school again cringing through yet another "wink-wink nudge-nudge" joke. The music videos with small bits of cleverly used stop-action and eye-spazzing filmstrips helped the album in no way. It's an album few people will appreciate, but kudos to them for laughing when no one else will. —Jessica Davis

Odetta

Cut & Paste Vol. 1 & 2

Sassbologna Records

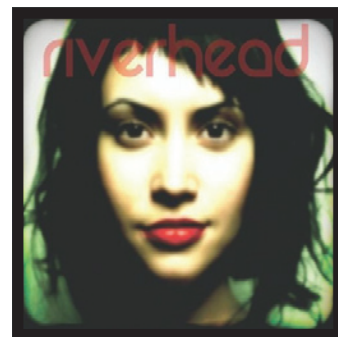
Street: 05.12

Odetta = nonnon + Mulatu Astatke + Viktor Vaughn

I was tuned in to this cut by a DJ friend and I am not quite sure I can ever look back upon inferior DJs. There is something about raw talent that just speaks volumes through the increase of volume when listening *Cut & Paste Vol. 1 & 2*. Not too harsh, not too mellow, but the perfect style of your favorite hip-hop porridge waiting for your ears to devour. They say an intellectual says simple things in a difficult way and a layman says difficult things in an easy way—Odetta shows us both sides of the spectrum with no particular stance as to which he prefers. Genius. —Adam Dorobiala

Riverhead

Self-Titled



Self-Released

Street: 03.01

Riverhead = old and new Depeche Mode + Massive Attack + Love & Rockets

I've known guitarist **Michael Burgess** for years, but if I had not looked at the band name, I'd never have guessed this gorgeous, fantastically dark pop album was a local product. Synth trip-hop tracks like "Revolver" and "Protection" worm their way into your head and stay there for days. Yet just when it all starts to sound almost too slick, they drop in a wake up call like "Emptiness Returns" with its glitchy noise backing track and intense, whispered vocals that reminds me why Riverhead has played in goth venues for years. Excellently engineered by **Hyrum Summerhays (Eden's Watchtower)**, the sound is tight, rich and nuanced. There is no good reason this isn't getting local "alternative" radio airplay, and no reason at all why Riverhead aren't superstars. Forget the next pre-packaged indie-pop "sensation"—good music begins at home. Listen to this anytime, all the time, now, tomorrow, and forever. —Madelyn Boudreaux

Shift & Shadows

Self-Titled EP

Self-Released

Street: 4.23

Shift & Shadows = Red Hot Chili Peppers - Anthony Kiedis & Flea

Shift & Shadows are another local band that can't quite decide who they are musically. Self-described as "indie funk rock" on their Facebook page, their music is at times both funky and rock oriented, while vocally and lyrically they are severely malnourished. Lead by singer **Adam Potts** on guitar, **Diane Romwell** on bass and **Jesse Michael Garcia** on percussion, the music is pleasant enough but lacks any real oomph. When the funk comes into play, it really is like they are imitating the Red Hot Chili Peppers but in a watered-down version without key members Kiedis or Flea. The four tracks on their eponymous EP range from light balladry—"The Day After" and the cloying "From A Father"—to the much more rocking "Hand Grenade Pioneer" and "Thank You My Dear", but the lyrics and especially the vocals are subpar. The trio is not without musical talent, and they could probably back up a decent singer (like they have fictionally done recently for a Syfy channel pilot shoot) in a satisfactory manner, but Potts needs to leave the singing (and lyric-writing I'm guessing, from lack of details on the sleeve) to more capable hands. —Dean O Hillis

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CD REVIEWS

Against Me! White Crosses

Sire
Street: 06.08

Against Me! = The Gaslight Anthem + The Replacements + Alkaline Trio

For reasons that don't really make sense to anyone who isn't a self-righteous 17-year-old, thousands of fans felt betrayed by *New Wave*, the major-label debut of former anarcho-punk heroes Against Me!. The **Butch Vig**-produced album expanded the band's audience greatly, garnering press from *Rolling Stone* and landing the band an opening spot on the **Foo Fighters'** 2008 tour. Three years after *New Wave*, the band has returned with the even poppier and much catchier *White Crosses*—and I love it. The band draws influence from the **Springsteen**-ian school of punk rock that's all the craze (the intro to "Because of the Shame" sounds exactly like "No Surrender") and "Ache With Me" sounds like it could've been a Replacements' album closer, but, unlike *New Wave*, there is some actual new wave going on in "We're Breaking Up" and "High Pressure Low." There's a lot to like on *White Crosses* (especially with the addition of former **Hot Water Music** drummer **George Rebelo**), but the standout is "I Was a Teenage Anarchist": it's exactly what you think it is, and it's fucking awesome. (*The Rail*: 07.27) —Ricky Vigli

Andrew Jackson Jihad / The Gunshy Split 7"

Silver Sprocket

Street: 05.11

AJJ / GS = Ghost Mice + Off With Their Heads / Leatherface + Filthy Thieving Bastards

Of the myriad of acousti-punk bands spawned in the wake of **Against Me!**'s early recordings, the only one really worth paying attention to is Andrew Jackson Jihad. The band's dark and clever lyrics and willingness to expand outside of the sonic trappings of folk-punk make them one of the most interesting and entertaining



punk bands out there, and this collaborative split with The Gunshy is a great addition to their catalog. The AJJ-fronted side (every member of both bands plays on every track, switching vocalists on either side) is expectedly awesome, featuring lyrics involving violently disassembling one's own body (in a **Neutral Milk Hotel** kind of way) and an extra punch of diversity from The Gunshy. The Gunshy side, featuring gruff vocals over Gainesville-style punk combined with folk instrumentation and horns, is surprisingly good and probably my favorite non-AJJ side of a split featuring AJJ (take that, **Apocalypse Meow!**). This one will definitely be out of print soon, so snag it up quick. —Ricky Vigli

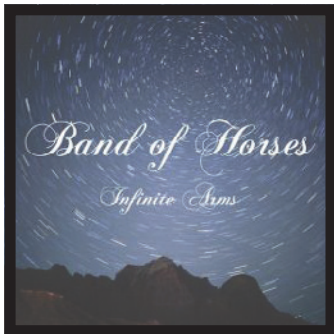
Band of Horses Infinite Arms

Brown

Street: 05.18

Band of Horses = My Morning Jacket + The Beach Boys + Neil Young

Every summer, an album is re-



leased that totally captures the vibe of the season. This summer, the album is Band of Horses' *Infinite*

Arms. I was a bit wary of listening to this record because their past records, while twangy and sugary sweet, always had this underlying tone that kind of put you on suicide watch. This time around, however, they have traded in their melancholy pouty pants for inspirational awesome pants. It seems that all that main member and frontman **Ben Bridwell** needed was a little brotherly love and collaboration to bring him out of his somber funk. From start to finish, this album is full of **Brian Wilson** reverbed-out vocal melodies and Kings of Leon-type raw emotion. If you listen to track four, "Blue Beard," and don't immediately want to be hanging out on your back porch with a beverage, then you need to move your frigid ass to Antarctica and freeze your balls off in the snow. —Jon Robertson

The Brains Zombie Nation Stomp

Street: 05.11

The Brains = Nekromantix + Demented Are Go + Motörhead

Canadian horrorpunks The Brains are back with another solid, thrashy psychobilly album. *Zombie Nation* is brutally fast and catchy from start to finish. The requisite weedwacker triple-slap bass and guitar work drifts from being influenced by the classic twang of rockabilly and country-Western to sounding like shrill trailer park metal. Guest vocalists and musicians from psycho staples **Mad Sin**, **Rezurex** and **the Blood Sucking Zombies from Outer Space** do their damndest to get you whipped into a vicious frenzy, and The Brains finish the album strong with a brilliant cover of **Depeche Mode**'s "Enjoy the Silence." Otherwise, the band falls hard into marketable psychobilly stereotypes by wearing a specific brand of creepers and singing songs about drinking blood. Also, thumbs down on the sexist cover insert featuring tiny-waisted undead pinups. —Nate Perkins

Brimstone Howl Singles Collection

Rainy Road Records

Street: 05.18

Brimstone Howl = The Sonics + Howlin' Wolf + Boston Chinks

If you haven't dumpstered or five-finger-discounted a cassette player yet, this is the tape that will make you do it. Brimstone Howl, everyone's favorite garage/blues/punk/gospel/rock n' roll band, is back with their first cassette and 14th release in five years. This tape is full of rereleased tracks (minus "Red Glare," which is new), but they're all absolute classics, and a lot of the records that these songs came from are out of print. BH spits out clever, aching love songs like "Lynne" and "Bad Kisser," but where the band really shines is in their haunting, apocalyptic, blood-red-moon gospel tunes. "Heat of the Beat," originally released on **Speed! Nebraska Records**, is probably the wildest, most fuzzed out, perverse rock n' roll song ever to be danced to by mod-haired goons in Wayfarers and dirty tennis shoes. —Nate Perkins

Castevet Mounds of Ash

Profound Lore

Street: 05.25

Castevet = Enslaved + Voivod + Twilight + Converge

This debut from Brooklyn, NY's Castevet is a great push in the direction of the largely unexplored territory of post-black metal. Its seven tracks of sheer audible bleakness that stand strong alone or play out quite well as an entire album. An interesting point of contrast—which probably explains the notable freshness in the album's lack of black-metal regurgitations—is the fact that the trio's members have been involved in death/grind and even hardcore bands. There are progressive guitar/bass rhythms with swirling and dynamic drumming that goes far beyond the typical blastbeat fare found in the European realm of black metal. The post-metal tendencies of the record are conspicuous not only in the more bleak-than-brutal approach of the album, but in the multi-tuned guitar riffing that echoes and enraptures this album into an audible en-

tity of somber atmospheres almost having an industrial-edged effect. *Mounds of Ash* is definitely something to mellow out to than get grim with, and deviations from genre standards are always welcome with me. —Bryer Wharton

Ceremony Rohnert Park

Bridge 9
Street: 06.08
Ceremony = Fucked Up + Government Warning + Western Addiction
Rohnert Park is a big, dark, ugly motherfucker. For a band who claims to be sick of **Black Flag**



(as well as **Obama**, Buddhism and telephones, among many other things) on the opening track, Ceremony sure doesn't stray far from the Black Flag formula. Vocalist **Ross Farrar** sounds like an especially pissed-off version of **Keith Morris** and the all-encompassing hatred and anger exuded by most of the album (especially on "Sick" and "Open Head") would fit right in on *Damaged*. There are even hints of the not-so-good experimental side of Black Flag on the boring "Into the Wayside" trilogy of tracks, though the slowed-down, **Stooges**-y "The Doldrums" is among the best songs on the album. Even though the majority of *Rohnert Park* sticks to a simple, loud, fast and angry approach, that's what makes it such a powerful and amazing album. —Ricky Vigil

Damien Jurado

Saint Bartlett
Secretly Canadian
Street: 05.25

Damien Jurado = **Richard Swift** + **Lambchop** + **John Prine**
Going on 13 years now, Damien Jurado's slice-of-life tales of small town America and big city despondency have been exquisitely melancholy and often instrumentally stark—most of the time consisting of himself and a guitar and an occasional steady-rocking backing band. *Saint Bartlett*, however, starts mid-chamber pop orchestral swell with a **Phil Spectre**-like wall-of-sound production via Richard Swift. While the corners are brightened with gorgeous instrumentation on the doo-wop-sounding "Arkansas"

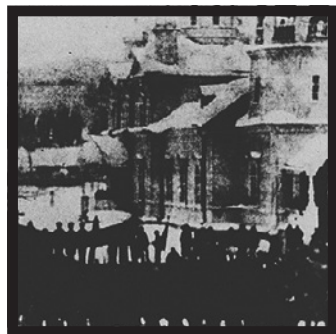
and the noisy "Wallingford," Jurado's songwriting and husky voice is still filled with names, proper nouns, and a pervasive sense of world-weary sadness. After more than a decade, his songwriting and compositions have never sounded better. —Ryan Hall

Godless Rising Trumpet of Triumph

Moribund
Street: 05.25
Godless Rising = **Vital Remains** + **Suffocation** + **Morbid Angel** + **Death**
In terms of death metal, this third offering from Godless Rising is a breath of putrid, blasphemous and glorious air. *Trumpet of Triumph* is the best the Rhode Island-based band has sounded since they started five years back. This record of death metal excellence can definitely be attributed to new member **Toby Knapp** of **Onward** notoriety as well as an established solo artist. Knapp's intricate, melodic and masterful guitar work is something to behold—not only does it push the boundaries of classic death metal, but it beats the modern death-metal newbies into bloody goo. Then add the heavier-ended, chunkier, death-metal riffing that is not only creative, but also worthy of being dubbed as a one-man demolition crew. Vocalist **Jeff Gruslin** changes up the standard Cookie Monster death growls into something much more sinister, with lots of scowling and twisted Satanic spewing dynamics that elevate the album to an unmatched level. *Trumpet of Triumph* is a ripping and refreshing jolt to the death metal scene and a must-own for this spring. —Bryer Wharton

Integrity The Blackest Curse

Deathwish Inc.
Street: 05.25
Integrity = **Ringworm** + **Slayer** + **Living Hell**
Integrity has been around. They've spawned legions of imitators, admirers and haters. So, nearly



20 years or so into their career,

are they still relevant? Or, are they relegated to the annals of bands that get by on legacy alone? With *The Blackest Curse*, Integrity is still showing them how it's done. Whereas their prior release on Deathwish, *To Die For*, was a throwback to *Humanity is the Devil*, *The Blackest Curse* finds the band expanding the experimental side of their music. The production quality isn't slick, which is befitting of such a gritty, dark band, and epic tracks like "Before the World Was Young" show Integrity's melodic chops. Never to fear; there's still plenty of heaviness, screeching guitar solos and **Dwid Hellion**'s unmistakable vocal work. Tracks like "Simulacra" finally answer the question, "What would it sound like if Dwid sang for Slayer?" Never toning it down, *The Blackest Curse* is Integrity through and through. —Peter Fryer

Kaskade Dynasty

Ultra Records
Street: 05.11
Kaskade = **Armin Van Buuren** + **Tiësto**

With his sixth studio album, Kaskade returns to his trademark of calm, end-of-the-night euphoric house music. While perfectly situated in the field of house—with a nod to trance and electro-house—he has found a unique sound that I've yet to hear in any other producer's work. Check out "Fire In Your Shoes" (feat. **Dragonette**), and "Don't Stop Dancing with EDX" (feat. **Haley**). With each of these 12 tracks, he has created a serene environment with feel-good harmonies woven between simple beats that are oddly captivating. I say oddly, because while this album does achieve what it sets out to do, it's fairly boring. Most of the songs would do better remixed than on their own. They just need a little juice. But I think that's something that Kaskade understands because his DJ sets are outstanding and are infinitely more charged than what I've heard of his studio work. Oh, and cool trivia: He went to the U and at one point owned Mechanized Records. (*Harry O's*: 07.09) —Jessie Wood

Lantlôs

.neon
Lupus Lounge/Prophecy Productions
Street: 07.13
Lantlôs = **Alcest** + **Cult of Luna** + **Amesoeurs** + **Neurosis**

Lantlôs' sophomore album, *.neon*, is an exercise of post-metal down-tempo riffing and some blazingly depressive down-tempo black-metal exorcisms. Lantlôs' vocalist **Neige**, also of French post-black metal acts Alcest and Amesoeurs,

is a busy man. Alcest recently released *Écailles de lune* back in March, and while both bands have definite comparative points with each other, Lantlôs explores harsher and more depressive tones than the more calming effect of Alcest. *.neon* is rarely without a distorted guitar tone, and lots of layered guitars as well as amazingly interesting bass guitar intermingling. There are moments of rising and falling crescendos and then there are completely raw moments of fast drumming, much harsher guitar tones and painfully howled vocals that feel like they're screamed from pure and true agony. If you enjoy Alcest or Amesoeurs, this is an easy fit, or if you like your post-metal bleak and blackened, *.neon*'s range of rich textures and harsh tones darkly serenades in one powerfully short album. —Bryer Wharton

Locks Suicides Don't Commit Themselves

Static Station
Street: 06.15
Locks = **Death From Above 1979** + **Battles** + **The Beta Band**

At their best moments, this accomplished duo manages to evoke masters of depth like the Beta Band. The bass lines are droning, thumping, loopy affairs, heavy and chugging like a cracked radiator. The drums are the best and evoke jazz rhythms played on thick greasy trashcan lids, rich and cacophonous. However, with lyrics and vocals that make **WHY?**'s non-sensical ramblings seem perfectly on-key and melodious, I find myself wishing that more of this record was instrumental. The songs are long and some are very repetitive with little that could be thought of as a hook. Sometimes the words are genuinely disturbing and annoying. However, I plead for listeners to give a second listen. The work crafted by these two musicians is as dense as a full band and shows an attention to detail that should be noticed. I'll consider this an avant-garde experimental record and hope their obvious devotion expresses itself with a little more energy and finesse and a little less indulgence next time around. "The Sargeant's Daughter" and "Priest" shine the brightest in this scruffy noise-rock, but if you don't have the patience to dig, wait for the next release. —Rio Connelly

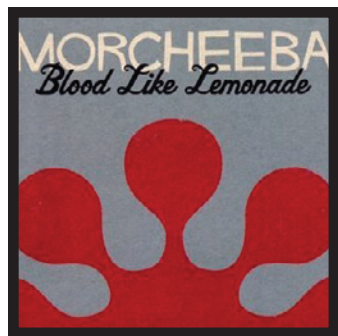
Morcheeba *Blood Like Lemonade*

PIAS America

Street: 07.14

Morcheeba = Nicolette + Beth Orton

The premise of *Blood Like Lemonade*—



ade, Morcheeba's seventh album, is automatically intriguing: the much-welcome return of beloved vocalist **Skye Edwards**. After the undeniably great **Godfrey** brothers (a.k.a. **Paul and Ross**) parted ways with Edwards (citing musical and personal differences) and after using a succession of guest vocalists—including **Lambchop's Kurt Wagner**—this seems a rebirth of the band's classic sound circa 1996. And that's not such a bad thing. "On the roadside/by the wreckage," Edwards beckons on opening track "Crimson"—his voice as breezy and lovely as ever—and things are off to a nice start. The gorgeous first single, "Even Though," simply showcases what Morcheeba has always done best: their unique brand of trip-hoppy folk music. The title track's lyrics tell the tale of a vampire bounty hunter and really shouldn't work as a song, but because of the seamless way the brothers weave their sound and beats together (not to mention Edwards' silky voice) it does. Murder comes up again in the dinner party-themed (and quite enjoyable) "Recipe for Disaster," but it is the ballad-ish "I Am The Spring" and the biographical confessions of "Easier Said than Done" that resonate the longest. —Dean O Hillis

Noctiferia *Death Culture*

Listenable

Street: 07.13

Noctiferia = Fear Factory + Meshuggah + Darkane

Slovenia's Noctiferia have morphed their sound consistently since they began in '92, but the band is definitely focused on the here and now with *Death Culture* taking modern metal to new depths. It sadly took me too long to fully immerse myself in this record, catching a few tracks here and there, but when it got my full attention, man, this is about as good as modern metal can get.

Death Culture is a healthy breed of groove, industrial and thrash metal with an astounding production sound. If the thickness and groove of the guitars and massive bass guitar tone seeping through weren't dense enough, the drumming beats your cranium senseless. Be careful while blasting *Death Culture*—you crank this through your home or car stereo too loud and you could have a problem. The swirling organic and fast, thunderously heavy drumming and sledgehammer groove of the guitars all wrapped up in bustling brilliant industrial atmospheres will not only blow the hell out of your speakers, it'll make your eardrums bleed. —Bryer Wharton

Ratatat *LP4*

XL

Street: 06.08

Ratatat = Sleigh Bells + Hotchip

Hopefully, we can all agree that *LP3* (released in July of 2008) was shit. *LP4* is way more interesting than the previous release. Ratatat even got



creative enough to use a guttural vocal melody as the bassline in one of the songs ("Neckbrace") in what I can only assume is a tribute to that **Yello** song that plays when Ferris Bueller first sees that Ferrari. Ratatat always sounds like Ratatat—they are so easy to identify amongst the mass of instrumental bands out there. They always have a voice (if you will) and it hasn't sounded this good since *Classics*. The songs have all become more complex, sacrificing the simplicity but not the pop sensibilities—there is just so much more going on in each of the songs than before. —Cody Hudson

Rusko

O.M.G.!

Mad Decent

Street: 05.04

Rusko = Stagga + Diplo + Acid Jacks

A strikingly diverse set of tracks, Rusko's new album is a shining example of the new dubstep. In the past year, dubstep has exploded in popularity, leaving some people, myself included, wondering just

how much is hype and how much is unique, worthwhile, intelligent music. I've been doubtful if the genre would be able to grow in a meaningful way, but after absorbing this new album, I've found the answer to be an overwhelming yes (at least in the hands of the right producers). Influenced by his recent move from the UK to LA, this album is absurdly catchy, a move away from the darker dubstep like **Datsik** into a more poppy sound—just enough for all the songs to have mass appeal, but not to where it feels like the original genre or intent is being compromised for the sake of popularity—while still incorporating elements of dub, reggae, Euro house, electro, and drum & bass. —Jessie Wood

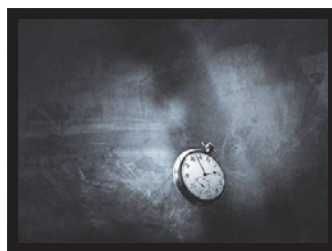
Starkweather *This Sheltering Night*

Deathwish Inc.

Street: 05.25

Starkweather = Candiria + Overcast + Iceburn

Well, hell. Four years after *Croatoan* melted minds and faces alike, Starkweather comes out swinging with *This Sheltering Night*. Starkweather is the antithesis to



everything you hate about progressive metal, hardcore and aggressive music in general. There's no pretension here, just art. No tough guy posturing, just aggression. Starkweather have the market cornered—sorry folks, you're going to need to take your business elsewhere. Soundscapes by **Sophia Perennis** and **Oktopus (Dalek)**, and seven-minute epic masterful tracks that seamlessly combine hardcore, metal, experimental, jazz and melody? Check. It's all here and crafted by artisans of the genre. "One Among Vermin" begins as a slow gloomy burner, then diverts into melodious jazz-inspired metal and follows that with drumming that would make **Brann Dailor** sweat. Each track shows the same wide range of compositional style and it makes for one intense listen. *This Sheltering Night* is an album that needs to be listened to repeatedly to absorb all of its nuances and sift through its density. It's well worth it. —Peter Fryer

Starring *Wife of God*

Death By Audio

Street: 06.08

Starring = Battles + Comets On Fire + King Crimson

You should usually never trust a prog band. No matter how tacit they claim their connections to the landscape of 70s progressive rock are with 10-minute guitar solos, and five album-long sci-fi story arcs, they will hardly ever tackle the genre sincerely or with the same ambition and scope as their forefathers. Good. Like we need another prog band. So, whatever you call Starring's massive freak-out jams, frantic surf riffs, over-the-top displays of virtuosity, and harmonized vocals, the fact is that this Brooklyn quintet completely owns it ... whatever it is they do. Recently signed to **Oliver Ackermann's** consistently awesome **Death By Audio** label, Starring consists of **Pterodactyl** drummer **Matt Marlin** as well as members of **Skeleton\$** and Brooklyn's incredible noise-jazz outfit **Talibam!**. While *Wife of God* is consistently tight, the B-Side contains the lion's share of swirling, instrumental long-players, as well as the hardest won, but most thrilling, moments on the album. —Ryan Hall

The Tony Danza Tap Dance Extravaganza *Danza III: The Series of Unfortunate Events*

Blackmarket Activities

Street: 07.06

The Tony Danza Tap Dance Extravaganza = Pig Destroyer + Meshuggah

Here's proof that there are still bands trying to be interesting. I couldn't help but smile a few times per song while listening through *Danza III*. This is quirky, unpredictable metal. On "Sammy Jankis" (maybe the raddest song on the album), the Extravaganza demonstrates their mastery of start/stop riffing and unrelenting brutality. So many frontmen are indistinguishable these days, but **Jessie Freeland** defies the current metal standard with his interesting, varying snarl. *Danza III* has the intensity of **Psyopus**, with the smarts and intrigue of Meshuggah. "Vicki Mayhem" manages to get a non-melodic screaming pattern stuck in my head, since they seem to know exactly which accents to stress. *Danza III* is angry, mathy and dissonant—a few of my favorite things. —Andrew Roy

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REEL BIG FISH • ANTI-FLAG
FACE TO FACE
DROPKICK MURPHYS
PENNYWISE • ALKALINE TRIO
ANDREW W.K.
BRING ME THE HORIZON
THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN
EVERY TIME I DIE • SUICIDE SILENCE
I CAN MAKE A MESS LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS
BREATHE CAROLINA • EMMURE
HEY MONDAY • PARKWAY DRIVE
PIERCE THE VEIL • SET YOUR GOALS
WHITECHAPEL • YOU ME AT SIX • ATTACK ATTACK!
ANARBOR • FAKE PROBLEMS
NEVER SHOUT NEVER • THE CAB
THE REVEREND PEYTON'S BIG DAMN BAND
THE CASUALTIES • THE ROCKET SUMMER
MIKE POSNER • THE PRETTY RECKLESS
ARTIST VS POET • ALESANA • THE SUMMER SET
VERSAEMERGE • HASTE THE DAY
iwrestledabearonce • THE WORD ALIVE
AM TAXI • BREATHE ELECTRIC • FIGHT FAIR
IN FEAR AND FAITH • OF MICE AND MEN
WE ARE THE IN CROWD • DISCO CURTIS
CONFIDE • AFTER MIDNIGHT PROJECT
FAR FROM FINISHED • EMAROSA
MAYDAY PARADE • RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS
AUTOMATIC LOVELETTER • CLOSURE IN MOSCOW
EYES SET TO KILL • LEFT ALONE
COBRA SKULLS • BURNING EMPIRES



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DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, July 2

Lovehatehero, Young & Divine – *Outer Rim*
E-40, I Am Ghost – *In The Venue*
Racist Kramer – *Burt's*
Royal Bliss, Codi Jordan, The Vision – *Liquid Joe's*
Film: Field of Dreams – *Constitution Park*



NOBUNNY 7-9 WOODSHED

Small Town Sinners – *Woodshed*
Jahnnre, Fox Van Cleed, Blues Dart – *Kilby*
I Like My Trike, Simian Greed, LP Sessions, Housefire – *Bar Deluxe*
Vintage Flea Market – *Velour*
Zoroaster, Black Tusk, Dark Castle, Invdrs, Los Rojos – *Vegas*
Samuel Smith Band, Feel Good Patrol, Shades of Grey – *Urban*
The Jeff Lawrence Group – *A Bar Named Sue*

Saturday, July 3

D.I., All Systems Fail – *Burt's*
Deer Machine, Born Through Vengeance – *Woodshed*
Vintage Flea Market – *Velour*
Cornered By Zombies, Le Force, Loom – *Urban*
Vernicious Knid CD Release, Ravings of a Madman, Etched in Red, Autumn Eclipse – *Vegas*
Black Medicine – *Bar Deluxe*
KRCL Festival: The Clear Coats, Neighborhood Zero, Broken Spells, Crumpler, Big Trub, Onan Spurtz – Kilby
Reviver, Despite Despair – *Muse*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
SLUG Booth at Farmers Market – Pioneer Park
Princess Kennedy's Birthday Bash! – Shogun Sushi

68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Sunday, July 4

People's Market – *Peace Gardens*
Riverwinds – *Bar Deluxe*

Ted Dancin – *Urban*

Monday, July 5

Cave, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Silver Antlers – *Kilby*
Hightide Blues – *Burt's*
Babylon Down Sound System, DJ Planit – *Bar Deluxe*
Rio Bravo Family Show, Voice of Africa – *Liberty Park*
Vile Blue Shades, Future of the Ghost, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*
Film: Man In The Sand – *Muse*

Tuesday, July 6

The New Mastersounds, Fox Street All Stars, Lake Effect – *State Room*
Oslo, Jazz Brulee – *Library Square*
ShyforShy, The Trademark, Shane Hickenlooper, Frank Rongo – *Kilby*
GBH, Outernational, Corner Pocket, Negative Charge – *Vegas*
Trampled By Turtles, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*
Unheard Apology, Born-Forty – *Bar Deluxe*
St. Michael the Archangel & His Possum Pals – *Muse*
American Bang, J. Wride – *Avalon*
GBH, Outernational, Corner Pocket, Negative Charge – *Vegas*
Herban Empire – *A Bar Named Sue*

Wednesday, July 7

Lunch Bunch – *Gallivan*
Abstract Rude, Toki Wright, MUSAB, Burnell Washburn, Dope Thought – *Kilby*
Combat Crisis, The Angst, Drunk As Shit, The Hung Ups – *One*

Mind Studio

Pokey LeFarge & The South City Three – *Burt's*
Big Blue Ox, Wakeside, The Racoons – *Liquid Joe's*
Jay Wexler – *Sam Weller's*
Indie Electro – *W Lounge*
Submersion, Chloe Day – *Vegas*
Thao and Mirah with The Most of All, Led To Sea – *Urban*
Lamb of God, Hatebreed, 3 Inches of Blood – *Saltair*
Streightlight Manifesto, Supervillains, Wonder Years, Dan Potthast, Five Kids Down – *Complex*
Hawthorne Heights, The Audition, The Story Changes – *Avalon*
DJ CWELL – *A Bar Named Sue*
DJ Chasone2, Street Jesus – *Jackalope*

Thursday, July 8

Speedy G, Saquan, Jadakid, Webaze, Young, A-Ela – *Kilby*
Modest Mouse, Avi Buffalo – *Pioneer Park*
Six Guns, Beyond Denmark – *Burt's*
Flash & Flare, HTML, Tink-Fu – *W Lounge*
Death Angel, Truce, Killbot, Toxic Dose – *Vegas*
Slim Cessna's Auto Club, Tupelo Moan – *Urban*
Laura Hadar Guest DJ Set – *Manhattan*
Pretty Things Peepshow, Broken Pony – *Bar Deluxe*
My Heart to Joy, Native, Treehouse,

Dance of Days – Blue Star Coffee

Death Angel, Blood of Saints, Killbot, Toxic Dose – *Vegas*
Eli Smith – *Club Edge*
Happy Birthday Cody Hudson!

Friday, July 9

Southeast Engine, Turbo Fruits, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, The Continentals – *Kilby*
Mad Dog & The Smokin' J's – *Burt's*
The Blind Side – *Fairmont Park*
Carline's Spine, American Hitman, Monarch, Lucid 8 – *Vegas*
Alternative Press Festival – Main Library
NoBunny, The Fucktards, Monkey Knife Fight, Hot Flash – *Woodshed*
Irony Man – *ABG's*
The Riot Before, Nothington, Heartsounds, Werewolf Afro – *Bar Deluxe*
Cody Taylor, Book on Tapeworm – *Muse*
Caroline's Spine, American Hitman, Monarch, Lucid 8 – *Vegas*
SLUG Localized: Theta Naught, Menlo, The Eden Express – Urban

Saturday, July 10

Ooslmaginary – *Sugar Fix*
The Union Arms, The Futurists, Ask For The Future – *Kilby*
Kevin Seconds – *Raunch*
Ernest Patrick Paiz, Buddha Pie, Fauna, Oh! Wild Birds – *Woodshed*
Them Changes – *Johnny's*
Starmy, Accidente, Minerva – *Urban*
Everson – *Muse*
Jared Paul and his Prayers for Athiests, Cerci Babble, Rabbit Alchemized, Ms. Repo, Wheatathon Wasnatch – *Utah*
Arts Alliance
American Hollow, Pravda, Sawed Off Smile – *Bar Deluxe*
Derby Girls: Salt City Shakers vs. Arizona Roller Dolls, Leave it to Cleavers vs. Death Dealers – *Salt Palace*
Summer of Death Skate Comp – Burt's Parking Lot
Summer of Death Afterparty: Kevin Seconds, Mad Human Disease, Hot Rod Carl, The Clear Coats – Burt's
Happy Birthday Jaleh Afshar!

Sunday, July 11

Maps & Atlases, Drink up Buttercup, The Globes – *Kilby*
The Orbit Group – *A Bar Named Sue*
Ten Acoustic Performers – *Urban*
The Iveys – *Bar Deluxe*

Monday, July 12

Off with Their Heads, In Defense, Much More Than Neurotic, The Possible Side Effects – *Kilby*
Leftmore Bobo – *Burt's*
Khemera Dancers, Kenshin Taiko Group – *Liberty Park*
Stubborn Tiny Light vs. Clustering Darkness Forever Ok, Andrew Weathers, I Hear Sirens – *Woodshed*
Adler's Appetite, Aerial, Deny Your Faith, Seventking – *Vegas*
Babylon Down Sound System, Dread Daze – *Bar Deluxe*
Glinting Gems "B" Squad – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Spell Talk, Blue Sunshine Soul, Max

Payne & The Groovies

– *Urban*
Film: No Direction Home – *Muse*

Tuesday, July 13

Thrice, Kevin Devine, Bad Veins, The Dig – *In The Venue*
The Black Arrows, The Rubes – *Library Square*
Rosetta, City of Ships – *Burt's*
Adipocere, Disfigured Mutation – *Bar Deluxe*
This Century, Bobo Shand, Oh Be Clever, The Music Box – *Kilby*
Sally Yoo – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Slick Idiot, Mona Mur & En Esch, Carphax Files – *Urban*
Endon, The Rooftop Bandits, Downpour, Something Borrowed – *Muse*

Wednesday, July 14

Julia Mecham, Bronco, The Blackbirds, La Farsa – *Kilby*
Red, Hot & Blue Record Hop, Rockin' Lloyd Tripp & The Zippgans – *State Room*
Thieves & Villians, I Call Fives, Every You, Dirty Vespuccis – *Burt's*
Indie Electro – *W Lounge*
Miles Beyond – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Scarub of Living Legends – *Bar Deluxe*
Or The Whale, Fox Van Cleef, The High



TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET 7-15 KILBY CT.

Beams – Urban

Unplugged – *Muse*
Silverstein, Emery, We Came as Romans, Dance Gavin Dance – *Complex*
KRS-ONE – *Downstairs*

Thursday, July 15

Minus The Bear, Everest – *In The Venue*
Teenage Bottlerocket, Banner Pilot, The Hung Ups, The Mooks – *Kilby*
Dr. Wilma Johnson, PhD – *Main Library*
Parasitic Extripation, Kataplexy, Adipocere – *Vegas*
Girl Talk, Memory Tapes – *Pioneer Park*
Haole Boys – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Terry Lynn Tschaekolske – *Gallivan*
Flash & Flare, HTML, Tink-Fu – *W Lounge*
Ted Dancin – *Urban*
The Subtle Way, Destruction of a Rose – *Outer Rim*
Derby Misfits – *Bar Deluxe*
DJ Juggy – *Club Edge*

Friday, July 16

Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*

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Broadway Stroll Arts & Crafts Market – **East Broadway**
B-Sides and Rarities – **Sugar Fix**
David Williams – **Exchange Place Plaza**
Shannon Whitworth, Cub Country, Joel Brown – **State Room**
Gypsy Cab, The Rooftop Bandits, Holy Water Buffalo, Ophelia Swing – **Kilby**
Rogue Wave – **In The Venue**
Opening Reception – **Blonde Grizzly**
Joshua L. Johnston – **SLC Ink**
The Indescribable – **Burt's**
Ayin, Water & Bodies, Dulce Sky, The Black Arrows – **Vegas**
Annual Box Paper Scissors Fundraiser –



DEVIL WHALE 7-18 SUBTERRANEAN

Kayo Gallery

I Am the Ocean, Shelter Red – **Bar Deluxe**
Blonde Grizzly Gallery Opening – **Blonde Grizzly**
Film: Napoleon Dynamite – **Wasatch Hollow**
DSharp – **Woodshed**
2 ½ White Guys, Carlos Cornia – **ABG's**
Ariel Pink, Quintron & Miss Pussycat, Magic Kids, Pearl Harbor – **Urban**
Junk Punch – **A Bar Named Sue**
Happy Birthday Maggie Poulton!

Saturday, July 17

Night at the Casbah – **Sugar Space**
Thriving Ivory, Ryan Star – **State Room**
I Am The Ocean, Shelter Red – **Kilby**
Mike Pinto, Ballyhoo – **Burt's**
Riverhead, The Pleasure Kills, Wakeside – **Woodshed**
Big Light – **Canyons Resort**
The Chicharones, MC Pippen, Pat Maine, Dusk One – **Starbar**
Urban Blue – **Johnny's**
Bandwagon Live – **Vegas**
Terry Lynn Tschaeokfske – **Gallivan**
Cavedoll, Long Distance Operator, Sex on the Run – **Bar Deluxe**
The Strangerz, Mr. Beny Records, Calutron, Lost Tribe, DJ Seany Boy – **Urban**
Deadmau5 – **Saltair**
New Politics, Funeral Party, Search Party, Scott Smith Sound – **Avalon**

Sunday, July 18

The Devil Whale – **Subterranean**
HHH, Unsigned, Artist Awards – **Depot**
The Screaming Condors – **A Bar Named Sue**
Shiny Ribs – **State Room**
The Mynabirds, La Farsa, Calico – **Urban**
Warren Teagarden – **Bar Deluxe**

Monday, July 19

Carbon Leaf, Brandon Stanley – **Kilby**
Slackjay, Victims Willing – **Burt's**
Hal Cannon – **City & County Building**
Origin, Gigan, Vinia, Adipocere, Philosofist – **Vegas**
Kings of Leon – **Usana**
Babylon Down Sound System, Mystic Roots – **Bar Deluxe**
Film: Crude – **Main Library**
Film: Instrument – **Muse**
Casa Chiapas, Utah Hispanic Dance Alliance – **Liberty Park**

Tuesday, July 20

Birthquake, Tolchock Trio – **Library Square**
DCOI – **One Mind Studio**
Gwen Stacy, Lower Definition, Jamies Elsewhere, A City Serene – **Outer Rim**
Lords of Acid, Thrill Kill Kult, Praga Khan, Blowload, DJ Deathwish – **In the Venue**
Film: One Man, One Cow, One Planet – **City Library**
Dark Dark Dark, Beard of Solitude, Bramble – **Urban**
Reinventing Reason, Barley Birds, The Reprobaits – **Kilby**
Blues Dart – **A Bar Named Sue**
T.U.G.G. – **Bar Deluxe**
G. Brown Quintet – **City & County Building**
Wild Moccasins, Apache – **Muse**

Wednesday, July 21

Spy Hop Records: The Direction, Eliza Shearon, Sam Burton, Malevolent MC, Joel Brown and Idyll Rigamarole – **Kilby**
Leroy Virgil & The Legendary Benders – **Burt's**
The Non – **Velour**
Veer Union – **Vegas**
311, The Offspring, Pepper – **Usana**
Indie Electro – **W Lounge**
The Prairie Dogs – **City & County Building**
Sister Carol, Afro Omega – **Urban**
Eastern Sunz, Eleven – **Bar Deluxe**
Goldfish Racing w/DJ CWELL – **A Bar Named Sue**

Happy Birthday James Orme!

Thursday, July 22

Mindstate – **Kilby**
Beirut, Twin Sister – **Pioneer Park**
Experiments in Being Awake – **Burt's**
Nightshade, Blood of Prophets – **Vegas**
The Debi Graham Band – **City & County Building**
Finn Riggins, Vile Blue Shades – **Woodshed**
Hot Luv Dog & The Sleazetones – **Bar Deluxe**
Flash & Flare, Killawatts, Type Funk, Mstr Shredder – **Manhattan**
Flash & Flare, HTML, Tink-Fu – **W Lounge**
Ted Dancin – **Urban**
Archeology – **Muse**

Friday, July 23

Swingin' Utters, The Cute Lepers, Utah County Swillers – **Burt's**
Archeology, Discourse, Lake Mary – **Woodshed**
Meka Only, Ceshni, Factor, Open Mic Eagle – **Bar Deluxe**
Neon Trees, Paper Tongues, Civil Twilight – **Velour**
Wisebird, Dirty Blonde – **Urban**
Them Changes – **A Bar Named Sue**
Blood of Saints, Crow, Such Vengeance, Toxic Dose, Killbot, Deny Your Faith – **Vegas**
Ask For The Future, J. Wride, Pleasant Tree – **Muse**

Saturday, July 24

The Futurists – **Burt's**
Big Sam's Funky Nation – **Canyons Resort**
Evolucid, George Life – **Bar Deluxe**
One Adam 12 – **Johnny's**
Tombstone Jesus, Cattle Drive, Lucid 8, Brian Bingham Band – **Vegas**

When She Speaks I Hear the Revolution – **Sugarhouse Coffee**
NineNin6, CW, Bassfactor, CW – **Urban**
Wild Apples – **Muse**
Solid Gold – **A Bar Named Sue**
These United States, The Awful Truth – **Kilby**

Sunday, July 25

Alex Band – **Kilby**
Film: Copyright Criminals – **City Library**
Film: Stones In Exile – **Muse**
Ten Acoustic Performers – **Urban Lounge**

Monday, July 26

The Ataris, Gasoline Heart, American Attic, Unknown Anthem, The Second Front – **Kilby**
Early Graves, The Funeral Pyre – **Burt's**
Seven feathers rainwater, Cloud Kiwa, Sky Watchers – **Urban**
Film: Copyright Criminals – **City Library**
Bramble – **City Creek Park**
Babylon Down Sound System – **Bar Deluxe**
DiDinga Hills of Sudan, Kokeb Ethiopian Dance Group, Jambo Africa Drummers – **Liberty Park**

Tuesday, July 27

Michael Franti & Spearhead, Jimmy Cliff – **Deer Valley Resort**
Joshua Payne Orchestra, Red Bennies – **Library Square**
Funeral Society, Faith For the Fallen, William the Bullet – **Kilby**
Remus Lupins – **Main Library Auditorium**
Happy Birthday, Risdual Echoes – **Urban**
Naysayer – **Vegas**
The Poorwills – **City Creek Park**
Where Astronauts Go to Die – **Bar Deluxe**
Silversun Pickups, Against Me!, The Henry Clay People – **The Rail**

Wednesday, July 28

Mazz D, Eneeeone, Hurris & Gig – **Kilby**
The Band of Heathens, Velvetones – **State Room**
The Platte – **City Creek Park**
Myka Nine, Medusa – **Bar Deluxe**
Gladiators Eat Fire – **Burt's**
Guantanamo Baywatch, Lazy K, Hip White People – **Woodshed**
Cache Tolman Benefit: Accidente, Red Bennies, CTSC – Urban
Unplugged – **Muse**
Goldfish Racing w/ DJ CWELL – **A Bar Named Sue**
(hed) P.E., Kurt Calhoun, Johnny Richter, Big B – **Complex**

Thursday, July 29

Andrea Dispenziere – **Sugar Fix**
Miniature Tigers, Spinto Band, The Apache – **Kilby**
The New Pornographers, The Dodos – **Pioneer Park**
Reverend Horton Heat – **Depot**
Flash & Flare, HTML, Tink-Fu – **W Lounge**
Bang Tango, Aerial, The Sammus Theory, Metal Tears – **Vegas**
Insanity Void, SLAJO – **Bar Deluxe**
Ted Dancin – **Urban**
Musclehawk – **Club Edge**
Stacey Board Trio – **City Creek Park**
Happy Birthday Shawn Mayer!

Friday, July 30

Dar Williams, Carrie Rodriguez – **State Room**
Irony Man, The Elephant Riders – **Burt's**
ECS, Stereotype, Tiny Moving Parts – **Woodshed**
Joshua James – **Velour**
The Futurists – **City Creek Park**
Junior Giant, Screaming Condors – **Bar Deluxe**
Ultimate Combat Experience – **Vegas**
Hill For Noir, Hectic Hobo – **ABG's**
Film: The White Stripes Under Great White Northern Lights – **Pioneer Park**
Black Mountain, Spindrift – **Urban**
Cupcake Social – **Frosty Darling**

Dan Weldon, Marinade – **A Bar Named Sue**
The Neighbors – **Muse**
Emme Packer, Red Sky at Night, Pablo Black, Jeff Stone – **Kilby**
Drop Dead Gorgeous, Sleeping With Sirens – **Complex**

Saturday, July 31

The Lionelle CD Release – **Kilby**
Die Monster Die, The Lurking Corpses – **Burt's**
Cub Country, Red Bennies – **Woodshed**
The Ritz Club – **Depot**
Fusion Fashion Show – **Bar Deluxe**
Whitney Mower, The Weakmen, Boots to the Moon – **Velour**
Langhorne Slim – **Canyons Resort**
The Velvetones & Candy's River House – **Johnny's**
Tantric, Adema, Burn Halo – **Vegas**
Dusty Rhodes & The River Band, God's Revolver, Pleasure Thieves – **Urban**
Dethrone the Sovereign – **Muse**
Galanis, Cameron Rafati, The Fictionist – **State Room**
Solid Gold – **A Bar Named Sue**

Sunday, August 1

Zizek Collective – **Urban**
Salty Streets Flea Market – Kilby Court

Monday, August 2

Some Say Leland, Passing Trees Project, The Sense Divide, Secret Abilities – **Kilby**
Purple Rhinestone – **Burt's**
Film: Mid-August Lunch – **City Library**
Free Moral Agents, NOCANDO – **Urban**
Babylon Down Sound System – **Bar Deluxe**
Theta Naught – **Exchange Place Plaza**
Film: When You're Strange – **Muse**
Carl Moore Jr., Chile Una Postal – **Liberty Park**

Tuesday, August 3

SLC Electric Ensemble, Nolens Volens – **Library Square**
Mimicking Birds – **Kilby**
The Boom Sticks – **Exchange Place Plaza**
Just Animals – **Bar Deluxe**

Wednesday, August 4

Tokyo Police Club – **In The Venue**
336 Crazylists, Straight Line Stitch, Dirge Within, Reaction Effect – **Vegas**
Indie Electro – **W Lounge**
The Devil Whale – **Urban**
The Klezbros – **Exchange Place Plaza**

Thursday, August 5

Rachel Nelson – **Sugar Fix**
Rakka Isciencie – **Bar Deluxe**
Leslie & the Badgers, Charlie Wadhams, Casey Prestwood & The Burning Angels – **Kilby**
Sharon Jones & the Dap-Kings, Jamie Lidell – **Pioneer Park**
Flash & Flare, HTML, Tink-Fu – **W Lounge**
Film: Countdown to Zero – **Main Library**
Blue Sunshine Soul – **Exchange Place Plaza**
Ted Dancin – **Urban**
Nikki Forova – **Muse**
Vampires Everywhere, Black Veil Brides, Modern Day Escape, Get Scared – **In The Venue**
Happy Birthday Ryan Powers!

Friday, August 6

Charity Concert for Chi Cheng – **Liquid Joe's**
Idiobots – **Woodshed**
Joe Muscolino Band – **Exchange Place Plaza**
Micky & The Motorcars – **State Room**
Michael Schenker, Lynch Mob – **Vegas**
Film: Soul Power – **Pioneer Park**
Dubwise – **Urban**
Stephen Jones – **Muse**
Pick up the new SLUG – Anyplace cool

KILBY COURT

July Calendar



1 He Is We
Jessica Bassett
Glass Gentleman

2 Jahnre
Fox Van Cleef
Blues Dart

3 KRCL FESTIVAL

The Clear Coats
Neighborhood Zero
Broken Spells
Crumpler
Big Trub
Onan Spurtz

5 Cave
Seven Feathers Rainwater
Silver Antlers

6 ShyforShy
The Trademark
Shane Hickenlooper
Frank Rongo (6pm doors)

7 Abstract Rude
Toki Wright
Musab
Burnell Washburn
Dope Thought

8 Speedy G
Saquan
A-Ela
Jadakid
Webaze
Young Static

all shows
start at 7pm

9 Southeast Engine
Turbo Fruits
Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths
The Continentals

10 The Union Arms
The Futurists
Ask For the Future
11 Maps & Atlases
Drink Up Buttercup
The Globes

12 Off With Their Heads
In Defense
Much More Than Neurotic
The Possible Side Effects
(6pm doors)

13 This Century
Bobo Shand
Oh Be Clever
The Music Box (6:30pm doors)

14 Julia Mecham
Bronco
The Blackbirds
La Farsa

15 Teenage Bottlerocket
Banner Pilot
The Hang Ups
The Mooks

16 Gypsy Cab
Roof Top Bandits Tour Send Off
Holy Water Buffalo
Ophelia Swing (6pm doors)

741 S. 330 W.
kilbycourt.com

17 I Am The Ocean
Shelter Red

19 Carbon Leaf
Brandon Stanley

20 Reinventing Reason
Barely Birds
The Reprobates

21 Spy Hop CD Release

22 Mindstate

24 These United States
The Awful Truth

25 Alex Band

26 The Ataris
Gasoline Heart
Unknown Anthem
American Attic
The Second Front
(6:30 pm doors)

27 Funeral Society
Faith For The Fallen
William The Bullet (6pm doors)

28 Mazz D
Eneone, Hurris & Gig

29 Miniature Tigers
Spinto Band

The Apache (Drew Danbury)

30 Emme Packer
Red Sky At Night
Pablo Blaq
Jeff Stone (Andres)

31 The Lionelle CD Release

THE URBAN LOUNGE IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE FOLLOWING SHOWS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

TUES JULY 6TH



KRCL PRESENTS
TRAMPLED BY TURTLES
PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS

WEDS JULY 7TH



KRCL PRESENTS
THAO & MIRAH
THE MOST OF ALL
LED SEA

FRI JULY 16TH



ARIEL PINK
QUINTRON & MISS PUSSYCAT
MAGIC KIDS PEARL HARBOR

WED JULY 21ST



KRCL PRESENTS
SISTER CAROL
AFRO OMEGA

SAT JULY 31ST



DUSTY RHODES & THE RIVER BAND
GOD'S REVOLVER
PLEASURE THIEVES

JULY 1: SAMBA FOGO, JAMES SHOOK
JULY 2: SAMUEL SMITH BAND, FEEL GOOD PATROL, SHADES OF GREY
JULY 3: LE FORCE, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES, LOOM
JULY 4: TED DANCIN' INDEPENDENCE DAY PARTY
JULY 5: KRCL PRESENTS WILL'S B-DAY PARTY, VILE BLUE SHADES, FUTURE OF THE GHOST, TOLCHOCK TRIO
JULY 6: KRCL PRESENTS TRAMPLED BY TURTLES, PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS
JULY 7: KRCL PRESENTS THAO & MIRAH WITH THE MOST OF ALL, LED SEA
JULY 8: SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB, TUPELO MOAN
JULY 9: SLUG LOCALIZED: THETA NAUGHT, MENLO, THE EDEN EXPRESS
JULY 10: STARMY, ACCIDENTE, MINERVA
JULY 11: TEN PERFORMERS ACOUSTIC NIGHT
JULY 12: SPELL TALK, BLUE SUNSHINE SOUL, MAX PAYNE & THE GROOVIES
JULY 13: SLICK IDIOT, MONA MUR, CARPHAX FILES
JULY 14: OR THE WHALE, FOX VAN CLEEF, THE HIGH BEAMS
JULY 15: TED DANCIN' AFTER TWILIGHT
JULY 16: ARIEL PINK, QUINTRON & MISS PUSSYCAT, MAGIC KIDS, PEARL HARBOR
JULY 17: THE STRANGERZ CD RELEASE, MR. BENY RECORDS, CALUTRON, LOST TRIBE, DJ SEANY BOY
JULY 18: KRCL PRESENTS THE MYNABIRDS, CALICO, LA FARSA
JULY 20: DARK DARK DARK, BEARD OF SOLITUDE, BRAMBLE
JULY 21: KRCL PRESENTS SISTER CAROL, AFRO OMEGA
JULY 22: TED DANCIN' AFTER TWILIGHT
JULY 23: UNCLE UNCANNY PRESENTS: WISEBIRD, DIRTY BLONDE
JULY 24: NINENING, CW, BASSFACTOR
JULY 25: TEN PERFORMERS ACOUSTIC NIGHT
JULY 26: SEVEN FEATHERS RAINWATER, CLOUD KIVA, SKY WATCHERS
JULY 27: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RESIDUAL ECHOES
JULY 28: CACHE TOLMAN BENEFIT: ACCIDENTE, RED BENNIES, CTSC
JULY 29: TED DANCIN' AFTER TWILIGHT
JULY 30: SLOWTRAIN PRESENTS BLACK MOUNTAIN, SPINDRIFT
JULY 31: DUSTY RHODES & THE RIVER BAND, GOD'S REVOLVER, PLEASURE THIEVES

TO PURCHASE TICKETS, PRICING AND OTHER
GREAT SHOWS AND EVENTS, PLEASE CHECK OUT

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DOORS OPEN @ 5PM 21+

THE SALT LAKE CITY ARTS COUNCIL PRESENTS THE 23RD ANNUAL

JULY 8 **MODEST MOUSE** JULY 22 **BEIRUT**

JAMIE LIDELL AUGUST 5 **SHARON JONES AND THE DAP KINGS** AUGUST 19 **BIG BOI** AUGUST 26 **SHE & HIM**



THURSDAY
EVENINGS
GATES AT 5:00 PM
MUSIC AT 7:00 PM
FREE
ADMISSION

TWILIGHT
CONCERT SERIES
20
TEN
MATISYAHU
KARL DENSON'S TINY UNIVERSE
GIRLTALK
PIONEER PARK
DOWNTOWN SLC
DUM DUM GIRLS
DODOS
MEMORY TAPES
THE NEW
PORNOGRAPHERS

THURSDAY EVENINGS JULY & AUGUST FREE ADMISSION
PIONEER PARK 300 W 300 S SLC GATES OPEN 5 PM
NO PETS NO OUTSIDE ALCOHOL NO SMOKING
CONCERT INFO WWW.SLCGOV.COM/ARTS/TWILIGHT



GEORGE S. AND DOLORES DORÉ ECCLES
FOUNDATION



natt • chos (năt-chōz)

A small, often triangular, piece of tortilla topped with cheese or chili-pepper sauce, best served with Natty Light.



“Ray has a dilemma. He really likes Amy... but he *really, reeeeeally* likes natty chos, watchin’ the game on TV and Natty Light.”

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