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Contributor Limelight

Hailee Jacobson —Social Networking Coordinator / Marketing



This marketing maven and social networking star is bringing all of SLUG's social media sites into the 21st century with her innovative ideas and mad multi-tasking skills. Jacobson is the main woman behind the SLUG Magazine twitter, facebook, vimeo and youtube sites. Keep your eye to the web for awesome giveaways from SLUG, new videos and info regarding awesome events in the SLC area. With Jacobson's help, SLUG Magazine is not stuck in the mid-2000's updating our status and organizing our friends on Myspace.—how passé.



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Friday April 1 - 2 year Anniversary! Michelle Shocked	Saturday Apr 2 Sharon Van Etten Little Screams Parlor Hawk	Friday Apr 8 Raul Malo Marshall McLean
Saturday Apr 9 Cameron Rafati Imagine Dragons	Tuesday Apr 19 Rural Alberta Advantage	Friday Apr 29 Junip feat: Jose Gonzalez

Plus: Tue 4.12 Terri Clark | **Tue 4.26** KT Tunstall | **Wed 4.27** HoneyHoney



SLUG MAG ///. DEAR DICKHEADS...

To Brofessor Alex Brotega.

Listen Bro, You completely fucking missed the point of the broship, goin' from your article you make us seem like some kind of pseudo-fraternity (without that college education) We're not a fucking Frat and Fuck college anyways, the Broship is like the school of hard knocks and hard cocks. Anyway, We're not some brovinistic, one-upsmanship gang of uneducated go-nowhere future Maverick attendants with criminal records for public intox and unpaid fines ..For the Bro-ship, Maverick is not where the Adventure ends... but where it begins. The Bro in Broship is about brotherhood...Let me explain, Sometimes your bro is just real bronely, and you're there for him no matter what... Even if he has a raging broner, you just have to bro-up or bro-home and fucking drain that Bro-and-arrow, you know give him a proper brojob..I dont think it's a big secret that Broship is a little Bro-curious (some might say, "bromosexual"), we're chemically bro-pendent. It's not gay it's partyin'. Bros don't get pissed when a bro bro-ws a load in another bro's eye, it's just part of being a bro. Sometimes, you know your bro has had a rough day, so you go brocure him a brouquet of broses (brocabulary lesson—a twelver of natty). It's just part of the holy matri-BROny and clearly you don't understand the hardships involved in that. You really should attend our next Brorientation...But bro-yond all of that. We thought it was a pretty good article.

Sincerely,
Master and Brommander, the Brom-
mander and Chief of the USS. Broship

Yo Bro,
Brorry if brou Broship brover brory broffended you, but we did our best in brofiling this brolic brocal bro-lective within the pages of SLUG. As far as these allegations of bromo-sexuality, something tells me that's just your own latent sexual confusion manifesting itself in shit-talk ... Not that there's anything wrong with bromos or anything, but that's some junior high bullshit right there. The Broship has plenty of haters, but these guys have been around forever and are a big part of our music scene, like it or not. When was the last time you helped a touring band find somewhere to play or let them sleep on your floor? And how many of you really support local bands that your friends aren't in? If you're really that bent out of shape by our Broship broverage, just convince all of your friends to start a party gang and get identical tattoos ... no bromo.

Dear Dickheads,

Mainly Nate Perkins and jesust,

You guys all sound like Haters! Yeah, I said it, Haters! I'm sorry, I shouldn't be so harsh with you. It's a common misconception people have in the world today; You're pissed off with organized religion, I get it, but more over, the jerks that seem to be in charge of these so called religions. and the many mindless followers of these hypocritical institutions, But seriously, your anger is misdirected. What did Jesus ever do to you? I'm sick to death of people using God and Jesus as representatives to push hate. jesust! You're no better than those assholes who come to gay pride parades holding up signs that say, "God hates fags!" Well, guess what? Jesus loves fags and he loves jesust. It sounds like your old band members were just as unhappy with the same empty feeling you spoke of in your lives too. Obviously puff' n tuff wasn't enough. So why be bitter with them over wanting to feel better in their own lives? What's the problem K.B. ? It's certainly not J.C. I can tell you that! If a vegan wants to start eating meat, do you blame the cow? Even if your friend did issue an ultimatum, "accept Jesus as your savior or we can't be friends anymore!" (it sounds like theirs is more to the story than that.) I really don't understand your logic as a band either. Why would anyone name a band after something you have so much disdain for anyway? Besides the name of your band, if the sentiment is correctly directed, could be, "religion or O'religioust" (feel free to take any of these please.) At this point, using icons and symbols you have no love or respect for to represent you and your music looks weak. You have a star of David in the band photo, do you hate jews too? Why not represent yourself with what you DO love? weed? jack? Hatert? Stonedt? (you can have any of these too) This brings up another point, what weed are you smoke'n anyways? weed usually makes you mellow and happy. Not a bunch of pissed off haters! "#!\$\$ Jesus! Smoke weed!?" Really!? yeah go on, live your devoid life, play your hater music. And Mr. Perkins, You sir, are a poor writer you messed up a 2 paragraph article on a lame band. Learn the difference between a review and an editorial no one is interested in your opinion! I'm sure you got it in at the last minute hence, the editor must have missed that one.

Sincerely, Jesus loves you, Simon is trying.

Dear Jesus,
We're flattered that you've taken the time to read SLUG and felt compelled to write in, but we don't really give a fuck about your drama with old bro-mates or your Christian rhetoric.

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Dear Dickheads c/o SLUG Mag
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UTAH RECORD STORE DAY EVENTS



April 16 marks the fourth annual *Record Store Day*—a day when independent record stores come together to celebrate good music with exclusive releases from artists and live performances. To help you plan your record store day festivities, *SLUG Magazine* has organized an itinerary for every independent store in our area. To see a full list of exclusive releases visit recordstoreday.com. Happy record shopping!

Graywhale CD Exchange
Seven locations throughout the Wasatch Front Opens 8 a.m. for Killerwhale members, 8:30 a.m. for all other customers
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All seven of *Graywhale's* locations will open at 8 a.m. for Killerwhale members and 8:30 a.m. for all other customers. Some key releases will include **Gorillaz**, **Foo Fighters**, **Flying Lotus**, **Bob Dylan** and **Flaming Lips**. Live local music showcases will take place at four of *Graywhale's* seven locations. *KRCL 90.9FM* hosts a showcase at the University store featuring **The Octet**. *The Blaze* hosts a showcase at the Taylorsville store, featuring **Hour 13**, **Split Lid** and more TBA. The Orem location will host a Utah County band showcase featuring **Desert Noises**, **Moth & The Flame**, **Glowing Heads**, **Just a Face** and **In Dreaming**. And finally, *SLUG Magazine* will host it's fourth annual metal showcase at the Ogden Graywhale, featuring local music from **Old Timer**, **Reviver**, **Beyond This Flesh**, **Loom** and **Breaux**.

Groovacious Records
173 N. 100 W.
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435-867-9800
Opens at 11 a.m.
groovacious.com

Groovacious will have *RSD* exclusives available. Call store for details.

The Heavy Metal Shop
63 Exchange Place
801-467-7071
Opens at 11 a.m.
Heavymetalshop.com

The *Heavy Metal Shop* will be opening an hour earlier than usual at 11 a.m. and be head banging their way through *Record Store Day* with exclusive LP's from **Hank III** and a long list of vinyl releases from bands that include **The Velvet Underground**, **Bad Brains** and **Ozzy Osbourne**.

Music to the Maxx
3090 N. Fairfield Rd.
Layton, UT
801-776-1642
Opens at 10 a.m.

Music to the Maxx will have *RSD* exclusives available. Call store for details.

Randy's Records
157 E. 900 S.
801-532-4413
Opens at 9:30 a.m.
Myspace.com/randysrecordshop

Randy's will open early at 9:30 a.m. and have over 50 exclusive *Record Store Day* releases on hand. In addition to this, select albums by artists like **Pink Floyd**, **Radiohead** and **Beastie Boys** will be on sale for \$19.95. All used vinyl will be 10% off. Giveaways to the first ten customers in line and three lucky raffle winners will score in store credit in increments of \$50, \$20 and \$10.

Raunch Records
1119 E. 900 S.
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Myspace.com/raunchrecords

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Slowtrain Music
221 E Broadway
801-364-2611
Opens at 10 a.m.
slowtrainmusic.com

Slowtrain is pulling out all stops for its *Record Store Day* celebration. Plan on heading down early (they open at 10 a.m. on Saturday) to nab some exclusive releases from **My Morning Jacket**, **The Kills**, **New Pornographers** and many, many more. Get down and dirty in *Slowtrain's Subterranean Lounge* hosted by the *Salt Lake Film Festival*, where *Bohemian Brewery* will be serving up cold beer to complement the good music. In the spirit of local support, *Slowtrain* is also hosting five **Craft Lake City** artist vendor booths in their backyard. Pick up handmade wares and artwork from **Velo City Bags**, **Reclaimed Wreckage**, **Copper Palate Press**, **Steve Jarman** and **Kat Martin**. In addition to the vendor booths there will be tasty food from **Breathe Utah**. Local bands, **Birthquake**, **Plastic Furs**, **Desert Noises**, **American Shakes** and many others will provide live music throughout the day. Finish up your *RSD* weekend at *Slowtrain* with a delicious potluck brunch and another fix of local music on Sunday.

Uprok Records
342 S. State St.
801-363-1523
Opens at 11 a.m.
facebook.com/UprokHipHop

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Holy Water Buffalo



L - R: ZAZ McDONALD - KEYS/ORGAN JEFF VANDERLINDEN - BASS
TOMMY BRUNSON - GUITAR/VOCALS STEVEN SIGGARD - DRUMS/BACKING VOCALS

Localized
By Ryan Schoeck
ryan.schoeck@gmail.com

Ride your bicycle down to *Urban Lounge* on Friday, April 8 to see Heber City rockers **Holy Water Buffalo** pair up with indie-dance-pop group **Shark Speed** and openers **Red Dog Revival**. \$5 gets you in.

Settling into the dimly lit back room of Heber's *Angry Bull Saloon*, it becomes apparent why Holy Water Buffalo likes sticking to their home turf. "We went to high school with the bartender," keyboardist Zaz McDonald says while the barmaid hands us our beers. "The support is incredible. All of our family and friends are here, and driving to Salt Lake or Provo isn't too far." Plus, they all say, "It is so beautiful up here!" If there was ever a local band needing to advocate for their state, Holy Water Buffalo might just fit the bill. "From what we have seen, Utah has so many of the good characteristics for a musician, and not very many of the bad," lead guitarist/vocalist Tommy Brunson says. Big smiles and nods from the others confirm this notion.

As two sets of best friends merged out of high school, the infant stages of the band took root in this town outside of Park City. Barely into their 20s, these four have a real energy and passion for the music they are creating up here. "We like that we are from somewhere else," Brunson says. "It's nice to not be 'the band from Salt Lake' sometimes."

Inspired by the classic, late '60s sounds of **The Band** and **The Allman Brothers**, combined with an affinity for current groups **Dawes** and **Delta Spirit**, the ball was set in motion for these four friends. Add some high school band training, and Holy Water Buffalo was formed.

"My dad is the band teacher at Wasatch, so Zaz and I learned to play sax with him," says the soft-spoken drummer, Steven Siggard. Brunson also took a lesson or two from the school's band teacher during his high school days. Bass player, Jeff Vanderlinden, who was too interested in hockey at the time, has since "developed quicker than anyone I have seen. He's made leaps and bounds," says Brunson. The group now works on their sound together at a non-denominational church in Heber. "Having a practice space readily available is key for us. It is where we really learn to work together and turn ideas into songs," Brunson says.

With serious faces, each member of Holy Water Buffalo tells me that practicing together is what has always been the most important aspect of their band. While always working on new material as individuals, the ritual of getting together in a room and creating as a group is what really matters to these guys. "When Tommy brings an idea to rehearsal, it gets processed differently by three other people," McDonald says. "The songs develop into a sound that works with everybody."

It has been roughly four months since HWB's self-titled album was released and their efforts seem to be paying off. Winning the Battle of the Bands at *Velour* in December, along with an abundance of local radio play, HWB is starting to be recognized. "The feedback has been positive for sure, and we couldn't have asked for better support from **Ebay** down at *KRCL*. That dude has helped out a ton, and we are super grateful," Brunson says.

Playing shows during *Sundance* was also a good way for the Heber gang to get some exposure on a larger scale. "I usually hate *Sundance*," Vanderlinden says. "It's just such a hassle, you feel like, 'Ahh! Why are all these people here?!' But this year it was fun. We had a good time and made some new contacts."

With a newly purchased van, tricked out with custom upholstery and trailer, Holy Water Buffalo is set to hit the road. Spring and summer will involve spreading their music beyond familiar territory. "We just hit up Vegas and plan to tour a little outside of Utah this summer. From there, we will see what happens," Brunson says. When asked about future plans for Holy Water Buffalo, they all agree that they just want to keep playing music and experience new places along the way. Talk of moving if necessary is not discounted, but, as Siggard says, "Utah is our home. And besides, it really is great here."

"There were a lot of awkward moments at first. Kicking people out is no fun!" Shark Speed frontman Joe Christensen says. Having cycled through a good portion of Utah County musicians over the years—mixed with auditioning classmates for new openings—makes following the development of Shark Speed's current lineup no easy task.

It all started with brothers Joe and Jared Christensen, who grew up playing music in the basement of their parents' Las Vegas home. Moving to Provo for school introduced the brothers to a larger network of musical friends. "We just started grabbing people. Anyone who said they played music, we were like, 'come over,'" Jared says. After a series of failed attempts using this method, the brothers randomly met up with guitarist/vocalist Thayne Fagg, who also grew up in Vegas and had mutual friends with the two brothers. As for bassist Dave Clark and multi-instrumentalist Greg Wilson, "We were just huge fans. We'd go to the shows and would play together at first with our other band, **Jacket Weather**," Clark says. "We all just really meshed well and enjoyed the music we started playing together."

Clark's enthusiasm for the band is especially overwhelming. His quirkiness starts to make a little more sense when he talks about his first show playing bass as part of Shark Speed. The way he describes

it, he was literally quarantined to the side of the stage because he had contracted swine flu. "I was up there wearing my mask, doing my thing off to the side," he says. The rest of the guys just shake their heads and laugh, seemingly accustomed to Clark's antics. Today, contagious or not, the rocking dance-pop group feel they are "as cohesive as we've ever been," Joe says.

When asked about the transition from a more 'indie rock' sound into their latest, upbeat dance tempos, Jared says that it stemmed from a combination of things. "I was listening to **Daft Punk** yesterday and a little **Led Zeppelin** the day before, so it really just depends on what we're feeling. But I think we'll always stick to our rock roots," he says. "It's what we are listening to right now and what we like to play, so I've said 'let's add some of this in here,'" says Fagg.

The rise of various 'indie dance' scenes going on in parts of Vegas and Utah have also influenced Shark Speed's new direction. "We used to go to a lot of dance and house parties in Vegas and at the *W Lounge* and just started getting into it," says Joe. For Fagg, their sound is now more energetic due to the support from fans. "[Our music] is definitely more upbeat because of the response we get from the people who come to

see us play and their reactions to our music." They all agree that it's been Provo's venue, *Velour*, in which they are truly indebted for acting as their "launching pad." Because Provo is somewhat of a college town with lots of 'flavor of the week' groups, "bands don't usually have too long of a 'shelf life' down there," says Clark. "But with *Velour*, it has been really good to us. Selling out that place, whether people are there for the music or just for the party aspect, has been a huge confidence booster for us." The response from Provo crowds motivated the band to take out student loans to pay for recording their first album.

With the release of both the full-length album and their latest EP, *Education*, Shark Speed is still on the move. "We don't have plans to stop playing. I kind of felt like I had to go to college so I could support myself to play music," Joe says. "That's the nice thing about owning our music and not answering to a label. We're free to tour when we want and just do what we want." Jared says, "For some bands, it's like 'If we don't get signed, if we don't succeed, we lose.' But in reality, dudes who think like that have already lost. They aren't doing it because they love it." The consensus of this band seems to focus more on the fun they have along the way, rather than ever worrying about "making it." Regardless of families, new jobs or even moving for dental school, Shark Speed plans to keep the tempo going—created at whatever pace they choose.

L - R: JARED CHRISTENSEN - DRUMS GREG WILSON - MULITI-INSTRUMENTALIST
JOE CHRISTENSEN - GUITAR DAVE CLARK - BASS THAYNE FAGG - GUITAR/VOCALS



SHARK SPEED

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Construction to Destruction:

Not For the Faint of Heart



By: **Chris Proctor**
chrisproctor@slugmag.com

Pole jam flip from hell. Photo: *Gagethompson.com*

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Well kids, it's hard to believe that the eleventh installment of the *SLUG Games* has already come and gone. Every year that we do this contest series, we get more and more stoked to bring you new and creative ways to test your mettle in the park. To end the series this year, *SLUG Magazine*, along with Natural Light, Scion, and Vitamin Water, brought you Construction to Destruction, a bone-crushing, face-melting jam of pure destruction housed at none other than *Brighton Resort* on March 5. As you were out skating and enjoying the waning summer months of 2010, *SLUG* and the Brighton Terrain Park crew were slaving over beers, hot wings and laptop computers to design this construction site-oriented terrain park.

The course this year was unlike anything we had built before. With your average terrain park you have two, maybe three, different lines to pick from. Dropping into Construction to Destruction, you could pick from a pole jam transfer, road sign gap with a bonk, two different barriers, a

rhythm section and another pole jam. To top it all off, we put a 3-section quarter pipe at the end of the course for your jibbing pleasure. With so much to choose from, creativity was the name of the game. A creative pole jam hit or rhythm section would easily score more points than a 720 gap over the road sign. The few who were able to rise to the challenge ended up with free gear and mountains of fame and glory, and those who weren't had a good time anyway.

As warm-ups got under way, we knew this contest was aptly named as competitors slammed ribs, shins and faces into barriers, knuckles and each other. Two of the *SLUG Games* coordinators even got broken-off over the infamous road sign gap before warm-ups. As the sun rose above our heads and the contest area began to fill with eager competitors and curious spectators, Construction to Destruction was looking to be a success for all. With **DJ Goobers**

on the ones and twos, the only person not having fun was a disgruntled father staring in irritation from a distance.

Decked out in orange vests, the 17-and-under division skiers and snowboarders dropped first. Right from the get-go, the judges were astounded. These kids were amped, and it soon became clear that a lot of them can and do hold their own against the big boys. The energy and the stoke emanating from these little groms is hard to match, which made them all the more



Kickin' it retro style off of the road sign.
Photo: *Gagethompson.com*

exciting to watch. **Noah Sutton** threw in some super stylish bonks, **Ricky Webber** held it down on the smaller pole jam, and a few kids even got in on the rhythm section. After half an hour we blew the whistle, the judges marked their score-sheets and the open ski division got set to shred. The skiers favored the road sign gap and the pole jam transfer. Many an inverted aerial was stomped that day. I don't know if skiers can "land bolts," but you get the point. **Brendan Trieb** soared over the bonk feature with multiple 360s and a really stylish 540, and **Jane Hwang** dominated the pole jam for most of the morning. Perhaps my favorite trick thrown during that heat was a completely laid-out front flip over the barrier bonk—you know how those skiers love their front flips.

Last but certainly not least, the open snowboard division was set and ready to throw down for their qualifying round. Right away, bangers were being hucked, almost too often for the judges to catch. A 540 bonk here, a rodeo there, McTwist at the quarter pipe—the contest area was an all-out battlefield. After the initial excitement fizzled and things started to slow down, the riders got technical. Backside lipslide was the trick most competitors attempted on the first barrier. A few rode away unscathed, while others bit their heel-side edge and paid the price. After three intense heats, I was amazed that we hadn't had to call in Life Flight, or at least help someone off the course. But luck was on our side that day and when it was finally time to get things ready for the finals, the park crew took to the course to rake the take-offs and clean the blood off the jibs.



Barrier backside 50.
Photo: [Gagethompson.com](#)



Perfect backside lipslide form.
Photo: [Davebrewerphoto.com](#)



Hiking the course. Photo: [Gagethompson.com](#)



Monster 1-foot.
Photo: [Katie Panzer](#)

As soon as the course was ready for the final heat of the day, we called a last-minute audible and packed all the divisions together into a single heat—an all-out shred fest. On the ski side, **PJ Baymiller** wasted no time securing himself the third place spot on the podium with back-to-back creative runs and few bails. Ricky Webber went just a little bit further with some really technical tricks to finish in second. Finally, **Trevor Akimoto**, a *SLUG Games* veteran, stomped enough spins over the road sign gap to earn first place honors for the 17 and under ski division. For the girls, big ups to Jane Hwang for winning first, second, third and last place in a *SLUG* contest. Where were you ladies?! The guys' division was a really close call. **Alex Buller** squeezed into third place after upping the intensity from the first heat. Brendan Trieb stomped some difficult tricks in the last few minutes to earn himself second place, and



Clockwise from upper left: Men's Ski 17 and under winners (L to R)—PJ Baymiller 3rd, Ricky Webber 2nd, Trevor Akimoto 1st. Men's Board 17 and under winners (L to R)—Noah Sutton 3rd, Jordan Tramp 1st, Shawn Irwin 2nd. Men's Open winners (L to R)—Brady Larsen 3rd, Cameron Gorby 1st, Jeff McGrath 2nd. Women's Board winners (L to R)—Grace Mayernick 3rd, Marley Colt 1st, Nicole Roccanova 2nd (Not Pictured). Men's Open Ski winners (L to R)—Alex Buller 3rd, Oeysten Scyawoe 1st, Brendan Trieb 2nd. Women's Ski winner—Jane Hwang.



Oeysten Scyawoe took first place following one seriously impressive run.

For the 17-and-under snowboarders, groom extraordinaire Noah Sutton dropped in above the park, soared a huge air out of the quarter pipe and landed in third place. **Shaw Irwin** laid down some textbook slides and spins to finish off the day in second place, and **Jordan Tramp** proved himself king of the kids as the first place competitor. The ladies showed up ready to shred, and it showed. **Grace Mayernik**, young as she is, wowed the judges and the crowd with her next-level skills. She finished in third place, with **Nicole Roccanova** just ahead of her in second place. But it was **Marley Colt** who brought the ruckus and rose to the top to take first prize in the women's division. And finally, for the men's open snowboard division, **Brady Larson** ended up in third place after taking



All photos this page: [Gagethompson.com](#)



THE CART THAT WOULD BE

KING

By Heck Fork Grief

info@slugmag.com

Troy King is called Da Hotdog King—as are his fleet of hotdog carts. As Salt Lake’s only genuine Chicago hotdog cart, this newest soon-to-be Utah legend sits on the corner of 400 South and Main Street on weekday afternoons not three hundred feet from where Led Zeppelin twice played and Dylan Thomas once stumbled drunkenly past. The Chicago-style hotdog is an archetype and Mr. King makes his dogs with pride in the case of the traditional versions and with Wild Mouse-rollercoaster daring in the case of his original selections. The proud owner of two carts in Chicago and two in Atlanta, he

is the friendliest high-powered executive you’re ever likely to chat with over a steam table.

King also happens to be as affable and nice as any person I have met this year. As I do with these columns, I bought one of everything (or one of everything that looks good, on bigger menus). While I labeled my parceled out hotdogs, he told me how he only sells regular Chicago-style dogs at his carts in Illinois and in Atlanta. Salt Lakers, he says, have an extended palate. As a result, many specialty dogs appear here, courtesy of his inventive daughter, Alexis, who is his test kitchen when she isn’t studying

at college. People back in Chicago just won’t eat this kind of thing, he says. ‘Now who’s conservative,’ I think to myself.

You could call Da Hotdog King cutting edge: His social media empire extends to the realms of Facebook and Twitter. If you friend or follow him, you get access to a secret hotdog, which will not be revealed here and is most unexpected.

The hotdog selections are themed into traditional, local, and nouvelle cuisine styles, and they can be made with meat or vegan franks for the same price. Start with the Maxwell Street Polish Dog (\$4.00) served proudly as it would be on the street of the same name in Chicago. Most of the traditional hot dogs have celery salt, which is just a good idea and a Chicago custom. The Maxwell Street also has grilled onions marinated in Dr. Pepper and is dressed up in your mother’s plain mustard and a couple of tasty sport peppers. The Kraut Dog (\$3.50 or two for \$6.00, as are all the regular hotdogs) features a house-made sauerkraut with mustard and caraway seeds, which is soft and slightly sweet. Get it with the sport peppers: It’s my favorite of the tasty bunch here. There is also a Chicago Dog, which comes on a poppy-seed bun with these great marinated onions, celery salt, tomato slices, green relish, a spear of dill pickle and sport peppers. There’s more tasty veg here than you’ll find in a San Francisco Bloody Mary.

The Kilby Dog is a surprising set of flavors that go down pretty darn well—covered with honey-baked bacon, coconut-flavored mustard, raspberry BBQ sauce and those delicious onions. Pretty wild stuff inspired, I suppose, by the variety of exciting and unexpected bands that come through *Kilby Court*, Salt Lake’s most interesting music venue. The Ute Dog is a smoky-like sausage, grilled with its skin scored for easier bite-sized eating, striped with house-made fry sauce and then wrapped in pastrami and grilled.

As for nouvelle-styled fare, The Picnic Dog is the wildest of the breed, covered with potato salad—again custom and very tasty—raspberry chipotle sauce, and a little rail of bacon bits. I don’t know what I expected, but this dog certainly surprised me. It didn’t shake me to my core or send me into the wilderness, but it confused me in a pretty essential way. The Southwest Dog is a pretty classic chili cheese dog done up with guacamole and tortilla chip curls for an unexpected swagger around the molars. I was largely sympathetic with the case for the chips, but not entirely won over. The rest of the dog was just fine, and I enjoyed it. The Lemongrass Chicken Dog is the most ambitious of the dogs, with lemongrass chicken on it and a personalized Thai sauce, which I savored. It was plenty good, but not as daring as I expected it to be.

I feel better about Salt Lake City knowing that we have Da Hotdog King. I expect that this summer, with all the folks that should be walking around downtown, there should be plenty of time to take a friend for a tasty and unique lunch on the cheap and under the nicest roof the city has to offer.

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DA HOTDOG KING

Troy King of Da Hotdog King serving up some delicious dogs on the corner of 400 S. and Main. You can find King inside Club Jam Wed. - Sun. from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Photo: Barrett Doran

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On Saturday, April 2 at *The Metro*, I will be hosting a benefit and fur donation for PETA called "Fur is a Drag." The nationwide event is to raise awareness of animal cruelty through drag queen lip syncs and a fashion show.

"'Fur is a Drag' is a fun way to bring attention to the violent and bloody fur trade. We want people to realize that there's nothing cool or glamorous about animals being anally electrocuted, having their necks snapped or having the fur ripped off their backs while still conscious," straight edge activist and PETA employee **Matt Bruce** told me regarding the event. I personally have been inspired by our interview and have decided to take a floor length fox fur I never wear and donate it to the *Ching Farm Animal Rescue & Sanctuary*. Follow its progress on my Twitter feed, @princesskennedy.

Bruce, an activist and magician who lives in one of America's most successful squats (the **Bike House**), is about to leave us and head out to Los Angeles to work for PETA. I thought this would be a perfect opportunity to tell his "Cinderella" story.

SLUG: Tell me about where you are from and how you ended up in Utah.
Matt Bruce: I grew up in Southern California. For most of my childhood we lived in and out of hotels because we couldn't afford a decent place to live. When my sister and her husband moved to Layton, my parents and I followed and moved to Clearfield, which I wouldn't wish on anybody.

SLUG: How do you think your upbringing helped make you who you are today?
Bruce: I'm actually very removed from everything my parents taught me, but I'd like to think that the core principles they instilled in me of compassion, empathy and standing up for what's right are still strong.



SLUG: What was it that got you interested in activism?
Bruce: Up in Ogden, my good friend **Shawn Wood** and I did a free bike clinic. He had this warehouse space by the train tracks where he would make freak bikes. We had this

bike clinic where we'd line up all our freak bikes and offer free bike repairs and we would talk to people about veganism, anarchism and give them literature. We did this every weekend for two summers, and only one person ever visited us! As far as animal rights is involved, it was around 2002 and I was walking downtown wearing some vegan shirt and someone in a flat, black Jetta covered in vegan stickers yelled at me to go to the Salt Palace. I took their advice. I headed down there and it turned out to be a protest against Huntingdon Life Sciences, one of the world's largest animal experimentation companies. There were feds on nearby rooftops taking our pictures, activists wearing masks, people getting arrested and others taken in for interrogation. It was intense! And that's when I realized: this is a real fight, with real consequences and real impact.

SLUG: Who was an early influence and why?
Bruce: Salt Lake City itself made a huge impact on me. As far as animal rights goes, I don't think there is another city that should be more proud of their animal rights history. **Harold Rose** and **Jeremy Beckham** are great influences for their tireless efforts, **Cherem** was a great influence for keeping the message alive in our hardcore scene, **Foekus** was important for doing something different, the guys at *Good Times* and **Colby Smith's A New Dawn Breaking** zine.

SLUG: Fill me in on your living situation in a squat. How does the whole **Bike House** work?
Bruce: When the house was discovered back in the early 2000s, it was a rundown building with boarded up windows, holes in the floor, water damage and mold. A group of friends realized how obscene it was to have such a large homeless population, while houses remained vacant. Everyone deserves a place to live, regardless of income. They took a risk and pried the boards off the windows, opened the doors, and 11 people shared one room towards the back of the house. Everybody contributed to remodeling the house, and over the next few months the whole ground floor was livable and rooms were opened. A few months later, Shawn Wood and I moved into the basement, which was a wreck! We pulled the floors, built walls, killed mold and cleaned it up. In 2007, the landlord unexpectedly showed up and we faced the real threat of the house being shut down. We mobilized and put a call out to activists around the country (I even emailed **Oprah!**), and decided to take a stand. If the house was being taken from us, it wouldn't happen without a fight. We had people from all over come and stay with us in case the police came knocking. After telling off the landlord, he never came back, and the threat was gone. If it weren't for the initial efforts (and continued work) of **Gary Hurst**, **Scott Smuin** and **Carrie Smith**, this house may never have existed.

SLUG: The FBI raided your house twice, which is pretty serious. How do you draw the line in activism without crossing it (i.e. freeing a mink farm)?
Bruce: It's really up to the individual to decide. Some people feel there is no line and are willing to make the sacrifices and accept the consequences. After the house being raided by the FBI twice last year and being under their watchful eye, I feel I can benefit the animals the most by bringing my activism global with PETA.


SLUG: How did you find out the position with PETA was open and what was your initial motivation to go for the job?
Bruce: Jeremy Beckham started working for PETA about a year ago and filled me in on what positions were available. He encouraged me to apply, even though a college education was necessary (which I don't have), and I did. Apparently, my experience with activism spoke for itself, and I got hired.

SLUG: What are some of the qualities that you thought made you a good candidate?
Bruce: I've been going to demos and yelling at people for several years about going vegan, I thought it was time to try it professionally.

SLUG: What was the hardest part of the application process?
Bruce: The interview! If you get a job at PETA, you definitely earned it.

SLUG: What kinds of things do you hope to bring to the PETA table?
Bruce: A lot of magic.

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DESTRUCTION

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
Twitter: @Fuckmikebrown



There are some stories I just cannot share with *SLUG* readers. Not because I don't want to—my fingers yearn to type a trail of madness for you all to enjoy—but sometimes the emotional and legal ramifications that a public, published piece regarding destruction could potentially cause isn't worth the gamble. But as time goes on, the heat dies down, the evidence becomes more admissible and the story becomes safer to publish. This is one such story. I'll still have to leave out some of the details, but I'll try to entertain you nonetheless. Lately, I've been writing a lot about destruction—whether it be of my kitchen via my February article or my dating life via my March article. I think I'll keep the theme going.

This particular night occurred about six or seven years ago with my friend **Alex**. Let me tell you a little bit about him first. Alex has since moved to the Big Apple and has taken to the hipster lifestyle unlike anyone I am still friends with. Highlights of his current lifestyle include making it in the *Vice Magazine* 'Do's' (although he's a total 'Don't') and eating out **Harrison Ford's** daughter. Both true. In fact, last time I communicated with Alex was when he texted me to let me know about shoving his tongue in Han Solo's daughter's holy grail. (Whoa! See what I just did there? Two Harrison Ford movie references in one sentence!)

Another fun fact about Alex is when I managed a snowboard shop, he was one of my employees and I had to fire him for showing up to work still drunk. Ironic, I know, but please keep in mind his shift started at noon

and my policy with all employees was you could show up to your job hung over, but you couldn't show up still drunk. [Editors' Note: Mike Brown has shown up still drunk to *SLUG* sales meetings.]

Anyway, back to our night of destruction about six or seven years ago. We were both particularly frustrated with life—about what I can't exactly remember. I'm sure mine was over a woman—don't know Alex's reasons, but either way, life decided to kick us both in the balls at the same time. So we decided to kick life back in the form of vandalism and drinking, in no particular order.

We were at the nudie bar on a slow night. Since we were mad we were crumpling up our dollar bills or folding them into little airplanes before throwing them at the strippers. Strippers don't like that, BTW. There was a table full of meatheads adjacent to us and they didn't like Alex's hair. I didn't like his hair either—he had the worst, grossest dreadlocks ever at the time.

Words were exchanged, I remember Alex saying, "Fuck you! Cheese dick!" to the man who commented on his hair. A losing fight on our side seemed imminent and then the bouncers stepped in and kicked us out. We were pissed because they started it. Fucking meatheads. We walked behind the nudie bar to take a piss. We were pissing by the dumpster and my drunken intuition made me go through their garbage. I was dragging a garbage bag up the street for some unknown reason when the bag ripped. And guess what was in there? A paint roller with fresh paint on it.

I looked at Alex and told him this was a divine sign—we had a chance to get back at the guys who got us kicked out of the nudie bar. I told Alex we should paint their cars. Alex agreed. There were only a couple cars in the parking lot, so there was a good chance that whatever car I decided to paint would belong to one of those guys. So I rolled up to this black SUV and painted the passenger side windows and half the windshield, then hid in some bushes with Alex. I had Alex call up some broad to pick us up. And we watched with the giddiness of a fat rich kid on Christmas morning as one of the cheese dicks was staring at his SUV, yelling, "Who the FUCK paints a fucking car!!!" I do motherfucker, that's who.

As we got in the girl's car, we insisted she drive fast and we couldn't stop laughing. So she was like, "What did you guys do?" and when we were finally done giggling, we told her that we painted some dickhead's car. We were quite proud of ourselves. The girl didn't find the same entertainment factor in all of this and kicked us out of her car in the middle of downtown.

We walked back to my place and broke as much shit as we could on the walk home. I have no idea how or why the cops weren't involved in this night. We even threw some stuff off of some elevated platforms to watch them break. I guess sometimes you just gotta break something.

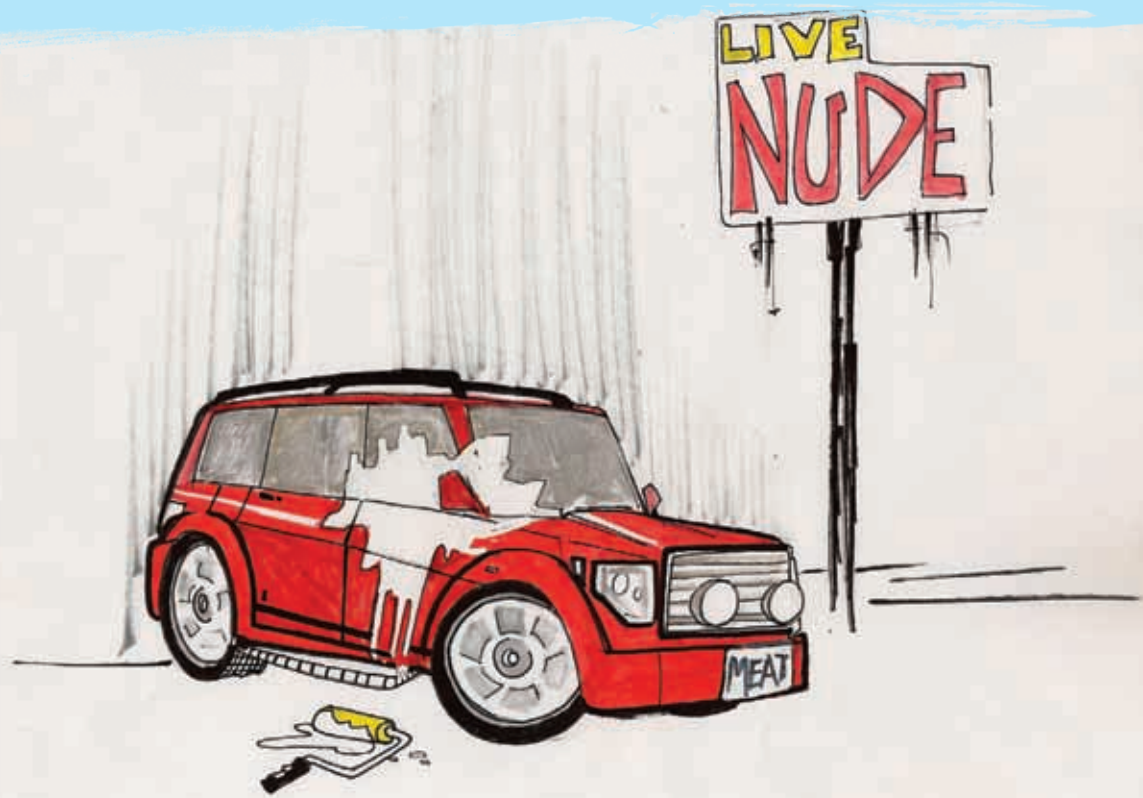


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VINYL COLLECTING

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE

By James Bennett and Billy Carter
bennett.james.m@gmail.com

I honestly can't remember a time when I wasn't surrounded by vinyl records. As a kid, my parents would spin old country and western albums, and my teenage siblings were heavily into '80s rock. I was weaned on **Van Halen** and **George Jones**. As soon as I had enough money to hit a proper record store, I was there, standing on a box in order to reach the back of the used record bin. Almost a quarter century later, it's still an obsession of mine. Since record collecting is not an exact science, there are no concrete rules. But there are some things to consider before you jump into it. I consulted with friend and longtime record pundit **Billy Carter** (from Cincinnati's **Shake It Records**) and have come up with a few suggestions for starting your own record collection:

Buy records that you'll actually listen to.

Seems simple enough, but you'd be surprised at how many people buy music they think they should like, but will never actually play. Or worse, they buy records they hope will be worth a fortune someday. Stop it. Buy music you'll be happy to own.

Visit the record shops and thrift stores often.

A big part of collecting is searching for the titles you want. Not every great LP is still in production and used record stores can't control what their stock will be on any given day. One day they might have eight used **Zeppelin** LPs and nine **Zappas**, some days none at all. That's the nature of the business. There are also a tremendous number of faithful regulars that shop nearly every single day. A once-a-month visit from the novice record collector won't cut it. Much like the Wild West, the fastest gun wins.

Get to know your record store clerks.

Collecting relies on a network of buyers and sellers. The more of them you know, the better they can work for you. The better they know what you're after, the more likely they'll be to guide you toward what you need. There's nothing quite like walking into a record shop and having the guy behind the counter say, "You won't believe what we just got in."

Limited doesn't mean valuable.

I mean, it might, but most rare records got that way because no one wanted them when they first came out. If the record company had the presence of mind to label a record with a "limited edition" sticker, then they also made enough copies to offset the cost of printing and applying said sticker. Early pressings and colored vinyl runs are normally more

valuable, but not always by very much. Remember, buy it because you like it, not because you think you can finance your kid's education later by reselling it. There is no way to predict if an LP's value will increase.

Buy it when you see it.

If you pass on it now, it could be years before you get the chance to buy it again. If you need it for your collection, don't let it slip away. If you give yourself the afternoon to think about it, the disc will find its way into someone else's collection before you get back. You may never see it again. Strike while the iron is hot.

Be prepared for how the music will sound on LP.

Remember that records are pressed onto vinyl. Vinyl is softer than plastic and can scratch and scuff fairly easily. Most of what you hear when you drop the needle will be music, but there will be some background noise, especially with older LPs or junky turntables. If sound quality is a big deal for you, invest in a quality player and only buy new albums—and keep everything clean. You may still hear noise, this is the cross that the vinyl enthusiast must bear. Learn to roll with it. Personally, I rather enjoy the crackle of old records. One of my favorites is a well-worn copy of **Leonard Cohen's Songs From A Room**. The vinyl is rough and the cover is stained with coffee mug rings and candle wax. No way a digital copy has that much character.

Consider collecting in themes.

You will never have every record you want. It just won't happen. But you can track down everything from a certain band or a specific music genre. You could also try collecting records based on size, cover art or record label. Remember that assembling the collection is the fun part—the digging through bins, talking to store clerks and trading records with people you meet. That's why people get into it. Once you enjoy the process, the collection will take care of itself.

Other Tips:

If you're going to spend 20 minutes inspecting a three-dollar **Joni Mitchell** LP like it's the fucking *Zapruder* film, you should really just take up another hobby. Gardening?

If the LP comes in more than two colors, it's no longer an LP, it's a game.

The plural of vinyl is and always has been vinyl. *Vinyls* is not a word. Call them records, LPs or albums, but don't call them vinyls. We will all laugh at you.

If you are buying LPs because you find them kitschy and goofy and if you don't really care for the music, you should just stay home.

A first pressing of a shitty record is still a shitty record.

Listen to the first eight **Black Sabbath** LPs.

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Welcome to the Vinyl Cult: Buying a Half-Decent Record Player

By Nate Perkins | Perkins.nate@gmail.com

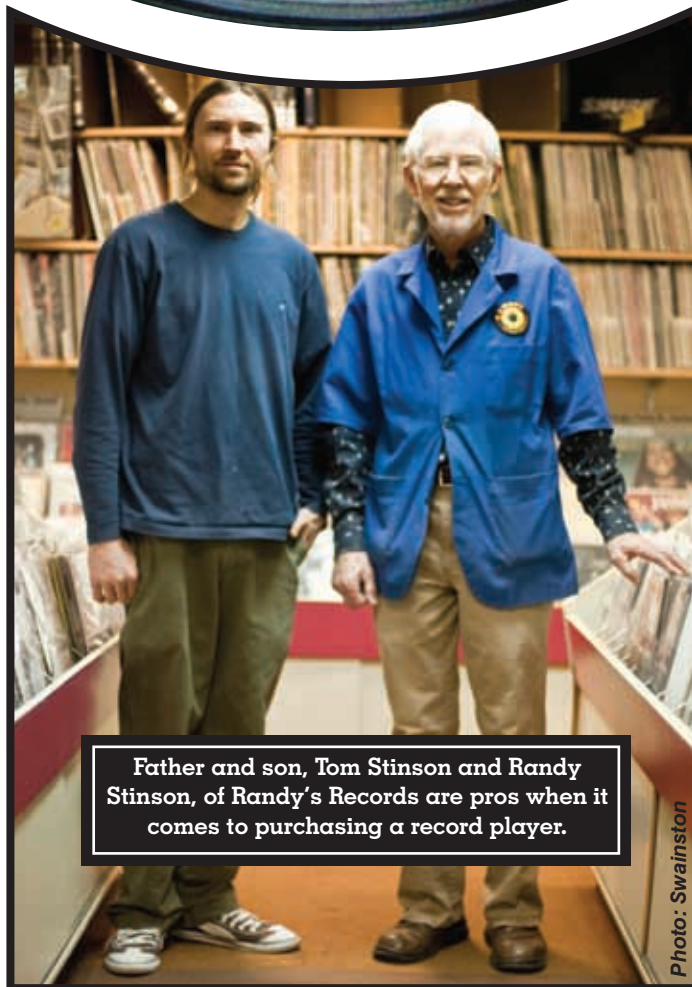
Everyone who is even a little bit into music has that friend who continually, and annoyingly, scoffs at iPod playlists and can never shut up about the divine attributes of vinyl records, spouting nonsense like “it’s more personal, man” or “there’s a warmer sound, man.” I never bought into all of that, but don’t get me wrong, there have been times in my life when my record-buying habits seriously impaired my ability to pay rent or put gas in my scooter, but that’s just because I’m crazy about rock n’roll in all its various forms. When I find a punk or hardcore 7” that is otherwise unavailable, I get this tingly, sort of aroused feeling in my stomach, and I dig seeing my LPs lined up on the shelf, but I never thought they actually sounded better.

It turns out (again!) that I have no idea what I’m talking about. After spending an afternoon in the back room of *Randy’s Records*, a family run establishment that exists because, as founding owner **Randy Stinson** charitably says, “It’s fun to get vinyl into the hands of people who like it,” I learned just how wrong I was. I also learned that my turntable, a Crosley CR49-TW that I got for Christmas a few years ago, is a total piece of garbage. Father and son team Randy and **Tom Stinson**, who make up the expert brains of *Randy’s Records*, took one look at my setup and chuckled. My heart sank. I knew my system wasn’t anything special, but a chuckle from these two means bad news. They’re the experts. Randy bought his first record (**Santo and Johnny’s Sleepwalk**) in 1959, and has been an addict ever since. At one point, he claims to have owned over 30,000 45s. Tom couldn’t help but to be surrounded by vinyl his whole life. They know exactly what they’re talking about. “Those are kind of a novelty thing, but a lot of people are buying them,” Randy says, referring to Crosley record players and other similar stereo systems. “It’s sad because they’re ruining records. They’re buying all these 20 and 30 dollar records—you know, like **Radiohead’s** new one or something—and you can’t play it very many times without it starting to wear.” The best record players, he says, were built in the seventies and eighties, and can often be found in record stores if people know what they’re looking for.

Randy is quick to point on my turntable’s most serious flaw. “The two most important things about a record player, in my opinion, are the arm and the cartridge,” he says. The arm on mine shakes around like crazy which, according to Randy and Tom, will keep the system from being able to reproduce the high and low ends of the sound spectrum.

Randy weighs the cartridge, explaining that most needles and records are calibrated to handle a cartridge that weighs about 1.5 to two grams. The cartridge on mine is so heavy that his scale can’t read it. Randy shakes his head and estimates that it weighs about 8 grams. That means that my precious records are wearing out at least four times faster than they would on a good turntable, and they’re not sounding very good while they do it.

Decent cartridges are available at Randy’s for anywhere from \$25 to about \$200, **26 SaltLakeUnderGround**



Father and son, Tom Stinson and Randy Stinson, of Randy’s Records are pros when it comes to purchasing a record player.

Photo: Swainston

depending on what you’re looking for. I have no idea what makes one different from another, so I have Tom explain the difference. It all comes down to the shape of the needle, he says. Now I’m no engineer, but from what I understand, the higher-end needles, known as microlines, make more contact with the record’s grooves than the middle and low-end ones do, elliptical and conical, respectively. It turns out that a record holds many times more information than a CD does (that means it has potential to sound really good, dude), but you just have to know how to access it all. One part of accessing all that info is to swap your needle out after every 1,000 hours of listening.

Randy throws a slab on my record player and listens for a few seconds before announcing that the platter is spinning too fast. He checks it, and sure enough, instead of spinning at 45 RPM it’s spinning at about 52. Bummer. I ask him why this is and he explains the different kinds of turntables, ones with belt drives and ones with direct drives. He says that on direct drives, the platter is built right into the motor. DJs prefer these models because they start and stop instantly with the push of a button. The others, he explains, are quieter. “It doesn’t matter if it’s a belt drive or a direct drive. If it’s well built, it’s going to hold its speed,” Randy says. According to him, not enough people check for speed when buying a turntable at a thrift store. He teaches me a trick. Turn on the stereo and put a coin on the platter, counting how many times it goes around in a minute. “It’s better to be slightly fast than slightly slow.”

One of the main arguments for CDs over records is that record players pick up extra noise from dust or scratches, but Randy discredits that notion.

“If you go to a concert and you focus on all the people around you, the squeaky chairs, whatever, you’re going to hear all kinds of noise, but if you go and focus on the music, it’s a great experience,” he says. “That’s what we do with records. You put a record on and so there’s a little tick every once in a while, there’s a little bit of background noise, but when the music’s on you don’t hear that.”

Needles, platters, cartridges and arms. Ticks and background noise. It’s a lot to keep straight, and it seems like getting a good sound out of vinyl records might start adding up to be rather expensive, especially when an amplifier and speakers get thrown into the mix, but at Randy’s there are full systems, complete with USB jack and self amplified speakers for as little as \$250.

“The truth is, I just want people to have good turntables so they can hear records like I did,” says Tom.

Randy adds, “It’s hard to tell people just what it is. Some people think we’re a cult because we think that vinyl sounds better than CD. They don’t get it. They think we’re nuts.”



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GRAYWHALE

The 25-Year-Old Local Music Mammal

By JP
jp@slugmag.com

Graywhale is one of the most successful music stores to ever open in Utah—with seven locations ranging from Ogden to Orem. Currently headed by **Jon Tueller**, **Dustin Hansen** and **Daryl Shieving**, the company has been selling new and used CDs and records since 1986. They, like other small music stores, continue to invest in the media that most big-box chains like Walmart and Best Buy are phasing out.

Recently, Graywhale launched a new online digital download store, *FatFin.com*. Hansen, a store director and merchandiser, and Tueller, the marketing director, started working for the company in 2002 and 1997, respectively. They moved from store managerial positions to eventually buying the business, as did buyer and warehouse manager Shieving. Tueller was studying marketing at Utah State when he entered the Graywhale picture and has since filled that position with marketing initiatives with local radio—recently adding *KRCL* DJ picks in their stores—to his list of ventures.

Local business has to support local music, symbiotically, with hard copies of releases. Graywhale contributes by buying music outright instead of consigning from bigger bands in the area like **Loom** and **Fictionist**. “People come to us with music all the time. Just bring it to us and we’ll buy it,” Tueller says of the established groups out there. Graywhale also does consignment for up-and-coming local groups.

Initially, Graywhale struggled retaining its own platform in the dark days when MP3s first attacked local music shops. Then Graywhale found a time-tested business tool for uncertain times: diversification. The retailer encouraged people to bring in other kinds of media to trade in for store credit or cash. Tueller’s rough estimates now put music at 50-percent of their inventory with 35-percent movies and 15-percent video games. Used vs. new stats vary, but the stores are guaranteed to have something you’re looking for and are aiming to boost their ease of use in that department with a new product/store locator on their website.

FatFin.com now has whole albums or individual songs, for sale in digital form as well. This type of business model and community support of Record Store Day (RSD) is the new dawn for small music retailers and will save the business if enough community members vote with their wallet.

The aforementioned Record Store Day was started in

JON TUELLER AND DUSTIN HANSEN OF GRAYWHALE CD EXCHANGE ARE THRILLED THAT RECORD STORE DAY HAS STIRRED UP INTEREST IN BUYING LOCAL.



Photo: Katie Panzer

2008 by **The Music Monitor Network** (MMN). The MMN is a collection of nationwide independent retailers that Tueller chaired in 2010, and a network fully able to take advantage of joining together to make a difference. RSD has successfully managed to stir up interest in buying local, which is perfect for a retailer like Graywhale. “Supporting local business has always been an important thing to the community here. We wouldn’t be who we are without it,” Tueller says.

RSD falls on the third Saturday of every April, happening April 16 this year, and encourages feet back into local record shops by offering limited edition releases of old and new records. Records from past artists include **Beach House**, **Built to Spill** and **Charlotte Gainsbourg**. This year’s releases look equally solid with vinyl releases from **The Flaming Lips**, **The Black Angels**, **The Kills** and **Deerhoof**, among many others. It’s also going to be RSD Ambassador **Ozzy Osbourne**’s debut. Yes, Ozzy Osbourne is the official RSD rep this year, an inaugural position that, according to Record Store Day co-founder **Michael Kurtz**, allows an individual to “claim the mantle of greatness ... on the world’s only holiday devoted to music.”

There are rumors that Tueller has plans to commemorate Ozzy’s presence in a limited-run tee like he designs every year for RSD. This is just a rumor, but I hope it’s true. I’m collecting Record Store Graywhale t-shirts for my grandchildren.

In addition to limited edition vinyl, Graywhale has seen the writing on the audiophile wall and is amping up its regular vinyl inventory. As Hansen told *SLUG*, “I just did a gigantic vinyl order yesterday. We’re going to have easy beginner turntables and some midgrade tables, too.”

Get to any Graywhale location along the Wasatch Front at 8 a.m. for RSD. Graywhale locations will feature exclusive releases and in-stores from nearby bands. Check out the shelves for super-deep discounts on all their merch. Your local Graywhale isn’t going anywhere and neither is the spirit of local music they’ve fostered for almost three decades.

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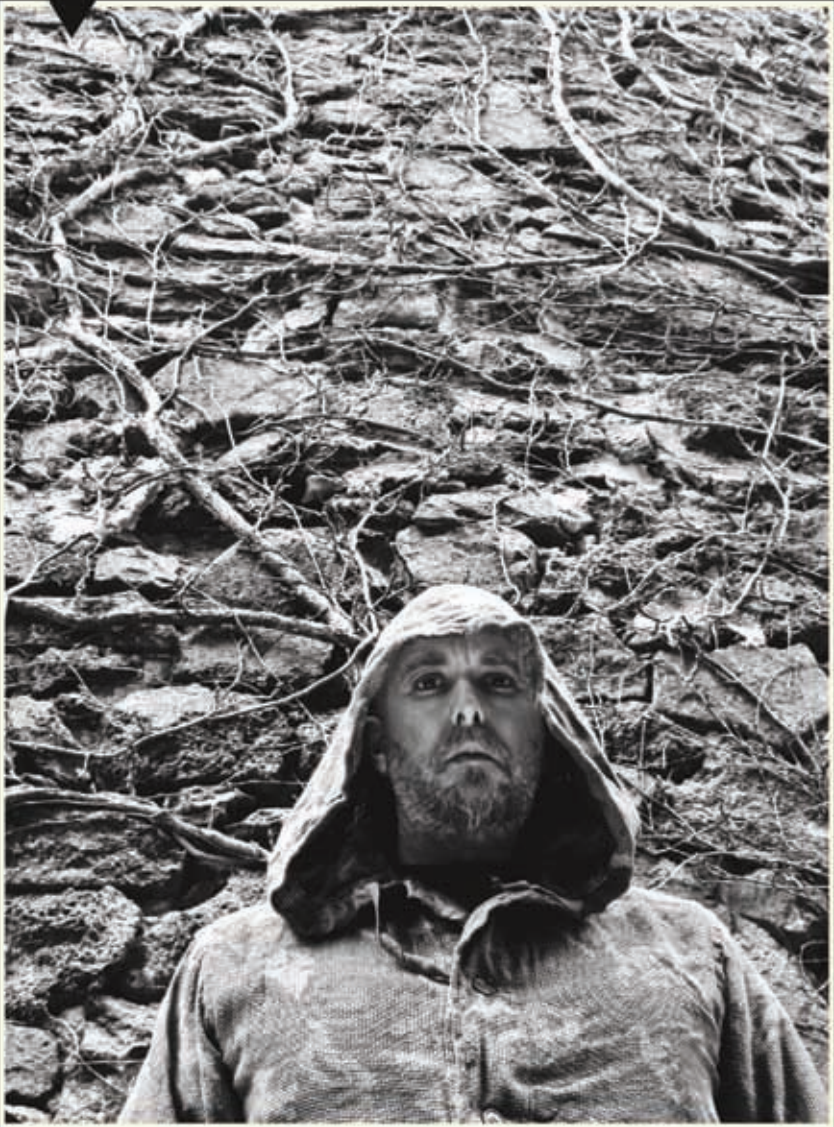
Few names in metal music—or music as a whole—generate as much vitriol as **Burzum** or its sole member, **Varg Vikernes**. The Norwegian recording artist has been referred to as the most hated and most dangerous man in metal music. Considering Vikernes' somewhat checkered past—being sentenced to 21 years in a Norwegian prison for the murder of **Øystein Aarseth** (a.k.a. **Euronymous**), founding member of Norwegian black metallers **Mayhem**, as well as being convicted of the arson of three Norwegian stave churches. To the unfamiliar, these sensationalized descriptions may fit. What follows is an e-mail conversation with Vikernes on the eve of the North American release of his latest effort, *Fallen*.

SLUG: In the press release for *Fallen* on your website (*burzum.org*), it is stated that *Fallen* was mastered as though it were a classical album, and you were more experimental than you were on *Belus*. Would you mind elaborating on how you were more experimental with *Fallen* than you were with *Belus*?
Vikernes: Experimental in the way I used the vocals, the way we mixed the album and because I included a fairly experimental introduction and conclusion. It was mastered as if it was classical music, just like all the albums prior to *Belus*, I may add, and this means simply that there is a more dynamic sound on the album than that on *Belus*. Unfortunately, I let a typical metal engineer master *Belus*, and because of this the album lost most of its dynamics. We didn't have the time to correct this mistake, but I wanted to make sure this didn't happen with *Fallen*, so we told the engineer to master it as if it was classical music.

SLUG: Since the release of *Belus*, you have been a bit more open regarding the equipment used to record your albums. Is there any reason behind this, or is it simply because people have been outwardly wondering what equipment you use to record your music?
Vikernes: It's simply because I am sick and tired of receiving e-mails from musicians who want to know what equipment I was using for this or that recording. Personally, I couldn't care less about the equipment used. I use whatever is at hand. I am even contemplating using cardboard boxes and kettles for drums and cymbals the next time I record an album. Just to spite all those who believe the equipment is so important. I am sure the result would have been outstanding anyway ...

SLUG: I am a drummer, and I noticed in the press release for *Fallen* that the album was recorded with a vintage Ludwig drum kit, including a 26" bass drum. Did you have any trouble acclimating to that size of

Burzum, aka Varg Vikernes, releases *Fallen* on April 5, via Candlelight Records. The release is the first official North American Burzum release.



drum? I play a 26" bass drum myself, and I initially had some difficulty with the mallets sinking into the head and not responding as quickly as they would on a smaller drum ...
Vikernes: It was hard to play the drums at all when I got out of prison. I rehearsed a lot using my own "buy-the-cheapest-drum-kit-you-can-find" drum kit, in one of the buildings on my farm (to spare the rest of the household), but when recording I used the one in **Pytten**'s studio and I never really thought about whether it was harder or not to play on. It took an hour or two to get used to it, but then it was fine to me. It always takes an hour or two for me to get used to a drum kit. I thought that was perfectly normal ... The size of the kick didn't strike me as having anything to say in this context. Please stop making me think about such things; maybe I *will* really have problems the next time, because you told me I should have ... :-/ "What we don't know doesn't hurt us." If my drumming really sucks on the next album, we all know whom to blame ... :)

SLUG: *Belus* was released less than a year after your release from prison, and *Fallen* is following close to a year after *Belus*—even your first four albums (plus the *Aske* EP) were recorded in roughly a two-year span. Can you cite a reason for your being such a prolific songwriter/musician?
Vikernes: Actually, I was pondering this question myself the other day, and I concluded that the reason is my own ability—or, if you like, annoying tendency—to focus on one thing at the time. All brain power is focused on this one single task, and therefore I can be very efficient. I can work for hours and hours, and only when I am done notice that I am actually freezing, that I really have to go to the toilet, that I am hungry, thirsty and so forth. I didn't notice whilst working because I

was so focused on what I was doing. The "problem" is that I am like this in pretty much all contexts, whether it is making music, playing computer games, reading books or doing research on some subject. I can easily work 18 hours a day, eat while I work and never take even a five minute break, and keep up this pace for half a year or so, before I start noticing the fatigue. It's a bit frustrating for the individuals around me, but ... it gets the work done. The reason I am working so slowly these days—making only one new album a year—is the fact that I have other responsibilities too, and cannot spend all my time on Burzum.

SLUG: In the past, you have stated that you were somewhat focused on making sure your recordings were the opposite of so-called underground metal that had become popular at the time, but that with *Belus*, *Fallen* and presumably with future releases, you are more focused on recording and releasing music the way you want to, without concerning yourself with outside influence. Is this correct?
Vikernes: This is correct. I simply do my best to make the music I like, without considering anything but my own preferences. I am not revolting against anything. I am not protesting against anything and simply do what I like. Life is best when lived your way, and not as a negation of what you don't like.

SLUG: How did you go about choosing the cover art for *Fallen*, and was there a reason you chose to stay away from any stylized font for the Burzum name and album title on the cover of *Fallen*?
Vikernes: I used Times New Roman for the band title and album title simply to stress that such things do not matter, at least not in context with Burzum. I make music, and if anyone wants to dislike it because of

my logo, or lack thereof, then fine by me. The artwork was chosen because it fit the concept of the album perfectly, and used because I couldn't care less if I do what is expected of me or not.

SLUG: Is there any sole purpose, for lack of a better word, that inspires you to create music as Burzum, and do you have any predetermined desired effect the music should have on the listener?
Vikernes: I think "desired effect" was focused on too much on by some British metal magazine—they do love their sensationalist celebrity crap over there. I guess the desired effect of my music is that the listener enters a pleasant state of mind, where they are free to think whatever they want to, about whatever they want. Music is entertainment, and we need that in order not to fall into the pit of despair.

SLUG: You have stated that Burzum has nothing in common with what people today refer to, or think of, as "black metal." How would you prefer Burzum's listeners to regard your music, instead of simply putting a sterile genre tag of "black metal" on it?
Vikernes: Heavy metal would be a sufficient tag, don't you think? Black metal is not of interest to me, and I think it is a waste of our time talking about it. The whole genre has become a parody of what it was supposed to be, and it serves only as a source of annoyance for every more or less intelligent human being familiar with it. Yet, we can always go to YouTube and look at **Immortal** videos just for laughs, and I think that's the only thing black metal is good for.

SLUG: This is the first Burzum album to see a proper North American release. Is there a reason why you have elected to allow *Fallen* to see such a release, or is this something you've never necessarily bothered to concern yourself with?
Vikernes: I think you Americans are too concerned about my negativity towards the USA, and believe that I have a problem with Americans in general. I am perfectly aware of the fact that the USA consists of many fine human beings—just like Europe. Your government is not representative of your population, again, just like in Europe. *Fallen* sees a proper North American release because we now have had the opportunity to do this for the first time.

SLUG: What, if any, music currently inspires or intrigues you?
Vikernes: I don't have all that much time to listen to music, because the time I can listen to music is mostly spent on *making* music. I listen mostly to unfinished Burzum music or **The Cure**. I can highly recommend their music to anyone, especially their *Disintegration* album. It's old music, but it's still the best I can think of.

SLUG: If you have any further thoughts you would like to share, please take the opportunity to do so.
Vikernes: I am fine. I think my manager wants me to keep most of my thoughts to myself, in order not to scare away too many distributors, and I will do just that. Thank you for the interest, and good luck with your *SLUG*.

Love him or despise him, Varg Vikernes has had an immeasurable impact on the world of metal, and whether you agree with or abhor his personal philosophies, Burzum's music deserves a chance to stand on its own. Anyone with even a passing interest in metal could benefit from giving it a chance. *Fallen* will be released in North America on April 5, via **Candlelight Records**.

Note: This interview has been trimmed due to space constraints. Read the entire, unedited interview at *slugmag.com*.

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Every March, musicians, journalists, photographers and industry types descend upon the city of Austin for nearly a week of non-stop music. Sixth Street is closed to any through traffic and as the week progresses, people mob the streets like a rabid horde. Music of every genre spills out of every orifice of the city. It begins around noon and doesn't let up until close to three in the morning. Everything is bigger in Texas, and although Austin isn't anything like the rest of the state, the slogan still rings true. In a mere five days, we easily saw upwards of 60 performers. When music oozes out of everywhere, it's hard to find something that you don't like. Mediocre performances are forgotten in the sea of awesome. When something isn't that great you just move on to something better. This list only covers the top ten performances that we witnessed in Austin. For full coverage from SXSW, visit slugmag.com.



Charles Bradley
performs at *Stubb's* on 03.17

Data Rock at *The Parrish* on 03.17



Photo: JP

BLACK LIPS

Although I'd never seen Black Lips before this performance, I'd heard rumors of the rowdy stage antics that might occur. I didn't notice anything as over-the-top as partial nudity, but there was a healthy amount of guitar players touching tongues, beers being dropkicked and spit around the stage. At one point, I think guitar player **Cole Alexander** might have vomited a bit before diving into the chorus of one of their songs. About half of the band's set list was made up of songs off the upcoming album, *Arabia Mountain*, but the older material (mostly pulled from *Good Bad Not Evil*) are what saw the crowd and band acting the wildest. My favorite moments were when Black Lips played "Bad Kids," "Cold Hands" and "O Katrina." The performance makes it that much harder to wait for *Arabia Mountain* to drop on June 7 (*Urban Lounge*, 06.18).
—Jeanette D. Moses

THE KILLS

Alison Mosshart is the kind of woman that inspires me to want to pick up a guitar. Mosshart commanded the stage at *Emo's* with a voice that was equal parts sex bomb and dirty grit. Accompanied on stage by her partner in crime, guitarist **Jamie Hince**, I found it awe-inspiring that this two-piece created such a huge sound. Hince and Mosshart had great chemistry on stage, shooting each other glances as they belted out a slew of material from their upcoming album, *Blood Pressures*. Their usual bare-bones sound received a giant punch in the chest during their performance at SXSW. Everything seemed louder, heavier and a lot heartier than it does recorded. The highlight came when they played "No Wow," which found the first few rows screaming along with Mosshart.
—Jeanette D. Moses

THE BLACK ANGELS

I caught The Black Angels twice at SXSW—the first during a more stripped down day-time set at *The Austin Convention Center*, without their drummer **Stephanie Bailey**, and the second, eight hours later at *The Orchard Showcase*. The Black Angels can do no wrong with their reverb-heavy psych rock n' roll. Although the two performances held a very different energy, both were unforgettable. The evening showcase was, hands down, my favorite thing I saw at SXSW. The Black Angels sounded tighter than ever and I wished their 9-song set had never ended. A blissful smile returns to my face every time I look back on the showcase. I knew The Black Angels would blow my mind, but their performance exceeded my expectations by leaps and bounds. (*Urban Lounge*, 05.06)
—Jeanette D. Moses

CHARLES BRADLEY & THE MENAHAN STREET BAND

Charles Bradley is the kind of performer that music journalists have wet dreams about. This 62-year-old soul man, backed by the Menahan Street Band, was one of the happiest musical surprises I've had in a long time. Bradley busted onto the stage with more energy and pizzazz than performers half his age. He crooned to the crowd, blew kisses to the ladies and dropped to his knees, all while never missing a note. His effusive stage presence was as intoxicating as his tormented soulful voice. Anything **Dap Tone Records** touches seems to turn to gold—Charles Bradley is no exception. —Jeanette D. Moses

GAZA

At approximately 5 p.m. on a Friday, Gaza destroyed Austin. The Salt Lake City based grindcore band blew the fucking roof off of Lovejoys. Lead singer **Jon Parkin** paced in front of the shoe-box-sized stage like some sort of wild animal, taunting members of the crowd as he passed them by, the rest of the band playing their instruments at break-neck speed. As the band broke into "He is Never Coming Back," the crowd surged forward like a pack of wild hyenas to scream the lyrics in unison with Parkin. The performance was precise, brutal and very powerful. Gaza's music was an overdue assault to the psyche. —Jeanette D. Moses

BEATS ANTIQUE

Some bands throw concerts to create a mood. Other bands make moods. Beats Antique brought a literal party to their at-capacity, *Beauty Bar* backyard showcase. The drum-playing **Zoe Jakes** added to the set by dancing some cross of belly and folk dancing as the rest of the band blasted a fusion of electro and hip hop. That was fantastic enough, but then Oakland's **Extra Action Marching Band** swelled onto the stage for the last song before parading from the venue's block down an alley in Trinity street's center. It was the first show I've ever been to that ended in a physically different place than where it began (*The Depot*, 04.05). —JP

DATAROCK

Datarock is everything your too-cool sister hates: They're a catchy, Norwegian-accented funk group with pop sentiments. They also wear matching jumpsuits and released "The Most Extravagant



Photo: JP

The Extra Action Marching Band at *Beauty Bar Backyard* on 03.16

Zoe Jakes of Beats Antique at *Beauty Bar Backyard* on 03.16



Photo: JP

Single In History," in March (featuring 105 bonus tracks). She would hate it just like she would hate how half the band disrobed mid-set and revealed less-than rock star, two-pack bodies. If you throw a bizarre, cool nerd-vibe out, you get great crowd response: Datarock proved this with their synchronized jumping, dancing and drumming. If you're lucky enough to get within a few hundred miles of a Datarock show, go. —JP

CHILDISH GAMBINO

Out of all the "hip hop" groups I saw at SXSW, the guy keeping it the most real was a self-identifying "rapper on a TV show." Turns out Gambino, a.k.a. *Community's* **Donald Glover**, can perform and really rap. His delivery, a live video cameo beat from **Reggie Watts**, and some really cogent, thought-provoking rhymes made for an amazing night. Compared to other rappers I saw, who all played their tracks off laptops (barring **Kosha Dillz's** set with SLC DJ **Street Jesus**), Gambino had a real band playing his loops live with finesse. Gambino has a free EP download available. Go get it, I have it playing non-stop: iamdonald.com (*Vertigo at The Complex*, 04.19) —JP

KILL IT KID

Latitude 30 was presenting British music and they brought it hard with showcases like "Best of the Northwest," which is where I discovered a small band with growing potential. Liverpool's Kill it Kid have a uniquely American classic-rock attack laced with unmistakable Liverpudlian-accented guitaritry and timing. The group's female/male dual vocals inspire awe that begins in your head and descends to a thigh clap and foot stomp. **Stephanie Ward's** cutting, **Joplin**-esque stylings are my new favorite neo-psych vocals and have overtaken **Sleepy Sun** and **Black Mountain**. Her youth and virtuosity with her vocal chords and keyboard chords combined into enchanting and electrical congruency. Good show, you Brits. —JP

WARM GHOST

I recently received Warm Ghost's debut EP like a magical present in my *SLUG* box and I jumped when I heard they were showcasing at SXSW this year. Their EP is quietly beautiful—built with layers of tremulous vocals and carefully parsed silences and swells. The live experience was the same as the recorded layers of chillwave and electronic textures and was created with only two guys—very impressive. Lead singer/composer **Paul Duncan** was a genuinely nice guy and is a very talented multi-instrumentalist. This is a new favorite group of mine and I crave more than the EP-length release and their too-short showcase. More, more, more. —JP

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INFILTRATING THE MAINSTREAM: AN INTERVIEW WITH

THE BLACK ANGELS

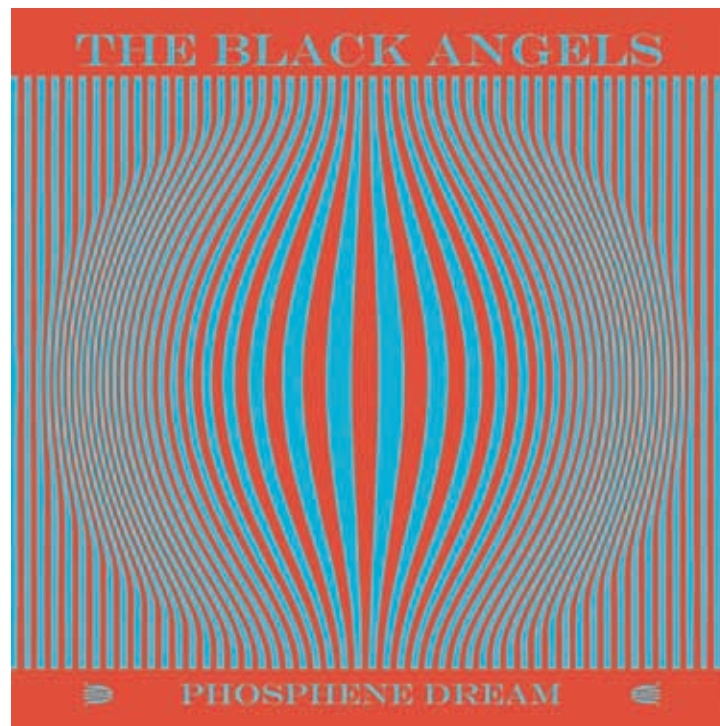
BY JEANETTE D. MOSES JEANETTE@SLUGMAG.COM

It's a Friday night in Austin, Texas and **The Black Angels** are wowing a huge crowd with a reverb-heavy set at *Cedar St. Courtyard* during SXSW 2011. It's the last of four showcases the Austin-based psychedelic rock band would play at SXSW—a minimal number of shows compared to what they've done in years past.

The lights are turned down to a low red glow and people dance as if they've been possessed by some sort of rock n' roll demon. Lead singer **Alex Maas** appears to be in a meditative trance as he belts out lyrics to songs from the group's most recent release, *Phosphene Dream*.

The rest of the band appear to be equally engrossed in what they are doing. Blonde drummer, **Stephanie Bailey**, pounds away behind her kit, driving the music forward and swilling beer between each song. A lit cigarette dangles from **Nate Ryan**'s mouth as he plays the bass, falling from his lips when a song hits its breaking point and crashes over the crowd like a dark wave. He snubs it out with the toe of his boot to avoid any mishaps on stage. The Black Angels are effortlessly cool and obviously passionate all at once.

The day before this performance, I'd met up with Alex Maas (vocals, bass, guitar, keyboards) and **Christian Bland** (guitar, bass) after they played a mid-day show to a group of adoring fans at a bike shop called *Mellow Johnny's*. The shop, like many other retail spaces and restaurants in Austin, had been turned into a temporary venue to help house the onslaught of label showcases that had taken over the city.



PHOSPHENE DREAM, THE BAND'S THIRD FULL-LENGTH RELEASE, MARKED THEIR FIRST TIME WORKING WITH A PRODUCER.

Bland both say that 2011 is mellow compared to previous years, one of which found them playing close to 13 shows in a four day period.

Although the group's 2011 SXSW schedule may have been "mellow," their touring schedule never is. Maas and Bland estimate they spend approximately 125 to 150 days on the road each year. A winter tour after the release of *Phosphene Dream* brought them to Salt Lake City last December. Twelve days after SXSW, The Black Angels hit the road again on a spring 2011 tour that

"It's wild here this week, compared to other weeks," Bland says regarding the SXSW takeover that occurs in Austin every March. He pauses before quickly reiterating that any week of the year there is live music happening somewhere in Austin.

"Austin is like an oasis in Texas. We're surrounded by the Bible belt, it runs through a couple other states and then hits Utah," Maas says. "I think [our isolation] lends itself to a lot of creative types who come here who want to explore different parts of life." Maas and Bland, who are originally from Houston, both say that they felt a strong attraction to Austin early on, partially because it seemed so different from their strict and conservative upbringing. "It's a magnet for weird people," Maas says.

This is the band's seventh year playing the week-long festival. In 2005, when they played their first SXSW showcase, they met **Matt Sullivan**, founder of **Light in the Attic Records**. The label would become home for the group's early releases. The Black Angels have played SXSW every year since, although Maas and

eventually brings them back through Salt Lake City on Friday, May 6 at *The Urban Lounge*. This time around, they'll be playing some yet-to-be-released songs and plan to revisit some of their older material.

The older material is great live, but tracks from their third and most recent release, *Phosphene Dream*, seemed to shine the brightest during their performances in Austin. The album, produced by **David Sardy (The Dandy Warhols, Devo and Wolfmother)**, is filled with songs that are shorter and played faster than the work found on *Passover* or *Directions To See a Ghost*. The album is the first on which the band worked with a producer. "For a long time we were doing slower songs, and I think one of the things we were trying to do was to explore different tempos," says Bland regarding the direction of *Phosphene Dream*. "It's fun to play a little bit quicker. It's fun for the fans to hear songs that aren't just mid tempo."

Maas and Bland say that they feel the album has revealed some of their less obvious influences beyond the oft-compared **Velvet Underground**. "We love early **Beatles, The Zombies, The Troggs**. It was fun to dive into that field.

There are a lot of ingredients that make The Black Angels. Different ones shine through on different songs," Maas says. They say working with a producer helped them create more movement within the songs. "We understand that not many people want to sit down and listen to an 18-minute song," says Maas. Although the songs on the record are shorter, in a live setting, the band will stretch their length as they see fit. "It's fun to not play it exactly like the record," says Bland.

Although the band's music has recently been licensed and appeared in commercials for Target, Fable 3 and Cadillac, don't start bitching and moaning about how they've sold out—it's quite the contrary. "The idea is to infiltrate the popular culture and then turn them on to your music," Maas says. "**The White Stripes** did that. **The Black Keys** are doing that now. A lot of bands just become the mainstream. Instead of changing your style to become [the mainstream] you just infiltrate." The band's willingness to have their music licensed is a combination of wanting to be heard by as many people as possible and some sound advice from The Black Keys. "One time we were talking to **Pat [Carney]** and he said 'man if you ever get anything sent to you for TV—just do it. People are going to be turned on to your music,'" says Maas.

If the Internet is any indication—the infiltration tactic is working. Forums are blowing up with questions regarding the music in the aforementioned commercials. However, The Black Angels do have musical boundaries they refuse to cross. According to Maas, the army approached the band and

wanted to use their music for a recruiting commercial. For a band whose early material was heavily focused on anti-war songs—"Young Men Dead," "First Vietnamese War" and the 18-minute long "Call to Arms"—the offer seemed like a joke. "That was the strangest thing we've ever gotten," Maas says.

Bland goes on to describe a time he met a soldier on a plane who was headed back to Iraq. According to Bland, the soldier expressed that he didn't want to go back, but that the pay was so good, it couldn't be passed up. "That's how they get you. They're paid a lot to kill. They're contract killers in a way. I feel for the people that are there who are doing it for the money. There should be more education to keep people out of the army," says Maas.

Commercializing and high-profile exposure aside, the band isn't willing to sacrifice their musical integrity for money, and they realize the importance of their indie roots. In addition to their relentless touring and awe-inspiring live shows, April 16 sees the band releasing two *Record Store Day* exclusives.



Photo: Alexandra Valenti

Phosgene Nightmare, released by **Blue Horizon (The Orchard)** offshoot that released *Phosphene Dream*, is a white vinyl 10" of B-sides that were recorded during the creation of *Phosphene Dream*.

The second exclusive RSD vinyl release, *Another Nice Pair*, is being put out by the band's first label, *Light in the Attic*. *Another Nice Pair* features the band's first two EPs, *Black Angels EP* and *Black Angel Exit EP*—one on the A-side and one on the B. It is the first time either EP will see a release on vinyl. Maas and Bland say that it's important for them to do *Record Store Day* exclusives as a thank you to the record stores and fans that support them. "We support record stores—smaller home-grown stores are integral to the music economy," says Maas. "The homegrown seem more tapped into what's happening underground," says Bland.

Both releases will be available to purchase at *Slowtrain, Graywhale* and *Randy's* on April 16 for *Record Store Day*.

The Black Angels will play Salt Lake City on Friday, May 6 at *Urban Lounge* with **Sleepy Sun** and they seem excited, calling Salt Lake City a crucial tour stop. "I always have a good time in Salt Lake. I remember the last two or three times were really magical," Maas says. "It almost feels like Austin. The vibe of the club."

"Oh it does. It feels a lot like *Emo's*," Bland says of *Urban Lounge*.

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ACCEPT

Teutonic Titans of Terror
An Interview With Guitarist Wolf Hoffman

By Bryer Wharton
bryer@slugmag.com



You may not know the words of the impending verse—your dad or uncle might, but you should know them too: “Fast as a shark he’ll cut out of the dark. He’s a killer—he’ll rip out your heart. On a one-way track and you’re not coming back, ‘cause the killer’s on the attack!” Lyrics not ringing a bell yet? Okay, let’s get to the big, huge heavy metal anthem. If you don’t know this one, you shouldn’t call yourself a metalhead: “And then you’ll get your balls to the wall, man! Balls to the wall!” It just got heavy metal in here, because we’re talking about the mighty German wrecking crew, Accept, who crashed out a nice gleaming slab of metal last year with their album *Blood of the Nations*. **SLUG** had the chance to talk to principle member **Wolf Hoffmann**, creator of some serious metal guitar riffage, about all things Accept.

SLUG: There are certain words used whenever Accept is mentioned: legendary, classic, forbearers

of metal ... I could go on. What has been the hardest part of the band's journey from the '80s through today?

Hoffmann: There is and was no hardest part. As an artist and especially in this band, you are just a bystander when it comes to what people label you. Today we understand what Accept has meant much more, and obviously we are very proud to have left footprints in music history, but the fans gave that history to us and by other musicians who honor us. We just wrote and performed the music.

SLUG: With **Udo Dirkschneider**, the original and most recognizable voice of Accept, absent from the current lineup, things obviously aren't the same, but the fact is some bands go through many vocalists. What do you say to the folks who say that Accept isn't Accept without Udo?

Hoffmann: First of all, Udo is hardly ever mentioned anymore and the fans have decided—I do not have

more to say. I do not feel offended if someone loved [the previous] formation more than the one we have now, but the undeniable fact is [new vocalist] **Mark Tornillo** took the audiences worldwide by storm. We have left the past behind us—big time!

SLUG: Ideally, I would like to see Accept in a mighty, balls-out arena stage show, but the venue you are playing in Salt Lake City is a club. Is there a venue while touring within the last couple of years that has been absolutely awful, or is there a gig that stands out amongst the rest?

Hoffmann: There are absolutely awful places and there are wonderful venues. We decided to do it the hard way and go anywhere this time, but here is my take: Any hole is beautiful when the band and the fans are one. Who is thinking about the venue when the sweat is dripping from the ceiling and it [feels like] the show of the century? Of course, we prefer to play in palaces, but we've had that and the shows did not take off. [Bad shows] hardly happen today. Actually, I am stunned—we are taking down the roof everywhere! Right now, we are riding high. Come and see yourself! And tear us apart if we suck!!

SLUG: Lastly, I have the utmost respect for the current members of Accept and what you've accomplished because the odds for success were really stacked against you. How does it feel to be able to continue playing heavy metal? Hopefully there are no signs of quitting because I can take as many albums as you guys can happily to give the metal world!

Hoffmann: Thank you. As I said, we are on an all-time high and I can hardly believe it—it seems we are getting better and better with every show and the fans are getting crazier and happier as well! Everywhere! We just had a show in Moscow in the coldest winter—it was the hottest show! But one thing I want to say: We are determined to excite the fans—if the thrill is gone, we will be gone. We are all individuals who live a great and exciting life, and the fans who are giving us the honor of coming to see us and who are buying our music deserve to see people who are happy to perform for them. In Accept you will not find an unhappy musician, I guarantee you that. We made that pact and we will stick to it!

Check out Accept at *Club Vegas* on May 4 with heavy hitting Swedish power metal act, **Sabaton**, and locals **Deny Your Faith**, **Sonic Prophecy** and **Epsilon Minus**. Advance tickets are available for \$25 through 24tix.com.

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KILLA CAM

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I met **Cameron Starke** on April 20, or 420 if you're into that stoner kind of thing. Thanks to all the stoners in the world, it makes it easy to remember our Bro-Anniversary. I remember I was helping a friend take some photos for *Blindside*'s Layton store and Starke came along to help direct people. He was recovering from an injury so he wasn't skateboarding that day. The most memorable part of the day, however, was watching a young couple on fixed gear bicycles run into each other while riding and crash in the middle of the road near *Trolley Square*. Basically, if you spend the whole time laughing the first time you meet someone, you know you're going to be great friends.

That was two years ago, and I've learned a lot of things about Starke since then. One of the things I know is that when he's not injured, he's an amazing skateboarder. Most of the time when you skate with him, he just mills around and has fun. Then, suddenly, out of nowhere, he'll do a hardflip—not one of those wacky sideways hardflips either—a real, proper **Mike Carroll**-flick style hardflip.

Starke is a classic skate rat who can skate pretty much everything. He's underrated as shit. Starke will silently kill it for years just because he loves to skate. He's a skater's skater if I ever met one. He skates because he wants to, not because he's competitive or wants an energy drink sponsor. So, I'd like to introduce you, ladies and gentlemen, to Mr. Cameron Starke.

SLUG: How did you "discover" skateboarding?
Starke: I discovered it twice. The first was when I was seven years old and my older cousin **Levi** was always skating around. I just thought it was the coolest thing ever and I really looked up to him. Then when I moved from SLC to Layton, I met two cool dudes named **Scott Pulley** and **Josh Gailey**. Josh was my neighbor and had rails and ramps and the whole nine yards. So I asked for a skateboard for my next birthday. Got it from the very first *Blindside* ever in Kaysville and was hooked.

SLUG: I've noticed the rest of Utah seems kind of oblivious to the amount of amazing skateboarders in Davis/Weber Counties. Who are some people from that area that rip, known and unknown?
Starke: **Omar Budge**, **Jay Mendez**, **Issac Raymond** and **Colton Woods**. Those dudes always blow my mind and keep it real. Watch out for these guys, they are terrorists.

SLUG: What are the three best cities outside of Utah you have skateboarded in and what makes them amazing?
Starke: Buffalo, New York is the best, hands

down. Just the East Coast's rough, sketchy spots are a blast. You have to be very creative and know how to have fun on your board, and that's what I am all about. Not to mention the best homies ever. San Diego, Calif. is always a good time—awesome weather, the beach, great skate scene and a lot of fun spots. Also *Washington Street Park* rules. DIY or DIE! Evanston, Wyo. for one reason and that one reason is *THE HELL HOLE*.

SLUG: Share, if you will, the story of what happened at the **Motörhead** concert recently?
Starke: OK, so [at] the end of January, a ton of

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homies, my lady friend and myself all head down to Vegas to see Motörhead. Keep in mind that I have been waiting and trying to see them for five years and something has always been in the way, but not this time. I mean, **Lemmy** is 66 so come on—got to see him while he is still rockin’. So we get to Vegas and do Vegas right: 99-cent margaritas all day just having a blast. Do the whole Vegas night thing: roulette tables and slots. Next day, we get feeling crunchy and we head to the show. Right off the bat, I run into Lemmy, slap him a high five and then it’s on! **Valient Thorr** started the show off. About the fourth song in, which was “Heatseeker” (one of my favorite songs), shit starts getting wild. Then I guess I pissed the wrong dude off because BAM! I woke up in a wheelchair outside having no clue what was happening. So from what I have heard, because I can’t remember, I got punched in the jaw which knocked me out cold. Then the story is unclear because I have been told I just tripped over people and hit my head, but also I heard I got tossed head first by the same dude. Also, someone told me they heard



the dude Donkey Kong-ed me, lifted me up and slammed me down like a barrel. So, unclear of that, I woke up talking to bouncers and EMTs. I cannot remember anything, had no idea where I was or what was happening. Finally, after time passed by I was able to talk them into letting me back in to see Motörhead. I had to sit up in the seats, but that was alright with me because I was not missing this for anything. Omar and **Kasey (Cloward)** both sat with me and Motörhead killed it. They even played “Overkill” for the encore: the one song I was screaming at them to play the entire show.

So, I have a huge swollen face, black eye, several lumps on the side of my head, bummer

right? Well, it gets worse. I go to sleep that night, we all wake up and drive back to Utah, get home and crash out. I wake up that Monday for work, the whole day feeling like shit. I had a bad head-ache and was feeling like I had to ralph all day. I called my mom and she told me to go to the hospital. I said OK and went and got some CAT scans. They had to drain three cc of blood from my knee. I somehow hurt that during all of it, too. Then they told me the news: I had bleeding in my head and had to go to an emergency room. The neurologist told me I had a twelve-hour window of living and they were going to watch over me until eight in the morning. Then, I would get surgery because I had fractured my skull and that caused the bleeding and blood clots. They had to cut a hole in my skull and drain the blood and zap the arteries closed. So, around six in the morning, they came and got me ready for surgery and it went awesome. I now have a hole in my skull and the only thing protecting it is my jaw muscle. I had seven staples in the side of my head for four weeks. I just got them out. It was crazy, man, a total bummer.

SLUG: Tell us about your experiences with **Gonz**. You used to call him, right? Who did he think you were?
Starke: Oh yeah, so that’s a good story. One of my homies from Buffalo had his number and gave it to me. We also had **Johnny Layton**’s number and some other pros, but the only dude that never got pissed was The Gonz. So it turned from a bunch of prank calls to actually talking and having conversations here and there. At first he thought when I would say, “Hey it’s Cameron Starke,” that I was **David Clark** and would keep asking me questions and talking about stuff I had no idea about and seeing if I was skating and if I got my product boxes. After a while, it turned into **Brooks Hall** and myself having nick-

names from him. Brooks was **Powerslide** and I was **Frontside Guy**. Then, the sad day came when he got a new number. Oh man, I almost forgot the best part! Brooks and myself asked him to come to Utah and chill for a little while. His response was that he had family that drove a minivan filled with children and we would have to meet the demands of finding him a long board and a pair of Timberlands if he was to come out here. Oh, and Johnny Layton sucks to prank call.

SLUG: Tell us your best **Brian Brown** story.
Starke: That’s a hard one, but I think the creation of *Stackers* is the best beause stacking rules! So Brian and myself started having bar night every Thursday back when I first moved to Salt Lake. We would try and go to a couple different bars every Thursday night to see what was out there and where it was the illest to drink. On one of those Thursday nights we ended up at *Cheers To You*. Last call came up and we still wanted to party, so we made our way out to the front of the bar and out of drunken boredom decided to start stacking crap chairs on top of tables on top of ledges. We had made this huge tower in front of the bar and had tons of people just watching in amazement. At the time I lived two blocks from the U so we had a long journey ahead of us. So with that journey back home we decided to stack all of fourth south, which included *Beto’s*, *Chuck-O-Rama*, *Coffee Break*, *Spoon Me* and many more businesses until arrival at my house around five in the morning. The best stack of the night was at *Little Caesar’s*. I dragged a Christmas tree three blocks and stacked it on top of that place. Man, what a night.

SLUG: Who in Utah is currently killing it on a skateboard?
Starke: **Sean Hadley**. That dude can shred it all. Omar Budge is always killing it on and off his board. **Dirk Hogan**, **Oliver Buchanan** and of course, everyone’s favorite wimpy deer, **John Willardsen** aka **Bambi**.

SLUG: Who is killing it at life right now?
Starke: My Family, my amazing lady friend **Lindsay Evans**, **Todd Leaver**, **Red Beast**, **David Weaver**, **Max Cloward**, **Brittany Evans**, **Ian Elliot**, **Blindside**, **Mike Lowder** and **Nate Love** at DC, **Rabobo**, **Young Guns**, Brian Brown, hefeweizens, **Matt Coles**, **Swainston**, **Merlin’s Beard**, **Sunny Brooks**, the Gonz for keeping it real and everyone else that is out there doing what they want and having a blast with it. This is thanks for killing it at life and staying on.

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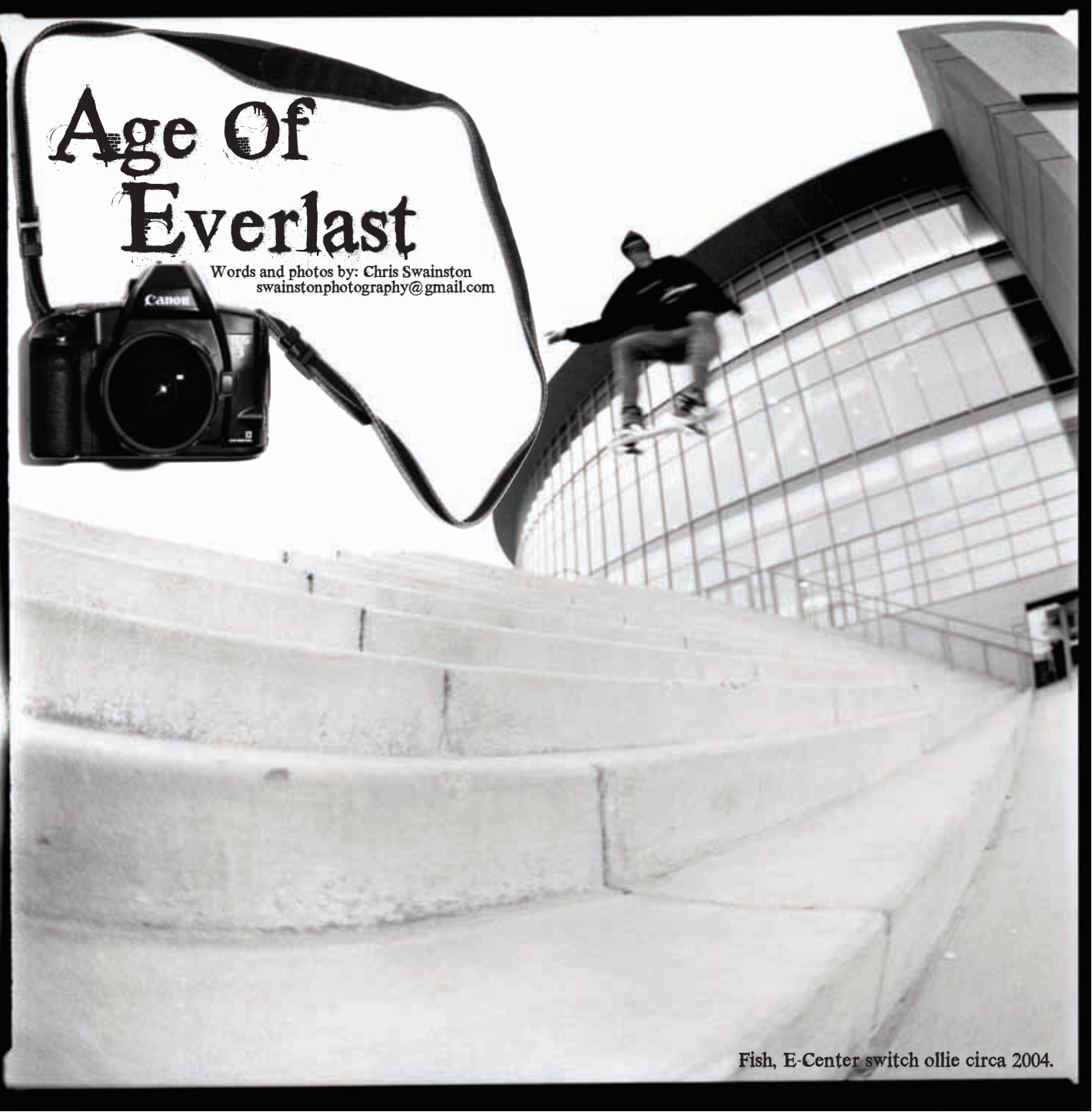
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With how quickly today's acceleration of digital camera technology is growing, it makes it almost a financial impossibility to keep up. In less than ten years, digital cameras have almost completely replaced film. There are still those classic die-hards out there, but digital is a vicious storm furiously blowing over film. I've seen nearly all my favorite films vanish off the market. Polaroid is nearly extinct and the local photo lab went from daily 90 minute film processing to twice a week. As far as the industry goes, digital cameras are the best thing invented since the camera obscura. As far as photographers go,

it's the biggest trick thats ever been played on us. I remember when buying a new camera, I had no doubts about its functionality. I never took into consideration how old it was or how many shots it had fired. The cameras were built to last, made of metals not plastics. They could take a hit and keep on shooting. My first medium format camera was introduced in 1957 by **Victor Hasselblad** and stayed in production until 1970. I still have that camera today and it shoots flawlessly every time. Put it in the right hands and you'll see a negative that will rival any digital image capture. The Leica M6 is another



Left to right: White, Fish, Cheese, Orton, Dirty.



Long before I knew what I was doing with a camera and flashes, Caleb Orton knew what he was doing on a skateboard. Smith grind in southland Draper.



Daniel Cooper, hailing from Arizona, popped out of nowhere one summer laying down bangers like this nollie bs flip on the 4 flat 4 that has long since been skate-stopped.

example. First introduced in 1984, it remained the top-of-the-line 35mm rangefinder for 17 years. Jump to present day. My first digital camera (Canon 1D Mark I) has seen four successors since its original release date in 2001. The current model (1D Mark IV) carries a \$5,000 price tag and brings together both photography and HD video with four different frame rates. It's my guess that in less than ten years, this camera too will be obsolete and my Hasselblad will still be shooting sharp and straight.

With film, there is an everlasting essence that's carried with it. Every type produces a slightly different color palate or tonal range that influences the emotion of the image. The film choice is a conscious thought in the pre-visualization process. With digital, the camera you choose is the only choice. It captures the same every time. Sadly, I feel this is bringing a generic quality to photography confined by the brand of camera you shoot with. Sure, you can change anything in Photoshop, but it's not real—nothing tangible exists. We can fake just about anything these days with modern technology. Even my iPod has a Polaroid app.


You have to be far more attentive and focused with shooting film. The latitude for error (error being a very subjective word for what was once seen as an error could later be seen as a success, aka "the happy accident") is much smaller. At best, you get a Polaroid to check the light once, but after that the photographer must carry a sense of knowing and faith with them. The camera, lights and self all become an extension of the eye, for the next time you visit that moment will be on the light table and

there is no going back from there. With digital photography the latitude for error is much larger: two stops overexposed? Fix it in Photoshop. Not sure if you got the shot? Shoot a thousand more. Film forces you to see before seeing because there is no checking after every shot.

I've learned to project myself into future moments, recognizing an instant before its instant. This is because of film's greatest limitation, an absolute end. It's not possible to carry around infinite rolls of film. So at some point, you will eventually run out of shots. This forces one to practice waiting for the decisive moment, because inevitably, one day it will come down to one shot, like a sniper with a single bullet. Instead of shooting to kill, one shoots to create. Digital never has that last shot, it is that infinite roll of film. Less time is spent looking at the subject and more time is spent wildly firing like a marine with a machine gun. Throw enough lead and eventually you will hit something. Even with the flash card full, I can delete in-camera for more room.

For me, deleting is the cardinal of all photography sins. Tossing out individual digital frames is much easier than cutting from a strip of film. Thus, I find myself trashing images before I ever give them a second thought. Throwing away photography is to throw away history and evolution. To do so is foolish, especially when the choices are made based upon vain opinions towards things like composition, aesthetics, focus and clarity. Those elements of photography are purely subjective and contextual to time and place, not defined by any true set of rule or measure. The only truth that matters is documentation of the moment. It reigns above all else because the moment captured is forever lost in space-time, impossible to revisit except through

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the photograph. It's as if the photograph becomes a tangible database for the mind to store memories in while keeping room for new ones at home.

When looking back into my photographic library, I can relive each frame to almost its full original reality. I can feel the sun on my shoulders, hear the shutter click. The moment never changes, it's ongoing forever and I can revisit it at any time. I too often look back and find new gems that I once thought were just rocks. New ideas spawn from old angles. With digital, there are too many frames to go through and those boring blue folders on my hard drive entitled Skate, Portrait, Event, Travel and so on just aren't as alluring as those binders on my bookshelf filled with contact sheets and positives. They become books themselves, only the words are written in silver halide crystals and the story is up to the lookers' interpretation.

So, with all of that said, this is an homage to the past to be revisited in the present. A time of uncertainty, experimentation and throw-aways that weren't, when not knowing was half the excitement and the once thought mistakes have transformed into wisdom. For leaving behind a tangible moment that will last an eternity short of physical destruction and for those tangible moments, despite all of the possible reproductions, to forever exist as the only original story inscribed in silver halide.



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PHOTO FEATURE

I've known **Bjorn Leines** so long that I think when I first met him, Bush's dad was president and I was sporting a ponytail that ran halfway down my back. This guy's been around, and somehow he stays on top of the game year in and year out. When Ogden got all the snow last year, Leines was game to throw his veteran knees and back into the mix of flat landings. He even gave the rookies a demonstration on how to match your sponsor's name on your base to your kit. 24th Street frontside 180. —Andy Wright

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Airwalk
Enigma Reissue
[Airwalk.com](#)



Airwalk has been reissuing classics for the last year or so, and to celebrate the 25-year anniversary of the company, they have finally reissued the Enigma skate shoe back into the line-up. The Enigma was originally released in the '90s, but this style of shoe is

seen everywhere in skateboarding today. Mid-top comfort and suede durability, along with the original colorway when released over a decade and a half ago makes this a great nostalgic skate shoe. Before all the bells and whistles, all-over prints and gimmicks, companies designed great shoes and the Enigma is the prime example of a clean and simple skateboard shoe. If you aren't used to mid-tops, they can feel a little stiff and constrictive at first, but after time they loosen right up. If you aren't into the whole patience thing, just cut the tops down and rock them true old school. These babies are limited edition, so I recommend getting yourself a pair before the well runs dry. —*Raleigh St. Clair*

Logitech
Ultimate Ears 100
[Logitech.com](#)

I'm horrible with headphones. I lose them constantly, wrap them so tight that the wires break and have even been known to let my toddler chew on 'em. As a result, I'm always on the look out for a new set, especially one that won't break the bank. I was really pleased with these noise-isolating earbuds. The main selling point for me was how comfortable they are—much easier to wear than the standard iPod earbuds that came with every device I own. They fit well in my ears and come with a few different sizes of soft ear cushions for maximum customization. They also manage to block a lot of the outside noise. As far as sound goes, they were comparable to other in-ear headphones I've had in the past. They're a little weak on the bass end, but I don't listen to very much house music, so I didn't really notice it. Otherwise, the sound quality is great. They also seem to be rather sturdy. The speaker wires are durable and manage to bend without feeling like they're going to snap. At less than twenty bucks retail, I'm not going to lose any sleep worrying about leaving them on the bus. All in all, this is a worthy little product. —*James Bennett*

Thirty Two
Vedder Buttonup Fleece
[Thirtytwo.com](#)

This shirt has been my best friend for the past few weeks. Whoever designed it deserves a solid pat on the back because it is one of the most versatile tops I've had the pleasure of wearing. Not only is it super soft and comfortable, it's warm and durable enough for shredding, skating, camping, fishing and just about anything else you could hope to do in the early spring. For you fashion-savvy outdoorsmen, the shirt is long and thin, making people like myself look a little less short and fat than we really are. In a world of Gore-Tex and GoPros, it's nice to see a company manufacturing quality in simplicity. —*Chris Proctor*



Rusty/ SO R.AD
Sunday Shirt
[Rusty.com/us/sorad](#)
Now that it is finally starting to warm up, it's only obvious that I would want to wear my Sunday finest short-sleeve button-up to embrace the heat. The Sunday shirt from SO

R.AD (Rusty Audio Design) is exactly the type of clothing that welcomes the warmth with a printed button-up on a regular sleeve tee that makes you feel like you are living in 'Margaritaville' when sporting it. SO R.AD is a new line from Rusty, spearheaded by **Joey Brezinski**, with sweat-shirts that have washable, built-in headphones and cleanly designed tees, too. I imagine you will start to see SO R.AD products everywhere within the next year or so, seeing that it has become a necessity to listen to your iPod while skating around. With the new feature of being able to just plug into your garment instead of worrying about cords and shit, why not plug in and plug out. —*Dudley Heinsbergen*

Peach Treats
Treats for Gauged Lobes
[Tiithapeach.etsy.com](#)

Peach Treats is the brainchild of sculptural artist **Tiffany Blue**, who crafts one-of-a-kind polymer clay jewelry for stretched ear lobes. She can do custom work in all styles and sizes but her best designs are intended for lobes stretched 4g to 00 and above. For those fakers and fronters, she does offer a few designs that when worn—make it appear that the lobes are stretched. However,



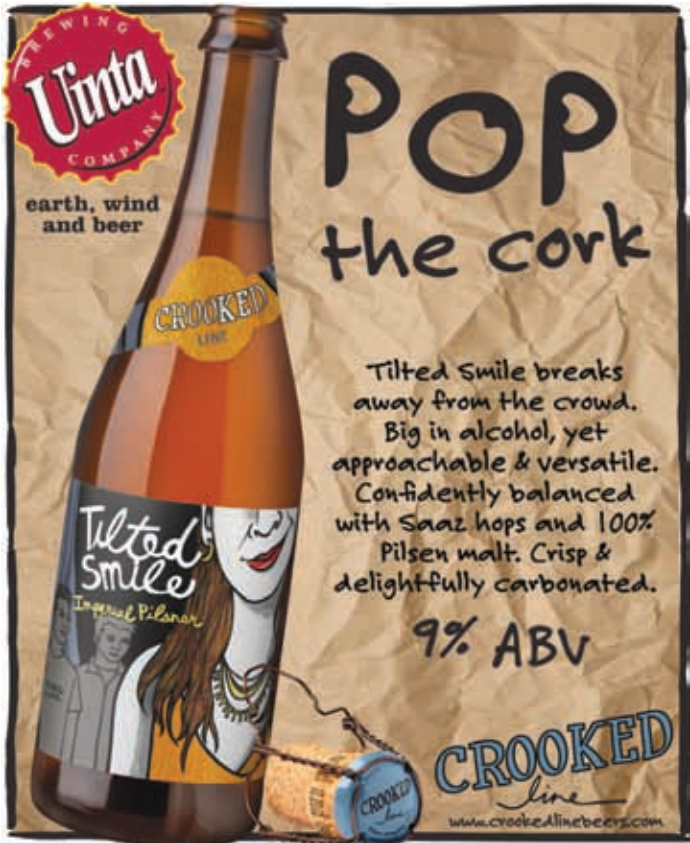
Blue's designs are really catered towards customers with the real deal. Almost all of the Peach Treats' designs are uniquely her own although, she does some good knock-offs too. The polymer clay is a perfect medium for her complex and chunky design style, many of which would be too heavy if they were made by any other substance. The polymer clay enables Peach Treats' jewelry to have a pliability factor, allowing one to gently bend parts of the piece as it is placed in a gauged ear. This pliability is what lets Blue get so creative with her styles. Included with every pair of earrings is a small vile of grape seed oil. This serves two purposes: 1) to polish the clay and keep it looking fresh, 2) to provide lubrication for easy jewelry insertion. With a price tag around \$20, peach treats should be at the top of your shopping list. —*Gracie Law*

Bicycle Tube Hobo Bag with Accent Flower
Reclaimed Wreckage
[etsy.com/ReclaimedWreckage](#)



I first spotted one of Reclaimed Wreckage's rubber bags on a friend. Instantly I knew I had to have one. This local brand specializes in handbag fabrication from upcycled bike tires. I first saw this technique in the mid-90s by San Francisco

haberdashers so naturally I was stoked to find a local artist right here in Salt Lake City, designing contemporary rubber purses from popped bike tubes. The bag I chose was the same style I'd seen my friend wearing—the Hobo Bag with Accent Flower (\$64.99). The rubber flower accent is very charming. This purse is well crafted, complete with a lining and durable zipper. I see a long future with this bag and myself. Reclaimed Wreckage crafts other rubber items too: jewelry, shoe spats, clothing, pouches, etc. peep her etsy store or visit her booth at *Slowtrain's Record Store Day*, Saturday April 16. Reclaimed Wreckage artist, **Lisa Brown** will be selling her wares there in-person. Oh one more thing: Brown has a big heart. 10% of every order is donated to the *Susan G. Komen Foundation for Breast Cancer Research*. —*Gracie Law*



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///.MOVIE REVIEWS...

Battle: Los Angeles
Columbia Pictures
In Theaters: 03.11



It may not be the most innovative concept to surface from Hollywood lately, but there's something oddly engaging about watching multiple renditions of the eradication of the human population by enraged extraterrestrials. Director **Jonathan Liebesman** roughs up the sci-fi genre with a shaky-cam war drama that pits America's finest, led by Staff Sergeant Michael Nantz (**Aaron Eckhart**), against a race of merciless invaders who've come for our natural resources and aren't in the mood to negotiate. As the largest cities on the Pacific coastline of the United States are overtaken by the assault, the command is given to protect the city of Los Angeles at all costs. Essentially, it's *The Hurt Locker* wrapped together with *District 9*. Forget cheesy, "Now, that's what I'm talking about!" dialogue from **Will Smith**—Liebesman focuses his film on a more realistic approach to an intergalactic war on American soil. Within fifteen minutes from the get go, the audience is tossed directly into the firefight and dodging the barrage of enemy artillery that never seems to cease, as Liebesman never takes his foot off the accelerator. There are the all-too-familiar character introductions with hints of who will become cannon fodder momentarily (i.e. if you mention your upcoming wedding, you probably won't make it to the altar), but where Liebesman partially stumbles, he makes up for it with raw war footage that sets the tone for a new generation of alien encounter projects. If you ever considered joining the

armed services, this courage-filled peek at the unity formed between soldiers may push you over the edge. Ooh-Rah! ~*Jimmy Martin*

I Saw the Devil
Magnet Releasing
In Theaters: 04.01

Korean filmmaker, **Kim Jee-woon**, brings audiences a gruesome psychological thriller that spares no gut-wrenching graphic detail with *I Saw the Devil*. After a psychopath rapes and murders the pregnant fiancée of secret-service agent Kim Soo-hyun (**Lee Byung-hun**), the psychopath becomes the unsuspecting prey of the grief-stricken man. Soo-hyun's mission is to hunt the man down who murdered his wife-to-be and make him suffer. Soo-hyun feels that murdering the man or turning him over to the authorities wouldn't be harsh enough and instead decides to enact his own form of revenge by teasing and torturing the killer and ultimately making him feel like a victim. *I Saw the Devil* has plenty of scenes to make you squirm—a child finding a dismembered ear in a field, severed heads, an Achilles tendon being sliced in half and even cannibalism. The gratuitous violence is broken up with numerous one-liners (translated from Korean) to make the audience laugh and lighten the mood. *I Saw the Devil* stands with some of the best in the genre. It's a film to watch for the "seriously fucked up" factor and one that would probably do well with audiences at *Brewvies Cinema Pub*. ~*Jeanette D. Moses*

Kaboom
Crispy Films
In Theaters: 01.26

My opinion of this movie is very similar to my opinion of **David Sedaris**, the NPR humorist and bestselling author. I enjoy satire, I really do. But the manner in which Sedaris delivers his monologues makes me bored after the first two minutes. I appreciate his social commentary and witty euphemisms, but I grow tired of hearing his voice recite them. I really want to like David Sedaris—I love many of the NPR radio programs he's been featured on like *This American Life* (and I respect **Ira Glass** as an editor) but I just don't feel it. Sedaris' words don't strike a chord with me. There are so many things about him that I do like that it is hard to believe that I still can't be a fan. I can't read



his widely popular books. I like the topics they tackle: sex, humor, well-dressed women, homosexuality. I've tried to read one or two but I couldn't get through them. *Kaboom*, I'm sorry, but you will always make me feel like I feel about David Sedaris. I couldn't get through you and I was bored the entire time. I found myself thinking about my Twitter account in the middle of the movie and purposely took an unneeded bathroom break. I'm sorry *Kaboom*. I don't think I will be looking up your director/screenwriter **Gregg Araki**'s back catalogue anytime soon, but someone else will. ~*Gracie Law*

Limitless
Rogue Pictures
In Theaters: 03.18

It's a common myth that the typical human only uses 20% of their brain's capability, which forces one to consider the possibilities and ramifications of unlocking the remaining allotment. This is the premise in **Neil Burger**'s thriller that focuses on struggling novelist Eddie Morra (**Bradley Cooper**) who's recently been dumped by his girlfriend, is suffering from a terrible case of writer's block and is on the verge of being evicted from his New York City apartment. All would seem lost until Eddie bumps into his ex-brother-in-law and is given an off-the-market drug that opens the brain's full functionality. Within hours, all of his life's problems are effortlessly resolved. The ability to seduce women, play the piano and learn foreign languages could not be any easier. However, when Eddie's supplier is murdered and the remaining pills fall into his possession, the sky is the limit, but not without the constant



threat and paranoia of outsiders wanting in on the ruse. Burger's hyperactive MTV background surfaces with his exploitation of various image-twisting camera lenses and post-production strobe light effects. The color scheme alternation from a bleak and gray undertone world into a vibrant and pulsating environment, post pill ingestion is a nice touch. The film sets off on the right foot and ends with an unexpected yet gratifying twist, but the meat of the sandwich is where the predicaments lie, story-wise. You would think a genius would be smart enough to avoid a loan from a Russian mobster or at least would remember to pay off his measly \$100,000 loan after making \$2 million in the stock market. I suppose the drug carries a memory loss side effect? The initial concept is enough to spark interest, but the addition of pointless side characters and a mysterious murder subplot hinder the narrative's full effectiveness. ~*Jimmy Martin*

Mars Needs Moms
Disney
In Theaters: 03.11

It's fascinating to witness the progression of motion-capture filmmaking, because the end result is becoming more and more brilliant with each title's release. Let's just agree to put the creepy images of 2004's *The Polar Express* behind us. With that said, it's still irritating to observe filmmakers neglecting other elements like story progression and dialogue due to their infatuation with the technology. Such is the case with **Simon Wells'** intergalactic adventure which starts off with exciting and beautiful action sequences and likable characters,

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but once the Red Planet is reached, the momentum slows down to a sufferable degree and the charming wit is lost in the stars. Milo (originally acted and voiced by **Seth Green**, but replaced by child actor **Seth Robert Dusky**) is an average kid who hates eating his vegetables and being ordered around by his nagging mom (**Joan Cusack**). After pronouncing how wonderful life would be without her, Milo must toss his aggravations aside and rescue his mother after she's kidnapped by Martians and taken to their home planet. The major problems with the film arrive with the entrance of Mars' inhabitants, which include a long-time human resident living underground, Gribble (**Dan Fogler**), and Ki (**Elisabeth Harnois**), a Martian who studied English by watching 1970s television. You can imagine how groovy her dialogue is. Speaking of the dialogue, whoever decided that a "Who let the dogs out?" punchline was still acceptable by modern standards should be blacklisted immediately. The grand finale hits a surprisingly emotional chord, but, in retrospect, doesn't deserve the accolades with such a discouraging second act. *—Jimmy Martin*

Paul
Universal
In Theaters: 03.18



If you've never experienced the comedic duo that is **Simon Pegg** and **Nick Frost**, it's certainly something you should rectify in your life immediately, especially if you consider yourself a resident of planet geek. While their latest pairing project, *Paul*, isn't as original or witty as their previous endeavors (*Shaun of the Dead* & *Hot Fuzz*), it still strikes an amusing chord with their core audience, maybe the only group to appreciate the humor. While visiting America to attend San Diego's Comic Con, über-nerds Graeme and Clive (Pegg and Frost) plan a cross-country expedition to visit every major UFO hotspot on record,

but their plans are disrupted after coming into contact with the extraterrestrial Paul (voiced by **Seth Rogen**) who requests the duo help him get back to his home planet. Hot on their heels are three government officials led by the straight-laced Agent Zoil (**Jason Bateman**) and his two bumbling cronies (**Bill Hader** & **Joe Lo Truglio**). Pegg and Frost have been known to incorporate nerdy pop culture references within their dialogue, but they never forgot to keep their own humor as amusin. This is not the case in this science-fiction blend of *Dumb and Dumber* and *Howard the Duck*. The countless allusions to *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *E.T.* and *Aliens* are indeed hilarious, but the bombardment of stereotypical drug jokes ruin the final product. To make matters worse, Rogen's identifiable stoner voice takes away from the story whenever a syllable is uttered. If you know how to ask "Where is the bathroom?" in Klingon (it's "nuqDaq 'oH puchpa'e"), you'll find sanctuary in the film, otherwise you're better off staying at home and watching the original classics being mocked. *—Jimmy Martin*

Red Riding Hood
Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 03.11
It would appear **Catherine Hardwicke** is incapable of shaking off the mystical adolescent love story genre since her attachment to the *Twilight* saga. Her last two endeavors have revolved around a supernatural female who's adored by two males (both of whom are incompetent in the acting department) and one may be a werewolf. The most appealing aspect to the medieval-era project is **Don Macaulay**'s gorgeous art direction captured by **Mandy Walker**'s remarkable cinematography, but that's where the encouraging elements end and the troubles arise. In this retelling of the classic tale, **Amanda Seyfried** dons the rosy robe as Valerie, the daughter of a lumberjack who's been arranged to marry a wealthy blacksmith, but her affection for one of her father's co-workers has obstructed the agreement. Even with all the ongoing personal drama, the village is constantly under threat of a vicious werewolf, but, after the unprovoked killing of Valerie's sister, the township decides to end the legendary feud once and for all. With a red moon present allowing the beast to pass along the curse to anyone bitten, Valerie must keep a close eye on those she once trusted. With a telepathic werewolf and the use of direct quotes from the fairy tale ("Grandmother, what big teeth you have."), the chilling atmosphere Hardwicke tried so hard to create quickly plummets into an undesirable and preposterous



category neither audience nor director wants. With the talents of Hardwicke, Seyfried, an obviously gifted production crew and a supporting role provided by **Gary Oldman**, it's sad to see so many talents wasted on such a mediocre project. *—Jimmy Martin*

Source Code
Summit Entertainment
In Theaters: 04.01



Duncan Jones, the independent science-fiction filmmaker who brought you the eerily brilliant seclusion film *Moon*, has returned with another fascinating idea that takes the repetitious concept of *Groundhog Day*, yet straps a time-sensitive terrorist plot angle to it to add another level of excitement. **Jake Gyllenhaal** stars as Captain Colter Stevens, an American helicopter pilot in Afghanistan who suddenly finds himself aboard a train minutes before it's bombed in a terrorist attack. Rather than opening his eyes to the pearly gates, Stevens finds himself restrained in a dank and frigid metal compartment. His only connection to the outside world is via a small video screen with the voice and image of officer Carol Goodwin (**Vera Farmiga**) providing instructions on his current mission. Using the state-of-the-art system, Source Code, Stevens is capable of entering a parallel universe

and embodying a passenger traveling on the ill-fated train and has exactly eight minutes to discover clues to solve the mystery behind the attack before being obliterated again. While enduring a fiery death over and over, Stevens inches his way through the maze while also trying to solve the secret behind his unusual predicament. Jones has perfected the sense of isolation and forces his actors to generate a variety of emotions and realizations with no one else around to help, and Gyllenhaal takes hold of the daunting task and achieves greatness by offering a dramatic role that's not afraid to poke fun at the precarious situation. The end result may baffle and irritate some moviegoers, but the cleverness and romantic elements (**Michelle Monaghan** is available as a doomed passenger/love interest) should be enough for all to enjoy. *—Jimmy Martin*



The Lincoln Lawyer
Lionsgate



In Theaters: 03.18.11
It's been over 15 years since **Matthew McConaughey** stepped into a courtroom to unleash a barrage of legal lingo with 1996's *A Time to Kill*, but it's certainly the profession his signature smooth-talking charm fits like a glove. From the opening credits' slick multiple split-screen shots of a Lincoln Continental driving through Los Angeles with Motown's finest adding a slice of smooth to the mix, it's clear defense attorney Mick Haller (McConaughey) isn't your typical lawyer as he conducts business from the backseat. While run-of-the-mill prostitutes and drug dealers form the majority of his clientele, an opportunity to represent a wealthy young man from Beverly Hills who has been arrested for attempted murder arises. Louis Roulet (**Ryan Phillippe**) never refrains from proclaiming his innocence, but, after taking the case, Haller quickly realizes he's entered the world of an even greater and potentially dangerous hustler. While director **Brad Furman** has only reinvented the wheel when it comes to legal dramas with various twists and turns, he has succeeded in assembling a strong lead and supporting cast with memorable characters and alluring performances. It's satisfying to observe McConaughey and Phillippe return to the screen with toe-to-toe tension-filled encounters that are both gripping and terrifying all at once. Along for the ride and also offering solid performances are **Marisa Tomei** as Haller's ex-wife and **William H. Macy** as his wise-cracking investigator. *—Jimmy Martin*

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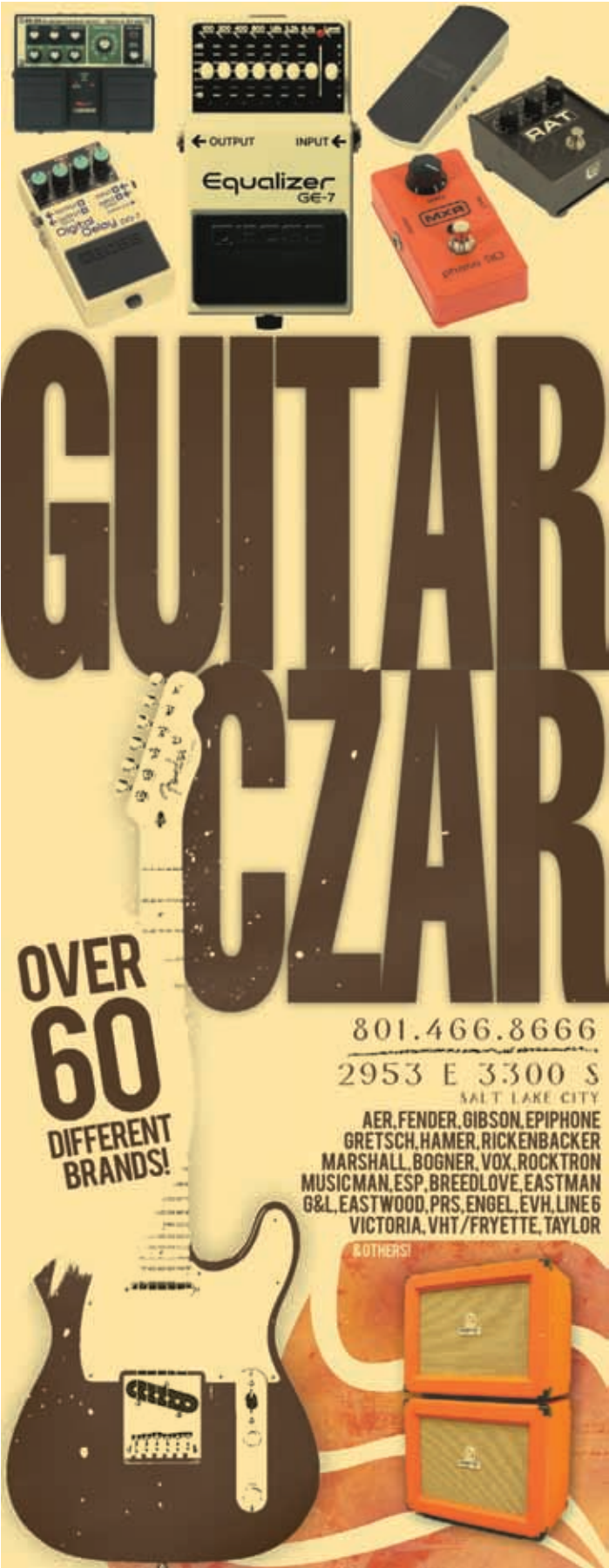


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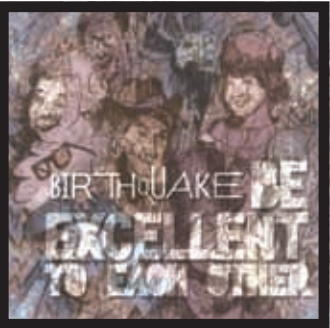
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///. LOCAL CD REVIEWS . . .

Birthquake!
Be Excellent To Each Other
Kilby Records
Street: 02.28
Birthquake! = Friendly Fires + samba + jazz + Minus The Bear + springtime



Birthquake! is a local band of brothers, the Whittaker brothers to be exact, who managed to capture the bliss of life on this exuberant little slice of pure joy known as the *Be Excellent To Each Other EP*. This release is what smiles sound like. The love the brothers have for each other and their zeal for good times is apparent and shines through on each track of *Be Excellent*. **Matt**'s percussion is spicy like a street burrito—It is free and loose and complements the instrumentation of his brothers (**Scott** on bass and **Nick** on guitar). This EP is packed with solid grooves. The chord progressions are well thought out and well played. The recording style captures the live feel of a Birthquake! show, which is full of blissed out dancing. The guitars are textured and ambient, and the drum fills are crisp and punctual. These tunes are perfect for a road trip or a day out skateboarding. If I were feeling a bit bummed out, cranking these jams would definitely bust up my blues. This music is proof that spring is racing our way and I'm certain this will be its soundtrack. Props to Birthquake! and Kilby Records for a joy-inducing reminder to be excellent to each other. *—Tom Bennett*

Charles Ellsworth
The Shepherd Lane Sessions EP
Self-Released
Street: 12.01.10
Charles Ellsworth = early Tom Waits + The National + Bob Dylan
Charles Ellsworth is a storyteller. If his music doesn't keep you listening (and it should), his vivid lyrics will stop your

hand from skipping anything on this EP. Ellsworth's vocals remind me of **Matt Berninger**, laced with the blues and 1960s country. "Last I Heard and Last I Checked" is an ode to what could have been—just a man and his guitar, soulfully pondering. Lyrics like "tell the Lord your plans if you wanna make him laugh, cuz when I told him mine I had him rolling on his back" were reason enough for me to finally figure out how to use the repeat function on my home stereo. You're going to hum these songs, and your friends are going to ask you for a copy of whatever it is you're singing. Lucky for them, Ellsworth is happy to share. Just find him on Facebook already. *—Andrew Roy*

Handicapitalist
Number One EP
Self-Released
Street: 02.04
Handicapitalist = (The Ramones – Joey Ramone) + screaming teens
Leave it to a true punk band to record a cheap EP in a small unfiltered space. The fast-paced trio threw this five-track album together in a day, all performed and recorded in the *Raunch Records* back room. It's about as crude as a digital recording can be, which is saying something for today's tech. The sound pounding on the cheap ceiling tiles with the drums smothered under the guitar amps makes it sound like it came off an '87 **K Records** comp. The songs are quick, loud, angry—complete with that "we don't give a fuck what you think of us" attitude. It would be great if it wasn't just nine minutes long, forcing listeners to put it on repeat to get any longevity out of it. Downside: It's a half-assed session with barely audible lyrics. Upside: It's the complete live punk band experience minus flying Pabst cans. *—Gavin Sheehan*

Kiliona
Silhouettes & Lies
Self-Released
Street: 12.03.10
Kiliona = Marvin Gaye + Mint Condition + Jamiroquai
In an effort to strike out on his own, **Kiliona Palauni** broke away from his popular and well-established group **A Cassandra Utterance** and immediately hit the studio in mid-2010 to craft this pop/soul tour de force. Not at all afraid to experiment, Kiliona touches base with early '80s synth and early '90s hip hop beats while guests drop rhymes. He's mixed in

a string section over almost every track and uses a ukulele over a short ballad at one point. All of this is done with little to no computer trickery that we've become so accustomed to in modern pop. Kiliona's voice emerges as the true hook of the album—soft enough to catch the ear, but powerful enough to command each lyric. Even in the saddest songs, his love for the music shines through the beat. This is what pop music *should* be. *—Gavin Sheehan*

Never Say Never
Hymns of Hate
Ballz Out Records
Street: 12.14.10
Never Say Never = The Unseen + Broken Bones + Municipal Waste
Salt Lake City's bullet-belted loud-mouths claim to be the dirty rotten bastard offspring of spike-studded punk rock and rollicking thrash metal. The effort is earnest (and generally enjoyable) and their cheeky disdain of all things "PC" elicits a laugh or two (who isn't up for the occasional dick joke?), but they don't always straddle the line seamlessly. When they decide to play breakneck thrash ("Thrash of the Titans" and "Iron Soul") they're tight, explosive and undeniable. It's when they reign it all in for a mid-tempo street punk jam that the hybrid sounds a tad forced and disjointed ("Ashes of Society" with its dopey lyrics and *Star Wars* sample, though endearing, sounds a bit out of place). Still, they've got the chops when they choose to use 'em, and like seasoned shoplifters, they're at their best when they're playing at blitzkrieg speed. *—Dylan Chadwick*

Ravings Of A Madman
In the Time it Takes to Hate...
Self-Released
Street: 12.10.10
Ravings of a Madman = Marilyn Manson + Snot + music to exorcise by
These guys are having such a good fucking time being pissed off. *In the Time it Takes to Hate* is a heavy album, in content and sound. It is an exorcism of noise and emotion which can be exhilarating for both the audience and performer, but on occasion, and with sub-par execution, it can also be totally disorienting. Their live show may entirely eradicate this issue, since live performance is all about noise and emotion, but the album lets ROAM's weak spots peek out. There's a lot of awesomeness

for those weak spots to hide behind, so gentlemen, please just take this review for what it's worth: motivation to continue to improve at your own game. Continue to expand your audience by refusing to be trapped in one genre, work those harmonies, and don't be afraid to be beautiful. *—P.Buchanan*

Subrosa
No Help for the Mighty Ones
Profound Lore
Street: 03.01
Subrosa = Sleep + Sunn O)) + Swans



No Help for the Mighty Ones begins with whispers and it ends with whispers, but there's a whole lot of darkened and beautiful noise in between. Once this album passes through one's auditory passages and their individual psyche, they will be changed forever. The album features some super down-tuned guitar and bass riffing, almost to the point of creating a buzzing feedback noise, which definitely makes it stand apart from, well, anything you may have heard. The weight of the droning guitars and shivering violins is only lifted by the vocal harmonies that play out so softly in comparison to songs that are often stark, driving and pummeling. This contrast fits the band's lyrical content by creating a voice of the downtrodden, trying to escape the noise of the world that seems to dominate it. The vocals aren't always soft in the mix though—they come through when it's most important or when the anger breaks free from the droning, mesmerizing sounds. This is essentially a doom album worthy of joining the ranks of **Black Sabbath**, **Candlemass** and Sleep, but it's out of bounds enough to ultimately be unlike anything your ears will ever lay claim to. *—Bryer Wharton*

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///.CD REVIEWS

Akron/Family
Akron/Family II (The Cosmic Birth and Journey of Shinju TNT)
Dead Oceans
Street: 02.08
Akron/Family = Steve Miller Band + Animal Collective + Blitzen Trapper



Written in a cabin beneath an active volcano in Japan and recorded in Detroit's abandoned Michigan Central Station, Akron/Family's sixth full-length should, on paper, sound a lot weirder. Instead, *S/T II* (despite the anachronistic title) is the band's most accessible and cohesive album to date. Straying from the free-form psychedelic-folk of previous releases, album opener "Silly Bears" roars out the gate with full minimalist bravado in the form of gang-shouted vocals and **Marnie Stern**-style guitar theatrics. From there, *S/T II* ranges from balls-out ragers, sampling freely from prog, noise, psychedelia and shoe-gazey atmospheric to beautifully orchestrated folk ballads. "Creator" ends the album with a recontextualization of **Pharoah Sanders'** jazz masterpiece "The Creator has a Master Plan," into a gorgeous, slow-building closer. A few delightful diversions into pure studio weirdness aside, a novice AK listener would do well to start with this album and work backwards. —*Ryan Hall*

Alcoholic Faith Mission
Running With Insanity EP
Paper Garden Records
Street: 03.29
Alcoholic Faith Mission = Animal Collective + Yeasayer - Grizzly Bear
The latest release from this Danish

sextet brings an upbeat, layered collection of experimental, synth-pop sound. Having spent a considerable amount of time living and recording in Brooklyn, the current electronic boom seems to have taken hold of this project. Every track on the EP bursts with a playful, in-your-face attitude expressed through electronic, synthesized textures. An abundance of hand-clapping and echo-driven vocals seem to dominate *Running with Insanity*. While this works for the self-titled track and "Drowning (In Myself)," there are other times where it just doesn't mesh. But for a little five-track release, this EP does offer a refreshing change from the band's previously subdued albums. —*Ryan Schoeck*

Blood Freak
Mindscaper
Willowtip
Street: 04.05
Blood Freak = Mortician + Nightmare + Pig Destroyer + Repulsion



Blood Freak have been making a name for themselves throughout the last 10 years with their horrified brand of gore grind and death metal, so enjoying said genres of mighty metal is a prerequisite to getting full enjoyment of *Mindscaper*, the band's debut for Willowtip Records. Fans can really go either way with this one. It's basically a combo of their fantastic previous effort—2007's very grinding effort, *Multiplex Massacre*—and its more death n' groove, meaty, lower-tuned predecessor, *Live Fast, Die Young ... and Leave A Flesh Eating Corpse*. Blood Freak utilize the heavy bottom end as much as they can with the new offering—it requires a bit of patience, because initially, it's going to feel like a blur of songs. However, a few listens in, you'll be grasping the

blood-coagulated, old, wound-goopy groove-riffing until that old wound is fresh again. *Mindscaper* kind of reminds me a bit of what Pig Destroyer would be like if they had songs that lasted four to five minutes. Blood Freak opted for longer cuts of meat here to let songs develop—when the band has leads or solos jar into the mix of buzzed-bass-grizzled fun, they strike a definite poignant nerve. *Mindscaper* isn't quite the follow-up I would've liked to have after *Multiplex*, but it serves my bloody needs. —*Bryer Wharton*

Buck 65
20 Odd Years
Warner
Street: 02.01
Buck 65 = Sage Francis + WHY? + B. Dolan + Cecil Otter



Named for the duration of this Canadian rapper's hip-hop career, *20 Odd Years* is both an accessible introduction for those unfamiliar with Buck 65's unique style, and a thorny, angular addition to his fan-loved catalog. Buck's distinctive, low rasp of a voice brings to mind B. Dolan and Sage Francis most readily, with this release coming closest to Francis' recent *Lyfe* album, using country and folk elements to make his songs unique. More abstract than B-boy, the rhymes are usually pretty opaque, but do contain some lines that are absolute burners and make you want to sing along as you learn the songs. Fellow Canadians **Nick Thorburn (The Unicorns, Islands)**, **Jenn Grant**, and others also lend their considerable vocal talents, providing unique touches that Buck himself cannot. "Stop" features an excellent performance by **Hannah Georgas** and is notable for its near-perfect, shimmering pop under the raspy lyrics. "BCC" is a jaunty little nursery-rhyme-esque

classic while "She Said Yes" is slow and sweet, but my favorite has got to be "Zombie Delight," in which Buck spits some sweet rhymes about, you guessed it, the zombocalypse over a rock beat. It turns out zombies can dance. —*Rio Connelly*

Burzum
Fallen
Candlelight
Records/Byelobog Productions
Street: 04.05
Burzum = Burzum
Having abandoned the "black metal" tag years ago, Burzum's **Varg Vikernes** returns with his second album in two years following his release from prison, and it's a whopper. Mixing classic Burzum-style songwriting—tremolo guitar picking, solid and steady bass, and drum beats ranging from blastbeats to slow, plodding tempos—with well-produced, experimental intro and outro pieces, *Fallen* stands above any simple metal sub-genre. Droning, soaring pieces give way to skull-crushing, Panzer tank-driven, frenzied aural onslaughts that run the gamut of thrash, black, doom, and traditional heavy metal. The almost-spoken word interludes, and the folkish chorus of *Jeg Feller*, the album's second (and most catchy) piece, neatly tie the album together, making it a must-have for die-hard Burzum fans, and those who are simply curious. —*Gavin Hoffman*

By a Thread
Self-titled
Revelation
Street: 03.22
By a Thread = Sunny Day Real Estate + Jimmy Eat World + Texas is the Reason
Over a decade since their last release, Vancouver's **By a Thread** return to 'core iconoclasts **Revelation Records** (a veritable rehabilitation clinic for '90s hardcore and post-rock bands) for their post-millennial follow-up. While they've certainly honed their chops to develop an increasingly "mature" sound, blending pop arrangements with post-hardcore bite, the album sounds like something I'd have slapped onto a middle-school mix-tape. (The layered crooning at the end of "Line Ups" plays like an **Incubus** B-Side. I'm serious). Still, it's riddled with more hooks than a

corn-fed catfish in a Kentucky pay-lake (“Bloodshed”), and its marriage of muted electronics and shimmering pop-production (“Fashion” and “Reign”) infectiously guarantees a few extra spins on the turntable. It struggles to distinguish itself from other radio-friendly bands of their ilk (**Jimmy Eat World**) but it’s a fervent slab of angst-pop that (like a middle-schooler) constantly jockeys for your attention. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Defeater
Empty Days & Sleepless Nights
Street: 03.08
Bridge 9
Defeater = Have Heart + Modern Life is War + Okkervil River



Music is an art form, and in hardcore, it’s sometimes hard to recognize the art through the blind emotion. On one end of the hardcore spectrum, you find a brotacular spectacle of machismo—on the other, you find Defeater. Emotionally viable, lyrically poetic and musically engaging, Defeater adds to their repertoire of peerless hardcore with *Empty Days and Sleepless Nights*. Proving just as adept at shredding vocal chords as using them to sing, vocalist Derek Archambault has range. The first 10 tracks of the album pick up where *Travels* left off. With angry, thought-out and gripping arrangements, these tracks really show what emotional hardcore can do in 2011. The last four tracks are acoustic numbers—more akin to Saddle Creek than Bridge 9—and show Defeater as a creative force that sits just as well beside the Carrier as Bright Eyes. Highly recommended. —*Peter Fryer*

Dropkick Murphys
Going Out in Style
Born & Bred
Street: 03.01
Dropkick Murphys = AC/DC + The Pogues + Swingin’ Utters
 By now, we all know what to expect from a Dropkick record: Irish folk played at a blistering pace alongside buzzsaw guitars and the familiar Boston accents passionately and proudly blasting over everything else. **64 SaltLakeUnderGround**



The Murphys’ brand of Celtic punk has become popular the world over and with their seventh studio release, they’ve somehow become sharper and more precise, with each song more easily bringing their vision to fruition. “Memorial Day” is jaunty banjo-driven song that stands out with its melody and rhythm, while “Sunday Hardcore Matinee” recalls the glory days of ‘80s hardcore shows and paints a picture of ultimate camaraderie. With 16 years of success under their belts, it’s easy to wonder where these boys from Boston fall on the musical landscape. Well, when you can get both **Bruce Springsteen** and **Fat Mike (NoFX)** to perform guest vocals on your record, you’re in an exceptional position to garner respect from a large part of the music community. There’s a definite formula to the Dropkick Murphys’ sound, but they do what they do so well on this record. —*James Orme*

Grails
Deep Politics
Temporary Residence
Street: 03.08
Grails = Slint + Ennio Morricone + Arbouretum



Deep Politics is the much anticipated follow up to 2008’s excellent *Doomsdayer’s Holiday* and is worth every second of the wait. Grails play ethnic white man blues—the kind that delves deep into every corner of the Anglophile universe—from Celtic string sections, Spaghetti Western soundtracks, and sparse piano arrangements to crushing guitar riffs and exploratory psychedelic passages. Like the best of Anglo culture, Grails is excellent at

appropriating a completely diverse musical landscape and synthesizing it into a cohesive musical statement. Grails sample freely from instrumental hip-hop, long-dead Delta bluesmen, post-rock and tightly orchestrated chamber music to create some of the most arresting and gorgeous instrumental long-players in recent memory. There are few albums that reach the grandeur and scope of *Deep Politics* while remaining infinitely listenable. —*Ryan Hall*

Heirs
Fowl
Denovali Records
Street: 04.04
Heirs = Isis + Jesu + Godflesh + Swans
 Taking post metal to new heights or musical levels is a hard task to do. Australia’s Heirs aren’t out to break the mold, but to play on well established themes, sounds, and structures, twisting and pulling, just because they can. Take the depravity, repetition and soul-crushing nature of Godflesh and mix it in with the crescendo-building, more melodic Isis, and you have a good indication of *Fowl*. I applaud artists that can create different imagery while listening as well. *Fowl* starts out peaceful and melodic enough and degrades repeated in cycles. It all has that air of apocalyptic haze or just dangling on the edge of a cliff by your fingertips—relief may or may not come in the next song, it’s all up to the listener. Heirs’ shoegazy to full-on distortion isn’t new, but it’s a nice trip to take. It’s seducingly calm, and even though time-wise, it builds up over an extended period, it really feels like Heirs can make things go to hell really quick. —*Bryer Wharton*

Pat Jordache
Future Songs LP
Constellation
Street: 04.26
Pat Jordache = Animal Collective+ TV on the Radio
 On *Future Sounds*, it sounds as if Mr. **Pat Gregoire**, a.k.a. Pat Jordache, has had a bit too much to drink. His music has been referred to as “stripped,” but I would say it sounds more like butt-naked and ranting. Pat Jordache’s voice sounds like that of someone who might ask you for change on the street. I can barely make out anything he is saying and just want him to leave me alone. Jordache makes attempts at jangly guitar, but just struggles along disjointedly. He often employs dual vocals, one high and one very low, reminiscent of early tracks by **The Flaming Lips**, where the bass voice spoke under **Wayne Coyne**’s. The

percussion consists of woodblocks, chimes and what sounds like a bike bell. “Phantom Limb” was one of the few tracks that grabbed my attention. A brushed snare roll and a pleasant bouncing bass line provide a solid backing as a soft, high vocal and an organ gently pop in and out. Jordache’s vocals were clearer this time. I got excited as the last song, “Ukuuu,” began, but only because it meant the album was almost over. “Ukuuu” featured a guitar and vocalizing in reverse and would have been a nice track if Jordache would have kept it at that. While Jordache’s experimentations on this LP are commendable, I would have liked to have seen a little more attention to detail and not so much bedroom-noodling. I think Jordache was showing the capabilities of his looping pedal instead of writing solid songs. —*Tom Bennett*

Kids of 88
Just A Little Bit
Dryden St.
Street: 02.15
Kids of 88 = Starfucker + Delorean + Passion Pit
 The second single from their *Sugarpill*s release, “Just A Little Bit,” is the kind of dance song you want to start your night off with, maybe dancing around in underwear in your room before going out, if you’re into that kind of thing. The point is, the fast-paced beat is infectious and heavy, the lyrics are easy to sing along with and have a few little yelps and howls, and the chorus is just fun. The production has that same dense quality you find on **Muse** records: all distorted, yet totally polished at the same time. The single also contains “Downtown,” which is just as fun, but a little funkier, equipped with synth horns and a twangy guitar line over its tambourined-out throb. “SQRL” starts off slow but comes out like a **Chromeo**-influenced ‘80s shimmer fest that builds to a great release. Rounding out the single’s five tracks are a couple remixes of “Just a Little Bit,” both fine in their own way, but not as catchy as the original. I’ll be looking forward to the next dance-tastic release from these New Zealand newcomers. —*Rio Connelly*

Little Scream
The Golden Record
Secretly Canadian
Street: 04.12
Little Scream = Cat Power + Portishead
Laurel Sprengelmeyer’s debut album, *The Golden Record*, creates wounded monologues of conflicting melodies that equally swell into consuming overtures of percussion and float gingerly over the tiny expres

sions of her voice. Running parallel to Sprengelmeyer’s somber elegance are tracks like “Cannons” and “Red Hunting Jacket,” that excite the listener with marching beats that serve as a successful guide through the dirty and fragile accusations and the pulsating rhythm. Standout track “The Heron and the Fox” weave together fine threads of damaged longing that haunt the whistling, parched tales of love. Each layer combines a beautiful contradiction, much like her moniker Little Scream suggests. (*The State Room: 04.02*) —*Liz Lucero*

Billie Ray Martin
Sweet Suburban Disco EP
Disco Activisto Records
Street: 02.28
Billie Ray Martin =The One and Only

How *Billie Ray Martin* consistently appears to make great dance music so effortlessly—especially in this overcrowded genre—is as much a testament to her perfectionism as it is to her prodigious talents. With no less than three releases planned this year, Martin always takes her time, making sure her great offerings continue to inspire as well as astound. Her latest slice of dancefloor heaven, the sublime *Sweet Suburban Disco*, is no exception. Co-produced and programmed by **Maertini Broes’ Mike Vamp**, this at first deceptively slow number builds into a trademark *BRM* hummable chorus that is impossible to resist. This is Italo-disco subtly reinvented, with a delicious beat and constant groove, but above it all is the amazing instrument that is her voice. Like all of Martin’s digital releases, this download boats a generous variety of mixes and remixers, including superb interpretations by **Horse Meat Disco’s Severino** and **Freaks’ Luke Solomon**, not to mention the sleek disco stylings of **DJ Ray Grant**. I may be slightly prejudiced, but for my money, the extra smoldering **Vince Clarke** mix is hard to beat, especially when you hear him repeat the title using his own filtered vocal. —*Dean O Hillis*

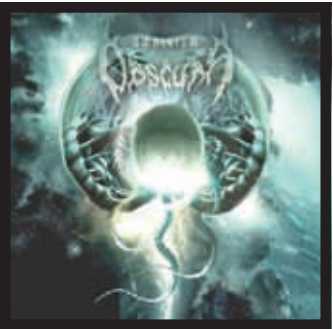
Memphis
Here Comes a City
Arts & Crafts
Street: 03.08
Memphis = Death Cab for Cutie + Mae + Broken Social Scene
 Best friend duo **Torquil Campbell** and **Chris Dumont** have always produced indie pop laced with a special mixture of ambient noises and catchy melodies. Their third full-length release, *Here Comes a City*, is more of the same. It also resembles **Stars**, the other group Dumont fronts, but



in this less electro-pop setting, his vocals sound even more like **Ben Gibbard**. Even the lyrical content recalls Death Cab for Cutie, especially on “Apocalyptic Pop Song.” They’re prone to the same repetitive instrumental tracks, which helps to break up the pop songs and make the album a more contemplative experience. *Here Comes a City* is not the best this genre has to offer, but is worth checking out if you’re a fan of its predecessors. —CG

Most Precious Blood
Do Not Resuscitate
Bullet Tooth
Street: 02.01
Most Precious Blood = Buried Alive + Ringworm + Indecision
 One might assume that longtime Brooklyn-based heavyweights **Most Precious Blood**, coming off a mysterious five-year hiatus, have some catching up to do. However, their newest offering proves not only that they couldn’t care less about convention, but that the wait was well worth it. Born of chunky ‘90s metalcore, but buzzed with frantic millennial paranoia, *Do Not Resuscitate* seethes with the crazed vitriol and spastic experimentation of a defiant band back to reclaim their territory. Constantly progressing, **Rob Fusco** showcases more deft vocal range than ever, lyrically blending the traditional (“Animal Mother”) with the terrifying (“Stuart is a Dead Man Walking”), the redemptive (“Of Scattered Ants that Swarm Together”) and the suicidal (“Do Not Resuscitate”). Awash with keyboards and electronic samples, the album marks a triumphant return to form, a nihilistic leap forward and a compelling sonic portrait of maturation in the most restrictive of genres. Excellent. —*Dylan Chadwick*

O’Death
Outside
Earnest Jennings Record Co.
Street: 04.19
O’Death = The Microphones + A Hawk and a Handsaw + The Decemberists
 Just when I’m beginning to think most folk-rock bands have begun to melt into one banjo-playing, sad gypsy/mountain man band, O’Death comes out with a new, fresh take on a genre that has worn thin with mistreatment. O’Death were pioneers in the new Gothic Americana movement, playing with elements of bluegrass and country, but still as cutesy indie rock as a band can get. The first single off the album, “Bugs,” has such a haunting, sad feel, but an underlying that is a ray of sunshine (banjo) that picks the song right up. The next few songs are classic O’Death: hand claps, fiddle, slightly pirate. O’Death kicks **Mumford & Sons**’ ass at being a truly darling band while giving The Decemberists a run for their money with their rock n’ roll attitude. Oh yeah, plus, these guys toured with fucking **Battles**. Um? Awesome.



ing their new album is second-hand, I get to initially judge and listen for myself. Hype can be irritating and not reading any hype for this record actually allowed me to judge *Omnivium* for what it is, instead of wondering why people think it’s so damned amazing. Credit is given where it’s due—the four players that make up Obscura all play their asses off and then some. Is this the best tech-death metal album I’ve ever heard? By all means, no. While the album doesn’t have a direct flow between songs, each composition is thought out to be perfectly executed, but still leaves room for the important improvisational feeling that the progressive nature of Obscura carry with them. You could easily compare “Euclidean Elements” to some improvised jazz compositions. The way the band transitions from tempos or just different instrumental planes and textures is done almost flawlessly. There is obvious talent here and fortunately for Obscura, I don’t think the band has hit its peak quite yet. —*Bryer Wharton*

O’Death
Outside
Earnest Jennings Record Co.
Street: 04.19
O’Death = The Microphones + A Hawk and a Handsaw + The Decemberists
 Just when I’m beginning to think most folk-rock bands have begun to melt into one banjo-playing, sad gypsy/mountain man band, O’Death comes out with a new, fresh take on a genre that has worn thin with mistreatment. O’Death were pioneers in the new Gothic Americana movement, playing with elements of bluegrass and country, but still as cutesy indie rock as a band can get. The first single off the album, “Bugs,” has such a haunting, sad feel, but an underlying that is a ray of sunshine (banjo) that picks the song right up. The next few songs are classic O’Death: hand claps, fiddle, slightly pirate. O’Death kicks **Mumford & Sons**’ ass at being a truly darling band while giving The Decemberists a run for their money with their rock n’ roll attitude. Oh yeah, plus, these guys toured with fucking **Battles**. Um? Awesome.

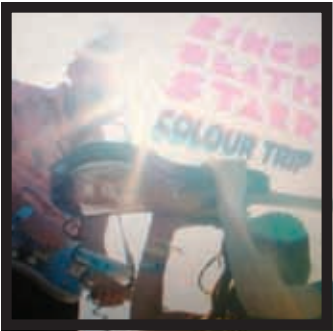
They’re coming to town with **Strange Boys** and **Natural Child** and even though they’re no Battles, it’ll still be a good time, for sure. (*Urban: 04.03*) —*Kyla G.*

Phineas And The Lonely Leaves
The Kids We Used to Be
Self-released
Street: 02.11
Phineas And The Lonely Leaves = Okkervil River + the voice of



Robert Schneider
 Originally a solo project of vocalist **Timothy Feeny**, Phineas And The Lonely Leaves’ second album is presented by a full indie rock ensemble from all over New York. Though the band is touted as having raw and crazy live performances, these characteristics just don’t show themselves in this album. The standard rock-band fare of a guitar, drums, vocals and some claps are all there, brought together in a fairly well-produced package. Unfortunately, the album just doesn’t leave much of an impression. All of the songs are mellow, subdued and generally pleasant to listen to, they just aren’t exciting or strikingly original. Stories of childhoods past, hot summers, warm beers and love found and lost—the typical stories are all there to create some lyrics that most people can connect to. Sadly, they’re all stories we’ve heard dozens of times already and they’re just not any more engaging this time around. —*Ross Solomon*

Ringo Deathstarr
Colour Trip
Sonic Union Records
Street: 03.08
Ringo Deathstarr = Jesus and Mary Chain + My Bloody Valentine + Tripwires
 There’s nothing Yellow Submarine about this album. Ringo Deathstarr is a nu-gaze quartet out of Austin that specializes in noisy melodic pop songs layered in a thick fuzz of feedback. The male vocals are noticeably subdued and low in the mix, with male and female vocals harmonizing interchangeably, providing for subtle reverb-infused



harmonies that span an impressive spectrum. The band clearly fancies a whirlwind blend of often indecipherable sonic guitars, which might have made for a potentially boring sound if it hadn't been for the powerful drumming. In my estimation, a wall-of-sound approach to music can be overwhelming at times, but the underlying use of straightforward beats help to sustain a distinguishable focus to the songs, a simple effect most noise bands fail to appreciate. I'm not really a shoegaze type of guy, but I'd check Ringo Deathstarr out if they rolled through *Urban Lounge*.
—Mike Abu

RYAT
Avant Gold + Avant Gold Remixed
Obvious Bandits
Street: 03.08

RYAT = Yeasayer x Bjork
Avant Gold is a stew of genres that sounds like a trainwreck on paper—drum n' bass, prog-rock, dubstep, jazz—but sounds revelatory in its execution. The maximalist production is superb, making effective use of the kitchen sink approach without sounding amateurish or pedantic. The album impresses on first listen thanks to the unique sonics, but continues to sound better due to the solid songwriting, especially “Not for this Lifetime,” a track that starts promising and only gets better. The accompanying remix disc sounds similar to the original's cut-and-paste aesthetic, and predictably does the best work with the best source material—Botany's remix of “Not for this Lifetime.” A uniquely talented voice, RYAT is an artist audaciously following her muse.
—Nate Housley

The Berg Sans Nipple
Build with Erosion
Street: 03.08
Team Love
The Berg Sans Nipple = Animal Collective + Album Leaf + Tortoise + Tuung

Reasons why I want to hate this: 1. The band name has the word “nipple” in it. 2. The band is comprised of two guys, one of who is a Frenchman

named “Lori.” 3. They are associated with **Conor Oberst**, who I find extremely annoying (there, I said it). 4. I have all of these reasons to judge it and hate it, but when I put it on, I REALLY, ABSOLUTELY LOVED THIS RECORD. Therefore, (5) I hate them for proving all of my assumptions wrong. *Build with Erosion* is experimental, multi-instrumental glitch-and-bell pop, layered with watery, dripping effects on the vocals. As messy as that sounds, the album never feels overdone. It's a sound that many attempt to do and fail, while these guys make it seem effortless. This sophomore effort is totally dreamy, as soon as you get over the word “nipple.” —Mary Houdini

Small Brown Bike
Fell & Found
No Idea
Street: 04.26
Small Brown Bike = The Casket Lottery + Samiam + Grade



Lacking the noodly guitars and nasally vocals of their peers, Small Brown Bike stood apart from their early-2000s emo/post-hardcore brethren with their combination of emotion and ass-kickery. *Fell & Found* is the band's first album since reforming in 2009, and it showcases Small Brown Bike at the top of their game. Nothing about this album feels forced—Small Brown Bike seems to have reunited because they actually want to make music with each other rather than cash in on their former glory. The title track and the jangly “You Always Knew Me” are great emotive punk rock songs, but the album really shines when co-vocalist **Ben Reed** takes the mic and slows things down with his gravelly voice on “Sleep River Sleep” and “Just Bones.” Those unfamiliar with SBB will be better off with *Dead Reckoning* or the band's split with The Casket Lottery, but *Fell & Found* is a great example of a reunion album done right. —Ricky Vigil

The Sounds
Something to Die for
SideOneDummy Records
Street: 03.29

The Sounds = Blondie + Goldfrapp



For their fourth album, the workmanlike dance rock group produced it themselves. Appropriately, the emphasis remains on the hooks rather than on anything too experimental or self-indulgent. That being said, some songs do overstay their welcome—should a Sounds song really last 5:33? Also, the album closer sounds like a country ballad and not in a good way. But for the most part, the Sounds know what they're good at—even if it's not imbuing catchy pop songs with sly wit like, say, Goldfrapp—and they're not shy about it. “We conquer our planet with dance,” Maja Ivarsson sings. Enough said. —Nate Housley

Ebo Taylor
Life Stories: Highlife & Afrobeat Classics 1973-1980
Strut
Street: 04.11

Ebo Taylor = Fela Kuti + Miles Davis + Sly and the Family Stone
Fans of Afrobeat, take note. Ebo Taylor was a Ghanaian contemporary of Fela (they studied music in London together in 1962), and with this collection, he clearly makes his mark as one of the founding fathers of Afrobeat. His songs showcase a fusion of jazz sensibilities, soul horns, funky bass and organs mixed into traditional African rhythms that are guaranteed to keep the body bouncing from top to bottom. The lyrics are often political descriptions of ethnically divided '70s Ghanaian life, and the struggle for equality is prominent throughout this collection. Ebo's use of the electric guitar makes his music stand apart from other Afrobeat bands, and his sublime virtuoso performances blend surprisingly well. My only complaint is that this two-disc compilation isn't spinning on my record player right now. —Mike Abu

Thursday
No Devolución
Epitaph
Street: 04.12

Thursday = Jupiter-era Cave In + City of Ships + The Appleseed Cast

With the aptly titled *No Devolución*, Thursday delivers a sound they have been hinting at since 2006's *A City by the Light Divided*. *No Devolución* is a collection of cold soundscapes populated by a thick layer of atmospheric instrumentation. Fans who didn't enjoy the slower passages of recent Thursday releases aren't going to be into this, but those who somehow graduated from the *Warped Tour* to **Mogwai** or had their eyes opened by Thursday's split with **Envy** will eat this up. Vocalist **Geoff Rickly**'s voice is electronically filtered throughout most of the album, but it adds to the detached, empty (but in a good way) feeling of the album. Highlights include “Sparks against the Sun,” featuring piano and an excellent swelling of synth just before the chorus, and the slow-burning “Magnets Caught In a Metal Heart.” The album is a bit too long and a few songs fall flat, but overall, *No Devolución* is an excellent addition to Thursday's catalog. —Ricky Vigil

Xray Eyeballs
Not Nothing
Kanine Records
Street: 04.19
Xray Eyeballs = The Black Angels + 13th Floor Elevators + Jay Reatard + Black Lips + The Growlers

This Brooklyn-based garage rock outfit combines dreamy psychedelic melodies with a distorted raw edge to create a debut album packed with instantly catchy tracks. On the first four tracks, the group sounds like The Black Angels on a heavy dose of methadone—which ultimately makes for the perfect soundtrack for a rainy Sunday hungover afternoon. The music is mellow enough to space out to, but engaging enough that it won't put you to sleep. On “Drums of Dead,” the band threw a curveball with opening notes that would sound more fitting on a song from **The Cure**. After the brief surprise, it was back to more of the same—melodic garage rock with a psychedelic edge that occasionally broke the mold crossing over into slightly more distorted territory. Although the album clocks in at 11 tracks, at times it sounds more like six, with many of the songs blending together into a sort of indiscernible mash. Despite the sometimes-repetitive nature of the songs, I have a feeling that in a live setting, the Xray Eyeballs would flesh out the monotony. Standout tracks include “Kamsing Nights,” “Fake Wedding,” and “X-Ray Eyeballs Theme.” —Jeanette D. Moses

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APRIL				please check bands out at: www.reverbnation.com/venue/thegarageonbeckst			
3 SUNDAY FUNDAY	4 Game Night cards & cornhole	5 Staks O'Lee 9:30p	6 FUNK & SOUL NIGHT DJ CHASE ONE2 DJ GODINA	7 TUNE-UP THURSDAYS	8 PUNK FRIDAYS feat. DJ VOL \$5 combos	9 Puddle Mountain Ramblers and Chasing Zen	
10 HELLBOUND GLORY	11 Game Night cards & cornhole	12 Staks O'Lee 9:30p	13 FUNK & SOUL NIGHT DJ CHASE ONE2 DJ GODINA	14 IN THIS WEEK presents... SCENE MAKERS PARTY 6-9PM	15 PUNK FRIDAYS feat. DJ VOL \$5 combos	16 UGLY VALLEY BOYS with TRIGGERS & SLIPS	
17 SUNDAY FUNDAY	18 Game Night cards & cornhole	19 Bob Wayne & the Outlaw Carnies	20 PATRICK SWEANY	21 TUNE-UP THURSDAYS	22 PUNK FRIDAYS feat. DJ VOL \$5 combos	23 NEW WAVE NIGHT FEAT DJ CURTIS STRANGE	
24 SUNDAY FUNDAY	25 Game Night cards & cornhole	26 Staks O'Lee 9:30p	27 FUNK & SOUL NIGHT DJ CHASE ONE2 DJ GODINA	28 TUNE-UP THURSDAYS	29 PUNK FRIDAYS feat. DJ VOL \$5 combos	30 CHARLIE DON'T SURF THE RUBES	



SEND US YOUR DATES BY THE 25TH OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH:
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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, April 1

Los Rojos, Dwellers, Accidente – *Burt’s*
The AP Tour, Max Pain and the Groovies, James Wesley– *Complex*
Kettlefish, Reckless Spirit – *Canyon Inn*
Soggybone – *Hog Wallow*
Wye Oak, Callers – *Kilby*
Remains Faceless, Ironyman, Elephant Riders, Rattlesnake Shake, The Thirteenth Key –
Roby Kap – *Pat’s BBQ*
Tumbleweeds Childrens Film Festival – *SLC Film Center*
Michelle Shocked – *State Room*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Combined Minds, Poonhammer, Self Inflicted – *Why Sound*

Saturday, April 2

Muckracker, Red Locust – *Burt’s*
A Balance Of Power, Massacre At The Wake, Dead Vessel, Ravings of a Madman – *Club Vegas*
Pleasure – *Complex*
Timmi Cruz – *Johnny’s*
Arsenic Addiction, Sonic Prophecy – *Dawg Pound*
Ulysses – *Hog Wallow*
Kettlefish, The Craving – *Canyon Inn*
Miniature Tigers, Pepper Rabbit, Desert Noises – *Kilby*
Tumbleweeds Childrens Film Festival – *SLC Film Center*
Sharon Van Etten, Little Screams, Parlor Hawk – *State Room*
Acid Mothers Temple, Melting Parasio UFO, Shilipa Ray & Her Happy Hookers – *Urban*
Wasatch Roller Derby – *Depot*
Fur is a Drag – *Metro*
All on Seven, Paul Dunn, Mckay Harris – *Why Sound*
Artists of Smithson Panel Discussion w/Featured Artists – *UMFA*

Sunday, April 3

Macklemore & Ryan, Lewis, Blueprint, Burnell Washburn – *Kilby*
The Dangerous Summer, The Graduate, Sparks the Rescue, The Scenic – *Mojos*
Tumbleweeds Childrens Film Festival – *SLC Film Center*
Strange Boys, Natural Child, O’Death – *Urban*

Monday, April 4

Booze Biters, Clear Coats, Handicapitalists – *Burt’s*
Asking Alexandria – *Complex*
Captain Ahab, Nolens Volens, Virgin Sophia – *Kilby*
Foreign Legion, DJ Platurm, DJ Juggy – *Urban*

Tuesday, April 5

Bad Rabbits, Orbit Group – *Bar Deluxe*
The Air I Breathe, Comedy Roadkill – *Complex*
Beats Antique, Mount Kimble – *Depot*
Dance Gavin Dance, IWABO, In Fear and Faith, Close To Home – *In The Venue*
Or, The Whale, Chamberlin, Whilmington, Rhubarb Jam – *Kilby*
Franz Nicolay, David Dondero, Tony Lake – *Urban*

Wednesday, April 6

68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Meatmen, Endless Struggle, Against the Grain – *Burt’s*
John Browns Body – *Complex*
Tesco Vee book reading – *Heavy Metal Shop*
Danny Heslop, Fauna, Seven Jane – *Kilby*
The Low Keys, Ulysses – *Urban*
Chamber Music Series – *UMFA*
Temple Veil – *West Lake Community Church*

Thursday, April 7

Spring Break Beach Bash – *Canyon Inn*
Wizard Rifle, Oldtimer, Laughter – *Burt’s*
Bullet Boys, Aerial, Heartbreak Hangover, Shadow – *Club Vegas*
Neal McCoy – *Complex*
Book Signing with Poet Rob Carney – *Ken Sanders Rare Books*
Marcus Bentley – *Hog Wallow*
Lightning Bolt, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake! – *Kilby*

Scotty Haze – *Pats BBQ*
Black Joe Lewis & The Honeybears, Those Darlins – *Urban*
Julie Feeney – *Velour*
Deadbeat, Dut Dut, Nick Crossley, Jarom Bischoff – *Why Sound*

Friday, April 8

7th Street Blues Band – *ABG’s*
Werewolf Afro, Heartbreak Hangover – *Canyon Inn*
Ugly Valley Boys, JR Boyce & His Troubles, Tupelo Moan – *Burt’s*
Carlos Cornia – *Hog Wallow*
My Chemical Romance, Neon Trees, The Architects – *In The Venue*
Mathew Nanes, Daniel Benjamin – *Kilby*
Roby Kap – *Pats BBQ*
Raul Malo, Mary Hall McLean – *State Room*
Film: Gravity Was Everywhere Back Then – *SLC Film Center*
SLUG Localized: Holy Water Buffalo, Shark Speed, Red Dog Revival – Urban
Fictionist, The Moth & The Flame – *Velour*
Gallery Walk – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday Eric Hess!

Saturday, April 9

Tom Bennett’s 30th Birthday: Mstrshredder ,Dj/Dc, Musclehawk, Landlords – *Bar Deluxe*
Reaction Effect, Alias Code, I Eclipse, Embers of Yddrasil – *Club Vegas*
Werewolf Afro, Heartbreak Hangover – *Canyon Inn*
Better Off With The Blues – *Sun and Moon Café*
Cameron Rafati, Imagine Dragons – *State Room*
Fauna – *Johnny’s*
Frontier Ruckus – *Complex*
Draize Method, All Systems Fail, Desolate – *Burt’s*
Press Plush – *GARFO Art Center*
SKPz – *Hog Wallow*
The Joy Formidable, The Lonely Forest – *Kilby*

Kool Keith, Astronautalis, Mindstate, Scenic Byway, DJ Juggy – *Urban*
Accidentally Involved, Paul Siddoway, Clayton Pabst – *Why Sound*

Sunday, April 10

Tommy and The High Pilots – *Alchemy Coffee*
Queenie 2011 – *Urban*

Monday, April 11

Roger Miret & The Disasters, Flatfoot 56, Those Damn Bastards, Rendan Terror – *Burt’s*
A Rocket To The Moon – *Complex*
Arcade Fire, Local Natives – *UCCU Event Center*
The Word Alive, Upon A Burning Body, Abandon All Ships, For Those Sleeping, The Color Morale – *In The Venue*
Greybear! – *Kilby*
Film: Two Spirits – *SLC Film Center*
Young Prisms, Ceohalatron, Plastic Furs – *Urban*
Cameron McGill – *Velour*
The Slants, Utah – *Why Sound*

Tuesday, April 12

Matt Wertz, Ben Rector – *Kilby*
Silent Civilian, Dying Euforia, Arsenic Addiction, Motorman, Downfall – *Club Vegas*
Terri Clark – *State Room*
My Epic, Life On Repeat, Divided By Friday – *Studio 600*
Cameron McGill, David Williams, The Weekenders – *Urban*

Wednesday, April 13

Brooksley Born Band, Bastard John, Glorious Bastards – *Burt’s*
Jeff Beck – *Depot*
Muse’s Market with Gabrielle Louise – *Groovacious*

Of Mice & Men, I Set My Friends On Fire, Sleeping With Sirens, Woe Is Me, The Amity Affliction – *In The Venue*
Foxtron [Bosstron], The Soulistics – *Liquid Joe’s*
Film: Connected – *SLC Film Center*
Cold Cave, The Heavens & the Earth, Gardens & Villa – *Urban*
Viral Jetty: The Smithson Effect in Literature – *UMFA*

Thursday, April 14

Civet, Continental, Envol, Mouth of Lion – *Burt’s*
Ninjasonik – *Complex*
Kickoff Party for Brighton Ski Resort closing weekend – *Canyon Inn*
Colin Robison Trio – *Hog Wallow*
Movits – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pats BBQ*
Erimus, Pirates, South Of Ramona, The Dignataries – *Club Vegas*
Rise Against, Bad Religion, Four Year Strong – *Saltair*
Shelley Short, Darren Hanlon – *Slowtrain*
Phosphorescent, Family Band – *Urban*
Katie Thompson – *Velour*
Waiving at Daisies, Tracing Yesterday, Knots in a Cherry Stem – *Why Sound*

Palette to Palate: Art and Wine – *UMFA*
Happy Birthday Kelli Tompkins!

Friday, April 15

Professor Gall, Hectic Hobo - *ABG’s*
Maylene & The Sons of Disaster, Tesseract, Dethrone The Sovereign – *Avalon*
Racist Kramer, Toros, Fat Apollo – *Burt’s*
Ultimate Combat Experience – *Club Vegas*
Wicked This Way Comes – *Dawg Pound*
The Velvetones – *Hog Wallow*
Moon Duo, Super 78, Silver Antlers – *Kilby*
Roby Kap – *Pats BBQ*
The Submarines, Nik Freitas – *Urban*
Electric Festival – *Salt Palace*
Shark Speed – *Velour*
Julius Brown – *Why Sound*

Saturday, April 16

Jesust, Minerva, Pretty Worms – *Burt’s*
Stus Birthday Bash, Darkblood – *Dawg Pound*
Dirty Blonde – *Hog Wallow*
Twiztid, Blaze, Axe Murder Boyz – *In The Venue*
Nevermore, Never Before, Means Nothing, Toxic Dose – *Club Vegas*
The Cave Singers – *Kilby*
Electric Festival – *Salt Palace*
Marinade – *Johnny’s*
Queer Prom – *SLC Library*
Atilast – *Murray Theater*
Salty Spokes Bike Prom 2011 – *Saltyspokes.com*
Slow Art Day, Journal Making – *UMFA*
Spell Talk, Red Dog Revival – *Urban*
An Evening of Celtic Music with Julieann Hewkin – *Why Sound*

Sunday, April 17

Daryl Hance – *Urban*

Monday, April 18

Dark Dark Dark, Why Are We Building Such A Big Ship, The Mighty Sequoya – *Kilby*
Scarub, Toki Wright – *Urban*

Tuesday, April 19

Death Angel, The Book, Truce, Muckraker – *Club Vegas*
Childish Gambino – *Complex*



Starfucker, Champagne Champagne – *Kilby*
Film: Skiing Everest – *SLC Film Center*
Rural Alberta Advantage – *State Room*
Christo Lecture at Kingbury Hall – *UMFA*
Starfucker, Champagne Champagne, Night Sweats – *Urban*

Wednesday, April 20

Eddie Spaghetti, Michael Dean Damron – *Burt’s*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
A Balance Of Power, Arsenic Addiction, Live At Prequil, Incidious – *Club Vegas*
Eddie Spaghetti (6 PM) – *Heavy Metal Shop*
Tribal Seeds – *In The Venue*

Danksquad 420 Party – *Urban*
David Sedaris – *Kingsbury Hall*

Thursday, April 21

SLAJO, Free Press, Miles Beyond – *Burt’s*
End of Snow Nights Season Bash – *Canyon Inn*
The Green – *Complex*
Koffin Kats – *Club Vegas*
Pinback – *Depot*
Old California – *Groovacious*
Tony Holiday & Co – *Hog Wallow*
Deftones, The Dillinger Esc Plan, Le Bucherettes – *In The Venue*
El Ten Eleven – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pats BBQ*
Maserati, Royal Bangs, The Lionelle – *Urban*

Friday, April 22

Palamino – *ABG’s*
Opal Hill Drive, Heartbreak Hangover – *Canyon Inn*
Vultures 2012, Top Dead Celebrity, Dwellers – *Burt’s*
(hed)p.e., Mushroomhead – *Complex*
LA Velvet, Seventking Ripchain, Burn The Gallows – *Club Vegas*
Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
Burnell Washburn CD Release – *Kilby*
Ziggy Stardust, Future of the Ghost – *Urban*
Wordplay – *Sugar Space*
Roby Kap – *Pats BBQ*
Toy Bombs – *Velour*
StankBot, Till We Have Faces – *Why Sound*

Saturday, April 23

Opal Hill Drive, Heartbreak Hangover – *Canyon Inn*
Wanna!Gotta!Gimme!, Handicapitalists, Hung Ups, Victims Willing – *Burt’s*
Mike Watt & The Missingmen – *Complex*
Nate Robinson Trio – *Hog Wallow*
Sick Puppies – *Complex*
Loom, Eagle Twin, Cornered by Zombies – *Urban*
The Velvetones – *Johnny’s*
Zero Gravity 2 – *In The Venue*
Wordplay – *Sugar Space*
Backwoods Burning, Ravings Of A Madman, Interphaze, So Good Sunday – *Club Vegas*
Save Our Canyons Fundraiser – *Salt Lake Hardware Building*
Nik Day, Blind Actuaries – *Velour*
Natturday Bash – *Brighton*
Graffiti Fest – *Free Speech Zone*
Logan Hip Hop Series #7 – *Why Sound*
Gallery Talk: Renaissance Cabinets of Curiosity – *UMFA*

Sunday, April 24

The Builders & The Butchers, Damion Suomi & the Minor Prophets – *Urban*

Monday, April 25

Tobacco, Beans, Shapers – *Urban*
John Vanderslice, Book on Tapeworm – *Velour*

Tuesday, April 26

All That Remains, Nonpoint, Hail the Villain, Surrender the Fall – *In The Venue*
John Vanderslice – *Kilby*
Film: Carbon Nation – *SLC Film Center*
KT Tunstall – *State Room*
Plan B – *Urban*
Steven Marley – *Depot*

Wednesday, April 27

Knockout, The Toros – *Burt’s*
HoneyHoney – *State Room*

Chase and Status – *Complex*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Hog Wallow*
Spy Hop Night! – *Kilby*
Double Feature Films – *UMFA*
Dead Prez, Shad, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, DJ Juggy – *Urban*
Shenandoah Davis – *Velour*
Happy Birthday Katie Panzer!

Thursday, April 28

Three Bad Jacks, Tuxedo Tramps, Mason Lee – *Burt’s*
Daniel G. Harmann & The Troublestarts, Holy Water Buffalo, Spiral Violet, Elevator Anonymous – *Club Vegas*
Drop Top Lincoln – *Hog Wallow*
The Spins, Dirty Blonde, YYBS – *Kilby*
The Pour Horse, Shaky Trade – *Urban*
Scotty Haze – *Pats BBQ*
Fire the Skies, Parley, A Dream Divided, Swamp Donky – *Why Sound*

Friday, April 29

Might Be Tragic, Unionist, INVDRS – *Burt’s*
Benefit for Erica, Unthinkable Thoughts – *Dawg Pound*
The Utah County Swillers – *ABG’s*
Ultimate Combat Experience – *Club Vegas*
Funk Fu – *Canyon Inn*
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
Gift of Gab, Aceloyne, Souls of Mischief – *Complex*
The Hotness, The Landlords, Young Slim, The Last Look – *Urban*
Helmet – *Complex*
Farewell Fighter, Assemble the Skyline, Larusso, Video, The Lionhearts – *Kilby*
Roby Kap – *Pats BBQ*
Junip – *State Room*
Low Lives 3 – *UMFA*
Musical Charis, Blvd Park, Battleschool – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday Brian Kubarycz!
Happy Birthday Chris Proctor!

Saturday, April 30

Natural Roots, Wasnatch – *Canyon Inn*
Thunderfist, Monkey Knife Fight – *Burt’s*
Heidi’s Heavy Metal Birthday Bash – *Club Vegas*
Joy & Eric – *Hog Wallow*
6th Annual Japan Festival – *Japantown Street*
The Skp’z – *Johnny’s*
Blackhounds CD Release – *Kilby*
Welcome to the Woods – *Why Sound*

Sunday, May 1

Christina Perri, Cameron Rafati – *Avalon*
Johnathon Richman, Tommy Larkins – *Kilby*

Monday, May 2

The Felice Brothers, You Are Plural – *Urban*
TR3 – *Depot*

Tuesday, May 3

Coheed and Cambria, Brokencyde – *In The Venue*
Just Three Words – *Kilby*
Tune Yards, Buke & Gass – *Urban*

Thursday, May 5

Kiska – *Kilby*

Friday, May 6

The Black Angels, Sleepy Sun – *Urban*
Pick up the new SLUG – Anyplace Cool!

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

TUE APR 15TH SAT APR 9TH



KOOL KEITH
ASTRONAUTALIS, MINDSTATE,
SCENIC BYWAY, DJ JUGGY



THE SUBMARINES
NIK FREITAS

WED APR 27TH



STARFUCKER
CHAMPAGNE CHAMPAGNE
NIGHT SWEATS



DEAD PREZ
SHAD, SICK SENSE &
SKINWALKER, DJ JUGGY

APR 1: DUBWISE (SLC'S MONTHLY DUBSTEP NIGHT!)

APR 2: ACID MOTHER'S TEMPLE, SHILPA RAY AND HER HAPPY HOOKERS

APR 3: KRCL PRESENTS O'DEATH, THE STRANGE BOYS, NATURAL CHILD

APR 4: FOREIGN LEGION, KONSICKWENCE, YOUTH IN EYES, DJ JUGGY

APR 5: FRANZ NICOLAY, DAVID DONDERO, TONY LAKE

APR 6: NATHAN SPENCER AND THE LOWKEYS, ULYSSES

APR 7: KRCL PRESENTS BLACK JOE LEWIS & THE HONEYBEARS, THOSE DARLINS

APR 8: SLUG LOCALIZED: HOLY WATER BUFFALO, SHARK SPEED, RED DOG REVIVAL

APR 9: KRCL PRESENTS KOOL KEITH, ASTRONAUTALIS, MINDSTATE, SCENIC BYWAY, DJ JUGGY

APR 10: QUEENIE 2011

APR 11: YOUNG PRISMS, CEPHALATRON, PLASTIC FURS

APR 12: CAMERON MCGILL, DAVID WILLIAMS, THE WEEKENDERS

APR 13: COLD CAVE, THE HEAVANS & THE EARTH, GARDENS & VILLA

APR 14: KRCL PRESENTS PHOSPHORESCENT, FAMILY BAND

APR 15: KRCL PRESENTS 125 THE SUBMARINES, NIK FREITAS

APR 16: KRCL PRESENT SPELL TALK, MONDO DRAG, RED DOG REVIVAL

APR 17: DARYL HANCE OF JJ GREY & MOFRO

APR 18: SCARUB (OF LIVING LEGENDS), TOKI WRIGHT

APR 19: KRCL PRESENTS STARFUCKER, CHAMPAGNE CHAMPAGNE, NIGHT SWEATS

APR 20: DANKSQUAD 420 PARTY

APR 21: MASERATI, THE ROYAL BANGS, THE LIONELLE

APR 22: ZIGGY STARDUST (DAVID BOWIE COVER BAND), THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST LOOM, EAGLE TWIN, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES,

APR 23: THE BUILDERS & THE BUTCHERS, DAMION SUOMI & THE MINOR PROPHETS

APR 24: KRCL PRESENTS TOBACCO, BEANS, SHAPERS

APR 25: X96 PRESENTS PLAN 8 (TICKETS ONLY 1.96\$!)

APR 26: KRCL PRESENTS DEAD PREZ, SHAD, SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER, DJ JUGGY

APR 27: THE POUR HORSE, SHAKY TRADE

APR 28: THE HOTNESS, THE LANDLORDS, YOUNG SLIM, THE LAST LOOK

APR 29: EARTH JAM AFTER PARTY

APR 30:

COMING SOON: MAY 2: THE FELICE BROTHERS MAY 3: TUNEYARDS
MAY 4: HERE WE GO MAGIC MAY 5: TED DANCIN' CINCO DE MAYO
MAY 6: THE BLACK ANGELS MAY 7: DUBWISE MAY 8: HUNX & HIS PUNX MAY 10: YACHT
MAY 11: YELLE MAY 12: DESSA & SIMS MAY 13: CUNINILYNGUSTS
MAY 15: CRYSTAL STILTS MAY 17: CAPTURED BY ROBOTS MAY 18: WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS
MAY 20: THE GREENHORNES MAY 21: KIDS AT THE BAR MAY 22: GUITAR WOLF
MAY 25: RADIO MOSCOW MAY 26: SODA CON CD RELEASE
MAY 27: THE DEVIL WHALE CD RELEASE MAY 28: OLD 97'S
JUNE 4: RATATAT AFTER PARTY WITH LASERFANG
JUNE 16: OKKERVIL RIVER & TITUS ANDRONICUS JUNE 18: BLACK LIPS
JUNE 20: THE DONKEYS JUNE 22: SONDRÉ LERCHE JUNE 30: YAMIN

TO PURCHASE TICKETS, PRICING AND OTHER GREAT SHOWS AND EVENTS, PLEASE CHECK OUT WWW.THEURBANLOUNGE.SLC.COM 241 SOUTH 500 EAST DOORS OPEN @ 9PM 21+



KILBY COURT
APRIL

1. KRCL 90.9FM PRESENTS: Wye Oak, The Callers
2. KRCL 90.9FM PRESENTS: Miniature Tigers, Pepper Rabbit, Desert Noises
3. Macklemore, & Ryan Lewis, Blueprint, Burnell Washburn
4. Captain Ahab, Nolens Volens, Virginia Sophia
5. Or, The Whale, Chamberlin, Whilmington, Rhubarb Jam
6. Seven Jane, Fauna, Danny Heslop
7. Lightning Bolt, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake
8. Mathew Nanes (CD Release), Spooky Moon, Mason Jones
9. The Joy Formidable, The Lonely Forest
10. Mikey B's Birthday Bash! *5PM
11. Red Cross Benefit *6PM
12. Matt Wertz, Ben Rector
13. TBA *6PM
14. Movits, Lake Mary, La Farsa
15. KRCL 90.9FM PRESENTS: Moon Duo, Super 78', Silver Antlers
16. KRCL 90.9FM PRESENTS: The Cave Singers, Spell Talk
17. Handicapitalist, Problem Daughter, The Mooks, RVIVR
18. KRCL 90.9FM PRESENTS: Dark Dark Dark, Why Are We Building Such a Big Ship?, The Mighty Sequoyah *6PM
19. Starf*cker, Champagne Champagne 6PM
20. Sleep Walkers, Super 78'
21. El Ten Eleven, Jacket Weather, TBA
22. Burnell Washburn, CD Release!
23. Last Fall, TBA
24. Dangerous Ponies, TBA
26. KRCL 90.9FM PRESENTS: John Vanderslice, The Awful Truth
27. Spy Hop Night: The Mighty Sequoyah, Come September, The Orchard
28. The Spins, Dirty Blonde, YYBS, Devy and the Diamonds
29. *6:30 PM Farewell Fighter, Assemble the Skyline, Larusso, Video, The Lionhearts
30. Blackhounds CD Release Party! w/ Reviver & Dirty Blonde

also:
*APRIL 1st @ The Woodshed - Ha Ha Tonka, Hoots & Hellmouth, Small Town Sinners (21+)
*APRIL 8th @ In The Venue - S&S Presents: LENKA w/ Greg Laswell - 6pm doors

741 SOUTH 300 WEST
all shows start at 7pm
unless otherwise noted

kilbycourt.com



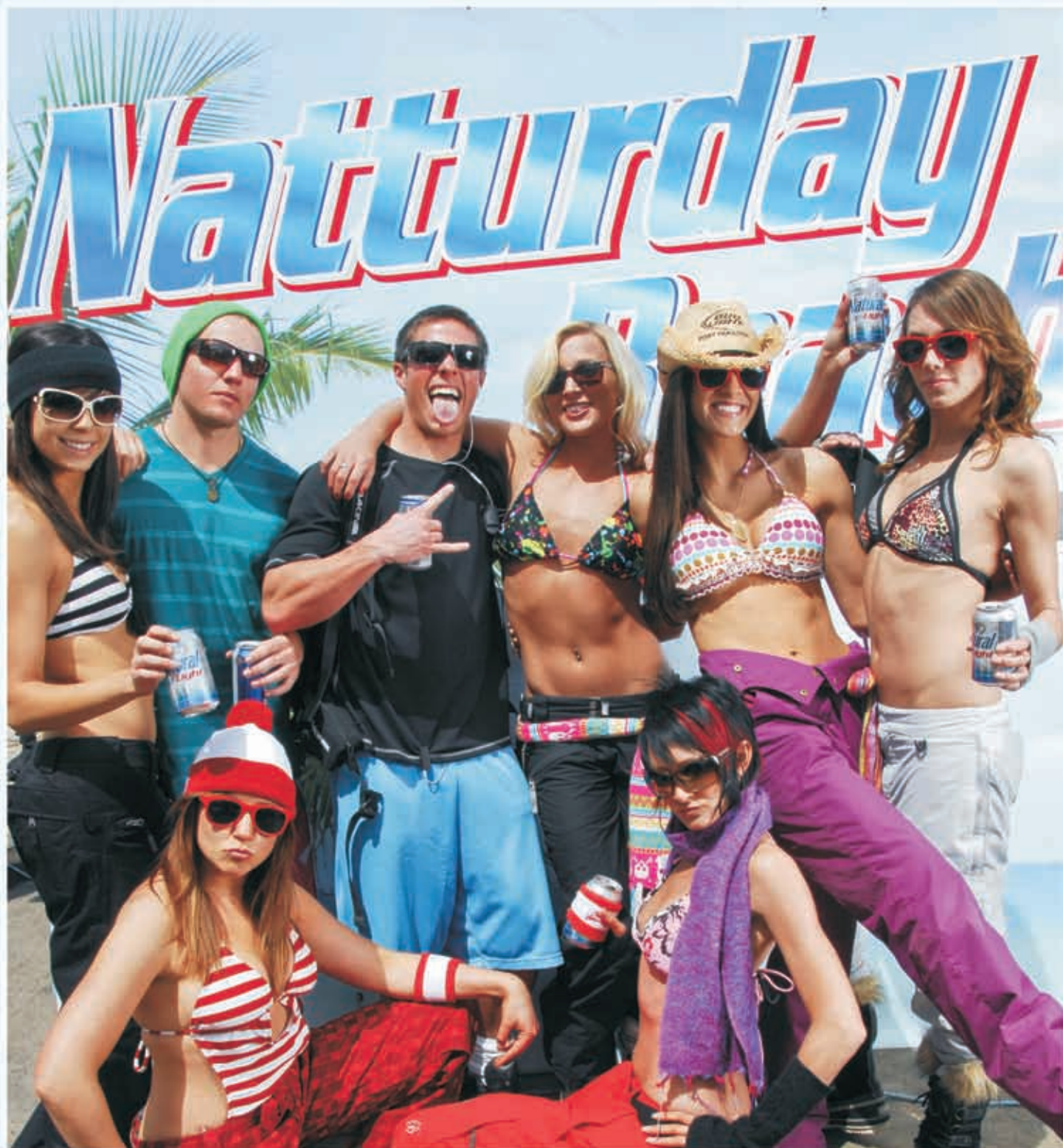
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Our calculator tells you how many days you've been smoke-free and the money you've saved.

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If you're open to quitting tobacco so are we—non-stop, in fact.
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Brighton
UTAH

**SATURDAY
APRIL 23RD**