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May 2011

Vol. 22

Issue 269

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Contributor Limelight Paige Snow—Roller Derby Correspondent



Fishnets, roller skates and mouth guards, oh my! SLUG Mag's very own derby correspondent, Paige Snow, knows the ins and outs of this brutal sport like no other. A microbiologist by day, Snow has it covered when it comes to brains and brawn, whether it's in the lab or on the rink.

Providing readers with bout coverage on slugmag.com on a regular basis, Snow enjoys the tough sport because it requires strength, skill and strategy, all with a feminine flair. Watch for her bout recaps online and be sure to join her in the stands this derby season to see what a true fan is all about.

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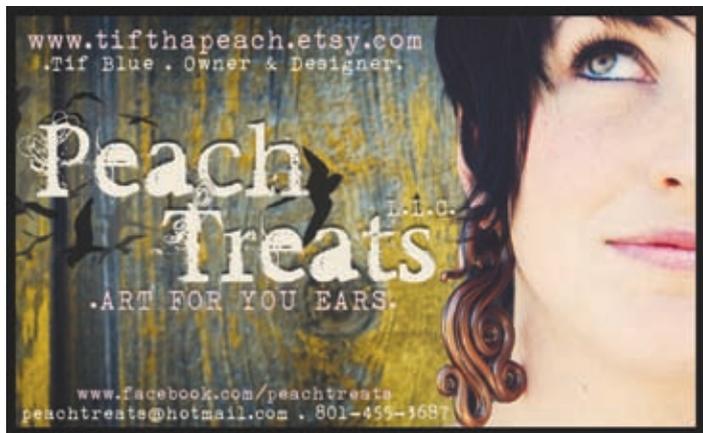
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**SLUG
MAG** **///. DEAR DICKHEADS**

Dear friends at SLUG,

We just finished a wonderful tour around the Southwest. We played at a handful of festivals, including Neon Reverb, IndieFest, and SXSW. We were able to play five shows over three days in Austin, including a sold-out official SXSW showcase. Here's a clip: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=75OEdGIANxY>.

We love the new issue of SLUG. It sounds like Jeanette and JP had a great time in Austin. And we love the cover! The Black Angels recently invited us back to Austin at the end of the month to headline at Psych Fest with them.

We recorded a collaborative album with Austin-based My Education while they were in SLC last summer, and are calling it Sound Mass. It'll be released on vinyl this summer (another great feature of this month's SLUG!). We'll send in a copy soon. Just wanted to say thanks for your support over the past, present, and future years.

Oh, and Dear Daily Calendar, I know the print has already been published for April, but if you could add us to the online edition we'd appreciate it. Before hitting the road again, we're playing with El Ten Eleven at Kilby on Thursday the 21st.

Best,
Theta Naught

Dear Theta Naught,

Hopefully your PR people realize that writing into Dickheads and sucking up to SLUG isn't the most viable way to promote your band ... Nevertheless, we're stoked to hear that a local band and Localized veterans are killing it like you guys!

Sounds like Austin is quite enamored with ya'll, they best be treatin' you right or we'll have to send Jeanette and JP down there again to show them how Salt Lake City loves on their local talent. Can't wait to get the new album, we'll be sure to review the shit out of it.

Thanks for the shout out, and just for future reference and the benefit of all local bands out there, send in your dates to dailycalendar@slugmag.com by the 25 of the month prior so you're sure to get listed for free.

Love Always, SLUG

Dear Dickheads,

I recently attended a friend's party at their house and they had this shitty electronic dance music DJ playing in their living room. I think they call it "dubstep" or "progressive house" or something. It all sounds the same to me. I consider myself to be pretty open minded when it comes to new music but a lot of these songs are just "DJs" remixing the remix of a remix that Daft Punk did in 2001.

No one writes their own music anymore and everyone thinks they can DJ. It's so sad!! They don't even have any real DJ equipment like REAL turntables or REAL vinyl! In fact, I'm going to download one of those free DJ app's onto my iPhone, hook it up to an amp and charge some hipster club somewhere \$300 to play a 45 minute set. Hell, everyone else is doing it. I might as well jump on the bandwagon!

Sincerely,
Disgruntled DJing Purist

Dear DJing Purist,

So let me get this straight: You're griping about shitty electronic dance music and DJs who don't have "real" equipment, and your solution is to become one of those DJs? This is why our country is doomed, all you fucking hipsters do is complain about each other and then exacerbate the problem by doing the same thing in the name of irony.

How about instead of whining, you go support the DJs you deem "pure" in a real way—actually buy their albums, go to their shows, hype up their remixes—because let's face it, you'll never be as good as those DJs you idolize. If you think you can do it better than those posers with oversized headphones and a Macbook, then DO IT BETTER. Otherwise shut up, pound some PBRs and get your dance on with that hipster bitch in the oversized granny glasses and lace American Apparel bodysuit.

XOXO, SLUG Mag

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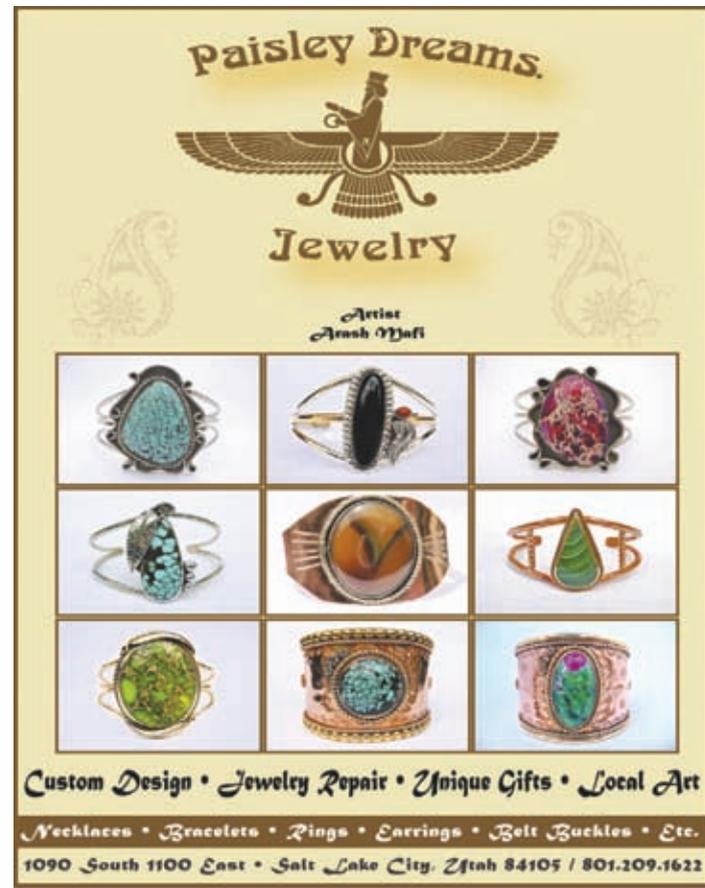
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THE POORWILLS: MELODIC STALWARTS SHOW NEW FOLK-POP FACE

By GS
info@slugmag.com



Photo: John Carlise

The Poorwills will release *Drink on The Wing* on May 13 and will play a private invite-only show in Slowtrain's Subterranean Lounge for anyone who pre-orders the CD from Slowtrain.

Essentially carved out of the three separate acts of Bluebird Radio, Glade and The Devil Whale, the folk "super-group" of The Poorwills came together on a whim and spent nearly half a year putting together their debut album, *Drinks On The Wing*. Now, with a fully formed setlist, a release show on May 13 and possibilities of a tour, this on-the-fly project may be one of the best groups to emerge in 2011.

The Poorwills originally formed out of a temporary necessity. Glade Sowards was picked to perform in the 2010 City Weekly Music Awards, and he opted to create a backup band for the showcase rather than perform solo. He picked up bassist Jake Fish from The Devil Whale, and both Wren Kennedy and Joey Pedersen from Bluebird Radio for guitar and drums, respectively. As usual with the Utah music scene, all four had already worked together in various groups such as The Platte, The Black Hens and Dead Horse Point, so putting together a band on the fly under the short deadline wasn't difficult.

Sowards may not have moved into the CWMA finals, but the evening proved fruitful as the newly created folk-pop quartet decided they liked what they heard and stuck with the lineup. The foursome delved into a pile of songs that Sowards had in reserve and began honing their sound while playing select shows around town and experimenting with the band's identity in the process.

"I originally thought it would be an a-cappella harmony kind of deal," says Pedersen on the creation of the group. "Which I thought would be cool, but it was nice to incorporate the instruments too, since we all play different stuff."

Taking on the name of the Whippoorwill's western cousin, The Poorwills officially formed in March of 2010 as an opening act for The Devil Whale and Bluebird Radio. The initial focus was strictly on the harmonies and pulled little influence from their other works in order to be more folk-pop oriented. After a few months, the group planned to take it on the road, but quickly realized they needed an official release for touring, and made the formal decision to head to

the studio that May. The majority of the songs may have been written by Sowards ahead of time with his vocal range in mind, but in the planning stages, The Poorwills found themselves switching out singing duties based on the needs of each song, at times removing all instruments and working together to find the harmony of the song itself. By doing so, the group created a more folk-pop sound compared to their other projects.

"It's fun for me to have people who are willing to go out on a limb," says Sowards on creating folk-pop music. "It's so hard to get people who want to do that. There's this kind of threshold people have when it's veering into a 'pop thing' and it's becoming corny, they have a natural tendency to push away and do something edgier. I appreciate that these guys are willing to go out on that limb."

After nailing the setlist, the initial plan was to record everything live in single takes. But the group was met with technical limitations and discovered tracking was harder than they assumed. The setback led them to formally cancel their plans to tour and forced them to take a different approach to the album. Looking to work with people they trusted, The Poorwills picked The Black Hens drummer Jesse Ellis to record and produce the album and used Jay Henderson's studio, Feral Frequency, for mixing.

"I used to play with Jesse in The Black Hens and he's recorded with a lot of folks in town. He's really good and really reasonable to work with in terms of price and everything like that. It was more than he bargained for, but he was a really good sport about it," says Sowards.

Rather than finding a formal studio for the recordings themselves, the group taped everything at various

homes with only one professional studio recording set up for the piano. Pedersen and Fish hammered out all the drums and bass in the first session, but then it took over five months for the rest of the band to lay down guitars and vocals exactly how they wanted them.

"With the band being so harmony-based, we really wanted to get [the vocals] on point. We worked for quite a while getting those perfect," says Pedersen.

That kind of dedication is what makes *Drinks On The Wing* an impressive standout. By putting the main focus on the vocals and making the instrumentation secondary, even the darkest lyrics and depressing subjects shine with delight and sometimes contain a hint of charm, heard best in songs like "Don't Know Much" and "I've Shown My Face." The music itself is portrayed as a beautiful landscape to each track, creating a backdrop to the stories told within, as if they played what felt natural at that very moment. The album encapsulates the late-'60s and early-'70s harmonized music that propelled musicians like The Beatles, The Beach Boys and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young into the mainstream. The album features enough throwback for older audiences, enough hook for younger ones and enough appeal to keep both coming back for more.

"I enjoy doing this, and as long as it's fun for everybody, I can see us continue to play," says Sowards. "Jake has some ideas for new songs, and I know Wren and Joey do, too. Now that it has become more of a band, it would be fun to see where it will go if we split the songwriting up more."

For finishing touches, The Poorwills got Mary Toscano and Andrew Shaw to design the final album artwork as well as promotional material. *Drinks On The Wing* is currently available for pre-order at Slowtrain Records for just \$10. To celebrate the release, everyone who pre-ordered the album will be invited to pick it up on May 13 during a private and intimate release show at the Slowtrain's Subterranean Lounge, with guests Jay Henderson and David Williams.

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THE HUNG UPS

youngsters and have been jamming together since they were in junior high. "I was kinda into country when I was a kid, but eventually I bought [Green Day's] *1,039/Smooth* album and it blew my mind away," says Roberts. He cites it as his primary influence to pick up a guitar.

The Green Day album is a fair reference point for newcomers, as The Hung Ups play pop punk firmly rooted in the '90s **Lookout Records** tradition: energetic, nasally, impossibly tuneful and soaked in gleeful snot.

"Basically we're just trying to take that whole 'pop-punk' genre, but *really* put the 'punk' into it," Recker says as he reclines a bit. "It's like ... some of these pop-punk bands try to project their voices like fucking **N*SYNC** or something ... That's not punk to me. That's just pop."

With three releases (*Red Rocket*, a four-song online EP and *The Hung Ups* full-length) all self-released and recorded, the band exudes motivation and delight in their ability to do it all themselves. They've even made some international connections. "We have distribution in Japan through **Waterslide Records**," Recker says with a chuckle, citing a pop-punk message board they post their music on. Someone from the label was browsing the board, stumbled across the band and contacted them about distributing their music in Japan. Recker welcomed the opportunity. "When Myspace was functional, we used to get lots of comments from Japanese kids, so we always wanted to get our music over there. We're pretty stoked about it."

Amassing a steady stream of local shows, honing their chops on the same stages as some of their favorite bands (**Cobra Skulls**, **Guttermouth**, **Teenage Bottlerocket**) and now fully prepped to unleash another full-length LP, they're eager and motivated to get out to more people.

"We're definitely gonna tour," Recker says and slaps the table on the last word. "We've got like 15 or 20 new songs written."

As each band member talks, eyes grow wider and hand-gestures more frenzied, a palpable excitement building, akin

to taut rubber bands ready to snap.

"Salt Lake City has so many types of bands. Indie bands, punk rock, hardcore and street punk bands," Sisson says as he ticks them off on his fingers one by one.

Recker also acknowledges this variety. "We just wanna unite this scene!" he says enthusiastically.

Despite their keen drive and proactive mentality, they recognize their place as youthful offenders. "We played this show at *The Blue Star* ... and I thought we played pretty well," Farnworth says before explaining how some straight edge vegans in the audience took issue with Recker's colorful stage banter about online dating websites. Recker insists that it was only a joke and takes another sip of his beer. Roberts says, "We wanna piss people off. That's why we're a band! I just wanna have fun!"

The table is now cluttered with empty pitchers and our booth rings with the pleasant hubbub of chatty laughter. Another indistinguishably bad '90s alt-rock song cracks over the stereo. Sisson slides his glasses back up his nose, points to the ceiling and grins. "We miss the '90s. We know there was a bunch of shitty bands. We play **Lit's** 'My Own Worst Enemy' at practice all the time ..." Sisson trails off. "It's a 'feel-good' song!"

Ultimately, having fun and feeling good are what The Hung Ups are all about. "Punk rock is just this one little feeling you know? A feeling you have to capture kinda quickly," Roberts says.

A contented silence falls over us and we listen to another laughable chorus on the PA. The interview has wound down, and the band seems enthused by it. Recker blinks a few times and tugs on one of his hoodie drawstrings. His head gyrates softly and his cheeks resonate with a delightfully inebriated glow. "You're gonna make us look cool right?" He slurs slightly and pats my hand. "Our CDs are for sale in Japan..."

Localized

By Dylan Chadwick

dylanchadwick@gmail.com

On Saturday, May 14, roll on out to the *Urban Lounge* for a healthy smattering of punk rock from both ends of the spectrum. Expect a dose of sugar-sweet pop punk from The Hung Ups and an unholy strain of riotous thrash from Desolate. Problem Daughter will kickstart the sonic smorgasbord at 10 p.m. \$5 gets you in.

Josh Recker – Bass/Vocals

Chuck Roberts – Guitar/Vocals

Tyler Sisson – Guitar/Vocals

Chris Farnworth – Drums

"Every time you stop talking, a kitten dies," Chuck Roberts, a baseball capped rhythm-guitarist, mumbles. "And that's just unfortunate because kittens are *great* people." I've just switched on my voice recorder and asked him to say something profound.

It's late on a Sunday afternoon. Amid the smoky lights and clamor of bad '90s alterna-rock at *Piper Down Pub*, The Hung Ups, Salt Lake City's own pop-punks, shift in their seats. They're not nervous, nor uncomfortable ... just not warmed up yet.

Tyler Sisson, lead axe-man, grabs my arm from across the table. "There's really no deep dark core to us, man. We like drinking. We like **Screeching Weasel** ... old **Green Day** ..."

Some pitchers arrive and the band partakes willingly, visibly relieved at the prospect of some social lube. A few minutes tick by and a few glasses are drained before words (and bladders) begin to flow more smoothly.

The Hung Ups formed in 2009 when bassist-vocalist Josh Recker wrote a slew of songs and recorded an EP all by himself in his parents' garage before recruiting a band.

"Everyone contributes, though," drummer Chris Farnworth says. Both he and Roberts discovered punk rock as



DESOLATE

Photo: Peter Anderson

Joe Luis – Vocals / Shredd – Guitar
Skunk – Guitar / Nate Wilson – Bass
Dave Motiee – Drums

Salt Lake City's Desolate embody an authentic thrash-punk casserole with their lineup of musicians, young and old, who've all played in a laundry list of current and former punk bands. Each member of the group sports an eclectic assemblage of sonic influences. The band initially formed in 2008 as a side project for guys in various acts (**Skint**, **Dubbed**, **Repeat Offender** and **Shackleton** to name only a few) to get together and make brutal noise, but it soon grew into something more. "When people first saw us play, they recognized us all from these different projects and got really confused," says singer Joe Luis. Somehow, the mish-mash of ingredients congealed and they've since become a tightly volatile entity in their own right, taking the caustic gut-shot sounds of **Nausea**, **Conflict** and **Dayglo Abortions** and filtering them through the light-speed crossover thrash of **D.R.I.**

The gelling process wasn't immediate, though. "We didn't necessarily set out to play a particular style," says bassist Nate Wilson, citing the diverse musical background of the group. "It wasn't until later that someone heard us and said 'you're a thrash band!'" Regardless, the band resists any rigid characterization. "We've got something for everyone," says lead guitarist Shredd, who notes the presence of punks, longhairs, metalheads and even (to the chagrin of many) Juggalos in their audience. He credits this to the band's propensity to shed traditional punk time signatures in exchange for something more complex and melodious.

Still, Desolate's sound is unpredictable and aggressive, features that they

enjoy. "Someone made the comment that we were all 'bananas,'" says Shredd with a laugh, a description they've taken to heart in naming their new record *Potassium Fueled Death Rock*. The album is complete and they want to get it out to the fans so much that they're willing to bootleg a burned copy for anyone who wants it. "We'll give it to anybody, but we made a blood-pact that we were only going to *sell* it on vinyl," says Wilson. To raise money for the pressing, the band is organizing two vinyl pre-release shows and is distributing patches and pins through *Raunch Records*. To put some unspent culinary energy to use, they've even considered selling some potassium-fueled baked goods, including homemade banana bread, at their shows. However, due to certain issues of legality, they've opted out of it. "We don't have food handler's permits," says drummer Dave Motiee with a shrug.

Nevertheless, the band has already been privileged to share bills with legendary punk bands including **Dr. Know**, **M.D.C.**, **Agent Orange** and **Battalion of Saints**. Live shows are a release for them on all counts, and they thrive on crowd energy. Luis appreciates the lack of pretension that accompanies an all-ages show. "At those shows, kids go crazy. They're not worried about spilling their beer or anything like that."

At its core, Desolate is a band with a desire to play loud, abrasive music that people can connect with.

Motiee, a member with some "senior" status, has seen the

Salt Lake punk scene flourish since the '80s. "It has ebbs and flows, of course," he says, but ultimately he feels that the scene has been a constant source for new and exciting bands to form.

Rhythm guitarist Skunk identifies the scene's accommodating nature and applauds the supportive approach that bands exhibit towards each other, even across genre boundary lines. "I've heard that other scenes are cliquey," he says. "It's not like that here. I hate Utah in general, but I love this city."

It's this prevailing synergistic attitude that unifies not only the Salt Lake punk scene, but the band itself. The diversity in ages, backgrounds and influences doesn't present any creative obstacles, only fuel to write music that brings different people out of the woodwork together to share something. "That's the cool thing about the punk scene," Luis says. "It doesn't matter who you are or where you're from ... as long as you're respectful, then it doesn't matter."

Having spent time living and playing music in other states, Shredd, the band's other "senior," describes the Salt Lake punk scene as a "family" that he's failed to find in any other scene. "Generally, it just seems like there aren't as many dickheads here," he says.

Encouraged and cultivated by a stimulating independent scene, endowed with the combined experiences of five guys who've done plenty of punk-rock time and were weaned on a steady diet of potassium and thrash, Desolate is a coherent, explosive band ready to unleash their unholy musical concoction upon eager ears at this month's Localized showcase ... but please remember to bring your own cookies.

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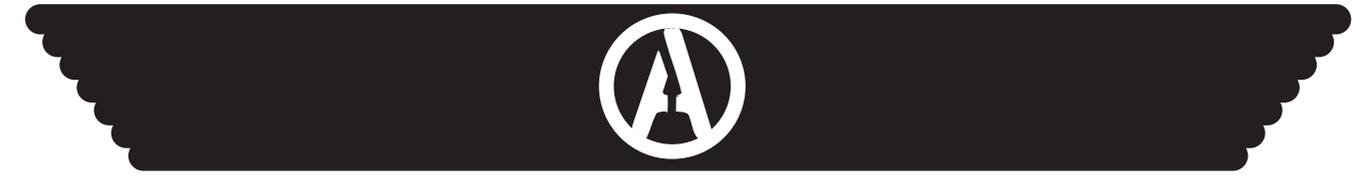
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Prophets -of- Anarchy



The Mormon Worker

By Nate Perkins Perkins.nate@gmail.com

Everyone knows who the big, capitalist, imperialist, patriarchal, homophobic bully with a history of violence and racism in Utah is—at least that's the tag that the Mormon church seems to have earned for itself. Although this is the stereotype, for the past five years a group of local philosophically minded, peace-and-radical-politics-loving anarchists with an affinity for independent press has been working to produce *The Mormon Worker*, an irregularly published newspaper devoted to both Mormonism and radical politics.

The mash-up of Mormonism and anarchism seems like a concept that would make most anarchists, not to mention the majority of mainstream Mormons, recoil. But to publisher **William Van Wageningen**, the two philosophies couldn't be more compatible. Despite his convictions, *The Mormon Worker* goes against the Mormon mainstream in an age when the church officially financially backs anti-LGBTQ legislation and right-wing, LDS lunatic **Glenn Beck** pays vicious homage to his conservative Mormon forefathers on his nationally syndicated television show.

"Anarchism advocates decentralized democratic socialism in which property is held in common," says Van Wageningen. "That kind of thing is advocated in the Book of Mormon. Mormonism also advocates a very egalitarian political system, and in both [philosophies], you see the prevention of letting some people govern over others." He adds that both Mormonism and anarchism condemn violence, and the canonical texts of both philosophies denounce engaging in offensive wars, something that he believes governments do by nature.

Van Wageningen has spent a great deal of his life thinking about these ideas. He served a two year Mormon mission in Germany and graduated from Harvard Divinity School. His experience doesn't stop there. In addition to doing humanitarian work in Iraq, where he survived a kidnapping, he and the rest of the Mormon Worker Collective have been essential in organizing demonstrations and actions that include marches for immigrants' rights in downtown Salt Lake and protests against Brigham Young University's decision to pay big-ticket prices in order to bring in speakers such as torture supporting former U.S. Secretary of State **Condoleezza Rice**.

The group's collective experience and devotion runs deep. **Katy Savage**, an affiliated activist, was arrested during an annual protest of the School of the Americas, a United States Department of Defense facility in Georgia responsible for the training of violently oppressive

Latin American military personnel. **Tyler Bushman**, a founding member of the collective and writer and editor of the newspaper, has devoted much time to travelling through Mexico and Central America building schools and bicycle-powered machines and learning from Zapatistas and other indigenous autonomy groups. His sister **Cory Bushman** is an expert on pacifist movements within the Soviet Union and has been responsible for peace activism at the University of Utah and around Salt Lake Valley. Many of the contributors have presented essays on Mormonism, pacifism and anarchism at various symposiums and conferences throughout the state and country.

These actions are motivated by the collective's strong ideals and philosophies. Inspired heavily by the Christian-anarchist writings of **Leo Tolstoy** and the ideologies of the seminal *Catholic Worker* newspaper, the voices at

The Mormon Worker believe that when it's boiled down to Jesus' original teachings, the Christian gospel is really about non-violence and social equality. Rather than point out inconsistencies or hypocrisies within the organization of the Mormon church, the group uses its energy to try and share a positive message.

"We're providing this alternative voice," says **Ron Madson**, a pacifist writer and attorney living in Alpine. "When the majority [of Mormons] are educated, I think that [they] will gravitate toward this message. I think that time, our texts and the words of Christ are on our side."

The content of the newspaper centers around a mix of Mormon and anarchist issues including articles on eco-theology, various influential anarchists and activists, immigration issues and liberation theology, which is the interpretation of Jesus' teachings as seen through

"Therefore, Resounce War and Proclaim Peace..." -D&C 98:16

THE MORMON WORKER
ISSUE 7 AUGUST 2009

"I Teach Them Correct Principles and They Govern Themselves" -Joseph Smith

12Th Article Of Faith: Sustaining The "LAW" by Ron Madson

Have We Forgotten Our Past? by Ricky Cheney

Why Torture is Evil by William Van Wageningen

Remember those who are in prison, as though you were in prison with them; those who are being tortured, as though you yourselves were being tortured. -Hebrews 13:3

Yes, The Gospel of Redistribution by Forest W. Simmons

Immigration page 19 Interview with D&C page 7 Homophobia page 14 A Personal Narrative page 15

The Mormon Worker provides an alternative voice to mainstream Mormonism.

the eyes of the working lower class. *The Mormon Worker* has published articles by heavy hitters such as **Noam Chomsky** and has also interviewed the English anarchist punk/pop/folk band **Chumbawamba** (whose lead guitarist, **Boff Whalley**, coincidentally used to be Mormon). Because the paper deals heavily with immigrants' rights and social justice, the editors and contributors work to provide Spanish-language content. The most recent issue was released in April, and out of the 28 pages, eight were filled with articles written in or translated to Spanish. Another reader and volunteer has started translating select articles into Dutch.

The Mormon Worker has provoked quite a reaction, drawing attention from *KRCL* and *The Salt Lake Tribune*. It was even featured on the *On Faith* website, which the *Washington Post* administers. In the end of 2010, the publication was mentioned and quoted in *Christian Anarchism: A Political Commentary on the Gospel* a book written by **Alexandre Christoyannopoulos**, a lecturer at Loughborough University in England.

The most meaningful reaction, however, has been the response from readers, leading the creators of *The Mormon Worker* to feel as though they have been instrumental in helping to develop a politically radical, faith-based community.

"A lot of people say, 'Hey this is the kind of thing that I've been thinking for a long time, but I've never heard anybody else articulate,'" says Van Wagenen. "Not only socialists and anarchists, but even democrats and liberals reading the paper get that same feeling." Cory Bushman adds, "For me, [starting the paper] was

mostly a way to reach out to people who felt isolated."

Joshua Madson, son of Ron Madson and contributor to *The Mormon Worker*, hopes the newspaper can create interaction and a space for Mormons identifying with the radical left to express themselves.

"What I would like to see happen is that the three, four or five members of every ward or faith community who believes this way would, for once, feel safe expressing their views," he says.

Of course, the public response to the newspaper hasn't been entirely positive. According to Van Wagenen, there are plenty of members of the LDS church who consider the parts of the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants (two key books of Mormon scripture) that advocate nonviolence and socialism to be "silly and outdated."

Members of the collective were confronted with this mindset while protesting military recruitment at a career fair sponsored by Utah Valley University last year in Orem. For a couple of hours, the group was successful in distributing anti war and anti-military literature to potential recruits while simultaneously distracting recruiters by arguing with them. It wasn't long before an elderly Mormon missionary couple got offended and summoned the boys in blue.

"They didn't like the fact that we were preaching against war," says Joshua Madson. "They went and got the campus police there. Because we didn't have a booth and didn't pay our way, we weren't allowed to speak to

anyone. They threatened to arrest us if we didn't leave."

Joshua Madson adds that the animosity toward *The Mormon Worker* and its ideals has dwindled lately.

"Not as many people are as pro-Afghanistan or pro-Iraq war as they used to be, because it's gone on so long," he says. "At the height of it, people had a 'the church is behind this, you can't be against it' [mentality]."

Few of the minds behind *The Mormon Worker* self identify as being more Mormon than they are anarchist, or vice versa. To them, the ideas are one and the same.

"If you look at early Christianity, primitive Christianity, it was very radical—it was a real challenge to the institutions and powers that be. It was revolutionary," says Ron Madson.

Van Wagenen adds that people shouldn't feel like there's a contradiction between left-wing ideals and being Mormon.

He says, "Rather than being a socialist, anarchist or democrat *in spite* of being Mormon, there are a lot of people who are those things *because* they are Mormon." Free copies of *The Mormon Worker* are available at *Ken Sanders Rare Books* (268 S. 200 E.) and *Coffee Break* (430 E. 400 S.) in Salt Lake City. In Utah County, copies can be picked up at *2Bit Computer and Gadget Repair* in Provo (355 N. University Avenue). The paper's articles, plus exclusive online blog content, can be found at themormonworker.wordpress.com. Contributions are welcome.

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L-R: Ron Madson, Joshua Madson, Cory Bushman and Tyler Bushman—
 a handful of the contributors behind Utah County publication *The Mormon Worker*.

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Miss Goodwitch

By Princess Kennedy
Facebook.com/princess.kennedy



Princess Kennedy as Glinda the Good Witch.

Illustration: Manuel Aguilar

When I was a young queen, around 18 years old, you could say I was rather wicked. I showed no discretion when acting like a little bitch. I expected the world to be handed to me on a silver platter. I slept with my friends' boyfriends and talked about them behind their backs. I was the little cunt who mailed people with bad acne facial sanding pamphlets and fat people diet tips. I would go to a dance club with a squirt gun full of perm solution and spray people's hair. Once in an art class, I thought this redhead's hair was ugly, so I took a pair of scissors and snipped her ponytail off. One day, my wicked behavior all came crashing down on me like a ton of karmic bricks when the most unimaginable thing happened. I had gotten into some stupid fight with a friend and she didn't show up to school the next day. I said something like, "Well, maybe if we're lucky she's dead." Five days later, she showed up on a roadside, dead under a pile of reeds. This, and losing what friends I had left, was a really rough way to learn it doesn't pay to be a bitch.

referred to as the really nice Mormon tranny from SLC.

The other day, I was sitting with some people and I said something to the effect that I was sure the gays of Salt Lake must think I'm the anti-Christ, which was meant to be a rhetorical statement. Instead, I was told that when my name was mentioned to a gaggle of gays, one went off about what a bitch I was, how I like to stir shit up and lied all the time. I kind of shut down—it wrecked me for three days. I am not used to statements like these. Sure, I can totally deal with the comments about what a mess I am—I built a career on that—but I am not a bitch, DAMNIT, and my friends will fuck up anyone who says otherwise! I know that's stupid and being in the public eye, I have

to know that shit like this will be said. However, it doesn't change the fact that I am still human. I feel I do a lot of good for the community and go out of my way to smile and say hi to everyone I come across. I totally admit that I have no retention for names, but that's because I'm stupid, not mean.

As the Pride festival approaches, I need everyone to remember the feeling we had only six months ago when the gay community rallied together in the name of mental health and to stand against the comments made by leaders in the LDS Church. I know it can be like fighting an army of monkey bats not to give in to gossip. Just remember: Any old, tired fag can be a bad witch.

We are all traveling down the same yellow brick road. On this path, especially here in Utah, we're going to face a lot of obstacles that will try to fuck up our journey to Oz. We'll get there much quicker if we stay focused on being one within our own group. As we skip, we learn that our community isn't just us and them anymore, because "us" has grown to include the tin man, the scarequeen and the lion (well ... bear). We can't let our misunderstandings of our own people's differences cloud our minds like a field of poisonous poppies. If we're going to get over that rainbow, we need to be good witches and let the rest of the world know there's no place like homo. Have fun and be safe at Pride this year!

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HOVER BOARDS

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

I was recently confronted outside a local tavern in the wee hours of the morning after a busy night of drinking. A man I had never met before accused me of writing some stuff that had upset some of his friends. The friends in question were legendary skateboarders **Chris Senn** and **John Cardiel**. I haven't written about anything regarding skateboarding in damn near two years.

I was a bit baffled and engaged in drunken slurry convo with the confronter about what I could have possibly written that could upset two of my childhood idols. If anything, I was pumped those dudes would even read any shit I ever wrote. I've met most of my childhood skateboard heroes and most of the time I've been able to kook out and embarrass myself thoroughly—like the time I met **Eric Koston** and proceeded to talk shit on the Lakers.

Or the time I asked **Duane Peters** to go skateboarding with me after a **U.S. Bombs** show when he was so drunk he couldn't talk or really stand up. He did lift up his shirt to show me his Beer City tattoo, his sponsor at the time. Then there was the time I saw **Brian Anderson** in a San Francisco bar. I gave him a zine for free, and he came back up to me and gave me \$2 because I put people who didn't pay for my zines on *The Leviathan* fuck you list.

I was flattered at the thought of the legendary Cards reading something I wrote, whether or not it upset him. I would gladly let those guys punch me in the face repeatedly for not liking one of my articles. Obviously, I wanted to know exactly what it was I wrote, because to me, accusing me of pissing those guys off was a bold statement. The accuser didn't really know. He said it was something about slappy grinds and then said that they wanted him to kick my ass. Weird.

It's not the first time something I wrote pissed someone off. Just ask any of my ex-girlfriends. **Zack** and **Brodie Hammers**, who helped me coordinate *SLUG*'s skate content, caused quite a little flurry with their gossip columns and bold claims of Zack Hammers being the best underground skater in the world.

This whole incident outside of the bar made me want to write about skateboarding again—even though I've totally evolved into that guy that sits at the bar and says, "Dude, I used to skate." So with the fear of being labeled a poser, I'd like to talk about some next level shit. That's right friends—hover boarding!

After talking to Brodie and Zack Hammers, I really think that hover boarding is about to hit the nation harder than a razor-scooter-rollerblade-Tsunami. Here's why: Zack and Brodie were recently having a **Steven Spielberg** movie marathon in their Magna penthouse and after finishing the *Indiana Jones* series, they finally made their way to *Back to the Future II*.

In case you haven't seen *BTF2*, it takes place in the future, which is now actually the past—the year 2005. **[Editor's Note: Back to the Future II actually takes place in 2015. Not 2005. There are still four more years until self-tying Nikes, self-drying jackets, mini pizzas and flying cars to become a reality.]** When I watch this movie, I find it to be incredibly, emotionally painful. When I was a kid and saw the film, I just couldn't wait for self-tying Nikes, jackets that talked and dried themselves, *Jaws 17*, miniature pizzas that took 10 seconds to cook and turned into giant pizzas, flying cars and most importantly and intriguingly, motherfucking hover boards!



Illustration: Ruckus Art



None of that shit has even happened. This technology should have been available like six goddamn years ago. **[Editor's Note: Mike Brown is not a math major.]** Well, that is, with the exception of the hover board! Aside from being the world's best skateboarder, Zack Hammers also has a PhD in electrical magnetic engineering, thus he possesses the skills to create the first legit hover board prototype.

When I asked Zack about his self-made hover board pro model, here's what he had to say: "Holy fucking Christ on a pogo stick! I can't believe no one else in my distinguished field of electrical magnetic engineering has come up with this shit yet! I mean, we can send a guy to the goddamn moon, but we haven't made hover boards or self-tying Nikes yet? Give me a break! I guess if you want something done right you just have to do it yourself."

Hammers told me that the main reason he decided to create a hover board was to spite Spielberg. According to Hammers, in five years, no one will even ride normal skateboards. "This is the future son! Hover boards can go over water if jet propelled correctly, speed wobbles have been eliminated completely, and have you ever seen a graceful fakie 1040 flip? I was the only person in the world to do one on a traditional skateboard, but with the hover board almost anyone can perform these technical maneuvers with the ease and grace of **Nancy Kerrigan**," he told me.

With the creation of the hover board, which Hammers expects to drop this summer, slappy grinds will cease to exist. "That trick made me famous, but I secretly despised it," Hammers told me. Hover boards will be exclusively available this summer at every *Blindside* location across the valley.

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KOREAN FOR BEGINNERS

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In the nineties, I "enjoyed" Korean food on a number of occasions with a Korean graduate student whom I was tutoring in English. She said she would order food "only Koreans would know enough to savor" and special holiday meals just for Koreans: Think marinated intestine or rehydrated silver fish with raisin-like eyes gazing comatose at you. I don't recall ever coming away from these meals without feeling faintly ill or openly disturbed. I have grown up a bit since then, but I clearly still needed help when it came to reviewing the food. [Note: The spelling of these dishes change from source to source. The spellings you find here agree with the restaurant, so confusion will not follow you when you try these for yourself.]

I asked several of my foodie friends to take me to Korean restaurants, and, independently, each ordered exactly the same thing for our meal: Beef Bul Go Gi and Dol Sot Bop along with the customary bowl of rice and various kimchee and vegetable side dishes. The meals were delicious and easy. Bul Go Gi is a Korean style beef barbecue; it is salty-sweet and not too spicy. It is served with lettuce leaves and a bowl of rice on the side. It is sold everywhere in Korea, even at the 7-Eleven. It is, one might say, Korean for hamburger. Dol Sot Be Bim Bop is rice, vegetables, beef and an egg cooked in a volcanically hot stone bowl, which is then covered with a red spicy sauce. It is a common home dish and often served on airplanes.

Korean food always includes a number of side dishes, usually kimchee, which is a fermented vegetable dish with red peppers, fish sauce, ginger and garlic. Most often, there is a kimchee cabbage with daikon, cucumbers and sometimes sweet potatoes, with some other differently spiced vegetables. Six or more dishes are usually in the center of the table, along with a bowl of rice. My first pupil ate her kimchee with metal chopsticks in her right hand and a bowl of rice in her left. Taking one nab of vegetable, she set it on the rice and then scooped the rice around it into her mouth. She told me the basis of most Korean meals is simply pickled vegetables and rice.

Korea House is in a midtown spot near *Piper Down*, with a great reputation for tasty food. The space feels like San Francisco—well lit and accented with blonde wood chairs and wood details. The food is made in a conventional restaurant kitchen and comes to the table succulent, steaming and ready for wolfing down. It is traditional Korean food, but it is easy here—the selections are made for an American-Korean audience, the wait staff speaks fluent English and is very friendly. The *Bul-go-gi* (\$13.99) is pan-cooked and juicy, with onions and a particularly sweet flavor. The *Dol-Sot Bi-bim Bop* (\$11.90) is mild, nicely arranged and heavy on green vegetables. The stone pot wasn't extremely hot, but the rice was still lightly crisped. This is a good choice if you haven't tried Korean food before—there are selections arranged for the beginner or the solitary diner.

Jangsoojang Restaurant is in a run-down building on State Street. Inside it looks like an unlit disco with tables. The place is strange and full of mirrors and haphazard "decorations," but, sister, the food is generous, really good and it grew increasingly tasty as I ate it. The kimchee sides were replaced as we ate. I am told that the place rages at night on the weekends—Koreans are late night eaters, and know how to have a good time. This place is more Korean oriented than the *Korea House*—my server didn't really speak fluent English. This did not get in the way of my ordering, though. The *Dolsot Bibimbop* (\$10.99) was very generous, and the red sauce was particularly spicy. The *Bulgogi* (\$15.99) was cooked on a portable butane grill, which sizzled on our table. It was easy on the nose, and with its heaping of beef, onions and mushrooms, it was also a topic of conversation.

Korean food changes the way I eat, or changes the way I am when I eat it. My meal becomes a dance, holding a bowl in one hand and sticks in the other, talking with my friend, moving morsels of unexpected flavor to the blank page that is white rice, then to my mouth and then a different bite. There are never less than seven flavors on the table at a Korean restaurant. It is indulgent and luxurious, and when you eat it, you perform a human ritual thousands of years old, which feels as natural as walking or kissing and is just as satisfying.



Photo: Patiri Photography

Spicy Bul-go-gi and all of its fixings from Korea House.

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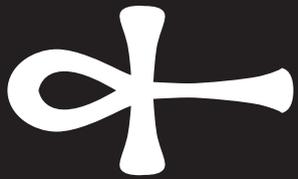
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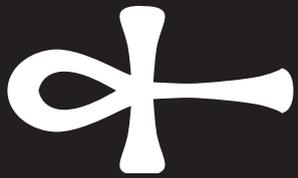
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CINAMON



THE HIGH COST OF (BEING) DEATH

By Madelyn Boudreaux madelyn@gothics.org

Picture death personified. Maybe you imagine a skull-faced reaper with a cloak and scythe or a terrifying angel on his pale horse. Or maybe, if you're of the right age and background, death is a perky goth girl with a penchant for Mary Poppins and an Eye of Horus spiral on her cheek.

This incarnation of Death, introduced in a 1989 issue of the DC/Vertigo comic *The Sandman*, may be the most beloved of popular culture's psychopomps—mythical beings that guide the dead souls to

the afterlife. Named the fifteenth greatest comic character by *Empire Magazine* in 2008 (ahead of Iron Man and Wonder Woman), she has graced posters and t-shirts. Even more than twenty years after she first chirped happily through the pages of issue #8, she inspires convention attendees to dress up in detailed recreations of her costumes.

Death (or rather, the woman who inspired her appearance) also happens to be a Salt Lake City native.

Meet **Cinamon Hadley**, the body-piercer and muse whose portrait was immortalized as the second eldest in a family of anthropomorphized forces, called The Endless, in **Neil Gaiman's** cult-classic series. Extremely tall, extraordinarily thin, with bone-white skin, impeccable make-up and thin, black dreadlocks that fall well past her waist, she is an arresting sight. As we're sitting down to talk, a passing cyclist slows down to exclaim, "I like your locks!" and earns a beaming smile from Hadley.

Despite most people's assumptions, Hadley was never Gaiman's inspiration for the character—neither was **Tori Amos**, who is sometimes credited as such, nor was **Donna Ricci** who, in an interview published in *Bite Magazine*, described in detail meeting with Gaiman for a photo shoot, but has since removed the claims from her website. Hadley has never met Gaiman, although they have exchanged emails. In fact, Death wasn't even supposed to be a goth girl and Gaiman wasn't actually responsible for creating Death's signature look at all.

So how did Hadley end up inspiring Death?

Originally, writes Gaiman in *The Sandman Companion*, he imagined the character as looking like '60s singer **Nico** as she appeared on the cover of *Chelsea Girl*. But the comic's artist, **Mike Dringenberg**, also a Salt Lake City resident at the time, had other ideas. Gaiman writes, "He sent me a drawing based on a woman he knew named Cinamon—the drawing that was later printed in *Sandman 11*—and I looked at it and had the immediate reaction of, 'Wow. That's really cool.'"

Hadley explains how she went from begging for spare change and living in the infamous '80s Salt Lake City flophouse called *Kill Pigs* to gracing the pages of a world-famous comic. "Mike Dringenberg was a good friend of mine," says Hadley. "He told me that he wanted to use me for a model for a character in a comic book, but I didn't think anything about it." It wasn't until years later, the conversation long forgotten, that she leafed through an issue at a friend's apartment in Houston, Texas and found Dringenberg's original drawing of her looking up from the pages and a personal thanks from the author for the use of her image.

"Hey, this is me!" she exclaimed, to the amazement of her friend.

She laughs now about the origin of an introductory image of Death sitting on some steps near a fountain. She says it was based on an image Dringenberg captured of her after she'd begged fifty cents to buy a hamburger and sat down on some steps to eat it, grinning in delight about her meal. In the comic, Death is grabbing the sides of her sunglasses, but it's easy to imagine a hamburger in her hands instead.

It was, she says, a boost to her confidence and self-esteem. Asked if being Death has changed her life, she smiles and says it gives her a reason to meet people and has opened up social avenues. "People either want to meet me [because they admire the character]," Hadley says, "or they don't ... they think I'll be stuck up." She notes that even her girlfriend (now her fiancée) didn't want to meet her at first. "She said, 'I figured you were going to be so self-absorbed.'"

Like Death, Hadley says she is upbeat and perky, and like Death, she comes across as surprisingly down-to-earth despite her appearance. She makes it a point to stay positive, especially when she meets people who know her as "the model for Death," or someone asks her to sign comics or merchandise. She says she wonders sometimes if Dringenberg used her just for her look, or if it was deeper, if he saw Death's ironically happy attitude in her. "[Death is] strangely innocent in a way, and that is so me. I've always been an innocent person. My motto is 'Happy, happy, joy, joy.' I've just got to be happy. She even says 'peachy keen,' in one of the comics!"

Indeed, Death offered an effervescent contrast to her brother, *Sandman's* titular Morpheus aka Dream, whose sad and sometimes angry persona was revealed in the comic through his black speech bubbles and dark expressions. In her first appearance in the story *The Sound of Her Wings*, Death takes Dream along on her sad route, escorting the souls of a newly departed SIDS baby, an electrocuted comedian and a young car-crash victim to the afterlife. However, despite her morbid job, she pronounces things "fantabulous" and, as Hadley mentions, "peachy keen," and tries to cheer up her morose sibling.

Fans immediately fell in love with Death—as the letters to the editor showed—and her

popularity quickly outstripped that of the rest of The Endless. In issue #21, a series of portraits and character studies of the siblings offers a few paragraphs about each and concludes with simply, "And there is Death." Nothing else was needed—everyone already knew her.

While generally positive, being popularized as such a beloved character hasn't always been a good experience. In addition to taking care to be nice to people who know her only as "Death," Hadley occasionally has to clear up some rumors that get circulated on the Internet. In one case, a man claimed to have shared "a psychotically wonderful romance and an efficiency co-op apartment" with her before she ran off with a heroin dealer. It is telling that this man spelled her name wrong despite "loving her deliriously." Hadley laughs in mock-horror about this now. "I was so angry!" she says of reading the bizarre blog post where this alternate history was revealed, to which she offered a scathing reply. Now she is kinder, although no less insistent that he was lying. "He was sweet, but kind of a sad soul. Maybe he was searching to be somebody ... He latched onto me because of the comic book."

Some people have even theorized that Dringenberg was a hanger-on whose unhealthy and obsessive crush was a source of discomfort and disgust to her, but Hadley shakes her head about that, too. "We were really, really good friends. It makes it hard when you're that close. I always got the feeling that there was a strong ... maybe obsession? But I don't know that it was unhealthy." She says that she'd love to be in touch with Dringenberg, but has lost touch with him over the years.

Hadley has only recently returned to Salt Lake City, after spending close to 20 years away. She hitchhiked to Seattle to see her favorite band at the time, **Skinny Puppy**, and spent a few months there, before traveling to Houston to provide emotional support to her mother during her parents' divorce. She spent some time living and working as a mime in New Orleans, with "bright yellow hair and long black fingernails" and lived in Texas' liberal enclave, Austin, but eventually went back to Houston to open a body-piercing shop, even though she didn't like the city very much. "It doesn't have a very accepting environment of anything out of the norm," she says.

She might still be in Houston if it wasn't for *The Ritz* reunion in 2010. In the late '80s and early '90s, *The Ritz Club* was the preeminent dance club for Salt Lake City's gothic, industrial and new wave scenesters. When a reunion weekend was planned, Hadley's friend, industrial **DJ Aaron Shea**, decided that it would be no true reunion without her. He took up a collection to bring her back home for the weekend and her old friends gave generously.

Hadley says she didn't expect to feel any emotions about the visit, but "it was the strangest thing. Getting ready to land, I looked out the window and I saw the mountains and I burst into tears. It felt like, 'Wow, I'm home.'" That weekend made up her mind, she says. "The way the air felt and seeing everybody, I thought, 'I've got to come home.' I decided within a couple of days of being here that I was coming back."

She hopes to get back into body piercing and is happy to find herself with a lifestyle that makes her happy, living life the way she wants to 20 years down the road. "I think it's great that dreadlocks, tattoos and piercings are 'normal,'" Hadley says, laughing. She has no regrets about her return. "I'm home and I can't ever leave again! There's so much more that goes on here," she says. "*The Dark Arts Festival* and the bands that come here."

Then there's the snow. She loves the snow. "I was sad when it all melted this morning," she says ruefully, but then she brightens up immediately and is the picture of the joyful woman who inspired an artist and changed the face of Death. All that's missing is the spiral on her cheek.



SALT LAKE CITY NATIVE, CINAMON HADLEY INSPIRED THE APPEARANCE OF SANDMAN COMIC BOOK CHARACTER DEATH.

Photo: Jeff M. Carlisle

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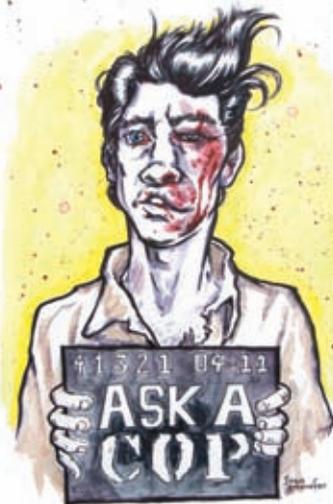


Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Copper,

My apartment complex has a pair of neighbors who are constantly fighting, and I mean hardcore. Every week there's some kind of knockdown-dragout between them. Just last week the woman cut the guy up all across his back, leaving him bleeding and yelling for help. More specifically, yelling at her for help, only to receive a rapid succession of "fuck you," in return. (Can you tell it's a small complex yet?) Another neighbor eventually called the cops. When they arrived they tackled the guy to the ground after he tried to keep them out. He immediately yelled out "I didn't do anything, she didn't cut me, I'm not pressing charges, everything's fine!" I can't tell you whether this was an actual emergency or if this is just foreplay for them, but at the end of the night they talked their way out of going to jail and no paramedic arrived to help the guy. So my questions to you ... how the fuck does no one go to jail after all that? And is there ever a point where the officers step in and call bullshit on a story like this, or do they have to take their word on it?

Love & Sconecutter,
S.K.

Dear Your Complex Sucks,

Damn! I'd move, unless you like the entertainment. You're mostly right in that the coppers who respond on domestic violence calls like this really couldn't give a shit if the Whiskey Tangos want to beat or slice on each other. So, Utah laws, and most states' laws for that matter, took the arrest decision out of the cops' hands many years ago.

If you read the Utah statute on domestic violence crimes, you'll understand that any time there is a physical altercation between two persons who legally meet the definition of domestically involved (married, ever lived together, child in common, related, etc...), the cops must arrest the primary aggressor. The statute uses the words "shall arrest" so the coppers have no discretion as they do with other crimes.

Technically, if the cop writes the primary aggressor (that's usually who the cops are going to arrest) a ticket for domestic violence assault, that's an arrest. The code doesn't say they have to book someone in jail, just that they "shall arrest."

But, as any good non-lazy cop knows, if someone doesn't go to jail, they'll be right back at your complex 15 minutes later. You've probably seen that yourself. Cops can write the dumbass a ticket, drop his white trash ass at Uncle Elmer's farm 500 miles away, and I guarantee he'll be back lightspeed, beating on Trailer Park Barbie before you crack another beer. By booking one of them into jail, not only does the copper avoid repeated visits that night, but the bookee gets a 24-hour no contact order. If he (or, I should also say, she) violates that order, it's an additional Class A charge, which is worse than the original assault, not to mention the huge liability to the cop if someone goes back and kills the other person because he was too lazy to run to jail.

Seriously though, your described ringside drama, which is most domestic violence cases, has nothing to do with domestic violence abuse. The only person being abused in your complex is you. Serious domestic violence abuse is a whole different monster. Most street cops are trained very well to discern the difference between the case you described and those involving real victims of abuse. Those cases will involve victim advocates, sanctuaries and shelters, as well as protection orders from the court.

Now back to my original point. You should move. Living in your complex makes you a victim twice. First, having to listen to your shitty neighbors' foreplay, and second, having lazy cops do nothing about your shitty neighbors. It doesn't sound like money well spent, on rent or taxes.

SLUG MAG /// GALLERY STROLL



Photo: Gage Thompson

The founders of art blog *ArtDuh.com*, Anna West and Todd Powelson, will celebrate *ArtDuh's* one-year anniversary with a huge art show at *The Hive Gallery*.

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Have you ever thought that art was over your head? How could something that looks like a cat stepped in paint and then rolled around a canvas be considered art? (That really happened and the cat became famous—but only in crazy cat-person circles.)

The funny thing about art is that it's made out to be more complicated than it is. Art is created either by emotion or inspiration—both very personal experiences. As someone who can not paint, draw or sculpt, I view art with an appreciation for the work put into it and the gut reaction I have towards it. Using that equation, I've critiqued my way through countless galleries during the monthly gallery stroll. Don't be afraid—it's just art!

Artist **Todd Powelson** and writer **Anna West** know that taking themselves and art too seriously makes for a dull life, and these two are anything but dull. Powelson is an experienced artist, graphic designer and illustrator, and West is a marketing guru and writer. Together they created the fun, off the wall, all-encompassing art blog known as *ArtDuh*.

ArtDuh is updated three times a week and covers everything from the visual and performing arts to fashion, architecture, culinary arts and new media arts. It's all art—duh. Celebrating the one-year anniversary of *ArtDuh.com*, the couple has invited all of the artists featured on their blog to join them with a huge art show at the *Hive Gallery* in Salt Lake City.

"We've met artists all over the country simply by looking them up and writing about them," says West, The Duchess of Duh (aka *Art Duh's* editor-in-chief). "That's why we're inviting local and non-local talent to converge at the anniversary show. We are hoping they

will mate and have a love child—a less insular Salt Lake City art scene."

The anniversary show runs April 23 through May 31 at the *Hive Gallery* on the second floor of *Trolley Square*. Headlining the show will be Todd Powelson's cubist oil paintings and marker drawings, along with intergalactically famous artists **Jesse Reno**, **Veronica DeJesus** and **Zach Medler**. The work of local artists **Teresa Flowers**, **Colt Bowden**, **Angela Brown**, **Dallas Russell**, **Matt Monson**, **Portia Early**, **Heidi Gress**, **Justin Wheatley**, **Melanie McGee Evans**, **Peter Mooseman**, **Dave Borba**, **Shawna Powelson** and **Tonya Vistaunet** will also be on display. Crafts from the *Craft Sabbath* co-op will also be for sale and *Youth City's Ottinger Hall's* 9- to 14-year-old students will have an art wall, too.

On May 20, the masses are invited to party at *The Hive*—it's *Gallery Stroll*, duh! The night includes **Transfusion Hype's** break-dancers. Strollers are invited between 6 and 10 p.m.—vintage '50s wardrobe is recommended, though not required. There is no cost for this art extravaganza, but West and Powelson ask every artist out there to raid their art supply stashes for unneeded art supplies to replenish the art cupboards at *Ottinger Hall*. Items like duct tape, markers, fabric and paint are the most needed.

Also as part of this month's *Gallery Stroll* on May 20, *Blonde Grizzly* will be hosting the Salt Lake City Film Festival's *Retro Vision of the Future*. The show will feature works from local artists in the classic style of '60s and '70s sci fi movie posters.

I believe if you use my criteria of hard work plus gut reaction (and read *ArtDuh* regularly), you can set out for Salt Lake's monthly *Gallery Stroll* with the confidence that you know art when you see it. The rest is just free entertainment. Thanks for supporting local art!

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SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORDING INDUSTRY

MIDNIGHT RECORDS CELEBRATES THREE YEARS

By Ryan Hall
dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com

In 1985, **Kent Rigby**, founder and proprietor of Midnight Records Recording studio, began playing and recording music in the New Wave group **Us At Midnight**. At that time, there were few options to help poor, young bands with big dreams. For bands without a recording deal, years of touring under their belt or corporate radio endorsements, the bottom line often seemed too high of a hurdle to jump in order to start a viable career as a musician. Fast-forward to 2011, and things are rapidly beginning to change. Multimillion-dollar recording deals, secured radio play and corporate tastemakers are falling to the leveling and democratizing tools of social media, word-of-mouth marketing and cheap and proficient home-recording technology. Like totalitarian rulers, totalitarian business models often fall at the hands of their own constituents.

Founded in 2008 and located in the back of the **Utah Arts Alliance** on 127 S. Main Street, Midnight Records has beaten the odds by flourishing and growing in this incredibly volatile time of transition in the music industry.

In a year when many in the recording industry are closing their doors, Midnight Records is expanding and gaining more clients. I spoke with Rigby, recording technician **Cal Cruz** and a handful of musicians who have recorded at Midnight Records about their experience. Rigby attributes the success primarily to their nonprofit status. "We are a 501c3 nonprofit, so we specialize in affordable recording services for area musicians, emerging artists and local bands. That is our primary service, to provide quality recordings for kids who are coming up in the music business," says Rigby.

This nonprofit status allows Midnight to charge prices far below the norm of most recording studios. Midnight has

charges a flat, \$75 rate per song, which includes mixing, mastering and a CD, or a \$45 hourly rate, which includes mastering. The flat-rate pricing allows a more relaxed and interactive recording environment. "What I enjoyed through the recording process was essentially the ability to take your time and not feeling like you had to go in and crank out an album in a day," says **J. Scott Lee** of **Merit Badge**. "Kent and Cal have the patience and want to work with you through the process and help you to make it the best it could be. It makes for a much more fluid and communal album." When faced with a high overhead and a for-profit system in place, time is often something many recording studios cannot afford to give. "There was this feeling of it doesn't matter how long it takes, we can keep doing it and keep doing it and we are welcomed back the next time," says **Tres Wilson** of **YYBS**.

In an era of "instant everything, constant nothing" surplus of over-hyped, over-blogged download-only singles, an almost casual relationship to music has arisen. The ability to produce an album under the tutelage of a recording engineer, and in many cases a producer, that reflects your best work has become an outdated standard that seems to exist on shaky ground. "The supposed democratization of media has created a glut of music that nobody cares about, nobody wants to listen to—it is recorded the exact same way, and there is a lack of variety in the sounds," says **Christian Ariel** of **Isle of Skye**. "Recording well and caring about sounds is what [music] is supposed to be about—it isn't supposed to be a forum for your latest photo on MySpace or a vanity propulsion mechanism."

What Midnight champions, however, is that recording music, while intentional, doesn't need to be out of the grasp of even the greenest of bands. Midnight has

been behind the successful EP of **Max Pain & the Groovies** and the forthcoming **Wolves Among Us** full-length, as well as upcoming releases by **Isle of Skye**, **Fauna**, **YYBS** and **Merit Badge**. With the bottom line of money largely cut out, Rigby and Cruz are free to put all of their time and energy into creating with, rather than taking from, a band. "We are more than willing to work with the artists, trying to get as good of product or as good of a record as we can—no matter what. That is another principle of ours. No matter what it takes, let's try to do the best we can as a studio and work together with the band or musician. Anybody can do it on a laptop, but this gives a sense of community," Cruz says.

This spirit of cooperation and co-creating reflects the ethos of the statement, "Punk is reflex. Throwing a brick is reaction. Building community is action." Allowing young—and largely unknown—artists to create music in a space with state-of-the-art equipment and knowledgeable professionals fosters a sense of community that reaches beyond the artists using the services. Beyond the mutual benefit of the musician learning the ins and outs of recording and the recording studio, the community at large can support a music scene without having to suffer through sloppily recorded, barely mixed, shitty sounding demos from their friends' projects."

To celebrate Midnight Records' third year of existence, J. Scott Lee from **Merit Badge** is organizing a Midnight Records benefit show May 7 at the **Woodshed** to help cover the cost of fixing a leaky roof after extensive water leakage this winter/spring. **Merit Badge**, **Max Pain** and the **Groovies** and **Dizzy Desoto** will be performing. Come and be part of the growing community supporting Midnight Records.



Photo: Ruby Johnson

L - R: Executive Director of Utah Arts Alliance, Derek Dyer, recording technician, Cal Cruz and founder of Midnight Records, Kent Rigby in the Midnight Records Studio.

CHUNKLET INDUSTRIES



THE INDIE CRED TEST

BY JAMES BENNETT

BENNETT.JAMES.M@GMAIL.COM

Photo: Ian Cone

Henry Owings, editor and publisher of Chunklet Magazine, dives into the world of self-publishing with his new book *The Indie Cred Test*.

Henry Owings may be the highest profile music fan in the world, and "fan" is the exact word that he uses to describe himself. Yet somehow, he has managed to parlay his fandom into being on the forefront of many ridiculously important music and book projects as of late. In addition to editing and publishing the much-lauded *Chunklet Magazine* (whose twentieth issue just turned two years old), Owings was tapped to write an introductory essay for the massive book that compiled and reprinted every issue of the notorious *Touch and Go* punk zine. He also wrote an impressive amount of text for the *Touchable Sound* book—a tome that sought to visually chronicle the best of '90s American 7-inch record design. His further contributions to music media included being involved with a **Jesus Lizard** book, contributing pieces about Pittsburgh college rock to the *Pukekos* blog and using his own website to chronicle the books and music that are currently on his mind. So how did a regular guy in Atlanta become everyone's favorite contributor? "I would like to think that I'm the music publishing world's go-to guy," he says. "But I really am just a fan. There are so many people out there who are better qualified than me. Let's face it, I'm no **Thurston Moore**. I think I'm just easier to find, and people know that I put a lot of thought into what I write."

He may be just a fan, but he's one that makes it a point to put in his two bits whenever possible—he's incredibly prolific in his own right. In getting his own work out there, Owings has been the guiding force behind three *Chunklet* books: *The Over-rated Book (Last Gasp)*, *The Rock Bible (Quirk)* and his latest, the self-published *The Indie Cred Test*. *The Indie Cred Test* is written in the style of a standardized exam, with its final goal being a complete assessment of just how cool the reader is. At almost 200 pages, the book is thick on content and tries to address every facet of

modern hipster culture. In doing so, it picks apart both the reader and underground culture in general. Individual chapters fix their crosshairs on topics as diverse as the reader's DVD and record collections, their work history, their friends and their lifestyle. The real question is how serious the audience is supposed to take it. Does Owings really expect us to sharpen a No. 2 pencil and approach it like the ACT? "Well, I don't really feel like I need to defend it or explain it," he says. "It is what it is. It blurs the line between reality and a joke. I'm fine if people take it seriously and I'm fine if they don't."

Why a book? The truth is, there are not very many people writing this style of satirical culture book anymore. What was once a large chunk of humor writing has been farmed out to blogs and comment sections of websites. Almost no one is taking the time to lay out and print a book these days. Owings says, "Creating this kind of book is a lot of fun, but other than *The Onion* and maybe *Mental Floss*, no one is taking the time or spending the money on making a cohesive book." He went on to say that those that are still publishing seemed to be almost on another plane of humor. When pressed to speculate on why there seemed to be so few people putting out books that fuse humor and real life, Owings offered up a single reason: financing. Money almost killed this project before it got off the ground. The publishing houses that had backed the first two *Chunklet* books both passed on this one. Owings knew he was going to need to go outside the channels of traditional financing if he was going to get the money he needed to put out a nontraditional book. He turned to *Kickstarter.com*.

Kickstarter is an online venture capital network that uses a fundraising idea termed "crowd funding." The way it works is that the person or company that needs funding

for a creative project chooses a deadline, and a target minimum of funds to raise. They give specifics about their projects and often will offer incentives for those who pledge money. If the target amount is reached by the deadline, then the project is considered funded and the pledged money is collected. If it isn't successful, then the funds are not collected. Owings became aware of the crowd-funding site through *Kickstarter* co-founder and former *Chunklet* contributor **Yancey Strickler**. A site was set up where donors were offered copies of the completed book, an exclusive **Fucked Up LP**, and *Chunklet*-themed apparel in exchange for a start-up money donation. The resulting campaign raised almost \$20,000—a sum that was instrumental in getting the book finished and printed.

Other than the financing speed bump, Owings says the rest of the book came together quite organically. Many long-time *Chunklet* contributors were missing during the writing process for the *Cred Test*, but the project still went from idea to page quite quickly. Owings says, "It came together in three months. Not everyone was on board, but so many people wanted to pitch their ideas to me that it just exploded." He continued, "It was great to work with some old friends and also with so many new people. It quickly turned into a big mess, and it became my job to hammer it all into shape." Hammer it into shape he did. The final product is beautiful. Whether you are browsing the section on *Acceptable Reasons to Quit Drinking* ("You routinely get mistaken for being **GG Allin's** dead body" is my favorite) or the chapter on wardrobe and fashion ("Do you believe there is such a thing as a gender-neutral pant?") this book scores homerun after homerun. If you take it seriously or just read it for laughs, it is well worth the conservative \$17.98 price tag. Get it at *Slowtrain Records* or at *Chunklet.com*.

SALT LAKE CITY'S INDIE CRED TEST:

	YES	NO		YES	NO
Were you once vegan or straight edge but you're not anymore?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you currently own a <i>Heavy Metal Shop</i> hoodie but have never purchased a CD/record from said shop?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you have XXX tattoos but now you drink and smoke?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you only go to shows if you are on the guest list?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Did you recently trade in your mountain bike for a fixie?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Does wearing Toms shoes make you feel like you are saving the world?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Have you ever been sent to rehab for recreationally taking your mom's Prozac?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you play in a band that could get signed if you really wanted to, but you don't really want to so you won't?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Have you ever "dated" Mike Brown?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Have you ever worked at Urban Outfitters?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Have you ever puked in the girl's bathroom at <i>Urban Lounge</i> ?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Have you ever "worked" for <i>SLUG Magazine</i> ?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you rebelling against your Mormon upbringing?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you wear chicken feather extensions in your hair?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

SMALL TIMERS



Photo: Peter Anderson

L-R: Pat Thompson, Eli Sasich, Dom Jefferies and Chris Sasich, the masterminds behind web series Small Timers.

By Levi Rounds
brandunthecat@gmail.com

Approximately two and a half years ago, a group of friends set out to create a 10-episode web series called *Small Timers*. *Small Timers* follows two college-age students—Steve and Elton—who find themselves in huge amounts of debt for various reasons. To try to solve their financial woes, the two turn to the world of petty crime, initially attempting ridiculous stunts such as snatching old ladies' purses before figuring out that the real way to cold hard cash is through drug dealing.

Chris Sasich, the writer behind *Small Timers*, landed on the idea for a webisode series after becoming somewhat frustrated with his experience in college. "I thought film school was shit," says Chris Sasich (who also produced the series and portrayed the character of Steve). "We just wanted to dive into something head first and see if we could handle it." After scrapping some initial scripts, Sasich teamed up with a handful of fellow *Judge Memorial* graduates to create what would eventually become *Small Timers*.

Once the ideas were set, Chris and **Eli Sasich**, along with **Dom Jefferies** and **Pat Thompson** on the technical end of things, took approximately a year of their lives to create the finished product: 10 webisodes, the majority of which fall under 10 minutes, that were released weekly on their website, smalltimerswebseries.com. They filmed for about a month last May and edited for the next eight months. All 10 webisodes are currently available on their website.

It's clearly well-made, and looks like a pricey endeavor. It makes you wonder if they have rich parents or a gloryhole website funding the project, but apparently that's not the case. Chris Sasich says, "It really didn't cost that much to do. It's just a bunch of dudes with specific talents that meshed well together. That, and a website called *Kickstarter*, which helps fund projects like this." Through the use of *Kickstarter*, they were able to raise \$3,050 in two weeks—\$50 over their initial goal. The money raised covered 100% of the filming and production costs, with most of it being spent on hard gear like sound equipment and batteries for cameras.

They are all funny people, and the end product is a testament to that. *Small Timers* features a dry sense of humor that is not opposed to the occasional gag. Although there are literally thousands of web series available, *Small Timers* stands well above most of what can be found on YouTube. "We watch a lot of them, and they aren't great," says Chris Sasich. "We think [*Small Timers*] is fucking good." It might sound like arrogance, but there's a fine line between arrogance and confidence, and once you watch a few other web series and compare them to *Small Timers*, you realize he's right. According to Eli Sasich, one of their bigger influences is *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*. "They didn't so much make webisodes, they made a rough version of that show, somebody picked it up, and now they get to make the show how they want," he says.

As the series progresses, Elton, who initially attempts to get rich by looking under dumpsters for dollar

bills and snatching purses from old ladies, begins to dabble in the world of drug dealing. As Elton dives into more lucrative petty crime, his confidence increases noticeably. According to Chris Sasich, this correlation was not accidental. "I based him off of Michael Corleone of the *Godfather* series," says Chris Sasich. Elton is essentially the type of character that didn't know what he was getting into, but instead of dealing with a horse head in a bed, he wears a wig and fake mustache at a party, trying to find drugs. Steve, one of Elton's accomplices, might be my favorite character in the series, because Chris Sasich wanted him to be a character like Walter Sobchak of *The Big Lebowski*. Any series that features characters inspired by Corleone and Sobchak is definitely worth following.

The decision to deal drugs leads Elton and Steve to meet an aloof drug dealer named Benny (played by Jefferies), who gets them into trouble that I don't even think he saw coming. Lady problems, beatings and chases ensue, and before Elton and Steve know it they are in way over their heads.

Although associate producer Jefferies says that *Small Timers* is completed and there are no further plans for that series, the crew behind the web series has some other projects in the works. They plan to create and submit a short to Sundance next year and hope to start work on another web series soon.

Check out all ten episodes of *Small Timers* on smalltimerswebseries.com.

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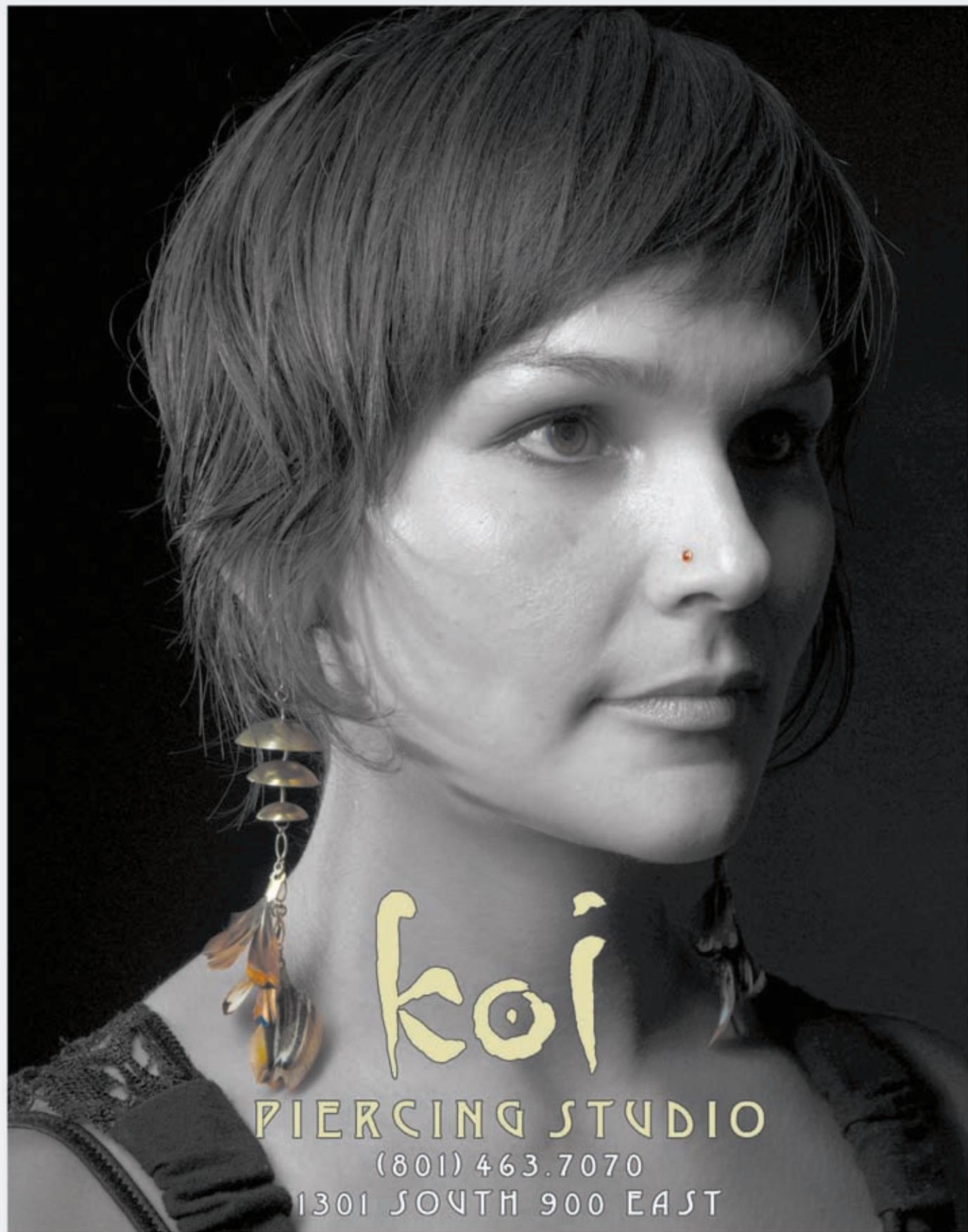


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Perhaps it's blasphemy, but Texas-based This Will Destroy You are what I imagine god would sound like if he were real and in an instrumental rock quartet. Their name may be just as pretentious as that statement, but once you hear any of the powerful tracks off their upcoming album *Tunnel Blanket*, to be released May 10 on **Suicide Squeeze**, it's clear This Will Destroy You are not feigning ambition. Blowing eardrums since '05, the band is hard to peg into any one genre. Not quite post-rock, definitely experimental, noisy in all the right ways and dynamic as a good fuck, This Will Destroy You succeeds in taking the abstract and forming it into beautiful, wordless songs (with incredibly wordy titles). **SLUG** had the privilege of speaking with drummer **Alex Bhoire** about all things TWDY before they headed out on their next tour.

SLUG: Do you think that being a band that plays solely instrumental music hinders your success, or do you think there's a definite market for that kind of music?
Bhoire: There's definitely a niche in the culture that has a fonder appreciation for music like we're making, but it goes both ways, we're starting to have the opportunity to do a little bit of film scoring, things that a traditionally arranged pop/rock band wouldn't necessarily be able to do. There are some sorts of boundaries as far as how popular our band could become, but that's okay. It's something to be said to having your niche, especially with how the whole music thing is now. Having a niche is, to me, an advantage. If you're doing something worthwhile, [there are people that] will really get behind your music and be loyal supporters of it instead of just fuckin' fair-weather fans that are into the flavor of the week.

SLUG: What was the concept behind *Tunnel Blanket*, and what kind of influences were you pulling from to create it?
Bhoire: The new record is really dark, [but] it's also really dynamic. It's incredibly quiet at times and incredibly loud at times, and that was something that we were pretty intent on focusing on. One major thing is that some of us in the band dealt with loss of friends and family, and that had a lot to do with it. Musically, it's definitely all over the map.

SLUG: What kind of "rock n' roll" instruments are you using?
Bhoire: On the record, we used 30 or 40 instruments, and there's a lot of stuff going on. On the previous releases, it wasn't completely limited to just this, but the band, for the most part, is a lot of guitar, a lot of bass, a lot of drums. Sometimes we'll just get on the instruments and work like that, but a lot of times people are on keyboards or other instruments that we've been using a lot more with the [new] music. It's fun to kind of travel around to different instruments when you're writing and see what pops out. [On the new album] there's a lot of strings and brass, a couple of instruments that people in the band made. A lot of the music that we're into involves a lot of ethnic

instruments. We wanted to explore as many different options for sound as we could with the record, and I think we'll continue to do that and try to keep making new sounds—keep trying to go into new territory with the band.

SLUG: How do you like the new record?
Bhoire: I feel really happy with it overall, and I think we all realized that a lot of the people that liked *Young Mountain*, the band's first record, aren't going to totally dig this stuff, but that's OK. We feel like we're really trying as hard as we can to keep pushing ourselves musically. That's really a big part of why we're doing what we're doing. We all like making music and pushing ourselves and expanding our horizons.

SLUG: How do you think TWDY fans will react to the tracks on *Tunnel Blanket*?
Bhoire: They're a little more bleak—there aren't any songs about happiness. I hope that people won't discount listening to the record because it is kind of a dark record, but there are brighter moments in it. I hope more people will start to give records a few spins instead of just listening to 30 seconds of a track on

their fuckin' Macbook. If you listen to our record on little laptop speakers, you're not going to be hearing half of the information. I would love it if more people would give thoughtful listens to records that take a little patience.

SLUG: What's your live show like? It sounds like it'd be difficult to pull off that much sound with just four of you on stage, especially in small venues.
Bhoire: I feel that on the records, we're very dynamic—very loud at points and also very quiet at points—I think we all kind of dig doing that live and shocking a crowd, going from 0 to 100 really fast, that's fun for us. There are spaces between certain songs that are very improvisational, and different things happen every night. We like playing in different types of places—whether it's a dive bar or a pristine beautiful hall, both extremes have their perks.

Salt Lake City is fortunate enough to host Bhoire and his bandmates, **Chris King** (guitar), **Jeremy Galindo** (guitar) and **Donovan Jones** (bass/keys) at *Kilby Court* on May 25. Get ready to rebuild your definition of music because This Will Destroy You. Read the extended interview on slugmag.com.

This Will Destroy You doesn't fuck around when it comes to music.

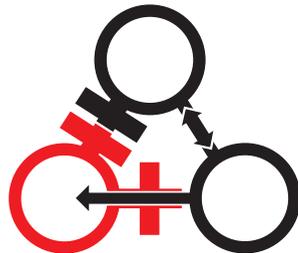


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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



Kinky Convention Season By Dr. Evil, Ph.D

It's officially 'kinky convention' season and Dr. Evil has just returned from the aptly named *Kinkfest* in Oregon. This year, the event broke all records for attendance (almost 1,000 kinksters) and is now the largest event of its kind west of the Mississippi, with the exception of the *Folsom Street Fair* in San Francisco (200,000 attendees) in September.

Anyone interested in all things consensually kinky can find an event to attend from spring to fall in the U.S., Canada, Australia, Asia and Europe. These conventions generally focus on education during the day with nightly play parties for men, women, queers and trans people over the age of 18. Although some events differ in minimum age requirements, all are open to paying registrants who are living or exploring a more alternative lifestyle and have a desire to connect with people of similar interests.

The three-day *Kinkfest* was held at the *Oregon Convention Center*, and the main dungeon had 18,000 square feet of play space. Opening ceremonies featured a human mobile of people tied Shibari-style hanging from I-beams from the ceiling. Classes on many topics were held daily. I assisted **Fakir** in a branding class and will go down in history as 'the person who almost blew up Fakir' because the torch malfunctioned! No harm, though. One instructor taught a class on the art of 'figging'—using a finger of fresh ginger as a slow arouser in the entrance of the anus. Classes

were packed and ran the gamut of refining singletail (whipping) skills, gender-queer bondage, erotic embarrassment, electronic stapling, creative disobedience, age play, cock and ball teasing, fisting and making scenes soar. There were almost three dozen vendors selling kinky supplies, from clothes to toys, affordable and elegant. I especially liked the new wearable bear and bunny claws. Seeing my supplier (*kinky-medical.net*) was a treat—**Bruce** had excellent deals on sutures and needles for play piercings.

Kink events are so numerous these days that the task of finding the right one for you and your kink can be overwhelming. All-male event? Trans event? Women-only event? Pan Play? One of my favorite sites to find conventions and friends is the social network site "Fetlife." My friend **John Baku**, a Canadian software engineer, started Fetlife in 2008. It has over half a million members worldwide and is free to join. There are almost twice as many discussion threads as members on virtually every fetish and kinky topic. Ads (not pop-ups) are nicely displayed in a small format off to the side, so the site is much more pleasant to participate in and read than porn sites. There are 2,000-plus event listings on Fetlife. Members create their own profile, add photos and information about themselves and most use a nom de plume or 'scene name' rather than their real life 'Facebook' bio info. If you donate to Fetlife, you will receive access to videos made by members, professional films and clips of a gamut of kinky stuff—funny, freaky, hot and horrid.

As of June, Dr. Evil's column can be found exclusively on *SLUG's* website and not the paper version—the change allows for the column to be larger, naughtier and even include interviews and reviews with a feedback area where you can ask questions or chime in. See you on the web, kids, and be safe, sane AND consensual.

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

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June 24, 25

Conserving A Culture, Framing The Future

Skate 4 Homies founder Todd Ingersoll reconnects with skateboarding through a youth mentoring program dedicated to the preservation of skateboarding. **Words and photography by: Chris Swainston swainstonphotography@gmail.com**



Pictured from left to right, the Liberty Park class lines up with Ingersoll and their instructors: James Nichols, Sage Brandt, Calvin Demery (S4H instructor), Koty Lopez (Youth City Instructor), Kasim BakenRa, Todd Ingersoll, Elijah Fryman, Ozzly Rallis, Devon O'Brian, Rahsaan Tronier, Donte Stroud, Sam Bray, Copper, Hedi Bogus, Erin Kelleher (Youth City instructor), James Jette.

"I wanted to do something that was a collective good, to show kids that they can be good and do good things together and have good things happen," says **Todd Ingersoll**, founder of Skate 4 Homies. It was a little over a year ago when Ingersoll had the idea to create a non-profit organization focused around the preservation of skateboarding through youth mentoring programs. "Really, what [Skate 4 Homies] is all about is giving back, doing the community a service," says Ingersoll.

In 2000, Ingersoll moved to Salt Lake City in pursuit of a professional snowboarding career. He spent the next three years snowboarding and working at the *Snowbird Mountain School* before a slew of injuries pushed him out. For seven years, Ingersoll ignored his lifelong passions of skateboarding and snowboarding to make a living in construction. "I looked back at seven years of hustling in the construction industry trying to make a living and I thought, I'm not skateboarding anymore, I'm not snowboarding anymore. I'm not

doing anything I did for nearly three-fourths of my life. I'm wasting my life by not enjoying this stuff," he says.

In March 2010, Ingersoll sat in his garage staring at an old pile of skateboards, thinking of how he could get out of construction and reconnect with skateboarding. "The skate company and clothing company thing has all been done before," says Ingersoll. "It seems like everyone in the industry wants to make money, be on top and be the man. I wanted to do something that gave back and be the man that way." He thought starting a non-profit would give him a chance to reconnect with skateboarding and give back to the community at the same time. From that moment on, he started building towards launching Skate 4 Homies.

Using his own money, he rounded up 30 brand-new skateboards and started searching for an existing foundation to partner with. Unfortunately, because he did not have the appropriate tax codes and government paperwork filled out, his

initial attempts were immediately shut down. "I could get a contracting license tomorrow and blow somebody's house up, but to help people is a ridiculous deal. It's like a secret society," says Ingersoll.

Not one to let others thwart his efforts, he kept searching for an organization that wanted what he had to offer. Eventually, it was **Kim Thomas**, the program manager at **Youth City**, that took a liking to Ingersoll's proposal. Youth City is an inclusive after-school development program working with mostly middle-to low-income youth. "Skate 4 Homies' goal is the same as ours, and that is to work with kids. They are amazing—I'm glad I said yes," says Thomas. According to Ingersoll, Youth City wasn't immediately concerned about the lack of tax codes and paperwork. Anything he wanted to incorporate was a go with Youth City. They just wanted him to show up and implement skateboard culture, along with technique and safety, to the kids. "Much of Youth City's programs are based on sequential skill building,

and skateboarding is exactly that. It's a task that requires the kids' attention. They have to be focused, in the moment. They have to know what skills they have and don't have—they can't fake it," says Thomas.

Thus, the foundation's partnership with Youth City was formed. Youth City helped introduced Skate 4 Homies into the community of non-profits, while covering them under their insurance. The partnership presented Ingersoll and his foundation the opportunity to reach out and help the kids he was seeking. "I want to give these kids focus and give them a drive, to have them realize no matter what background you have or what financial situation you come from, you can do well in skateboarding," says Ingersoll.

The first program launched in October of 2010 through the Youth City after school program at *Ottinger Hall* (233 N. Canyon Road). Fast-forward seven months and the program has expanded to *Liberty Park*, *Fairmont Park* and both the youth and teen programs at *Central City Recreation Center*. There are a total of 160 students enrolled in the program, which meets five nights a week from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m., with the teens meeting on Wednesday from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

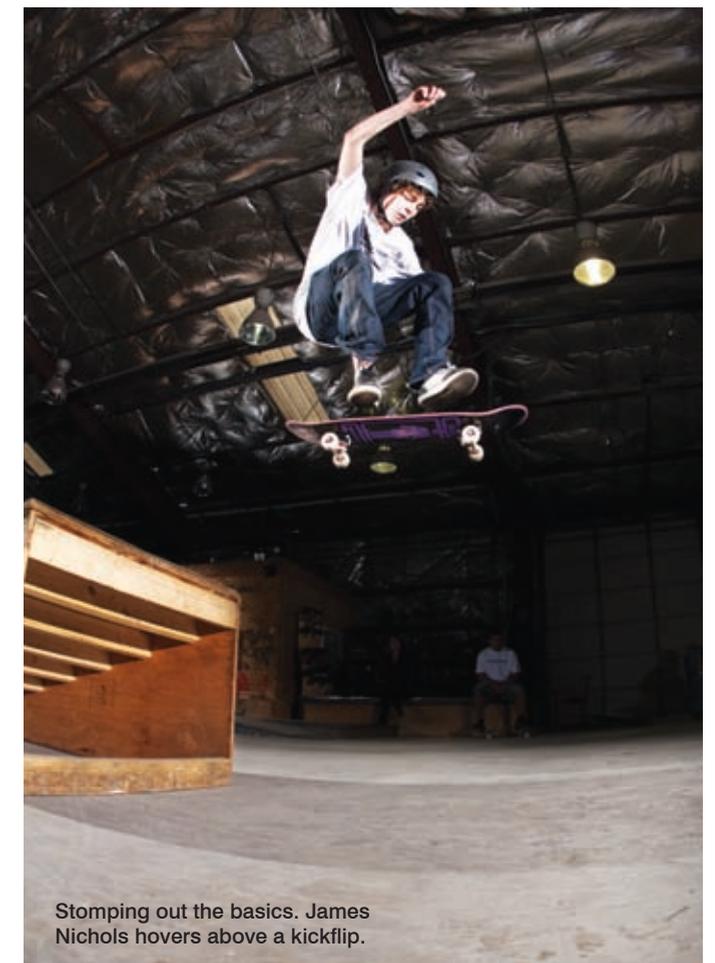
In the beginning, Ingersoll worked out of his home, where he stored all the equipment and supplies he need for each class. He visited each facility on their scheduled day, then took the kids to a nearby skatepark for the lesson program. It worked, but the foundation lacked a place to call home and valuable time was wasted traveling to and from the different sites. Ingersoll wanted to expand the foundation into a warehouse that could be a homebase for Skate 4 Homies. "Having a warehouse has always been a long-term goal for the foundation. I was looking for a space downtown to be our own private training compound for these kids," says Ingersoll.

In March 2011—one year after the conception of Skate 4 Homies—Ingersoll acquired a 7,000 square foot warehouse. The plan is to design a place for skaters of all different abilities to come and skate: from kids that can't push, to pros and locals that are taking skateboarding to new levels. Ingersoll also hopes that the warehouse will give the kids a feeling of ownership. The main space (approximately 49 feet by 52 feet) will house a semi-permanent street setup and two loft spaces for spectators and kids to hang out in. The second space (approximately 30 feet by 60 feet) will be a freeform, ever-changing space filled with movable obstacles. Skateboarding never stays the same—neither should the things you skate. Mid-July 2011 is the projected date to finish the park. The first feature, a manual pad and concrete ledge setup, is finished, and the second, a long and low five stair with ledges on either side, is underway.

With help from attorney and girlfriend **Heidi Bogus**, Ingersoll has filed the 501c3 federal tax code paperwork and is six months into the two-year probationary period before their non-profit status can be approved. "It's a scary thing. If the state doesn't approve us, they will make us dissolve instantaneously and they are dead serious about it," says Ingersoll.



Sage Brandt spreads his wings and soars a BS 180.



Stomping out the basics. James Nichols hovers above a kickflip.

As it stands now, all students of Skate 4 Homies must also be a part of Youth City. Ingersoll teaches the majority of classes with additional help from volunteers like **Calvin Demery** from the teen program at *Central City* and local skaters from around the valley. Class starts with a freeform warm-up session before moving to the more structured curriculum focused on mastering the basics. "Right from the beginning, I noticed there were a lot of problems with kids pushing mongo and wanting to have their trucks overly tight. So step one was a push-glide-push then drag your foot to stop," says Ingersoll. From there, he works with them on balance and turning with one foot and tic-tacing around for better board control. He has the better kids run in with more speed and practice in their switch stance along with trick-oriented basics like ollies, dropping in and kick turns. "Every day I come up with a new idea and I test a portion of that. I don't ever want to get lame. Being lame would do [Skate 4 Homies] no justice for what it could be," says Ingersoll.

Skate 4 Homies is much more than just learning how to skateboard, though. "Some of these kids come from really poor homes, some of them

have learning disabilities and we didn't know that going into it. It is a role model situation. The kids look at me like I'm somebody, so they feel special being a part of it all," says Ingersoll.

When it's not four wheels down, it's heads up with teachings about skatepark etiquette, spatial awareness, safety

"I want to give these kids focus and give them a drive ..."

courses, skateboard maintenance and even creative art projects. In December, Skate 4 Homies had a painted board art show that hung at the *Discovery Gateway*. Ingersoll also implemented a logo design course over the winter. "It was snowing and we didn't have our own park yet. I had all the kids create their own company

name and logo that I screen printed onto T-shirts and bandanas for them. They were super hyped on that," says Ingersoll.

As far as funding for the program goes, Ingersoll has had tremendous help with gear from S-One Helmets, URF boards based out of L.A., Habitat Skateboards and local shops like *Brick and Mortar*, *Technique* and *Epic Boardshop* in Park City—who just donated \$2,600 dollars in product. Although he has had some help from private funding and is in the process of looking for grants that are specific to Skate 4 Homies, ultimately when it's time to pony up cash for things like rent for the warehouse and building materials, Ingersoll pays out of pocket. "I'm really poor, really broke, but I love every day. It's so much better than making money in construction. I hated my life then. Now I love it. It's like, who cares, let's go skate with kids," says Ingersoll.

The foundation's footprint is rapidly growing. Ingersoll says he is already getting emails from other people that want to start chapters of Skate 4 Homies in other parts of the country. "Basically, for Skate 4 Homies to expand who we're helping right now, I want to reach more kids," says Ingersoll. Working towards that goal, Skate 4 Homies will be teaming up with Maloof Skateboarding, an organization aimed at bringing a broader view of skateboarding to the world through professional and amateur contests. On June 4 and 5, Skate 4 Homies will be hosting a skate valet and information booth at the *Maloof Money Cup* tour in Flushing Meadows, New York—the organization's most widely known premier skateboard event. They will continue the tour with the *Money Cup* to events in Orange County and South Africa—dates for those events have yet to be released. On July 24, Ingersoll will again team up with Maloof on their nationwide give-back skate tour, a two-day event that features a local contest at the Orem *Milosport* and provides a community service project that correlates with skateboarding on the second day. In addition to these events, Ingersoll will host a premier of the *Technique* video on May 13 at the Skate 4 Homies warehouse.

Ingersoll plans to continue building the program and hopes to eventually expand to a much larger warehouse while working with other foundations like **Autism Hope** and the **Utah Arts Alliance** to give back as a collective good. "Sky's the limit," says Ingersoll regarding Skate 4 Homies' future. "I want to have Skate 4 Homies all over the country, maybe all over the world."

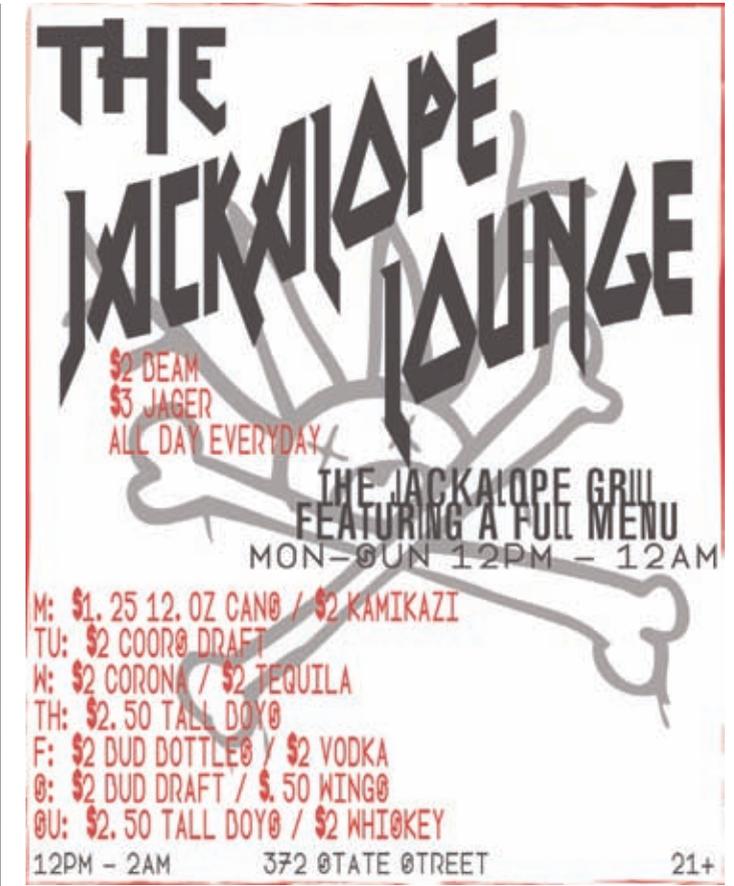
Check out skate4homies.com for more information about the foundation and ways to give back and donate to the foundation. Visit slugmag.com for more photos.



Beyond the basic, Elijah Fryman takes his tranny to the next level, blunt pull.



Todd Ingersoll welding for the future.



SAVING THE PLANET ONE PAIR OF SLACKS AT A TIME

EVERYDAY

By Tully Flynn

paulmillsap@yahoo.com

I'm fucking fed up with this doom and gloom. The sun came up this morning so I'm happy as a clam. Barring the next global calamity, I think we should all splash some cold water on our faces and take a chill pill. Like the late great master of the moonwalk used to say, "Take a look at yourself and make a change." Yes sir, I'm talking about the man in the mirror. While all the gloomsters mope about talking the talk, I met a pair of seamsters who have been doing some walking—walking in handcrafted threads that they have created for the local market. It seems that the overwhelming majority loves the big box—just go people watching at Walmart sometime. I do not know what cave these freaks crawled out of, but the word "troglydte" sure is fitting. I don't mean to judge—I'm the first in line at the county fair every year—but why pay for a freak show when this shit show is churning out mutants by the dozen? If you can't beat 'em, don't join 'em. Salt Lake has a thriving local community of motivated shakers and movers creating real change on the local level, and I'm proud to introduce a new crew to the fold—**Ben Gustafson** and **Jared Smith**, creators of *Everyday*.

Everyday (ED for short) was spinning in the A.D.D.-riddled heads of Smith and Gustafson for years. Although Gustafson and Smith had been acquaintances for a number of years, they didn't start hanging out until last summer, which is when they realized they had a lot in common. They both have half-pipes in their backyard, work at local bars, share common mental disorders and get really loud when drunk. This last commonality was probably the reason they hadn't collaborated sooner, seeing as how

they couldn't hear each other talking "sewing machine shop" over their own drunken rants. On one fateful evening, however, I think a bell rang in one head as a light bulb went off in the other and it's been a beautiful thing ever since. Both on their own little trips, slowly throwing together designs, patterns and styles. Smith was mastering custom hats while Gustafson was focusing more on the pant. This is where their O.C.D. came into play—they both just couldn't find anything that fit in the Chinese product-based stores. So they took it upon themselves to make shit that fit.

"We're not capitalizing, we're just clamming," says Smith. Not wanting to turn this into some stressful business venture, they aren't going

to get caught up in the money side of things. They aren't trying to make it rich, by any means. "Do what you love and the money will follow," he says. They've set up shop down at *Kilby Court*, in a studio next to Salt Lake's perfect half-pipe. It seems this duo can't spend too much time away from a ramp. That's why I trust the intent of what they're doing. It's a simple love and passion for things that make sense. Working for the man and buying Chinese crap just doesn't. They both scream in my ear, seemingly in practiced unison, "Bring the business home!"

Gustafson says, "The bottom line is we're taking it back to the roots—before oil happened and we were shipping products across seas. That doesn't work. A stable economy happens when everything is local." It doesn't stop there. In fact, that's just the beginning. "Change the protocol of everything—starting with the way it goes from being a plant to being on your body," says Smith. They have a business plan to be as

green as possible, including finding organic local fabrics. I heard them talking about bamboo fibers and I started worrying about pandas, but they assured me the cuddly guys would have plenty of food. Forget cargo ships polluting and probably killing dolphins as they molest the oceans, Gustafson is going to be out delivering his goods via bike.

They're doing their part to make this world a better place to breathe, but that's only the first objective of ED, the second being custom fit. "There is a disconnect between China and what people want. They've told us how it fits, but it doesn't fit. We're going to make it fit—people aren't squares," says Gustafson as

he demonstrates this idea with his hands. Hanes and Fruit of the Loom don't know what progressive-minded people want. I guess it's that we don't want to look like we came out of a cookie cutter. There's just something about being comfortable in a T-shirt and slacks that money can't buy. They've painstakingly created all original patterns because they know what works. You can tell by their look of total disgust over things like the "cupcake" look that a poorly designed hoodie can create. When you're wearing ED gear, you're going to look like you just stepped out of the tailor's.

"Come down, drink a beer, we'll make you a pair of pants," Gustafson tells me. That's the beauty of it—they're not trying to break into some high fashion shit, they are blue-collar dudes who get their seam on. ED specializes in four varieties of pants: a stretch denim that is good for street wear, a polyester Wrangler-style grandpa pant, a specialized sweatpant that doesn't wear like your George Costanza pant and finally, the action slack, which makes for a great springtime snowboard pant. As if this wasn't perfect enough, every pair of slacks is made by hand by Gustafson and Smith.

I've finally found my Zen. I'm going to have a custom sweat suit made. I've been dreaming

about this outfit all my life—brown with gold thread and a custom fit—ready for the track, yoga mat or skatepark. You can find your inner Zen too, simply by supporting local business. Do what you love and the clams just jump in your bucket, no big deal, it's just that simple.

You can find their pants at *Brick & Mortar*, *Blindside* and *Fresh* for now, but as summer approaches, expect reversible tank tops, hats and other accessories to start appearing. It will only be a matter of time 'til the revolution catches on and their quality gear finds itself on shelves all across the valley.



Jared Smith and Ben Gustafson in their office/studio.



Smith, finishing some pants.



Gustafson cutting out a pair of sweats.

Photos: Adam Dorobiala

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SLUG MAG

///. PRODUCT REVIEWS

Semifold

The Charlie Baker Sneaker
Semifold.com



When SLUG's action sports editor, **Adam Dorobiala**, said these shoes made him think of me, I was a little offended. These shoes are totally fugly. Remember when **Kris Kross** was cool? Yeah, me neither. They're like a bad China Town knock off, like someone tried really hard to rip off **Chuck Taylors** but they totally fucked up. Plus, tying your shoes backward is rather difficult. After struggling like a six-year-old every time I wanted to wear these, I tied them so they could slip on and off. The first night I wore them I went dancing at the *W Lounge*. Even though everyone I was with made fun of me, they were surprisingly good dancing shoes—I busted lame dance moves all night. When the snow gods took a fat dump on the valley, I was skeptical about Charlie's performance in the snow due to memories of miserable walks home from high school in soggy Chucks. These, however, are far more waterproof than their unretarded brethren. Throw on a pair of wool socks and your feet are guaranteed to stay dry and toasty. Over the past few weeks, I've fallen in love with these shoes. I've come to find their oddities endearing, and I'm glad Dorobiala thought of me when he saw them. They might be ugly, but they're great shoes and I totally see them catching on. Plus, they're ironic and everyone knows hipsters love irony. If you want to stay ahead of the hip kids, I suggest you swoop a pair ASAP. Hurry up so I can stop looking like a dumbass. —Katie Panzer

Backup Pocket Co.

Backup Pocket
Backuppocketco.com
From the Backup Pocket Co. comes this back-up first-aid and accessory pocket that straps conveniently to the outside of your snowboard or ski boot. As with most new products, I was skeptical of how practical and "convenient" this backup pocket really was. At first look, it was just bulky and

unnecessary. Plus, it came with band-aids, gauze pads and alcohol prep wipes. You're not going to need any of that at a resort, so the backcountry would be the obvious place to use it. Even there, are cuts and scrapes really what you're going to be worried about? Although it didn't seem very promising, this little accessory turned out to be pretty cool. I decided to try it as a place to put my phone and pass, since my hip new snow pants are too tight for either of those. It didn't get in the way of my high back like I initially thought it would, and I actually forgot I was wearing it until the lifty checked me for my pass. Other than a phone, the pocket is good for keeping a ratchet, keys, money, candy and I'm sure there's at least one other thing that I'm not thinking of that you'd generally want to keep hidden. Even if you don't find a use for the backup pocket while snowboarding or skiing, you can just as easily take it hiking or camping with you where the gauze pads and band-aids would actually serve a purpose. —Chris Proctor

Ecko UNLTD

Boat Shoe
ShopEcko.com
Take 'em to the streets. These Ecko UNLTD boat shoes are a utility. A playful, fire-engine red on these with white trim makes 'em perfect for any occasion. Red is my color and, luckily, it goes well with a lot of spring fashions this year. The canvas upper makes for a comfy ride all day, from hustlin' the streets to gettin' it on at the club, these jams come in hot. Truth be told, I got mine a bit dirty getting into some healthy mischief and they are still shining like a whore's gold tooth. If you're a fan of the waffle soles on Vans, then these will not disappoint. They have a real low profile so you get a good feel for the earth. My only complaint about these things is the toe cap area—a lack of design definition at the toe ridge makes these seem similar to clown shoes, and with red laces, it can push it. That being said, these are still fresh, and perfect for your spring lineup. Get out there! —Jemie Sprankle.

Sony/ PIIQ

Qlasp Clip On Earbuds
Piiq.com
It seems like most brands are hopping on the bandwagon in creating offshoot product lines to cater to those extreme sports enthusiasts, and Sony is no exception. The new PIIQ line from Sony is marketed towards the youth skateboarders and snowboarders out there who like to skate/ride with music in ear at all times, and they have come out with a team of skateboarders that have the marketability of grossing intense net income for the company. **Tom Asta** and **Chris Cole** have that genre-specific ability to promote a product they may not give a shit about, hence why they are on the 'team.' The Qlasp earbuds are actually rather nice, with sound performance for days and other features,

like a gold-plated stereo plug, among a few others, which make them stand above their rivals in the price range. The style, however, is another story altogether. The "revolutionary" design of the clips holding on to your earlobes while, and I quote, "... Clips on and hangs tough through all your tricks, flips and whatever," are more of a pain than a help. It feels like you are trying to stretch your gauges out after extended use with the clips in place. With that said, if you are looking for quality headphones, look no further. The only catch is that you just may have to modify the earbuds to sit/clip comfortably with your lobes. —Rusty Shackelford

Face Nozzle

Custom Face Nozzle
Facenozzle.com
Face Nozzle is a facemask company based right here in Salt Lake City. Every single facemask is handmade and completely unique, which means once you have your facemask, nobody else has that same design. Even better, they take requests. This means you are the designer. Pick any picture, logo or pattern you want and they will make it for you. As for functionality, the facemasks are reversible with cloth on one side and fleece on the other, held around your face with Velcro. Nothing too fancy, but it gets the job done. For instance, I wore mine to PCMR the other day and got this girl's number who I rode the chairlift with. Coincidence? I think not. Right now on their website, they have about 35 different designs, ranging from douche sports logos and American flags to tie-dye or plaid. Remember, you can request your own, but if you see one you like, you better snatch it up quick 'cause "once they're gone, they're gone." —Chris Proctor

Salon Grafix

Travel-Size Invisible Dry Spray Shampoo
Salongrafix.com
I had never heard of spray-on shampoo until I was handed a little bottle of Salon Grafix Dry Spray Shampoo. Since my hair was in its typical state of supreme greasiness, my coworkers suggested I try it right away. I sprayed one side of my head and gently massaged it into my scalp. Result: One side of my head looked like a wet dog and the other a nice fresh head of hair! If you're a fellow dirt merchant like myself and don't feel it necessary to wash your hair every time you shower to keep that greasy look that women love, but don't want your mom or boss to yell at you, I suggest you buy a bottle of this. Apply it to your nappy hair before your mom visits or you go to work, and no one will know you haven't washed your hair for the past three months. This would also be useful for those ladies who feel it necessary to have their hair nice and clean on camping trips (because animals judge, too). So I suggest you go grab a \$3.00 bottle of this for your next camping trip or daily life. —Jeremy Riley

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SKATE SENSEI

suggestions of a sage

Words and ILLUSTRATIONS By: TULLY FLYNN
PAULMILLSAP@yahoo.com

It is my true will to guide you, my dear student, on a journey—a quest into the realm unbeknownst to the many—a path less tread. In realization of certain mystery, I must be careful to speak in clear, concise language free from elicit jargon and fancy-free phantasmagoria. The concepts I allege apply to mystical acts, known by the blind as skateboard tricks. Once we clear the cobwebs of confusion, the simplicity of skate mastery can be seen clearly. I have chosen to gently persuade you through a thought I call “The Manhole Theory.” The Manhole Theory is a scientifically sound objective lesson designed to prove the existence of God, but more importantly, teach a novice skateboarder how to kickflip (or switch heelflip, which is what I have demonstrated) a 10 stair.

It is not my will to sell you into slavery of some new thought pattern to be used for material gain and ultimately your imprisoned demise. No, the machinations of the perverted soul (the mass of you carrying the cross of capitalism), will not easily be attained through my cosmic-tested, mother-approved methods. Oppositely, the pure of spirit (the few imaginative truth seekers treading lightly in muddy waters), will thrive in skateboarding bliss as the young apprentice divulges, meditates and actively practices the soon-to-be discussed lesson. And finally, as our pagan roots unearth, we find the type who simply yearns for pleasure—whatever his/her desire might be regarding the outcome of aforementioned stimulus. But let’s not denounce the heathen. In fact, praise be on them from up high. However, stimulus will be your end result, missing out on the ambrosia when you divert course for the Kool-Aid, man.

Let us begin with a fresh mind, seeking truth and seeing reality. Our mission, namely, is to demystify the simple machine we will investigate metaphysically. Devised of common Egyptian pyramid building mechanics (go figure), the skateboard becomes a magic carpet given the proper circumstance. Forgive my jest and I will get down to brass tacks. The heart of the skateboard would be the wood, or deck, which is (when activated) a lever. Now, the other obvious machines at work here are the axle and wheel—mounted to the trucks using a pivot system, they engage the soul of the setup. All that is left is you, the pilot, and you know who you are and what you are made of so let’s move on quickly, before we muddle ourselves in philosophy. It has been said by the magician/yogi **Aleister Crowley**, and I will make mention to it once again, “For, like all great things, it is simple; but like all great things, it is masked by confused thinking.” With that as our guide, let us make a vow of beginner’s mind as we venture the causeways of mystical skateboarding.

Lesson #1
The Manhole Theory

As our first lesson, I see it fitting that we start with a universal theme and at beginner level entry. Now let me quickly state, as we lose ourselves to semantics, we must find ourselves again through universal truths. In this case, we must ponder the territory of physics, more astutely—speed and time. These two laws generally add up to the universal idea of space and, in our case, the diameter of a sewer lid. Being earth stricken, men are on average within the maximum size limit of being able to fit down a manhole, thus they are, universally speaking, the same size. And so I can, with



confidence, state that any trick done over a manhole can be done down a 10 stair. I care not to verbally describe the trivial details pertaining to The Manhole Theory (i.e. stair size, etc.), given that stairs are not a universal size, the count could be different. For those of you who wish for visualization, I have drawn up a detailed schematic pinpointing your spiritual liberation on the following pages. It comes down to the matter of speed to clear the manhole and time to do the feat—simple as one plus one. Two manholes, equal trickery down a 20 stair and so on until your knees explode, and riding away cleanly is of a completely separate matter. The only way to eat an elephant is one bite at a time.

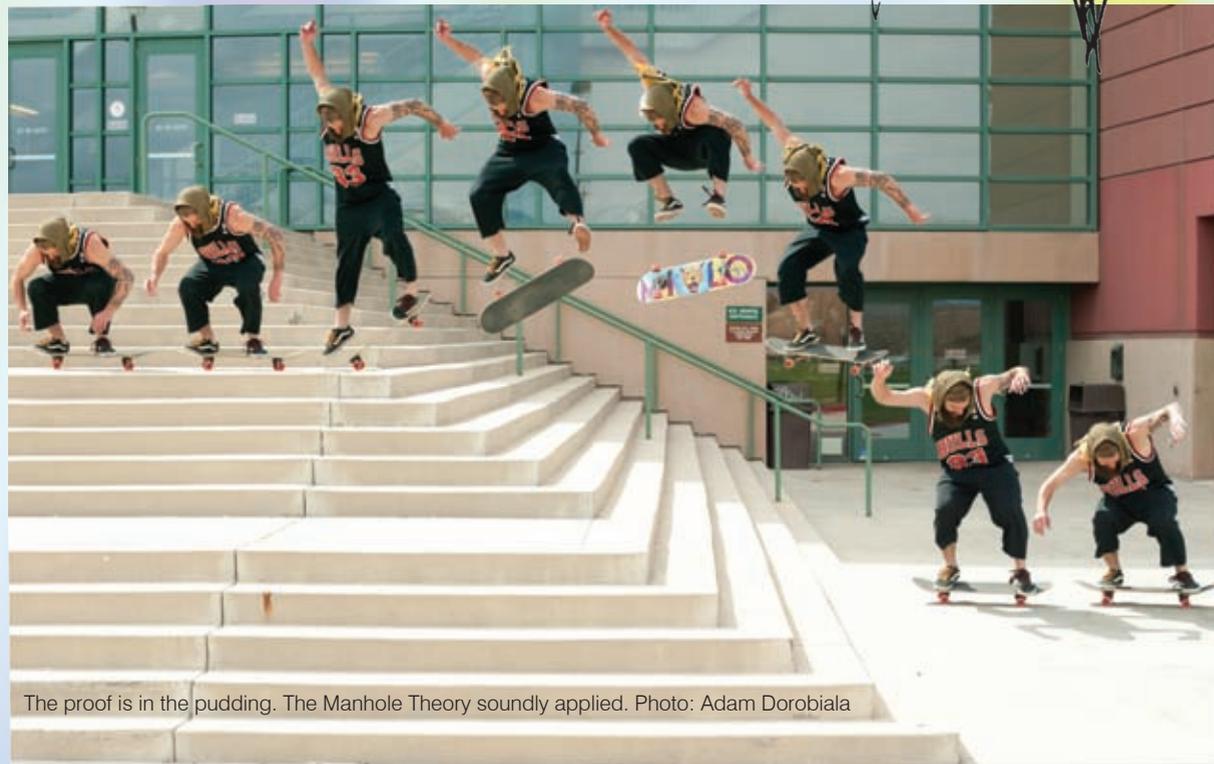
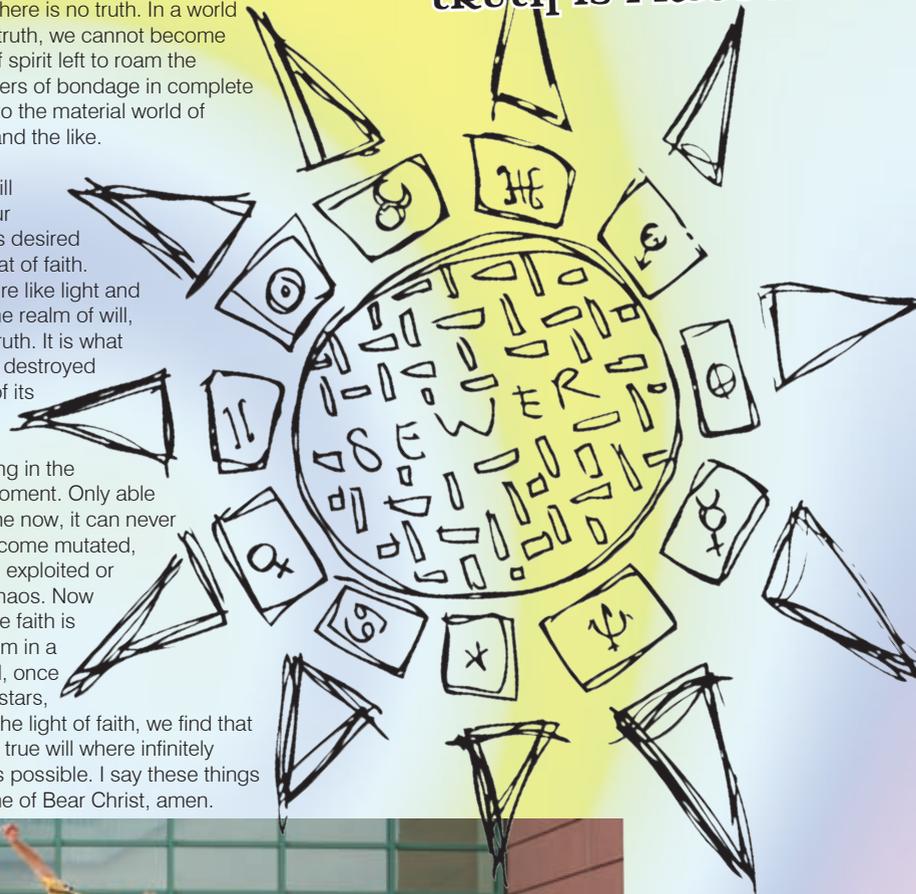
This same theory can be chalked up to a handrail equation, but given the differing variables of differing handrail heights, I will keep our first lesson novice-worthy and stick with stairs/gaps this month. Now that I have offered this incredibly idiosyncratic idea, you must want to tell me how I speak ideally on purely relative terms—making me quite the naif. Expecting nothing less from my pupils, I applaud you. However, the grand variable that always wiggles in is our arcane, truly unevolved minds. Do you really think that if you used your gigantic brain for little more than survival, we as a species would be where we are today and where we are going for that matter? No! For Christ's sake, it's going to take a miracle to open the mind however briefly, to accomplish the obviously possible impossible. To you, my devout, I conclude with this obscure relevance that may have profound consequence: You either know The Manhole Theory or you have faith in The Manhole Theory. Faith being the eternal component, coursing throughout every cell in our bodies as it strives to liberate the soul. I find it hard to believe that without it the impossible is possible.

Epilogue

As a post-script, I will address the nature of the seeming madness I just discussed. To know is simple. It is to use one's senses and intellect to devise a mind pattern regarding an object or idea desiring knowledge of, making this object a piece of the mind, a phantom in that endless abyss of the imagination. This, then, is an infinite of chaos, where nothing is as it seems and therefore there is no truth. In a world devoid of truth, we cannot become masters of spirit left to roam the murky waters of bondage in complete servitude to the material world of suffering and the like.

Now we will redirect our intent to its desired course: that of faith. Faith is pure like light and exists in the realm of will, love and truth. It is what cannot be destroyed because of its eternal nature of only existing in the present moment. Only able to live in the now, it can never decay, become mutated, corrupted, exploited or given to chaos. Now that we see faith is our freedom in a dark world, once we fix our stars, orbit with the light of faith, we find that love is our true will where infinitely anything is possible. I say these things in the name of Bear Christ, amen.

**FAITH IS LIGHT,
LIGHT IS LOVE,
LOVE IS TRUTH,
TRUTH IS FREEDOM.**



The proof is in the pudding. The Manhole Theory soundly applied. Photo: Adam Dorobiala

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THE RISE, FALL AND REBIRTH OF SALT CYCLE

By Esther Meroño

esther@slugmag.com



Neglected in dark closets, rusting alongside chain link fences and perhaps even torn apart and piled into boxes, the bicycles in this city have suffered a long, lonely winter as their owners set them aside to don ski masks and snow boots.

As cuffs slowly rise with the temperature, so do thoughts of smooth saddles, glistening cranks and spinning spokes. Like lovers reunited, the fair-weather cyclists mount their steeds and hit the salty streets in droves.

Here to organize the enamored masses and spread the love is SaltCycle.

Founded in 2006 by **Cory “Zed” Bailey** as a means to promote cycling events and form a community, SaltCycle became an important resource for the growing cycling community in Salt Lake. “It started out as a personal blog,” says Bailey. “For the longest time, it was just me posting, and then people started gaining interest and it started blooming after that.” Blogging about midnight rides, freak-bike projects and experiences he had out on the road, Bailey’s desire to spread his love of bicycling to others and promote events led him to reach out to fellow cyclists to contribute, most of whom he met at events such as *Critical Mass*. “It was basically an impetus to say, ‘Let’s take this to the streets,’ so I think from the very beginning of it, I didn’t want it to be my own recollection, but to spread it further out,” he says.

Looking through the archives at *SaltCycle.com*, it’s amazing to see how eclectic and prolific the cycling community became through this venue of organization. During its peak in 2008, there were 299 posts about everything from alleycat races and group rides to film festivals, protests and product reviews.

Unfortunately, unlike the bicycle meccas of Portland and San Francisco, the “greatest snow on Earth” that brings so many to Salt Lake also drives the multitude of cyclists indoors. The strong and brave who ride through the ice and snow are few, and as the leaves fall from the trees, so does attendance. “The problem that exists in Salt Lake City is that every winter, the cycling scene dies. Essentially, you have to rebuild it from new, and that’s not an easy task. Not only are you rebuilding the cycling community from scratch, but you get on that bicycle in the spring and you don’t wanna ride,” says Bailey. Slightly burned out from the responsibility and eager to keep experimenting with SaltCycle’s format and potential, Bailey stripped down the site into a forum in 2009, which decreased traffic considerably. He says that any mistakes he made concerning the site were due to the fact that nothing as intimate as SaltCycle had been done before, and laying the groundwork for something new required experimentation. Bailey ended up passing along the project to **Davey Davis**, a longtime staple in the cycling community, who attempted to restore SaltCycle to its former glory and revitalize the scene by organizing as many events as possible.

Davis’ ceaseless dedication and genuine excitement over cycling and the arts led to another burst of enthusiasm from the community, perpetuated by his short film/bike opera, *The Tale of Don Giovanni: That Indomitable Hipster*. As part of the promotion for the film, Davis held an alleycat race before its premiere on April 24, 2010, garnering a ridiculously large, custom-



Over 100 cyclists rode to the first annual Bike Prom last month on April 16.

Photo: Max Lowe

made messenger bag from Jacksonville, Fla. based **Buro Bags** for the winner, the words “Look At That Fucking Hipster” printed boldly across the front. The winner of the alleycat and the bag was none other than Davis’ fellow film guru, **Alex Haworth**. Why anyone would willingly tote around such a large magnet for ridicule was considered by the two, and perhaps realizing that Davis would not be around forever to keep the cycling community afloat (he is currently teaching film in Pakistan), they



Current King of the Hipsters, Gary Hurst, ponders the weight of his crown/bag.

Photo: Max Lowe

established “The Mantle.” Starting with the first *King of the Hipsters* alleycat on Dec. 16, 2010, the winner shall be crowned “King/Queen of the Hipsters” and must wear the Fucking Hipster bag as much as possible during a three-month reign. After three months, the winner has to pass on the bag to a new king or queen by organizing a cycling event, alleycat or otherwise—rain or shine. “Hopefully it’ll live on forever,” says **Joergen Trepp**, the second to don the crown of “King of the Hipsters” and current co-administrator of SaltCycle. Trepp recently passed the crown to **Gary Hurst**, winner of the last and second *King of the Hipsters* alleycat.

Before leaving for Pakistan, Davis passed along his SaltCycle administrative duties to Trepp and **Tom Millar**, who was a fervent contributor a couple of years back. These two young cyclists have already made huge steps in putting SaltCycle back on its feet and have some ambitious plans for its future. Inspired in part by *BikePortland.org*, the site now has tabs for product reviews, cyclist bios and even bicycle-related city projects. Millar says, “SaltCycle for me, more than anything, has a lot of potential. It helped me to meet a lot of people,

to become more comfortable with the cycling community.” He believes SaltCycle helps many lone cyclists assimilate into the SLC cycling community. “[SaltCycle] is a vehicle . . . to make things bigger and better in Salt Lake, get more people out to events,” says Trepp. The two have completely revamped the website, adding a “personal touch” in an effort to reach out to the community and it has already seen an increase in posts and comments since last year. A

Facebook group started by dedicated cyclist **Ryan McCalmon** has also helped with the promotion of events and organization of rides, and can be found

by searching “SaltCycle” on Facebook, but Trepp and Millar hope to redirect some of that traffic to the website so that information is more easily accessible to the community as a whole. “Hopefully it gets to the point where it’s like, I’m unemployed, I want to save money, recently lost my license, just want to ride a bike to get in shape, whatever, SaltCycle, for those living in Salt Lake City, is their resource,” says Trepp. “They go to SaltCycle with this notion in mind, ‘I need to get on a bike, I want to become a biker.’ It may not give them enough info for what to do with the bike, but it’ll tell them where to go.”

Aside from the history-making *Bike Prom 2011* on April 16, which brought together an unprecedented 100-plus cyclists to ride in costume as a benefit for the **Salt Lake City Bicycle Collective**, most of the recent events on SaltCycle have been lung-cracking races and alleycats organized by cyclists like Millar and Trepp who like a challenge. This, however, should not discourage cyclists of all levels. “I think people need to know that they can throw their own races, they don’t have to go through the bike czars of SaltCycle,” says Millar. “I think we could do better in fostering that by having more fun races, more laid back rides.”

Thus, the growth and success of Salt Lake’s cycling community is really up to you (yes, YOU!) and your bicycle. “The biggest thing that needs to be avoided is the figurehead mentality of just focusing on one person to bring things. You need to have multiple outlets, multiple people to bring things,” says Bailey. “So if you’re expecting one person to magnificently save you in the cycling scene of Salt Lake City, it’s just not going to happen.” SaltCycle belongs to all of us—all you have to do is get out there and ride a bike. “Doesn’t matter what you ride. We get so caught up in this fixed gear, single-speed, geared bike . . . Who gives a damn? As long as you’re out there bicycling, you are contributing,” says Bailey. “We need to have our numbers show that we are a group and we exist, and we deserve to be on the roads just as much as anyone else. I hope that’s what SaltCycle brings, just that single drive of bringing people out.”

Aside from riding your bike as much as possible in the upcoming months, you can help SaltCycle become all that it can be by attending a benefit alleycat on May 14 at 5:30 p.m. starting at Plum Alley (across from *Gallivan* about 50 E. 200 S.), organized to raise some funds to get the website up to speed and ready to service the community to its fullest extent.

Millar also encourages all cyclists to go to as many events as possible this month in celebration of Bike Month, all of which will be posted in the calendar on *SaltCycle.com*.

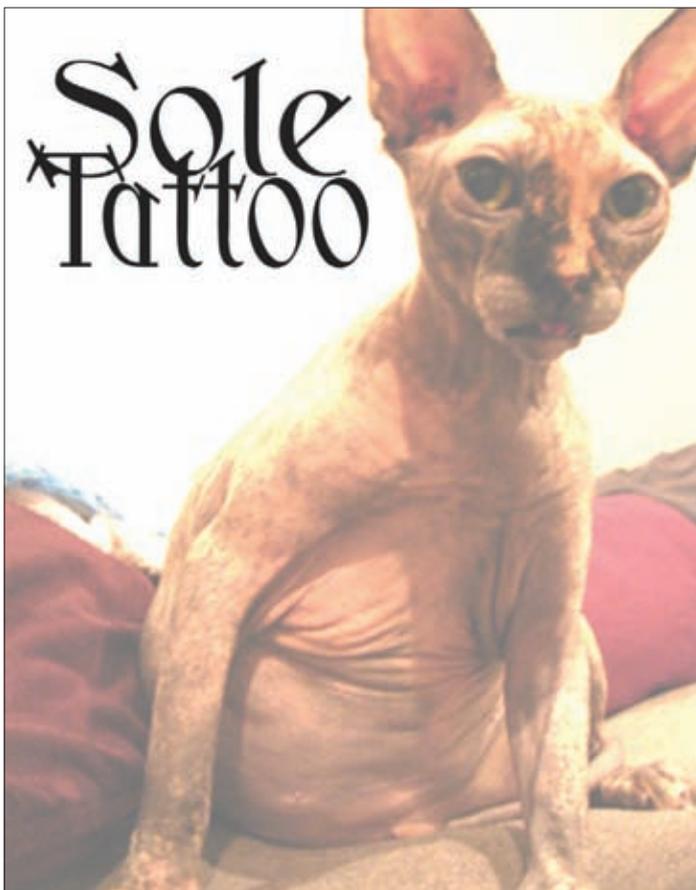


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Also on: Playstation Network
Street: 03.02

Downloadable games have become a crucial part of the current gaming generation, which is good for two big reasons. Firstly, it gives cheap/poor bastards such as myself a welcome alternative to dropping \$60 on some overhyped piece of crap. Secondly, it allows gamers the chance to experience classic games that they may not have played the first time around in an easily accessible format. *Beyond Good & Evil HD* fits both of these criteria, as it can be had for a mere \$10 (or 800 Microsoft FunBux) and it was critically acclaimed upon its original release in 2003, but sold rather poorly. At its core, it's a classic adventure game. You control Jade, a young reporter who takes care of weird looking orphans and has a pig for an uncle, as she unravels a vast government conspiracy and deals with a pesky alien invasion. Throw in some stealth elements, a whole shitload of hovercraft piloting, liberal usage of an in-game camera, entertaining characters and a well-rounded story and you have a game that's simply a whole lot of fun. Since this is a nearly eight-year-old game that has been slightly prettied up, the graphics aren't jaw-dropping and there are a few buggy bits, but *Beyond Good & Evil* really has something for almost every kind of gamer (no multiplayer, no first-person shooting and no boobs ... sorry bros). A sequel is reportedly on the way, but throw Ubisoft a few bucks and experience the original while you're waiting.

—Ricky Vigil

Homefront
Kaos Studios/THQ
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, PC
Street: 03.15

There are moments during *Homefront*'s single-player campaign that, for me, elicit the caliber of emotional impact you expect from only the most deadly-serious, harrowing dramas. There are a thousand reasons gamers play games, and everyone has their favorites. I like loot, I like RPG elements like leveling and skill trees, and I like the fantasy of shooting things with guns. But most of all, I play games for their ability—just like books or films—to make me feel something novel. In this way, *Homefront* manages to succeed, but it does so in spite of its massive and continuous failures in almost every conceivable aspect of video game creation. No joke: In many ways this game is just flat-out bad. The graphics look one, maybe two years old. The gameplay is so fantastically standard that it sets some kind of "standard Standard" ... a nefarious meta-standard for all bland shooter-gameplay to live down to in the future. The voice acting is a 'meh' out of 10, and the whole campaign can easily be finished in four hours. Four fucking hours. If you bought *Homefront* new, that's almost \$17/hour. So, you know ... rent it. I paid \$8 at Blockbuster and had a damn good time with this title, but *Homefront* is only fun if you want to get into its fiction. The genocidal violence and intelligent writing built in me a surprisingly powerful sense of national pride, and more-than-usual anger at an enemy that would dare occupy *my* country. It was a fun role to play, and if they make a sequel, I'll rent that one, too.

—Jesse Hawlish

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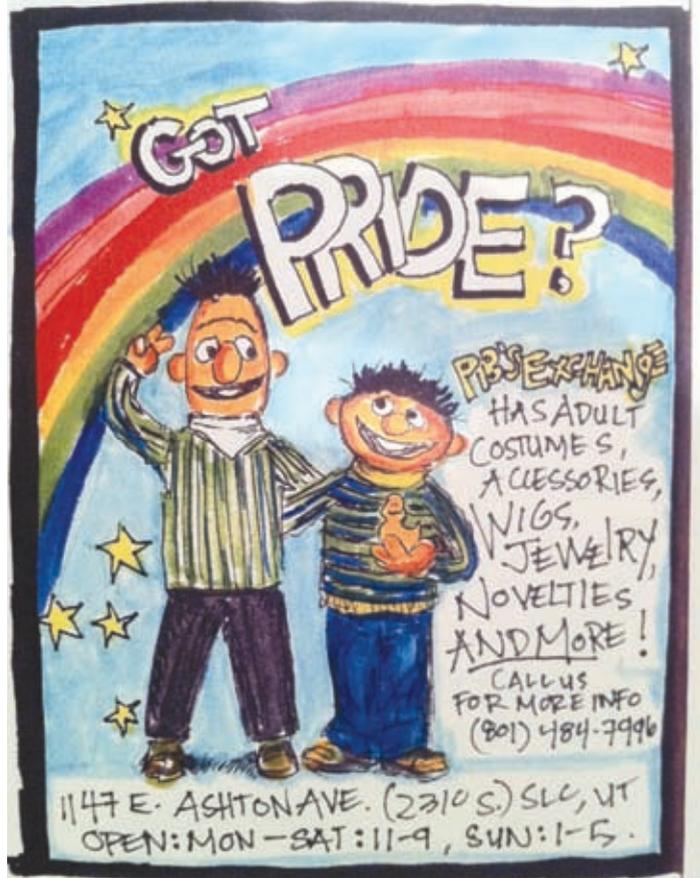
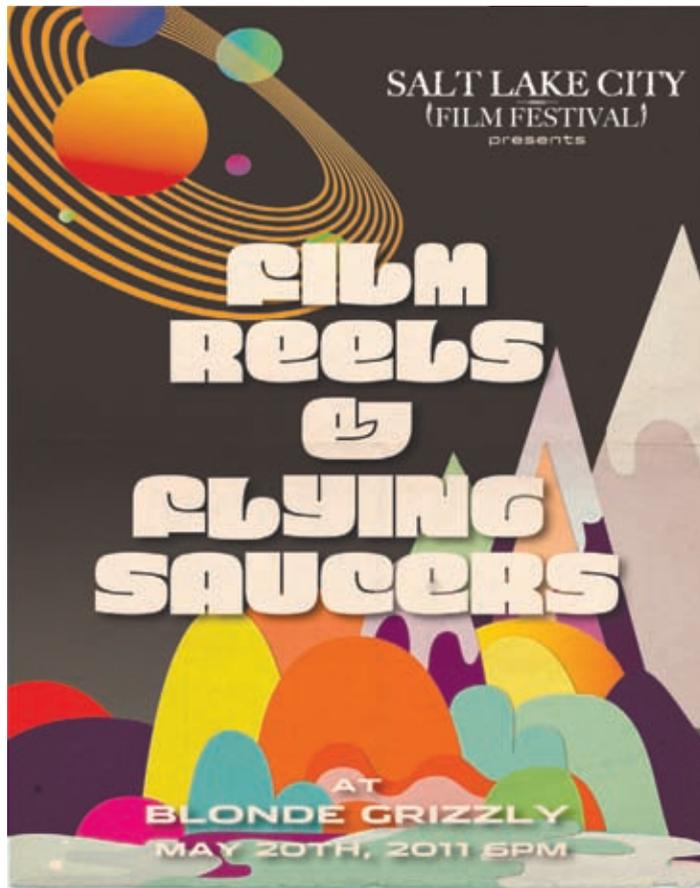
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SLUG MAG /// BEER REVIEWS

Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Sometimes it feels like I am beginning to drink earlier and earlier in the day. It's not a bad thing—it's just with this arid wasteland of desert we live in and those summer months creeping up on me, I have a problem trying to meet the needs of my drinking regimen—equalizing the demands for light and dark beer in my diet. Luckily, local brewers have cured my woes by creating artistic renditions of the breakfast drink. Here is a divine lineup of brews to enjoy before that bastard sun rises.

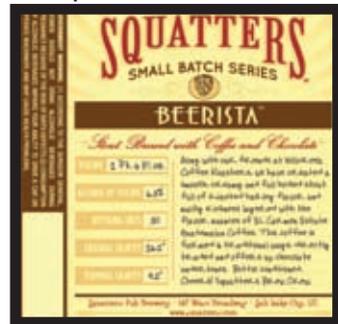
Squatters Beerista

Brewery: Squatters Pub

ABV: 6.3%

Serving: 22 oz Bottle

Description: This limited release



pours deep brown to black in color with a small off-white head. The aroma comes off as a well-balanced amount of coffee, soft chocolate and some roast. The flavors open up to a heavy-sweet coffee backing with some chalky chocolate and a vanilla/coffee finish.

Overview: Squatters has a reputation of brewing fantastic espresso and coffee stouts, so it was doubtful that the release of the Beerista would be any different. With the use of Millcreek Roasting Company's El Carmen Estate Guatemalan Coffee, this breakfast in a bottle disguised as a beer is very well balanced and brings out the best qualities in both brews. If this was not a seasonal release, I think I could give my bottle of Bailey's a rest and make this my new regular breakfast aperitif.

Bourbon Porter

Brewery: Desert Edge Brewery

ABV: 4.0%

Serving: On Tap

Description: Off the tap, this oaky goodness comes out a deep brown color with an off-tan head and instant

perfumes of oak. With that, the nose leads into a bourbon base with heavy earthy oak notes and some caramel roast. The drink has a firm amount of bourbon oak and some of the roasted chocolate characteristics of the pub's porter. It finishes with some dry oak on the palate.

Overview: I have to hand it to the brewers of Utah. Outside of the brewing bubble we have here, many people would say that our typical 4.0% beers do not have enough backbone to support the oak. To them, I say fuck off—we have brewers like **Chris Haas**. This delicious oaked beer is just what I was looking for, and with the pub's signature lighter carbonated beers, the Bourbon Porter has an old world flavor that I greatly enjoyed.

Nostalgika Chocolager

Brewery: Bohemian Brewery

ABV: 4.0%

Serving: On Tap

Description: Yet another in the wave of popular coffee beers being released by our best local brewers, this version of the Cherry Bock pours a wonderful dark brown with very clear garnet highlights and a nice, persistent tan head. The aroma is slightly malty with a hint of cocoa powder, while the flavor is still dominated by Cherny's trademark sooty roast. The chocolate was added in the form of raw cacao nibs and their flavor is a little more subtle than the coffee, but present largely in the mouthfeel. The coffee's bitterness blends well and picks up where the Cherny leaves off. The overall effect is one of restraint—this beer won't hit you over the head with a mocha-colored hammer.

Overview: It's been a great year for Cherny Bock. First it came out in that sexy black and gold can, then a special oak-aged release in 22 ounce bottles as Oakey and the Bandit, now this! Head brewer **Bobby Jackson** has added chocolate before, but this is the first time he's played around with coffee. What I liked about this beer was how mellow and drinkable it is. Many other coffee or chocolate beers come off as overwhelming—like having your face dunked in a vat of Swiss Miss or drinking an entire Starbucks. This Cherny cousin is actually refreshing. I think it could easily replace iced coffee for the discerning morning drinker. —Rio Connelly

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///. MOVIE REVIEWS

Arthur Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 04.08

Arthur Bach (**Russell Brand**) is an alcoholic celebrity playboy who has no reservations about embarrassing his reputation with one extravagant drunken escapade after another. Essentially, he's **Paris Hilton** with testicles. While his nanny (**Helen Mirren**) does her best to clean up the chaos, his disorderly behavior pushes his overbearing mother over the edge to where an ultimatum is established. If Arthur refuses to marry a cold-blooded businesswoman (**Jennifer Garner**) who will eventually take over the family's wealth, he'll be left penniless. After considering life without an unlimited supply of Cristal, the blitzed billionaire reluctantly accepts the proposition until he meets a smiley tour guide (**Greta Gerwig**) and instantly falls in love. As a remake of the 1981 classic, Brand neglects to achieve the charm and wit that was so memorable with **Dudley Moore**'s Oscar-nominated portrayal, and, instead, offers a weak performance that exposes the actor's mediocre skills. It turns out Brand's style of humor is more acceptable in smaller doses, as it was in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*. The actor is incapable of sustaining a lead role. The only endearing moments caught on film are the ones between Mirren and Gerwig as they playfully banter, trying to expose each other's secrets. Other than brief appearances made by the Batmobile and the *Back to the Future* DeLorean, which are included in Arthur's car collection, there are no other laugh-inducing moments. In fact, I wish I could use the latter vehicle to travel back in time to warn my previous self to avoid seeing this terrible remake and stick with the classic. —*Jimmy Martin*

Bridesmaids

Universal

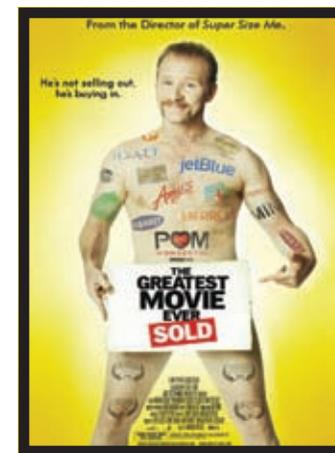
In Theaters: 05.13

From the trailers, you would think the producers were pushing audiences to experience a female version of *The Hangover*, but don't let this unappetizing aspect deter you—the original brilliance of the film is nowhere to be found in these deceiving advertisements. **Kristen Wiig** stars as Annie, a down-on-her-luck single gal who lost her bakery during the recession and has never been able to be more than a one-night-stand with most men. (A smarmy yet hilarious **Jon Hamm** certainly takes advantage of this predicament.) When Annie's lifelong friend Lillian (**Maya Rudolph**) announces her engagement, it's time to uphold the duties of the maid of honor, but the task quickly becomes excruciatingly unbearable once Lillian's newest friend, Helen (**Rose Byrne**), does

anything and everything to undermine Annie's influence. From explosive diarrhea caused by tainted Brazilian food to being removed from a plane for drunk and disorderly conduct, Wiig (who is also a co-writer) never offers the audience a moment to breathe between laughs as she endures the Murphy's Law of weddings. To make the situation worse (and by "worse" I mean better), Annie must endure Lillian's three other eclectic acquaintances that include a bitter housewife/mother (*Reno 911!*'s **Wendi McLendon-Covey**), a naive Disney fanatic (*The Office*'s **Ellie Kemper**) and the incredibly hilarious and offensive sister of the groom (*Mike & Molly*'s **Melissa McCarthy**). Along with the wonderfully crude humor, Wiig actually squeezes in a sympathetic romantic side story with a charismatic cop (**Chris O'Dowd**) that the audience can cheer for. Without a doubt, Wiig has unleashed the surprise comedy of the year that surpasses all others thus far. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Greatest Movie Ever Sold

Sony Pictures Classics
In Theaters: 05.20



The notion of product placement in films is nothing new. Marty McFly repeatedly orders one refreshing Pepsi after another, James Bond races through the streets in a sleek Aston Martin and E.T. enjoys a bag of Reese's Pieces every now and then. The act has even been parodied in *Wayne's World* as Wayne and Garth discuss their promotional morals while stuffing their face with Pizza Hut and being dressed head to toe in Reebok gear. It's an interesting and entertaining subject that sparks never-ending debates on the creative control price tag that arrives with advertising in cinema, and who better to satirically spotlight the situation than America's most

energetic and charismatic documentarian, **Morgan Spurlock**. In a stroke of meta-genius, audiences are included in backroom product placement deals and negotiations as Spurlock attempts to secure funding for the documentary they're currently watching. Promises are made to donating corporations to include commercials and product awareness in the film, and, sure enough, Spurlock meticulously yet playful inserts his hackneyed guarantees without fail. In pure Spurlock tradition, not only does the mastermind attack the manipulation advertising can have in Hollywood, but the effect it has on society as a whole. It's fascinating to witness his trip to São Paulo, Brazil, where a ban on outdoor advertisements has had a positive and artistic effect on its citizens. While Spurlock does not offer a resolution to the ongoing deception that occurs on the silver screen and off, one isn't required. His appealing message is signed, sealed and delivered with the humor and direction that only Spurlock can provide. —*Jimmy Martin*

Hanna

Focus Features

In Theaters: 04.08



When you think of the previous period piece projects executed by **Joe Wright** (*Pride & Prejudice* and *Atonement*), you wouldn't initially think of him as the individual to carry out the suspenseful heart-pounding action adventure that comes with "Hanna," but by the time the credits roll, you'll be certainly glad that he did. Granted, the plot line isn't original in the slightest. Hanna (**Saioirse Ronan**) is a teenage girl who has been raised in the frosty Finland wilderness by her former government agent father, Erik (**Eric Bana**), since she was a toddler. Taught to perform various lethal martial art forms, speak several foreign languages and memorize the encyclo-

pedia, Hanna still has never experienced the simplicities of the outside world, but, in order to come out of hiding, she must confront and assassinate the FBI agent (**Cate Blanchett**) who allegedly killed her mother. Ronan captures the innocence of a fish-out-of-water scenario perfectly while maintaining the threatening persona of a merciless killer. As jaw-dropping as it is to see the teen rain strategic death blows upon grown men, it's beautiful to witness the gifted actress' facial expressions as she encounters electricity and music for the first time in her sheltered life. Wright continuously increases the pacing's intensity with rapid edits and a booming soundtrack offered by **The Chemical Brothers** that's as necessary to the film as the actors themselves. —*Jimmy Martin*

Rio

20th Century Fox

In Theaters: 04.15

For years, Disney's Pixar dominated the cartoon genre with incredible animation surrounded by well-constructed, multi-tiered storylines. While no other studio has matched the excellence of the second facet, it's optically pleasing to observe everyone rapidly playing catch-up. After being captured in the jungles of Brazil, an exotic blue macaw, Blu (**Jesse Eisenberg**), luckily finds himself in the caring hands of Linda (**Leslie Mann**), and the two form an unbreakable friendship. Rather than morphing into the feral fowl he was destined to be, Blu has become a domesticated intellectual who never grasped the art of flight. As the duo lives carefree lives, an ornithologist arrives on the scene to persuade them to join him in Rio de Janeiro in order to have Blu mate with the last female of his species, Jewel (**Anne Hathaway**). After careful consideration, the two arrive in Brazil just in time for Carnival, but the festivities are set aside when the two unlikely lovebirds are snatched by a smuggler and his bitter cockatoo (**Jemaine Clement**). Director **Carlos Saldanha** has secured a pitch-perfect leading cast as Eisenberg's shaky and anxious vocal patterns are an ideal match for his neurotic animated persona while Hathaway's confident facade shines through as well, but it's Clement whose devilish charm and wit rests nicely with his fearsome feathered friend, especially in musical format. However, the same cannot be said with the supporting cast that includes the mind-numbing shrills of **George Lopez**, **Will.i.am** and **Tracy Morgan**, who offer nothing but stereotypical catchphrases and clichéd gags. Speaking of unoriginality, the entire plot is eerily similar to two other recent "save the species by mating" animated

films, (*Alpha and Omega* and *Ice Age: The Meltdown*) the latter of which was directed by none other than Saldanha. Here's to repetitive career choices! – *Jimmy Martin*

Rubber

Magnet Releasing
In Theaters: 05.06

If your initial reaction to director/musician **Quentin Dupieux**'s unconventional horror/comedy that centers on an animated telepathic car tire that wreaks havoc in the Californian desert is downright puzzlement, don't feel alone. The French filmmaker uses every trick in his bag of meta to acknowledge the absurdity that has been placed before the viewer. From a cast of fictional commentating audience members who gaze upon the destruction from afar to a speech delivered by the a local police officer (**Stephen Spinella**) that shatters the fourth wall regarding the "no reason" aspect of cinema classics (i.e. "Why was E.T. brown? No reason."), Dupieux is well aware of the eccentric technique he exploits. It's just a shame his creativity failed to manifest itself on camera as well as he had hoped. Surrounded by gorgeous cinematography and a vigorous soundtrack (scored by the director himself), Dupieux successfully generates intrigue around a 20-pound mound of rubber as it springs to life and discovers its own unusual strengths by killing defenseless animals, but just as this *Grind House*-esque film begins to set off for gritty maniacal misadventure, the flow is immediately interrupted with redundant cutaways to the argumentative fictional audience members, in which the tone is reset and must be revived again from scratch. Dupieux's initial gag is a good one, but his joke, as with any, isn't as funny when the comedian consistently winks at the audience in the middle of the performance. –*Jimmy Martin*

Scrambled Eggs Toddler Toonz Vol. 1 DVD & CD

Ami Hanna

Street: 01.01

After growing frustrated with all of the crap available for her own tot, **Ami Hanna** decided to take matters into her own hands and create *Scrambled Eggs*. Hanna's video mash-ups blend her own video montages with vintage cartoon reels such as **Betty Boop** and scenes from **Georges Melies'** *A Trip to the Moon*. Naturally, I had to have my own 10-month-old tot, **Alice**, help me out with the review. We started with "Bring Back the Boop," which features upbeat hip hop rhythms by **Linus Stubbs** that had Alice shaking her change machine like a maraca. Other videos such as "The Wondering Stars," with a beat by **B. Franks**, had more obscure video montages, and the music is harmonic and easy going. The majority of the music available to sample on the demo site is more on the soothing nighttime area of kid's music. I could see myself throwing the DVD on when it is time to start winding down for the night. My wife and I also found ourselves enjoying some of the

tunes, which doesn't ever happen with your typical made-for-kids tunes. There is nothing cornball about it. I wouldn't go as far as to make any claims about the educational value of the material, but it is definitely entertaining, trippy and pretty fun. Download the episodes at *rawtract.wordpress.com/category/toddler-toonz*. –*Ben Trentelman*

Scream 4 Dimension Films In Theaters: 04.15

Dear Mr. Craven, First, let me begin by saying I am a huge fan of your earlier works. *The Last House on the Left*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street* and even *The People Under the Stairs* scared the bejesus out of me as a child, and I genuinely appreciated your unbelievable contribution to horror films. I was even a fan of the first *Scream* film when you revitalized the entire genre. Talk about a comeback! There's no doubt that what you have accomplished in your career is nothing short of remarkable, but I must ask you one question before my head explodes from sheer outrage: What the hell happened to you and your craft? I saw a downturn with *Scream 3* and *Red Eye*, but after the abortion that was *My Soul to Take*, it would appear the creative man I admired has been ruthlessly torn apart limb from limb by his own creations. If you're going to have the original band of actors (**Neve Campbell**, **David Arquette** and **Courteney Cox**) reprise their once beloved roles for a fourth *Scream* chapter, make the experience worthy of the congregation and not just an opportunity for everyone to produce unconvincing chemistry while collecting an undeserved paycheck. Not even your next generation of potential victims (**Emma Roberts**, **Hayden Panettiere** and **Rory Culkin**) added any form of depth or believability to the mix as they jabbered lines from a contrived screenplay. Also, if you're going to repeatedly rip off the franchise's first installment, please don't constantly remind me of your derivative actions by having your actors declare "It's so meta" time and time again. Every time I was prompted to recall former scenarios, I wanted to exit the theater and view those better and scarier moments at home. By the way, please refrain from mixing cheeseball comedy into your films. It doesn't work and ruins both genres. It breaks my heart to write this letter, but I must ask that you cease all directing operations until you've returned to a productive state of mind, and then, and only then, may you return to the director's chair. And if that moment never arrives, we'll always have *Shocker*. Stabs and kisses. Sincerely, Jimmy Martin

Sucker Punch Warner Bros. In Theaters: 03.25

Since its inception, director **Zack Snyder** has described his fantasy-action escapade as "*Alice In Wonderland* with machine guns," so it's a shame to see his enthralling description morph into such an ostentatious misfire. **Emily Browning** stars as Baby Doll, a down-

on-her-luck orphan who accidently kills her younger sister while attempting to thwart her sadistic stepfather's sexual advances. Rather than being thrown behind bars, the blonde adolescent is checked into a psychiatric hospital that secretly operates as an underground bordello. As the freshest meat on the market, Baby Doll is instantly loathed by her fellow inmates, but when she receives a mission that could set them all free, the sassy vixens unite to overthrow the corrupt institution. You would think a director would determine whether or not he/she is developing a music video or a feature-length production before setting up shop, but it's abundantly clear Mr. Snyder neglected to complete this simple task. With a booming literal soundtrack (i.e. the introduction of an insane asylum calls for a dreadful Pixies' "Where is My Mind?" cover) drowning out the artless dialogue amateurishly spewed out by Hollywood's cutest working actresses, Snyder has decided to focus on spectacular CGI imagery and scantily clad young females rather than securing an entertaining storyline. Of course, the visual mastermind behind *300* and *Watchmen* utilizes his signature combination of rapid/slow-motion action sequences, which still initially amuses but gorges on the same magic trick so many times that the ruse eventually loses its uniqueness and ultimately becomes stale and lackluster. Snyder does get creative with the idea that while Browning seduces men with her hypnotic hip shakes, the simple caper antics are represented with alternate world sequences that involve zombie Nazis, beastly ghouls and an overabundance of explosions, but the female cast never seems to fully envelop themselves within the dreary 1950s parallel universe Snyder has created for them. –*Jimmy Martin*

Super IFC Films In Theaters: 04.22

The superhero genre has completely taken over Hollywood with every character comic books have to offer, but it hasn't forgotten to stick its crime fighting justice in recent smaller-budgeted films such as *Defendor* and *Kick-Ass* as well. Now, writer/director **James Gunn** brings another independent project that revolves around an ordinary individual destined to bring balance to the world with vigilante actions. Frank D'Arbo (**Rainn Wilson**) is a spiritual diner cook who constantly reminds himself of his life's two greatest feats: marrying his wife (**Liv Tyler**) and assisting a police officer in capturing a criminal. However, after losing his bride to a local drug dealer (**Kevin Bacon**), Frank decides to return order to his soiled town with God's permission and a skull-crushing pipe wrench under the guise of The Crimson Bolt. As Frank delivers one unrelenting blow after another to thieves, pedophiles and people who cut in lines, he attracts the attention of a local comic book store clerk (**Ellen Page**) who weasels her way into becoming his overly excited sidekick, Boltie. Gunn has a difficult time balancing the realistic drama that's con-

nected to the over-the-top campy antics Wilson brings to the screen. Both tones would work well in separate productions, but when paired together, neither can be enjoyed fully. The first half of the film struggles to carry its premise without dragging its feet, but all of that changes with the arrival of Page, who brings a much-needed dose of youthful energy and deviant behavior. –*Jimmy Martin*

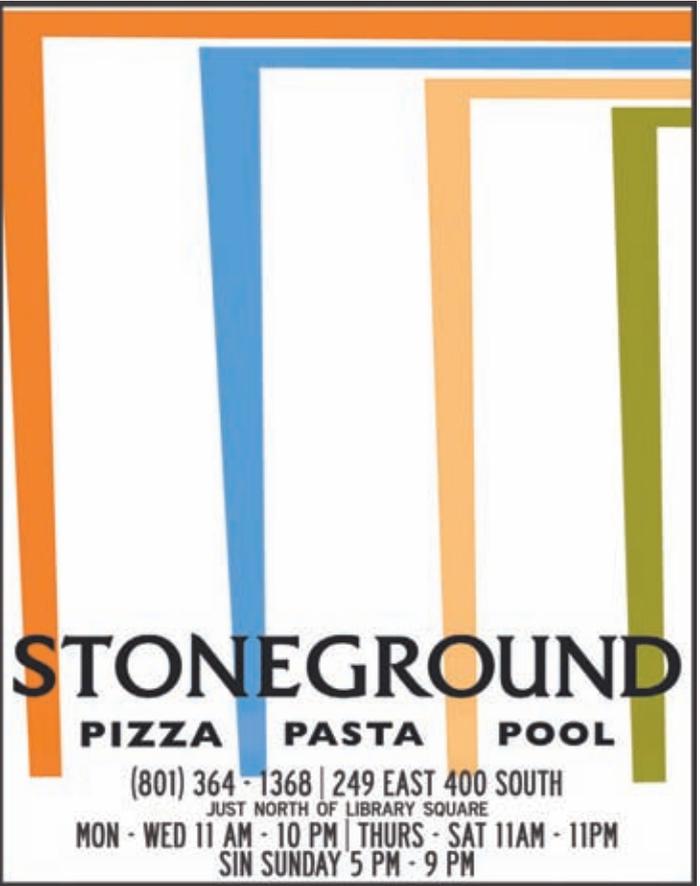
Your Highness

Universal

In Theaters: 04.08



As **Robert Zemeckis** has with motion-capture projects and **Michael Bay** with idiotic over-the-top blockbusters, it would appear that director **David Gordon Green** has found his filmmaking niche in gift-wrapping his movies for absent-minded teenagers and adults who find pleasure in the simplest things. This time around, Green dresses up his former *Pineapple Express* cronies **Danny McBride** and **James Franco** in full-on LARP gear and sets them forth on a medieval adventure that spoofs the majority of 1970s and '80s fantasy films. The black sheep son of a royal family, Thadeous (McBride) is presented with the opportunity to redeem his dignity when his noble and beloved brother, Fabious (Franco), requests his assistance to rescue his fiancée (**Zooey Deschanel**) after she's kidnapped by an evil sorcerer. Together, the brothers venture on a quest that pits them against slithery monsters, naked tribal women and a ruthless female soldier (**Natalie Portman**) determined to complete her own vengeful mission. The typical immature male viewer will most likely find humor in the childish schoolboy antics offered by McBride and company. When it's not drugs or sexual innuendos being discussed, Green fills the screen with an ample amount of breasts and shots of Portman donning nothing but a thong and a smile, which is sure to continue pleasing those male viewers. While the cyclical rotation of stoner and dick jokes does ultimately become redundant, the production value has a surprisingly high-quality element when it comes to special effects and set design, giving any onlooker something to appreciate visually. –*Jimmy Martin*



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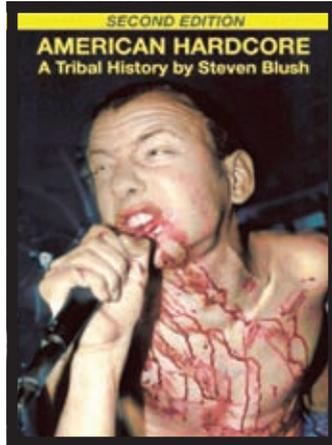
SLUG MAG /// **BOOKS ALOUD**

2010 Zine Homeless Youth Resource Center Self-Published
Street: 12.29.10

This zine, consisting of the poems, stories, thoughts and words written by the youth who attend the Homeless Youth Resource Center, is far from random. I can't think of a zine that is more reflective and moving than this. There are a number of homeless youth whom we all see walking the streets of downtown SLC, and it is easy to assume that they are bums trying to work the system or that they are secretly the children of doctors and lawyers living along the east bench. These are all stereotypes that are debunked by the powerful stories that are shared within. Everyone has a story to share, and these are stories that reflect on the past, present, and future, choices made, and mistakes that could have been avoided, exposing the true nature of youth with no place else to go. They are smart kids who need a chance. They have something to say if you will listen. The Homeless Youth Resource Center is located at 655 S. State Street in SLC with drop-in hours for youth from 9:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.. If you need to be heard and no one will listen, drop by. If you want to know what is really happening on your streets, check out this zine. *-Ben Trentelman*

American Hardcore (Second Edition): A Tribal History
Steven Blush
Feral House
Street: 10.19.10

There's no shortage of praise for the original edition of Steven Blush's *American Hardcore* (Blush has been interviewed in the pages of *SLUG* twice, and the book was adapted into a Sundance-accepted film in 2006), and this second edition is even better. Recalling the early days of hardcore (1980-1986), *American Hardcore* is much like **Legs McNeil's** *Please Kill Me*, with the story of the music told through a series of interviews with key figures in the scene. Much like the music itself, the interviews in *American Hardcore* are more base, more aggressive—there's a reason this is called *A Tribal History*—and ultimately more interesting than the bohemian heroin addicts that populated McNeil's account of early punk rock. The longest chapters are expectedly (and deservedly) dedicated to **Black Flag** and **Minor Threat**, but every single hardcore scene in America is documented within this book, including a very brief mention of Salt Lake City and **Massacre Guys**. The most



interesting addendum to this second edition is a brief chapter about the integration of spirituality into the east coast hardcore scene in the mid-'80s—someone seriously needs to write an entire book about that shit. If you're a fan of the angry, destructive and uniquely American form of early hardcore punk, you need to own this book. *-Ricky Vigil*

Weedopedia: A Totally Dank A-Z Reefer Reference
Will B. High
Adams Media
Street: 11.16.10

Have you ever read an encyclopedia? What about one all about weed? In this totally dank reference book you can learn what bloodshot eyes are, who **Randy Moss** is and a brief description of his cannibanoid beliefs. You can also learn new ways of getting creative with your oral hobby by learning about new concepts for creating bongos and other devices. For instance, have you ever thought about making a bong out of a coconut? Well I don't live in Hawaii, so I personally hadn't, but I think it's awesome. This is pretty much a stoner's handbook. Anything that could be referenced by an avid user was most likely thought of and put in this book. It's an A to Z guide to slang terms, funny ideas and various movie titles that were either written by stoners or for them. One of the best entries in this book was for the word "legalization." The author says "Legalization, the holy grail of the pot-smoking community, is a concept where buying and smoking a joint would be just as benevolent as purchasing an ice cream cone or a stick of gum." I agree with you, Mr. High, and I would like to spend some quality time with you one day. Put this book next to your bong (water pipe) for some laughs while stoney or not. *-Hessian!*

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SLUG MAG /// LOCAL CD REVIEWS

Deny Your Faith

Taste of Infection

Self-Released

Street: 10.26.10

Deny Your Faith = Megadeth + Alice In Chains + Pantera

Unfortunately, the first track from Deny Your Faith's *Taste the Infection*, "Pierce the Vein," happens to be the worst cut of the release. The rest of *Taste of Infection* is populated by thrashy riffing, some punchy break-downs and more than enough guitar soloing. Add some great jam-rocking moments and it's all a damn fine release. It's a bit hard to pigeonhole Deny Your Faith into any stylistic realm. "Behind the Mask" finds the band channeling mid-career Megadeth, but a few minutes in, a face-melting, not so Dave Mustaine-styled solo comes flying at you. The band's ability to change pace changes the way the songs strike you, transforming from fist-pumping metallic anthems to chill and groovy moments. Initially, the vocal style feels a bit out of place for Deny Your Faith's metallic style, but then again, Mr. Mustaine's vocals have never really fit Megadeth, so the initial shakiness of the vocals make the band definitely unique. Thrash, groove and jam it up with this offering from Deny Your Faith—it's worth the cost of admission. —Bryer Wharton

Ferocious Oaks

Polyamory EP

Self-Released

Street: 02.26

Ferocious Oaks = Rural Alberta Advantage + Grand Hallway + Shugo Tokumaru

Things have never quite been the same after Arcade Fire's *Funeral*. The Montreal collective's quiet-and-restrained-to-ramshackle-and-blisteringly-loud dynamic has imprinted itself all over this ambitious yet frustrating EP by Orem's Ferocious Oaks. While clearly possessing the passion and romance of trickle down, post-*Funeral* chamber-folk, the stylistic confusion from song to song and production quality belabor this promising debut. The vocals are too loud to capture the gorgeous multi-instrumental folk being played. Sung, at times, with a forced Dylan-esque slur, the vocals highlight the group's insecurity of when to let the singer be a driver ("Polyamory") and when to let him take the back seat

to the excellent instrumentation ("My Favorite"). If these critiques sound nit-picky and you are a fan of any of the bands listed in the equation, or of flannel shirts and neck beards (as is this writer), then by all means, go see the Ferocious Oaks. —Ryan Hall

Muscle Hawk

Superfuture

Gold Ghost Records

Street: 12.31.10

Muscle Hawk = Justice + Daft Punk + Dirty Vegas

I like to dance, and Muscle Hawk clearly like to make my booty shake. Their music is relatively straightforward techno in the vein of European greats like Justice or Daft Punk: The bass is heavy, the beat throbbing and the samples dramatic and super-polished. With only four songs, this EP still feels jam-packed. "The RIP" is straightforward trance while "Downstairs Mixup" uses an ostinato beat and a faux-guitar wah to change it up a little. "We Are Vitamin" has got to be my favorite though, with its synth melody and fuzzy breaks. This stuff is so good and so well produced that it's indistinguishable from bigger name acts that frequent larger scenes. Sure, Salt Lake is small, but I've seen this local duo perform a few times and they kill it every time. They bring their own enormous lightshow and backdrop and make packed clubs get all kinds of sweaty on the dance floor. This type of music is better experienced that way than alone at home with headphones, but that doesn't stop *Superfuture* from kicking a lot of ass. —Rio Connelly

OK Ikumi

12/10

Self-Released

Street: 01.16

OK Ikumi = DNTEL + Hey Willpower + ARP

Orem's Karl Jorgensen has been perfecting this blend of playful chiptune melodies, elegant Komsiche synth lines, and glitched-out beat palate for five years now. While relatively new to Jorgensen's output, I can't help but feel like I have stumbled on to something that has taken years to make. The concept behind the digital-only *12/10* was to produce one song per day in the month of December. While the experiment only lasted nine days, the record is



The Toros

Reading Is Important

Self-Released

Street: 09.17.10

The Toros = Dead Milkmen + Tutu & The Pirates

It's rare these days to get a punk band with a genuine political statement, let alone one tied to localized references, but The Toros have given it one hell of a shot. *Reading Is Important* takes aim at the Utah establishment with songs like the grinding trucker tune "Gay Agenda," the singalong diddy "Molly Mormon," and the hypocritical anthem "Cheerleading Is Not For Gay Boys Anymore." With mashed up and sometimes inaudible lyrics, it's a little difficult to tell which side they're representing or insulting at times, going back to the traditional punk rock statement: If you're going to offend anyone, it might as well be everyone. Musically, *Reading Is Important* sounds exactly the way The Toros perform live—rough and snarky with no fine tuning, aiming to make you smile and piss you off at the same time. Now if only we could get a lyric sheet ... —Spencer Ingham

Pablo Blaqk

Sons & Daughters

Self Released

Street: 01.27

Pablo Blaqk = Brett Dennen + Damien Rice + Ray LaMontagne Born to Cuban parents, Pablo Blaqk picked up the guitar at 18 after his father declined his request for a gun. On his debut album, *Sons & Daughters*, he proves he made the right choice. Co-produced by Utah favorite Joshua James, each track reveals raw emotion and beautifully composed tracks. The two minute atmospheric title track opens with delicate keys and Pablo's soulful voice. Rebecca Russel's voice arrives midway on the country-tinged track "Find Your Way," making a nice compliment as Pablo sings, "You are my light that always guides my way through / this black maze of flesh and pain." "Family Tree" offers a lively pop moment, complete with an organ, banjo and mandolin combination. Where the album really progresses is toward the end during "Annalee" and "Ballerina"—Pablo's voice grows confident, mature and adventurous, creating a blanket of comfort. —Miss Modular

Virgin Sophia/VCR5

Street: 4.04

Exumbrella Records

VCR5 = Danger + Dan Deacon

Virgin Sophia = Boards of Canada

+ Air + Prefuse 73

I couldn't find much press on either of these guys, and when I did, others were just as baffled as I was. It might just be that the local scene for these two electro-beat art-noise makers is so underground it makes them seem more enigmatic than they are. Unfortunately, their mystery isn't enough to make this a solid release. It's not that either of them suck, it's that they are just mediocre enough to slip through the cracks. Under the moniker VCR5, Joe Greathouse makes noisy, *Tron*-inspired, dark, techno-heavy, chaos IDM. Stand-out track "Onit" was a weirdly melodic mash-up player, and "Mud" was a nice, lyrical wrap-up to the end of the set. Patrick Munger, as Virgin Sophia, takes a mellow, Valium-soundscape approach, which makes sense when you look at his video pairings on his blog, but doesn't really stand on its own. —Mary Houdini



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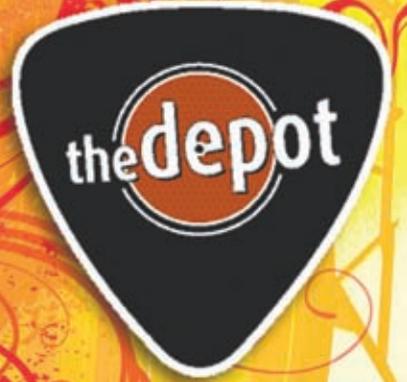
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SLUG MAG ///. CD REVIEWS

The Applesseed Cast
Middle States
Gravestone
Street: 03.29
The Applesseed Cast = Moving Mountains + Elliott + Red Animal War

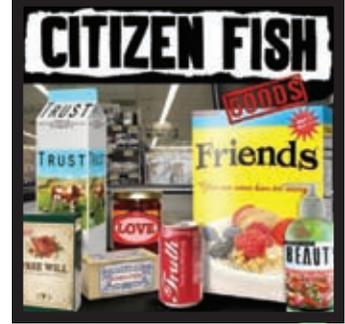


Evolving more quickly than many of their peers in the parallel worlds of late '90s emo and indie rock, The Applesseed Cast have been creating a unique brand of atmospheric and energetic post-rock for nearly 15 years. Though it features only four tracks, *Middle States* is a satisfying encapsulation of many of the things that The Applesseed Cast does well. The EP opens with the aggressively spacey "End Frigate Constellation," propelled by a driving drum beat and washed over by waves of subtle synth, tripped-out vocals and the band's always-excellent guitar work. The next track is the aptly titled "Interlude," reminiscent of the noisy in-between bits on the band's landmark *Low Level Owl* double album. The title track is the most traditional song of the EP, but it still showcases the band's ability to expertly weave their instruments into and out of one another. Unfortunately, the EP's 14-minute closing track "Three Rivers" overstays its welcome and ends the release on a down note. Still, *Middle States* showcases The Applesseed Cast doing what they do best and should generate some excitement for their new album next year. —Ricky Vigil

Austra
Feel It Break
Domino Records
Street: 05.17
Austra = The Knife + Zola Jesus
Step out of the light and into the dark dreamy land of **Austra** with their debut album *Feel It Break*. This Toronto trio creates a sound that is equal

parts velvety soft and jagged sharp. **Katie Stelmanis'** vocal acrobatics trill over the hammer of the bass catching in the pit of your stomach. Her operatic harmonies, enveloping each pulsating track, create a trance of layered palpitation. Whether it's the perfect dance delirium of "Beat and The Pulse" that massages the nerve endings or the running command of dense gothic drums in "The Villian," the outcome is a perfect score to a medieval masquerade, but with a pulse. Enable yourself to get lost in the somber instrumental duet of the tangible and phonic soul of "The Beast." The experience is purely fluid. When Stelmanis sings, "The morning I was born again/I was turned into a beast/Am I free now/Am I at peace?" consider the unforeseen fulfillment when you, too, are finally able to feel it break. —Liz Lucero

Citizen Fish
Goods
Alternative Tentacles
Street: 03.01
Citizen Fish = Subhumans + Choking Victim



In comparison to the *Deadline* split with **Leftöver Crack**, *Goods* is better orchestrated and more fun to listen to—the guitar and horns sections play off each other concordantly, and the vibe leans more to lighthearted, sarcastic ska punk rather than trade-offs with sporadic hardcore bits. Given the political nature of Citizen Fish, however, the album is only as good as how well vocalist **Dick Lucas** balances essay-esque social criticism with clever song-writing. "Marker Pen" illustrates Lucas' merit as he tells of a man submitted to a nursing home who writes all over the facility, demonstrating an ironic wisdom that the character holds over his oppressors. "Discomfort Zone," on the other hand,

reiterates anti-consumerist clichés and imagery we've already heard. Though much of the album retains a banal character, the solid songs (e.g., "Click" and "Wake Up") still warrant a listen to this release. (*Kilby: 05.28*)
—Alexander Ortega

Cute Lepers
Adventure Time
1-2-3-4 Go!
Street: 04.05
Cute Lepers = Buzzcocks + Johnny Thunders + The Jam



At first listen, The Cute Lepers are poppy and bouncy, but immediately beyond that is some brilliant rock n' roll and a little deeper are decimating levels of vigor. Add thoughtful lyrics, and this album could win over anyone. *Adventure Time* is the third outing by the Cute Lepers, who have risen out of the shadows of **The Briefs** (previous band of lead vocalist and guitarist **Steve E. Nix** and bassist **Stevie Kicks**) and reflects everything that band accomplished and so much more. The first track, "Tribute to Charlie," an ode to **U.K. Subs'** lead singer **Charlie Harper**, has this tremendous sound with pumping piano and saxophone blasting along and "Head Over Heels" is a catchy power pop tune that'll be in my head for weeks. I love hearing a punk rock band that drags the genre wherever they want to. —James Orme

Dag för Dag
Boo
Ceremony Recordings
Street: 04.26
Dag för Dag = PJ Harvey + Arcade Fire - Hope Sandoval
Taking a name from the direct Swedish translation "day by day," this brother-sister team have developed as a band through constant, curious

travel. Based out of Sweden, these two bring a hazy, grunge-filled sound with their debut album, *Boo*. Thick with dirty guitars and waves of washed-out vocals, it's impressive knowing that just two people are behind the array of sounds. Touching on moments reminiscent of **Mazzy Star**, vocalist **Sarah Snavelly** brings serious grit and raw energy to the release. In the standout track, "I am the Assassin," dark guitar lines lumber behind challenging lyrics and chillingly sweet howls. From beautiful textures to stripped-down melodies, Dag för Dag does a solid job projecting their wandering journeys through their songs. —Ryan Schoeck

Damion Suomi & The Minor Prophets
Go, and Sell All of Your Things
Hopeless Records
Street: 04.12
Damion Suomi & The Minor Prophets = Murder By Death's Good Morning, Maggie + The Builders and the Butchers + Bonanza

I can't help but think about The Builders and the Butchers when I listen to this album, but it isn't a bad thing in this case. The album is catchy, folksy, and whiskey-drunk to perfection. Lyrically, this band rules, singing, "We're here to unlearn/The teachings of the church and State/We're here to drink beer, we're here to kill war" in "A Dog From Hell (And His Good Advice)." Good advice, I'd say. They sing about the Bible a little bit too much for my liking—in "Camel," they plead, "Help me get that camel through the eye/Cause I'm a rich man, I know I'm gonna die," and reference turning stones into bread in "Stones." What's to expect with Minor Prophets in the band, though? "I Hope You Die Sad and Alone" is the funniest waltz I've ever heard, which sounds more like a letter from a mother getting impatient for grandchildren. It's clever. Every song is such a toe-tapping good time, magnified with pretty layers of piano, mandolin, banjo, lap steel, heavy drum beats, guitar, and upbeat harmonies, fronted by a booming voice that catalogues a man's journey through wisdom and metaphor. —Kyla G.

Deafheaven

Roads to Judah
Street: 04.26
Deathwish Inc.
Deafheaven = Boris + Slowdive + Wolves in the Throne Room

On paper, the combination of silky British shoegaz with the relentless clatter of Norwegian black metal seems awful ... a foolish experiment in grasping at '90s cultural touchstones. Regardless, this San-Fran power trio hacks it with spectacular results (and nary a hint of irony). Blanketed in chiming guitars and an understated swirling lushness, opening track “Violet” lulls the listener into a long, tranquil stupor before rousing them awake with a bursting bombast of rasping, black metal-fury. The album sustains this pattern seamlessly throughout its four dizzying tracks, dancing back and forth between breathy **Slowdive**-esque wonder and cacophonous explosions à la **Burzum**, varying in tempo but never losing its permeating ethereality. It’s an arduous aural journey, one that may discourage impatient listeners, but those who embrace its exhaustiveness will find it quite rewarding. Bewildering, primal and obstinately beautiful, this risky sonic experiment pays off. *–Dylan Chadwick*

The Golden Dogs = Rilo Kiley + The New Pornographers

Canadian rockers The Golden Dogs are back after a while in hibernation, and have changed direction on their third full-length album. *Coat of Arms* revives '70s rock in a very modern and indie way. The album is full of contagious beats, seductive synths and surprise—**Jessica Grassia** can sing. In fact, some of the album’s more “golden” moments are when Grassia takes the lead. In “Underwater Goldmine,” the combination of her soft voice, Rhodes piano and omnichord lends it a very ethereal quality. Grassia’s vocal stylings in “As Long As You Like,” and “Cheap Umbrellas” are evocative of an earlier Jenny Lewis. However, the songs where Dave Azzolini sings are just as good. “Dear Francis” has a catchy melody and “Old Hat” has a roaring dinosaur of a guitar. From start to finish, the album is unexpectedly fresh, upbeat, energetic and bursting with sunshine. “Coat of Arms” is a perfect listen for any spring adventure—now all they need is a new band name. *– Julianna Clay*

Gang Gang Dance

Eye Contact
4AD
Street: 05.09
Gang Gang Dance = Zola Jesus + WIN WIN + Fever Ray

After 2008’s surprisingly successful *Saint Dymphna*, the NYC collective are back with an absolute masterpiece which condenses and amplifies much of the accessibility of their last album. GGD’s jump to 4AD seems like an appropriate move. **Lizzie Bougatosos**’s breathy vocals would have fit nicely with 4AD’s roster of dream pop chartreuses. While ephemeral and auxiliary in the past, Bougatsos’ direct vocal stylings on *Eye Contact* is one of the album’s most prominent vehicles. The other element driving these compositions are GGD’s world music-inspired, polyrhythmic percussion, '80s synths, warped electronics and **Josh Diamond**’s heavily processed guitar playing. As expected, the low end is massive, taking cues from eccentric experimental dub, post-rave techno and UK grime. *Eye Contact* is easily one of the most anticipated and rewarding albums of the year. Gang Gang has simply never sounded better. *–Ryan Hall*

The Golden Dogs

Coat of Arms
Nevado Records
Street: 04.26



The Golden Dogs = Rilo Kiley + The New Pornographers
Canadian rockers The Golden Dogs are back after a while in hibernation, and have changed direction on their third full-length album. *Coat of Arms* revives '70s rock in a very modern and indie way. The album is full of contagious beats, seductive synths and surprise—**Jessica Grassia** can sing. In fact, some of the album’s more “golden” moments are when Grassia takes the lead. In “Underwater Goldmine,” the combination of her soft voice, Rhodes piano and omnichord lends it a very ethereal quality. Grassia’s vocal stylings in “As Long As You Like,” and “Cheap Umbrellas” are evocative of an earlier Jenny Lewis. However, the songs where Dave Azzolini sings are just as good. “Dear Francis” has a catchy melody and “Old Hat” has a roaring dinosaur of a guitar. From start to finish, the album is unexpectedly fresh, upbeat, energetic and bursting with sunshine. “Coat of Arms” is a perfect listen for any spring adventure—now all they need is a new band name. *– Julianna Clay*

I Was Totally Destroying It

Preludes
Greyday Records
Street: 04.12
I Was Totally Destroying It = Superchunk + Rosebuds + Tsunami



Wow! This band, hailing from Chapel Hill, embodies all the nostalgia that I feel when I think about the old '90s Merge roster (which makes sense, considering that Merge founders

and **Superchunk** pioneers **Mac McCaughan** and **Laura Ballance** also hail from Chapel Hill). It's true that there was a lot of bad music in the '90s and it was an era that people easily want to forget, but I implore you, dear reader, give this band a shot. It has everything that you want if you are a pop geek. Super happy guitar hooks, driving power chords and playful boy/girl vocals that are heartfelt, personal, and kind of a bummer will invoke sing-alongs for days. I highly recommend “Fight/Flight” for the next time you want to drive around with the top down and pretend you are in an episode of *Gossip Girl*. *– Mary Houdini*

The Kills

Blood Pressures
Domino Records
Street: 04.05
The Kills = The Dead Weather + Eagles of Death Metal + Spinnerette + The Black Keys
Blood Pressures finds **Alison Mosshart** and **Jamie Hince** pushing their signature bare bones sound in a fuller and more dynamic direction. The guitars remain gritty and raw on the majority of tracks and the drum machine that backs the two-piece band continues to drive it forward, but Moshart’s voice feels more forceful than on earlier albums—possibly a result of her time with **Jack White** and The Dead Weather. “Future Starts Slow” opens the album with a solid drumbeat before Mosshart’s vocals cut in and begin crooning. “You can holler, you can wail, you can swing, you can flail.” It’s a great introduction to the undeniable catchiness of everything that is to come on *Blood Pressures*. Although the album sounds dramatically different from The Kills’ early work, the fuller sound is a welcome change and seems like a natural progression for Mosshart and Hince. *Blood Pressures* perfectly combines nasty grit, sultry sex bomb style and raw emotional intensity in a tight little package. Buy this one on vinyl. *–Jeanette D. Moses*

Memory Map

Holiday Band
Joyful Noise
Recordings
Street: 05.10
Holiday Band = Q and Not U + Animal Collective

Memory Map take a strong cue from math rock, but from the tempo changes and pointillist guitar work emerge melodic anthems worthy of their earnest vocal treatments. The songs, often not much longer than 2:30, zip by in a flash of guitar pyrotechnics. Memory Map will appeal to a broader audience than just the **Dismemberment Plan** fans, and that’s due to the



heart hidden underneath the spiky guitars. The climax of the album is the outstanding closer “Protection Clause,” which is not coincidentally, also the most personal. *–Nate Housley*

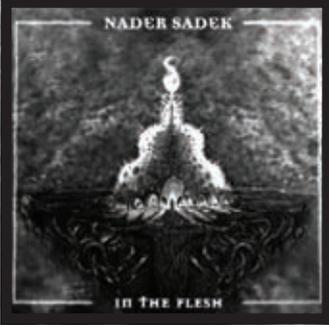
Mock Orange

Disguised As Ghosts
Wednesday Records
Street: 04.12
Mock Orange = MGMT + Arcade Fire + Paul Simon’s Surprise

Anyone who is a fan of the modern psych-pop indie rock movement has probably been awaiting the newest release from the Evansville, Indiana band Mock Orange. You won’t be disappointed. It can’t be said that *Disguised as Ghosts* is a departure from their former material, but who needs it to be? They had perfected the kind of dance pop that made bands like MGMT famous well before MGMT was around, only Mock Orange specializes in fusing their songs with traditional folk underpinnings. “Going Away” almost sounds like a **John Denver** song that you can show your friends without being embarrassed. On “Silent Motion,” they not only make 7/4 time feel natural and comfortable, but also pull off using mandolin and banjo as staple instruments in a rock song. This album is essential. *–CG*

Nader Sadek

In the Flesh
Season of Mist
Street: 05.17
Nader Sadek = Morbid Angel + Nile + Mayhem



Pulse: my heart is still beating. Breath: air still incoming my lungs. Muscles: I can at least move my big toe. Hell, I think I may have just had a seizure—I

just attempted to digest the black, oily, metallic substance that is Nader Sadek’s *In the Flesh*. Backstory of the band: Its concepts and players I leave that to you, the reader, to seek out. The more mysterious this record is, the better, and I have no place in ruining any first impressions that listeners may gather. Nothing about *In the Flesh* is run-of-the-mill—you’ll remember the songs once they blitz-attack you like a hundred wolves descending on an unsuspecting flock of sheep. This album is like a drug. Memories of its bestial gnawings will linger, but it’s truly like the need for a smoker to huff in their tobacco flavor of choice, or a heroin addict’s obsession with how to get the next fix. The uncanny ability of this album is its way to build up a stronghold in your brain stem, but still require regular auditory experiences to man the stronghold. The truly scary thing about Nader Sadek is that the album is just its starting point—promised visual treats to the sonic deviousness in form of recorded and live creations have only begun to be unleashed. *–Bryer Wharton*

Pet Shop Boys

The Most Incredible Thing
Astralwerks
Street: 03.22
The Most Incredible Thing = Pet Shop Boys + Tchaikovsky + disco



I have to confess that I don’t have much knowledge of classical music—This doesn’t mean I don’t like what I hear—it is just not my cup of tea. If **Neil Tennant** and **Chris Lowe** only made dance and pop music that was *lacking* in classical elements, I would have been more apprehensive about this release, which is their original score for a contemporary ballet based on a **Hans Christian Andersen** fairytale. My apprehension was unfounded, thankfully, since this is essentially still a Pet Shop Boys release, and it is by turns (or should that be pirouettes?) interesting, thought-provoking and above all, enjoyably listenable. By mixing classical elements (quite beautifully rendered with orchestrations by **Sven Helbig** and conducted by **Dominic Wheeler**) with striking electronic ones

and occasional voices, this album makes for a riveting listening experience. Mr. Tennant’s unmistakable voice is heard fairly early in the score, midway through the mesmerizing “The Grind,” although truthfully, there is nothing that could be construed as single-worthy here. There is drama and pathos in the music and elements of surprise in this ballet for sure, but what resonates the longest is a buoyant happiness that continually rises to the top. Which for a mostly classical piece, may be the most incredible thing of all. *–Dean O Hillis*

Psychedelic Horseshit

Laced
FatCat Records
Street: 05.10
Psychedelic Horseshit = Black Lips + M.I.A + Desertion on a desert island

Matt Whitehurst, aka Matt Horseshit of Psychedelic Horseshit calls his style of music, “Shitgaze.” If the artist himself calls it as such, who am I to say it’s not. Hell, he proved it to me, just listen! “Shitgaze” is a play on the genre of shoegaze, with the latter being lush and sonic guitar-driven ambient rock music. “Shitgaze,” as it’s presented here on the *Laced* L.P., is lo-fi jungle psych noise pop. *Laced* is replete with melodies accompanied by sonic freakouts and audio hallucinations. The album is a cloudy, inversion-like confusion, though it’s not entirely unpleasant. In the book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, an LSD chemist takes too large of a dose and finds himself shifting through time and ultimately having to rebuild the universe with his mind. *Laced* would be a fitting soundtrack for the early stages of such an endeavor. “Tropical Vision,” with its sun-scorched guitar melody, is like the rantings of a madman on a deserted island listening to the tribal drums coming his way, considering his impending doom. “Another Side,” a neo-folk track with a nice harmony, was the most musical track on the LP. *Laced* is what drum circles sound like on Mars. I would advise listening to it when you’re not actually tripping but just need to make your day a little more interesting. *–Tom Bennett*

The Raveonettes

Raven in the Grave
Vice Records
Street: 04.05

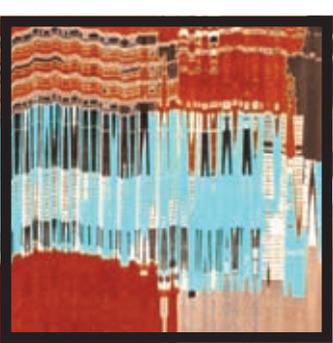
The Raveonettes = Panda Bear + Siouxsie & The Banshees + A Place to Bury Strangers + The Jesus and Mary Chain
From opening track “Recharge & Revolt,” it’s clear that *Raven in the Grave* is remarkably different than the music that came before it. The sunny, radiating surf sound found on earlier Raveonettes albums is notice-



ably absent and has been replaced with lo-fi vocals, synths that barely shimmer over the surface and an ethereal sound created by loads of feedback. “Forget that You’re Young,” and “Let Me On Out” are some of the only tracks that resemble the group’s earlier work. Although the album takes a huge leap in a different sonic direction, it maintains a feeling of enchantment and wonder. *Raven in the Grave* isn’t as catchy as earlier work—it will take quite a few careful listens to fully devour these songs, but ultimately, it’s worth it. The Raveonettes may have ditched some of their pop hooks, but the result is beautiful songs that feel dreamier and more like lullabies than anything that they’ve done before. *– Jeanette D. Moses*

Screens

Dead House
What Delicate Recordings
Street: 05.17
Screens = Local Natives + Harlem Shakes + early Modest Mouse + Menomena

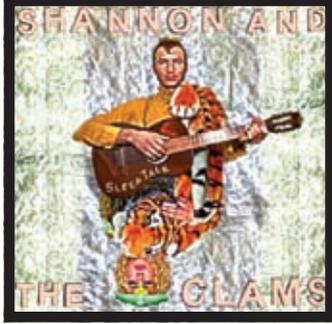


It’s hard to make general statements about Screens. They have a different sound from song to song, but one thing they have in common is that they’re all pretty strange. Musically, they often resemble modern indie-rock bands like Local Natives and Menomena, only instead of singing over the material, vocalist **Breck Brunson** usually chooses to scream and holler through a lot of reverb and sometimes fuzzy distortion. When his performance is melodic, it resembles **Geoff Rickly** of **Thursday** a little bit. Portions of the album are spent in arrhythmic noise sessions that build

tension before the next rambunctious rock song or synth-driven dance track. Their experimentations aren’t self-gratifying nonsense, though. Every second of this album is genuinely enjoyable to listen to, which is rare for bands trying to do something bizarre and loud. *–CG*

Shannon and The Clams

Sleep Talk
1-2-3-4 Go!
Street: 04.05
Shannon and The Clams = The Fresh & Onlys + Hunx and his Punx



Sincere and straight out of the ‘60s, *Sleep Talk* is something to behold. It sounds like the Fresh & Onlys’ less aggressive songs (think “August in my Mind”), with a bit of doo-wop mixed in. Half of the album sounds like a Del Shannon B-side, which hopefully excites you. The highlight of the album for most Utahns will hopefully be “The Cult Song,” which seems to be an anti-Mormon anthem (name-dropping Moroni and Nephi). These upbeat-sounding downtrodden love songs are really enjoyable—it should be a perfect summer album as our bipolar spring is on its way out. *(Urban: 05.08)*
–Cody Hudson

Sims

Bad Time Zoo
Doomtree
Street: 02.15
Sims = Sage Francis + P.O.S. + Atmosphere

Producers are doing some very interesting things in hip-hop these days, and Doomtree’s **Lazerbeak** is on the cutting edge. On his solo release last year, *Legend Recognize Legend*, he showed a knack for huge, dramatic beats. I mention this first because every first-rate MC needs a foundation of incredible production to work over and Lazerbeak did every single beat for Sims’ new record, *Bad Time Zoo*. As a result, the feel and rhythm of this record is complex, with choral vocal samples on “Future Shock” and a dominant saxophone melody on “Burn It Down.” There’s also an influence of world music with diverse instrumentation on many songs—pan

pipes, xylophones, cowbell and trumpet all mixed with tight snare and crisp, thumping bass. Sims himself is flawless—lip-blisteringly quick flows with his characteristic scratchy staccato delivery make the rich sonic landscapes just that—a background. “Too Much” and “Good Times” and the relatively quiet (yet somehow vast) “When It Rolls In” are particular favorites. Our world feels increasingly like one giant food chain in an urban savannah and Sims’ lyrics are like war chants to blast through your headphones as you go out and face it. Another great release from the Doomtree collective. *(Kilby/Urban: 05.12) –Rio Connelly*

tUnE-YarDs *whokill*

4AD
Street: 04.19
tUne-YarDs = S.L.F.M + Sister Suvi Merrill Garbus, aka tUne-YarDs, has had an exhausting touring schedule over the last few years, opening for **Sunset Rubdown**, **Dirty Projectors**, **Thao Nguyen** and **Xiu Xiu** just in the last couple years (all of whom came to Salt Lake). One of the biggest complaints you will hear about her (not from me) is that her first album was too lo-fi to really showcase the incredible voice you will hear at her live show. This album will leave nobody complaining. All of the shortfalls of the first album (most of which was recorded with a handheld voice recorder) have been overcome and all of the new songs (which you may have seen performed, if you have seen her in the last year) are catchier and more well written. The single “Bizness” has had a ton of Internet buzz, but my personal favorite has to be “Powa”—with its incredibly simple song structure, it will be stuck in your head for days. *–Cody Hudson*

The Tunnel *Fathoms Deep*

Glorious Alchemical
Street: 04.05
The Tunnel = Swans + Nick Cave

Gritty rockers **The Tunnel** are back for another round with their second album, *Fathoms Deep*. Much like their debut album, *Carver Brothers Lullaby*, they keep it simple with dirty guitars and a predictable crack of the bass drum. Because making personal reflections of every horrible mistake into a dark, sludgy drinking jam is something close to talent, The Tunnel could have the capacity to be your new favorite bar band. Especially with **Jeff Wagner**’s awkward croaks disguised as vocals, which create a sound that can only be good a few drinks in. In track “The Best Catcher,” Wagner’s vocal mockery is reserved enough.

The listener is able to get wrapped up in the damp, whiskey-soaked chaos or “Fathomless Deep” a track that creates a dynamic instrumental trip, which embodies a promising glimpse into what could be a favorable direction for the band, an awesome silence of Wagner’s voice. However close they come to sounding like an actual band, instead of Wanger’s failed endeavor of mimicking **Nick Cave**, we should all raise a glass and drink (because you are gonna need it) to The Tunnel. *–Liz Lucero*

Vampillia *Alchemic Heart*

Important
Street: 03.01
Vampillia = Swans + Philip Glass
x This Mortal Coil

Comprising only two tracks but running 50 minutes, this album by a little-known orchestra from Osaka, Japan, along with members of **The Boredoms**, is not for the ADHD generation. “Sea” features the legendary songstress **Jarboe** (Swans) breathily intoning over a slow-building swell of orchestral layers mixed by **Merzbow** that pick up around 11:25, as both orchestra and singer launch into a beautiful lyrical maelstrom. The ocean may be a metaphor for sex, but this is both stormier and prettier than it is sexy. “Land” is crafted from the same source material as “Sea,” but it is quite different: a digital noise reinterpretation, with the same layers creating a beautiful cacophony of the previous track’s lyricism. I once heard an apocryphal story about a Japanese musician attending a Western orchestral performance. After the discordant tune-up, he clapped wildly, to the dismay of the Westerners, who didn’t consider the preliminary noise to be music. *Land* is that tune-up, set to shine against black velvet earth. *–Madelyn Boudreaux*

Various Artists *Mortal Kombat: Songs Inspired by the Warriors*

Watertower Music
Street: 04.05

Mortal Kombat = Cold Blank + Wolfgang Gartner + Doctor P
Produced by JFK from **MSTRKRFT** and **Death From Above 1979**, this album is comprised of 12 original songs based on characters’ themes from *Mortal Kombat*. The striking thing about this compilation is the diversity of the producers who signed on, but the album is fairly hit or miss. The biggest miss is **Skrillex**’s track, which sounds just like every other horrible song he’s ever produced. This guy has one gimmick—he glitches the fuck out of every womp—and he beat it to death a while ago. **Congorock**’s track has the same problem, in that

it sounds like every Congorock track I’ve ever heard. However, there are some standout tracks, notably those by **TOKiMONSTA** (from **Flying Lotus’ Brainfeeder** label), who is making big waves right now, as well as **Them Jeans**’ track, which is a sweet and original blend of house with some dub elements, and **Felix Cartal**’s track, which gives an excellent example of his remarkably original brand of progressive electro-house. It’s a fascinating album, and worth picking up for the good parts. *–Jessie Wood*

Wormrot *Dirge*

Earache
Street: 05.03
Wormrot = Brutal Truth + Insect Warfare + Napalm Death

The latest release from Singapore’s Wormrot should include a universal sticker that you can place over the play button on your audio-playing device that simply says “pwn’d.” That’s damn well what *Dirge* is going to do to you—not only when you’ve given it a ride of pure ultra-violent grindcore—no frills—no fucking around—eyeballs blowing out of their sockets and bleeding ears ferocity in speed-shredding-drum kit annihilation (who needs a bassist) bliss. If you were one of the lucky few to catch Wormrot play at Raunch Records in March, *Dirge* puts into perspective the very aspect of the live quality of the band, which is what they sound like on record. Well, except for the fact that live, the drummer has to stop and catch his breath every few minutes. Keep in mind that the drumming is one of Wormrot’s best qualities, showing it’s not just all about grindcore blasting, but executing that percussion to near-perfection. *Dirge* just may be the best grindcore record you hear all year. *–Bryer Wharton*

Xerath

Candlelight Records
Street: 05.03

Xerath = Meshuggah + film score + Dimmu Borgir

The aptly titled second release from symphonic death metal band Xerath hits like a sledgehammer to the knuckles, fearlessly combining elements from progressive, thrash and even cinematic scores into a brutal, soaring trip, albeit not in a powerful enough way to really stick in your mind. The album’s mixing lends weight to this unique collective, letting the vocals accompany rather than lead. Opening track “Unite to Defy” sets the stage with symphonics that

rise like toxic gas to bone-crunching drums and guitar stutters. **Richard Thomson**’s voice is a demonic rip in their sound, reminiscent of **Heaven Shall Burn**, a surprisingly effective counter to the sludgy strings. Xerath never lets the symphonic overwhelm the metal: “Numbered Among the Dead” is an excellent showcase of their ability to balance, creating fierce atmosphere where lesser musicians might only find chaos. Ultimately, however, the album is lacking in memorable moments. When all was said and done, ravaged though my ears were, nothing stuck in my head for long. *–Megan Kennedy*

Young Widows *In and Out of Youth and Lightness*

Temporary Residence
Street: 04.12
Young Widows = Swans + Liars + Coliseum



Largely abandoning the **Jesus Lizard**-influenced weirdo swagger found on 2008’s *Old Wounds*, Young Widows have become slower, darker, creepier and noisier on their latest effort. Created in the wake of vocalist/guitarist **Evan Patterson**’s divorce, *In and Out of Youth and Lightness* is cold and distant, maintaining a detached ambiance throughout the album’s 48 minutes. Patterson’s guitar and bassist **Nick Thieneman** provide a constant buzz rather than the jerky riffs of previous albums, as each instrument seems to creep above **Jeremy McMonigle**’s constant drumming to provide only fleeting licks before being devoured once again by the noise. Repeat listens reveal that these songs are actually incredibly well crafted and do indeed include catchy moments (most apparent on “Young Rivers,” “Lean on the Ghost” and “In and Out of Youth”), but this is still a dark album that can be an instant bummer—in a good way (at least you’re feeling something, right?). It may take old fans a while to appreciate *In and Out of Youth and Lightness*, but it is well worth the patience. *(Burt’s: 06.03) –Ricky Vigil*

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, May 6

DJ Vol – *Garage*
 Patwa – *Canyon Inn*
 Fue and Taiko: The Sound of Japan – *Downtown Library*
 Tanglewood – *Hog Wallow*
 Joan of Arc, Air Waves, The Lionelle – *Kilby*
 Herban Empire, Slowride, Mixed Ape – *Liquid Joe's*
 Utah Arts Alliance Gallery Exhibit – *SLC Main Street*
 Trevor Green – *Spur*
 The Black Angels, Sleepy Sun – *Urban*
 Eric McKenna Spreng – *Vertical Diner*
 Third Strike, Adrenaline – *Why Sound*

Saturday, May 7

Voodoo Glow Skulls – *Burt's*
 Long Distance Operator, King Nico, Bloop – *Canyon Inn*
 Motogratr, Alias Code, Blessed Of Sin, Scarred For Six, Black Damp Diery – *Club Vegas*
 Wasatch Roller Derby vs Sin City – *Derby Depot*
 Graduation Party w/ DJ Curtis Strange – *Garage*
 Backwash – *Hog Wallow*
 Big Blue Ox – *Johnny's*
 YARDgasm – *338 E 700 S*
 Jessica Lea Mayfield, Nathaniel Ratliff – *Kilby*
 The Spazmatics! – *Liquid Joe's*
 Creative Journaling Workshop – *Salt Lake Writing Center*
 Colin Robison Trio – *Spur*
 Dubwise – *Urban*
 Sarah Olsen, Jake Ballentine – *Why Sound*
 Dizzy Desoto, Merit Badge, Max Pain and the Groovies – *Woodshed*

Sunday, May 8

Joe Pug, Strand of Oaks, Mihaly – *Kilby*
 Hunx & His Punx, Shannon and the Clams, Dances With Wolves – *Urban*

Monday, May 9

Leon Russell – *Depot*
 Of Montreal, Painted Palms – *In The Venue*

Film: Fruit Fly – *SLC Film Center*
 May Arts Night 'Our Generation' – *Urban*

Happy Birthday, Mike Brown!

Tuesday, May 10

Carnifex Tour. DJ A-Track, Within The Ruins – *Complex*
 Staks O'Lee – *Garage*
 Raekwon-Shaolin vs. Wu-Tang Tour – *Hotel Elevate*
 Houses, Greypbear, Bicycle



Photo: Elli Radar

Dessa w/Sims and Lazerbeak @ Urban Lounge & Kilby on May 12

Voice – *Kilby*
 Film: Freedom Riders – *SLC Film Center*
 Joe Purdy, Milk Carton Kids – *State Room*
 Yacht, Light Asylum, Jeffrey Jerusalem – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Kent Farrington!
Happy Birthday, Rebecca Vernon!

Wednesday, May 11

DJ Chase One2 & DJ Godina – *Garage*
 The Daylights – *Avalon*
 Holy Grail, Cauldron, Killbot, Visigoth – *Club Vegas*
 Sun Cloud – *Canyon Inn*
 Gyptian & Etana – *Hotel Elevate*

Vivian Girls, No Joy – *Kilby*
 Lucid 8, Rhubarb, Someone's Mom – *Liquid Joe's*
 Yelle, French Horn Rebellion, Muscle Hawk – *Urban*

Thursday, May 12

The Janks, The Shivers, Fictionist – *Depot*
 SKPz – *Hog Wallow*
 The Dope MCs, The Metal Gods – *Liquid Joe's*

Techrise Dance Party – *Murray Theater*
 Oneirology Tour: Cunninlinguists, Homeboy Sandman, Tonedeff – *Urban*
 Patsy Ohio – *Vertical Diner*
 Artie Hemphill, Iron Horse Band – *Westerner*
 Racecar Racecar, Paul Christiansen, Me3 – *Why Sound*
 Fox Van Cleef, Hip White People – *Woodshed*
 Connect: Artist Networking Night– *UAA*

Saturday, May 14

Rounds – *Bar Deluxe*
 Opal Hills Drive, J Law, War Horse – *Canyon Inn*
 Sir Smooth/Still Born B.Day Bash: The Fabulous Miss Wendy, American Hitman – *Club Vegas*
 Wolfgang Gartner, Felix Cartal – *Complex*
 Long Distance Operator, Dirty Blonde – *Garage*
 The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Hog Wallow*
 Sleepwalkers, Super 78, Plastic Furs – *Kilby*
 The Spazmatics! – *Liquid Joe's*
 Ghostowne – *Spur*
SLUG Localized: The Hungups, Desolate, Problem Daughter– Urban

Fighting for the Cause: Fucktards, Blackhole, Dean Dawn and DJ Numb Nutz, Levi Kris Zeman – *Vertical Diner*
 Deadbeat, Dut Dut, Nick Crossley, Jarom Bischoff – *Why Sound*
 Wafer, Shaky Trade – *Woodshed*

Sunday, May 15

Jimmy Eat World – *In The Venue*
 Crystal Stilts, Plastic Furs – *Urban*

Monday, May 16

Green River Blues, Merit Badges – *Kilby*
 Fresh Brew Tour: Devin The Dude, Coughsee Brothaz – *Urban*

Tuesday, May 17

Brooke Fraser – *In The Venue*
 Staks O'Lee – *Garage*
 Society Mis-call, Dark Seas,

Rejoin the Team, Sandapile – *Kilby*
 Film: My Perestroika – *SLC Film Center*
 Freedom Writers Workshop – *Salt Lake Writing Center*
 Captured By Robots, Giraffula – *Urban*

Wednesday, May 18

DJ Chase One2 & DJ Godina – *Garage*
 Good Question – *Canyon Inn*
 Bayside, Silverstein, Polar Bear Club, The Swellers, Texas In July – *Complex*
 Where's A.N.N.A. – *Kilby*
 Living Traditions Festival – *Salt Lake City & County Building*
 William Fitzsimmons, Slow Runner – *Urban*
 Tedeschi Trucks Band – *Kingsbury Hall*

Thursday, May 19

DJ Anthony Motto – *Canyon Inn*
 Curren\$, Trademark, Young Roddy, Fiend, Corner Boy P – *In The Venue*

Benefit for Otis Nebula Literary Syndicate: JPO, Circus, Dancers, Ukeleles – *Kilby*
 The Dope MCs, The Metal Gods – *Liquid Joe's*
 The Royal Family Ball, Soulive, Lettuce – *State Room*
 Marinade, Pour Horse, Holy Water Buffalo – *Urban*

Friday, May 20

DJ Vol – *Garage*
 Film Reels – *Blonde Grizzly*
 Beach Party w/ Phat Daddy – *Canyon Inn*
 Christopher Lawrence – *Complex*
 Bike Bonanza! – *Gallivan Center*
 Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
 This Is Samoan Art Gallery Show – *House Gallery*

Future of the Ghost – *Kilby*
 Man Man, Shilpa Ray – *In The Venue*

Suicycles – *Piper Down*
 Swagger – *Spur*

Open Studio Event – *Spiro Arts*
 Pato Banton – *State Room*
 The Greenhornes, Jeff the Brotherhood – *Urban*
 Yours Truly – *Vertical Diner*
 Nescience – *Why Sound*
 May Exhibition– *Copper Palate Press*



Neon Indian w/Asobi Seksu @ Urban Lounge on June 2

Saturday, May 21

Beach Party w/ Phat Daddy – *Canyon Inn*
 SCDG Burlesque Themed Prom – *Complex*
 Roller Derby: Fabulous Sin City Roller Girls, Train Wrecks, Railway Banditas, After Shocks– *Davis Conference Center*
 Jason Bonham's Led Zeppelin Experience – *Depot*
 Matt Hooper, The Trappers – *Garage*
 Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
 Stonefed – *Johnny's*
 Urban Arts Festival – *Pierpont Ave*
 Spazmatics! – *Liquid Joe's*
 Kids at the Bar – *Urban*
 Adam Dorius – *Vertical Diner*
 Rishka – *Woodshed*
 Urban Arts Festival – *Pierpont*

Sunday, May 22

Guitar Wolf , Cheap Time, Birthquake – *Urban*
 MT vs Sin City – *Derby Depot*

Monday, May 23

Jamies Elsewhere – *Kilby*
 Orgone – *State Room*
 Living Traditions Festival – *Salt Lake City & County Building*

Tuesday, May 24

Staks O'Lee – *Garage*
 This Will Destroy You, Pure X, Sleepover – *Kilby*
 Film: The Tillman Story – *SLC Film Center*
 Dwellers, Rye Wolves, IX Zealot – *Urban*
 The Trappers, Folka Dots – *Woodshed*
 Megan Slankard – *Bar Deluxe*

Wednesday, May 25

DJ Chase One2 & DJ Godina – *Garage*
 Sabrina and the Funky Gentlemen – *Canyon Inn*
 Kevyn Dern – *Hog Wallow*
 Just Three Words, Mess of Me, Bobby and the Tiger – *Kilby*
 Radio Moscow, Spell Talk, Max Pain & The Groovies – *Urban*
 Pernicious Wishes – *Why Sound*

Thursday, May 26

Joy & eric – *Hog Wallow*
 Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, Jared Mees & The Grown Children

– *Kilby*
 The Dope MCs, The Metal Gods – *Liquid Joe's*
 Desert Rocks Music Festival – *Moab*
 Sodacon, Nobody Knows, Wistful Vista – *Urban*

Friday, May 27

DJ Vol – *Garage*
 Channel Z – *Canyon Inn*
 Roger Clyne, The Peacemakers – *Complex*
 2 ½ White Guys – *Hog Wallow*
 Sam Sorenson – *Kilby*
 Desert Rocks Music Festival – *Moab*
 Tower Midnight Films: Repo!, The Genetic Opera – *Tower Theatre*
 The Devil Whale (CD Release), The Future of the Ghost, David Williams – *Urban*
 Big Mirror – *Vertical Diner*

Saturday, May 28

Tough Tittie, Victims Willing, Thunderfist – *Burts*
 Funk Fu – *Canyon Inn*
 Plastic Furs, Pretty Worms, Riffamos – *Garage*
 Los Hellcaminos, Ray Rosales – *Hog Wallow*
 Drop Top Lincoln – *Johnny's*
 Citizen Fish, The Apathy Cycle – *Kilby*
 The Spazmatics! – *Liquid Joe's*
 Burst Your Own Bubble Music Fest – *Mayhem Music*
 Desert Rocks Music Festival – *Moab*
 Tower Midnight Films: Repo!

The Genetic Opera – *Tower Theatre*
 Old 97's, Sarah Jaffe – *Urban*
 Avenues String Duo – *Vertical Diner*
 Morning Teportation – *Woodshed*
 Tracing Yesterday – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday, Maggie Zukowski!

Sunday, May 29

Fire in the Skies, Parley – *Basement*
 Adele – *Depot*
 Desert Rocks Music Festival – *Moab*
 Samba Fogo – *Urban*

Monday, May 30

Arctic Monkeys – *In The Venue*
 Mayer Hawthorne – *Urban*

Tuesday, May 31

Staks O'Lee – *Garage*
 Autism Hope Foundation Benefit – *Kilby*
 Hub City Stompers – *Piper Down*
 Film: Into Eternity – *SLC Film Center*
 Music From The Film Winters Bone: Maradith Sisco, Dennis Crider, Bo Brown, Van Colbert, Tedi May, Linda Stoffel – *Urban*

Wednesday, June 1

The Airborne Toxic Event – *In The Venue*
 David Bazan, Cotton Jones – *Kilby*
 Travel Writing Workshop – *SLCC Community Writing Center*
 KRCL Night Out– *Keys On Main*

Thursday, June 2

Celldweller – *Complex*
 Noah and the Whale – *In The Venue*
 Neon Indian, Asobi Seksu – *Urban*

Friday, June 3

Black Sabbath Experience, The Velvetones, The Krypled – *Burt's*
 Iron & Wine – *In The Venue*
 Oddmality – *Why Sound*
 Grand Marshal Reception – *Washington Square*
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MUSCLEHAWK

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HOMEBOY SANDMAN
TONEDEFF
DOPETHOUGHT

FRI MAY 27TH **THE DEVIL WHALE**
THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST
DAVID WILLIAMS

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SARAH JAFFE

COMING SOON: JUNE 1: THE DODOS & WHITE DENIM JUNE 2: NEON INDIAN
JUNE 4: RATATAT AFTER PARTY WITH LASERFANG JUNE 7: X96 PRESENTS: FOSTER THE PEOPLE
JUNE 9: WOODSMEN JUNE 11: KRCL PRESENTS LANGHORNE SLIM
JUNE 13: HENHOUSE PROWLERS JUNE 14: NICK JAINA
JUNE 16: OKKERVIL RIVER & TITUS ANDRONICUS JUNE 17: CRUCIAL FEST
JUNE 18: KRCL PRESENTS BLACK LIPS JUNE 20: THE DONKEYS
JUNE 22: KRCL PRESENTS SONDRÉ LERCHE JUNE 24: AFRO OMEGA
JUNE 25: MEAT PUPPETS JUNE 30: YAMIN JULY 3: TED DANCIN'
JULY 9: MAUS HALS JULY 15: THE ROSEBUDS, OTHER LIVES JULY 29: COLD CAVE

MAY 2: KRCL PRESENTS THE FELICE BROTHERS, YOU ARE PLURAL
MAY 3: KRCL PRESENTS TUNE YARDS, BUKE AND GASS, MALAIKAT DAN SINGA
MAY 4: KRCL PRESENTS HERE WE GO MAGIC, AROARA
MAY 5: TED DANCIN' CINCO DE MAYO! 1\$ COVER & 2\$ COCKTAILS!
MAY 6: THE BLACK ANGELS, SLEEPY SUN
MAY 7: DUBWISE
MAY 8: KRCL PRESENTS HUNX & HIS PUNK, SHANNON & THE CLAMS, DANCES WITH WOLVES
MAY 9: MAY ART NIGHT: "OUR GENERATION"
MAY 10: KRCL PRESENTS YACHT, LIGHT ASYLUM, JEFFREY JERUSALEM + DJ SET CHASE ONE TWO
MAY 11: KRCL PRESENTS YELLE, FRENCH HORN REBELLION, MUSCLE HAWK
MAY 12: KRCL PRESENTS SIMS & DESSA, MINDSTATE, SCENIC BYWAY
MAY 13: DANKSQUAD PRESENTS CUNNINLYNGUISTS, HOMEBOY SANDMAN, TONEDEFF, DOPETHOUGHT
MAY 14: SLUG LOCALIZED: THE HUNG UPS, DESOLATE, PROBLEM DAUGHTER
MAY 15: KRCL PRESENTS CRYSTAL STILTS, PLASTIC FURS
MAY 16: DEVIN THE DUDE, COUGHEE BROTHAZ
MAY 17: CAPTURED BY ROBOTS, GIRAFFULA
MAY 18: KRCL PRESENTS WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS, SLOW RUNNER
MAY 19: MARINADE, POUR HORSE, HOLY WATER BUFFALO
MAY 20: KRCL PRESENTS THE GREENHORNES, JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD, STARMY
MAY 21: KIDS AT THE BAR
MAY 22: GUITAR WOLF, CHEAP TIME, BIRTHQUAKE
MAY 24: DWELLERS, RYE WOLVES, IX ZEALOT
MAY 25: KRCL PRESENTS RADIO MOSCOW, SPELL TALK, MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES
MAY 26: SODACON CD RELEASE, NOBODY KNOWS, WISTFUL VISTA
MAY 27: KRCL PRESENTS THE DEVIL WHALE CD RELEASE, THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST, DAVID WILLIAMS
MAY 28: KRCL PRESENTS OLD 97'S, SARAH JAFFE
MAY 29: SAMBA FOGO
MAY 30: MAYER HAWTHORNE DJ SET PRESENTED BY TED DANCIN'
MAY 31: WINTER'S BONE FILM SCORE CONCERT

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

KILBY COURT

MAY

741 SOUTH 300 WEST
ALL SHOWS START AT 7PM
UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED
kilbycourt.com

1. Jonathan Richman (of Modern Lovers), Tommy Larkin
2. Fred Rongo, Landon Faulkner, The Six-Foot Alligator from Jupiter Trio, Gothen
3. The Head and the Heart (soon to be on tour with Iron & Wine), Desert Noises
4. Kiska, Advent Horizon, Any Allen Music, Abe Carter
5. Joan of Arc, Air Waves, The Lionelle
6. Jessica Lea Mayfield, Nathaniel Rateliff
7. Joe Pug, Strand of Oaks, Mihaly
8. Houses, Greycub, Bicycle Voice
9. Vivian Girls, No Joy
10. Sims & Dessa (of Doomtree), Dopethought
11. Ron Pope, Ari Herstand, Zack Berkman
12. Sleepwalkers, Super 78', Plastic Furs
13. Green River Blues, Merit Badges
14. Society Mis-Call, Dark Seas, Rejoin the Team, Sandpile
15. Where'z A.N.N.A., TBA
16. Benefit Show for Otis Nebula Literary Syndicate (JPO, Circus, Dancers, Ukuleles)
17. Happy Birthday Andres! Feat: Future of the Ghost, TBA
18. James Elsewhere, TBA
19. This Will Destroy You, Pure X, Sleepover
20. Just Three Words, Mess of Me, Bobby and the Tiger
21. Nathan Spencer & the Low Keys, Jared Mess & the Grown Children
22. Sam Sorenson (CD RELEASE PARTY)
23. Citizen Fish (feat. members of SUBHUMANS), The Apathy Cycle

UPCOMING S&S PRESENTS SHOWS IN MAY!

1. Of Montreal, Painted Palms @ In The Venue (6:30pm)
2. Jimmy Eat World @ In The Venue (6pm)
3. CurrenSy, w/ guests: Trandemark, Young Roddy, Flend, Corner Boy P, Dopethought @ In The Venue (7pm)
4. Man Man, Shilpa Ray & Her Happy Hookers @ In The Venue (7pm)
5. Morning Teleportation, TBA @ The Woodshed (9pm)

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