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SaltLakeUnderGround • Vol. 22 • Issue # 271 • July 2011 • slugmag.com

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Contributor Limelight

Gavin Sheehan—Office Coordinator



started at *SLUG* as our film festival intern, posting up-to-the-minute *Sundance*, *Slamdance* and *X-Dance* coverage. He has recently been put to work in our *SLUG HQ* as the coordinator of our latest project, *Soundwaves From The Underground*, *SLUG*'s new weekly podcast. Keep an ear out on the net waves for the podcast dropping July 11, and help us give a shout out to one of our best hiring decisions ever ... next to the office sexbot, of course.

A recent addition to the *SLUG* team, Office Coordinator Gavin Sheehan is by no means new to the Salt Lake City scene. In 2008, Sheehan started an interview-based weekly blog hosted on the *2News* website, *Gavin's Underground*, covering local music, film, art, theatre, writers, comic books and more until 2009 when it moved to its current spot on *cityweekly.net*. Sheehan

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Dear Dickheads

Dear SLUG;

Why is it over the past several years you've given little to no coverage of the local MMA and cage fighting circuit? You give time to skiing, you give time to skateboarding, you even give the fucking derby girls press every four months. But nothing on us! Its totally cool if you're pussies and are afraid that if you write a bad review about us (which you seem to be good at), we'd come to your office and beat the shit out of you. But we won't. We're not all muscle headed, roid-raging, truck-nutz driving assholes. We're doing some awesome work getting people out to events, scoring TV deals on cable, and a lot of Utah fighters are starting to make their mark on national promotions. Send us JP, we'll train him up and he can go head to head with a regular fighter... In the women's division! Just kidding. Anyway, show us some love!

—Peace; J. Luke

Dear J. Luke,

As you pointed out, MMA gets tons of coverage by the local and national mainstream media. The world does not need another story about pussy-ass, dirty-fighting MMAers. It's a stupid fad sport (at least here in America anyway), if you can even call it a sport. Plus MMA fighters are just glorified thugs who need an excuse to roll around in the ring with other dudes instead of disciplining themselves enough to learn a REAL sport like boxing.

Thanks for your offer to train a SLUG writer and to put them in the ring— I'm sure our resident tranny, Princess Kennedy, would love to show your boys the correct way to pin down another man. SLUG Magazine's "women's division" ain't nothing to fuck with. Sticks and stones may break bones, but pens can fucking stab you.

Love, SLUG



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Dear Beer Issue,

I'm all for the consumption of tasty, alcoholic beverages, but a whole fucking issue dedicated to beer? Ok ok I get it, SLUG is trying to be edgy and beer drinking and brewing is a stick-it-to-The-Man thing to do here in Utah, but don't you think that printing 80 pages on it EVERY year is a bit much? There's hardly enough going on in the beer scene here to make the content fresh and interesting. I got bored 10 pages in. The only thing I really enjoyed about it was Travis Bones' cover, which was fucking rad. Oh, and the Blue Boutique ad, of course. The last couple of those have been spank bank worthy. Speaking of sexy ladies, the photos in the beer issue are pretty much void of visual stimulation as it seems that most brewers adhere to a strict uniform: BEERded, bloated and booooring. I love SLUG because it's got articles about awesome stuff and the photos are always interesting, but the beer issue...well, it took a couple of beers to get through.

Cheers,
 Beer-ed Out

Dear Beer-ed Out,
 Sorry you find our beer issue so boring. Stay tuned next year for the heroin issue, which we promise will be a much bigger downer. If you're lucky, maybe some of SLUG's most dedicated wordsmiths will die in the process of "researching" and writing our grittiest issue yet! Cheers always,
 SLUG

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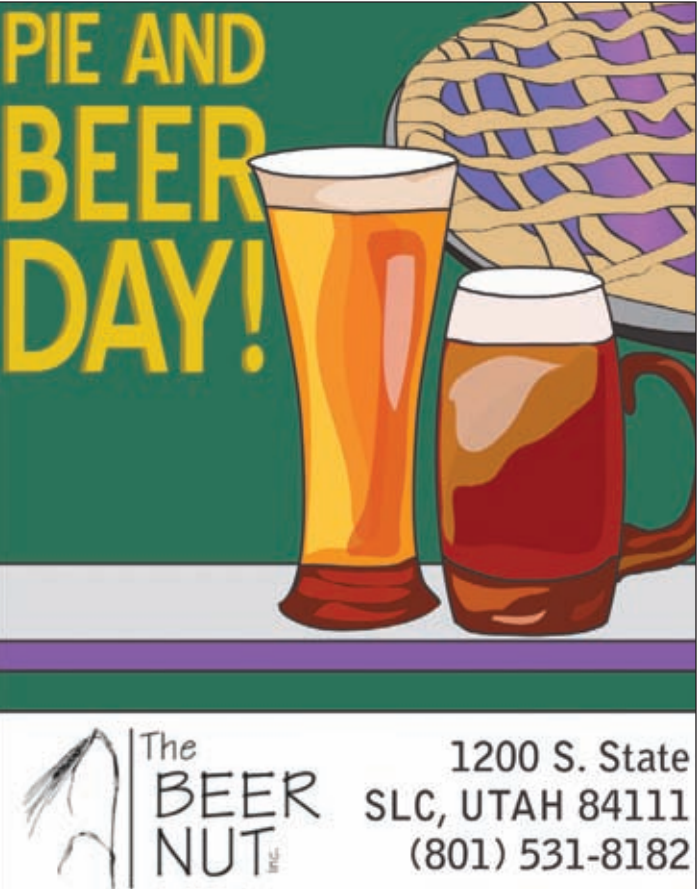
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get to meet new people every day and really find out what they want and build a relationship. I think when someone walks into a local store, they want to see the owners there, not some high school kid behind the desk that doesn't care about you," she says.

This openness and attention to detail has also allowed them to slowly evolve their inventory, bringing in fresh brands and developing a unique, Salt Lake City style for their new and returning customers. "When we opened, we were a little safer, and now we take a few more risks here and there," says Ian. As young professionals themselves—Helen an avid snowboarder and soon-to-be mom, Ian a diligent student and skier—the pair keeps a close eye on



By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

It's no secret that Salt Lake's citizens are some of the best-dressed folks this side of the Rockies—the young ladies and gents of this city can be seen catwalking down Broadway like it's Fashion Week every night. Contributing to their schnazzy style since July of 2009 is none other than your friendly neighborhood modern apparel boutique, *Fresh*. Operated by the lovely sibling duo of **Helen Wade-Joice** and **Ian Wade**, *Fresh* calls the bustling 9th & 9th district home and offers Salt Lake's young men and women an affordable, local alternative to the corporate cookie-cutter clothes you find at the *gag* mall.

Fresh has survived in this cutthroat economic state to see two years worth of clothing walk in and off their racks due to the owners' dedication and insight. "If you are serious about having a business, you have to be there every day and put 100 percent into it. We've pretty much given up everything for the store," says Helen. As frequent customers know, the two young shop owners are as much a part of the store as the surrounding walls, greeting every person who walks in with genuine warmth and admittance. Helen believes this kind of customer service is what makes their business successful. "We

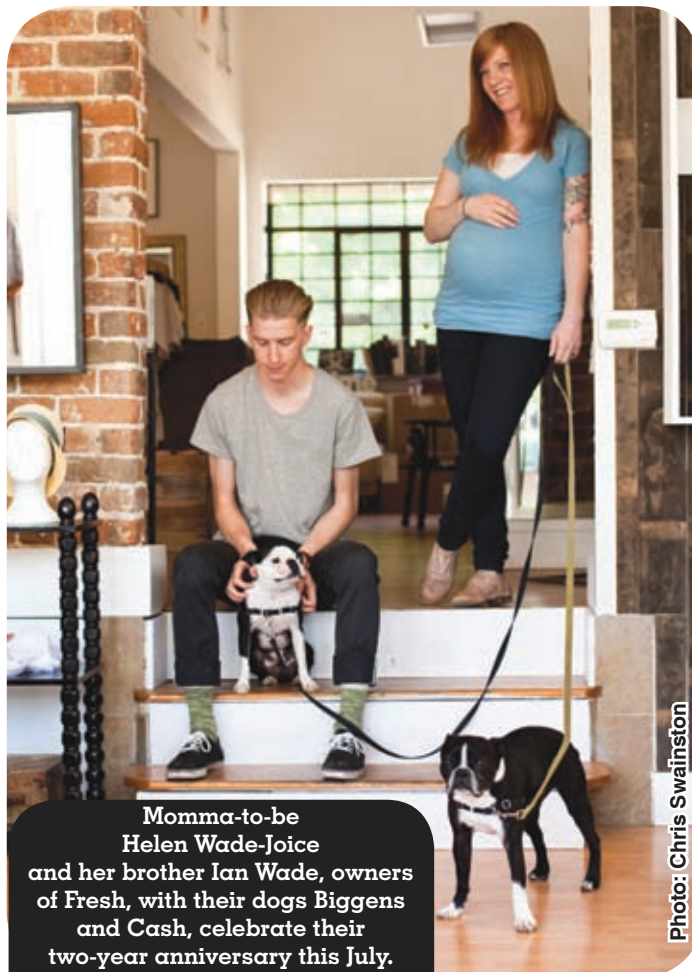
the season's trends and has learned to listen to customers' needs, putting them above their own personal tastes at times. "This store is definitely our store, but we're not shopping for ourselves, we're shopping for everyone in Salt Lake, and that's the hardest thing, to separate yourself and learn," says Helen. "Each season, I feel like we do a better job, but there's always some stuff that was a miss. We open the box, and we're like, 'Oops, why did we order this?' And then there are some things that are like, 'Yes, I'm so glad I ordered this.'"

Their buying process is also something to be commended. Each brand that comes into the store is researched thoroughly by the *Fresh* team, a fact that sets them apart from many corporate and local boutiques alike. "There's a back story to every brand that's in the store. You can ask us about any piece, and we can tell you about the brand and where they're from," says Ian. Last year, California-based clothing line Ambiguous flew out their designer to paint some murals and premiere their brand at *Fresh*, a gesture that was much appreciated at the small store, Helen says. It's these types of affordable, customer-oriented brands that keep conscious consumers shopping at *Fresh*. "If we can't stand behind the brand, then we're not going to bring it in," says Helen. The clothing boutique also features local designers such as shogoclothing, Evryday, Brumbies, Velvet Seahorse and Velo City Bags, and they keep 80 percent of the jewelry local.

Aside from supporting the local fashion scene, *Fresh* contributes to the community in a variety of ways, hosting and sponsoring bicycle events, fundraisers and gallery shows in the shop. *SLUG*'s own revered photographers **Chris Swainston** and **Sam Milianta** are beneficiaries of *Fresh*'s support of the arts, both having shown their work on the boutique's walls. Helen and Ian hope to feature a new artist every month and are open to any "cool ideas," time permitting.

Perhaps the most "fresh" aspect of this clothing boutique is the owners' optimistic perspective and drive to succeed. When asked how many more birthdays we should expect to celebrate with *Fresh*, the siblings gave no end. "The longer we're here, the better we'll become established, the more of a hub we'll become to the neighborhood," says Ian. "... That's something that our shop kind of brings, a new sense of community."

Come be a part of *Fresh*'s two-year anniversary party on July 15 at 6 p.m. where local photographer and stencil artist **Gabriel Garcia** will be featuring his work. *Fresh* will also have a weekend-long anniversary sale, so be sure to stop by, say hello to Helen and Ian and buy some classy new threads. Who knows, you may even get some free liquor out of it. "I can't count how many shots I've bought for people wearing a shirt [from *Fresh*]," says Ian. Now that's what I call customer service.



Momma-to-be
Helen Wade-Joice
and her brother Ian Wade, owners
of *Fresh*, with their dogs Biggens
and Cash, celebrate their
two-year anniversary this July.

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Photo: Peter Anderson

Localized
by Megan Kennedy
iamnightsky@gmail.com

This July 8 at the *Urban Lounge*, *SLUG*'s Localized is serving up a heaping pile of doom and sludge, courtesy of old-school heavyweights Muckraker, the newly returned Maraloka, and openers Dwellers. The show starts at 10 p.m. and is only \$5, so get your metal pants on and join us!



Russ Millham - Guitar/vocals
Jeremy Sundeaus - Bass/lead vocals
Bob Sutton - Drums

For Russ Millham, Jeremy Sundeaus and Bob Sutton, heavy metal is a way of life and has been for nigh thirty years. This epic trio is not only a part of **Irony Man** (a local "**Black Sabbath** experience"), but within the last year, they have started on a unique journey with **Muckraker**, a band whose sound is a testament to the giants of the scene who've paved the way for metalheads all over the world. "We just started jamming one day, and the songs kind of wrote themselves," says guitarist Millham. "There has been a distilling and refining process; every band has to go through that and pull in new directions, but we are in a comfortable place with our sound now."

Muckraker don't limit themselves, and they claim influences from all over the spectrum—anything from **Soundgarden** to **Fugazi**, **The Sex Pistols** to **Motörhead**. Their inception sprung from a familiar well. "Learning the first six albums of Black Sabbath for Irony Man has caused that sound to seep into our writing. Muckraker is definitely Sabbath-based, that's where most good metal comes from," says Sundeaus.

Muckraker is a band that torches obstacles to their music—like Vikings landing on an undefended shore. Millham is a pipeline worker in Vernal who makes a six-hour roundtrip drive at least once a week to perform. Sutton is a father of four, and Sundeaus and his wife just welcomed their first child seven months ago. Even with these obligations, they haven't missed a step, playing weekly shows for either (or both) bands and recently finishing their first recording as Muckraker. "Our wives knew when they met us what they married. They definitely know the band is in our blood and if they tell us to quit that, they're cutting off our lifeblood," says Sundeaus.

The metal scene in Salt Lake City has been through some ebb and flow through the years, and the members of Muckraker have seen it all. Sundeaus thinks the scene has recharged with the newer generation digging back into their roots, appreciating the ones who came before to pave the way. "I think the metal scene is stronger than it's ever been. There's a lot of kids in their 20s that are taking part of the retro-thrash bands," he says. "When I was growing up and we were listening to thrash metal

bands, we had to go out to music stores and dig in and get it. I hear old guys grumbling about this generation saying 'They don't know what's going on' and I say 'You know what man? They do. They have the Internet, they do their research, they look these bands up and they pay attention.'"

Millham agrees and, unlike some old-school metalheads, appreciates the technological aspects of the newest generation to refine their tastes. More than that, he says he's learning from their sound just as much as they learn from the pioneers. "A lot of kids have grown up with *Guitar Hero*, which has done more for music than any other single force other than the Internet, I think. I'm learning stuff from new bands like **Norma Jean**, **Dillinger Escape Plan**, and it seems to have roots that I appreciate as a listener. I love a lot of that stuff. I like where it's going," Millham says. "Metal is a religion now. It's not just for kids—it's for everybody."

As far as their own sound, Muckraker has spent the better part of the last year refining and cutting away the fat to find their perfect fit. Millham describes their writing process as organic and relaxed. "All good songs start with a riff. We just go from there, mess around [and] Jeremy will come with some melody lines as we're writing," he says. When it comes to his lyrics, Sundeaus says the music always comes first. "I don't have the lyrics sitting there and put them to the song. Lyrics creep in as the song's going on. And the mood dictates the lyrics."

For Millham, writing music is akin to creating a visual work of art. "Songs are like sound pictures—the song looks like something in my head, and that dictates some sort of a mood. Music is very suggestive in that way," says Millham.

The band has plans to continue their local shows and gradually widen their circle of influence, hitting more Utah venues with shows already planned for areas like Vernal.

Wherever touring takes them, however, Muckraker's members are musicians to the bone. They live and breathe the scene, and their fans can expect that dedication whether live or recorded.

Charles Bogus - Bass
Elliot Secrist - Guitar/vocals
Mike Collins - Guitar
Ross Lambert - Drums

No one's ever claimed being in a band is easy work. Finding four or five others who share your level of passion for the music has long been the arch enemy of every act, and Utah has seen its fair share of great bands throwing up the surrender flag. Luckily, there are some bands that never hear that swan song, and Maraloka is one of them. Hailing from Provo, its members confess to being in "billions of bands" over the years, including several line up changes in Maraloka itself. Two of its members are fathers to young children, and all of them work the nine-to-five during the week. Despite all this and an almost 10-year hiatus, the band have resurrected themselves and matured their sound to re-emerge on the Utah metal scene with verve.

During Maraloka's break, their members weren't idle. Bassist Charles Bogus and guitarists Mike Collins and Elliot Secrist put their talents into touring and recording an album for **Parallax**. The members also formed **God's Revolver**. And one fine day, the cards fell just right for Maraloka to become a band again, playing an opening slot at *SLUG*'s *Localized* approximately a year ago and cutting a joint EP with Denver-based group **Cannons**. "It just worked out like this. We've all been friends for forever," says Collins of the rebirth.

While the band has kept their old name, which they say is a rough Sanskrit translation for "planet of death," all the members agree that their sound has matured since their earlier days, which were more influenced by the hardcore-breakdown scene. "We all write really melodic music. We're trying to make a balance of heavy, sludgy stuff and really pretty stuff," says Secrist. Their writing process is also a lot more organic than it once was. "We don't stress writing as hard as we used to," says Secrist. "Mike and I come in with riff ideas and then just let it go." Drummer Ross Lambert says, "[We're] too lazy to play fast anymore ... no more double-bass. I don't wanna run, I wanna play drums. We all write together, but there's no arguing or anything like that—if everyone likes it, then we play it."

While the band members have background in and are influenced by many genres like jazz, blues, old country and '80s new wave sound, metal is their primary objective, and their first time playing live together set a standard for epic metal shows the likes of which Provo has never seen. In their first performance ever as Maraloka back in 2004, their live energy resulted in multiple injuries. "We turned off the lights, started playing, it built the energy up and by the time we were done, our friend **Rick** had a broken nose, a guitarist had a dislocated knee ... and we decided to turn the lights back on," says Secrist.

Though their sets might result in fewer trips to the hospital these days, the "beautiful sludge," as drummer Lambert calls their sound, comes from a distinct and full love for the creation of their music, a love that has maintained and grown despite the challenges and roadblocks all members have overcome. Of his lyrical messages, Secrist says, "We're all getting older, we have two dads in the band, so we just talk about getting older and all that comes with it."

Unlike many bands in the scene, Maraloka is not about the big payday or the legendary record deal that will send them on a two-month tour of Europe. For them, it's all about the love of playing, no matter the real-life challenges that stand in the way. "Most bands that I know take it extremely seriously and probably envision going farther and doing more things, and we're just trying to have fun and write music that we all enjoy, so it's much easier than other bands I've been in. I could personally care less about finding a big record deal or a big tour," says Lambert.

Their revival is nearly complete. Maraloka is a rare treat in Utah's metal scene with their matured doom-and-sludge sound and their love for musical creation after all they've endured.

MARALOKA



Photo: Ruby Claire

Cupcake Social Code

with Frosty Darling

By JP
jp@slugmag.com

Cupcakes, kids and cuteness—the holy trinity of a good time is happening once again at *Frosty Darling* on Friday, July 29, for their fifth annual *Frosty Darling Cupcake Social* (177 East Broadway).

This event will provide everything you've had in years past at the super-cute boutique, like the cupcake walk and cupcake decorating, but owner **Gentry Blackburn**

is giving the format a shot in the arm with a new coloring book challenge and live music from Heber's **Holy Water Buffalo**.

If you're anything like me, you may be daunted by the word "social" and the fact that Blackburn wears a new, fancy, pink dress every year. It is a sophisticated event where people are expected

to act with "decorum" as Blackburn says, but that doesn't mean it isn't going to be a blast. Blackburn even encourages "stuffing your face." That's a "to do." So is "having a super cute time."

Blackburn was kind enough to provide additional etiquette tips via a handy checklist (which we've expanded upon) of socially acceptable behavior and activities at her social.

• Do's •

1. Do come dressed to the nines or scantily clad.

But keep it classy—there'll be kids there for chrissake.

2. Do decorate a cupcake.

"All the cool kids are doing it and it makes you 20-percent sexier," claims Blackburn.

3. Do bring your kids or a date—chicks love cupcakes.

Guys do, too.

4. Do bring cupcakes.

Of your own for people to try—the more the merrier. I'll be bringing my infamous green tea variety.

5. Do let kids come first.

Blackburn would like to stress that pushing little kids out of the way at a cupcake decorating station is bad form and will be tskd tskd.

6. Do wear a bowtie.

"Bowties are cool," says Blackburn.

7. Do be on time.

Especially if you're a vegan or gluten-free fan, since those varieties go first.

8. Do donate in the donation box.

Blackburn spends more than she receives on this day, so help her offset her costs a bit.

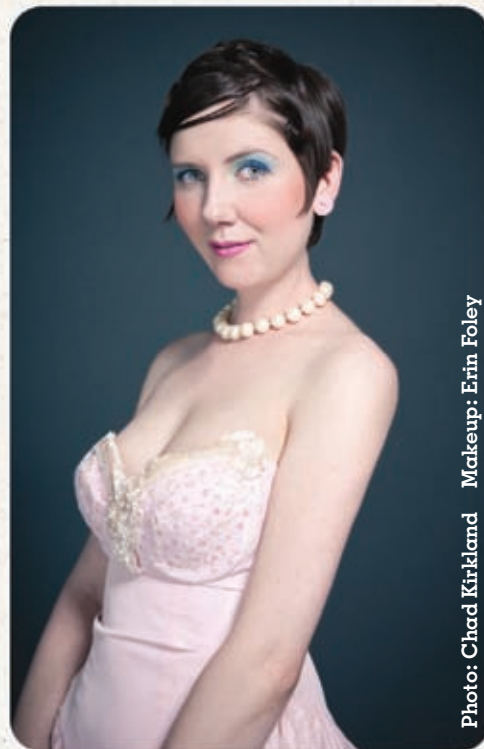


Photo: Chad Kirkland Makeup: Erin Foley

• Don'ts •

1. Don't stay home.

Cupcakes are fun. Abstainers are not.

2. Don't diss the cupcake.

Cupcakes are the oldest known dessert in the world. Respect them.

3. Don't swear in front of children.

It's fucking rude.

4. Don't talk of calories or fat.

Pretend you're my sister-in-law and let yourself go.

5. Don't take one bite of a cupcake and put it back on the plate.

That's just gross.

6. Don't lick a cupcake to claim it as your own for later.

Double gross, barf.

7. Don't worry if you drop a cupcake—the 15-second rule applies.

I argued the 10 versus 15-second rule, but Blackburn insists it's 15. Regular rules of engagement don't apply on *Cupcake Social Day*.

8. Don't miss Holy Water Buffalo.

They play at 6 p.m..

Frosty Darling owner Gentry Blackburn hosts her fifth annual Cupcake Social on July 29.

Further note about "Do" #7 "Be on time." Though there will be several dozen cupcake varieties available from local shops, Blackburn's and friends' kitchens, non-vegans dig vegan varieties and tend to gobble them up quick. If everyone plays nice and keeps it "social," we'll all get more cupcakes in our bellies than any rational person should consume in one sitting. These aren't mini cupcakes, people—they're the real deal.

Local artists **Meg Charlier**, **Trent Call** and **Sri Whipple** are getting in on the fun this year designing coloring-book style pictures of cupcakes for you to color. Pick up a coloring form starting Friday, July 22, at the boutique.

Work extra hard on it, and bring it to the event to get judged and rewarded with "a Frosty prize" for staying inside the lines. The coloring contest winner will be announced at 8:30 p.m. You don't have to be present to win.

The day's events will also include a satellite cupcake dispensary, *Misc. Boutique* (272 South 200 East). Go around the corner and peruse their wares as you grub on cupcakes not available at Blackburn's shop. All the fun begins at 5 p.m. and lasts until the cupcakes are gone and Holy Water Buffalo hang up their guitars.

Lastly, *Do* attend and *Don't* be an asshole.

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SAPA

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

Sapa Sushi Bar and Asian Grill
722 S. State Street, Salt Lake City
801.363.7272

The Imperial Roll is one of the most popular items from Sapa's sushi menu.

I had been meaning to visit Sapa for quite some time. I remember just a year and a half ago, when the décor started to take shape on the otherwise hapless corner of State Street and 700 South. It still blows my mind how awesome of an undertaking the installation of the restaurant was at this location. An old storefront was retrofitted to house a collection of 300-year-old Vietnamese huts, a courtyard and a state-of-the-art kitchen and dining area. Not bad for a place that shares its intersection with a mid-century RadioShack, a shuttered Remco and a credit union. I had heard some rough reports about the early days of dining at Sapa, but I figured that I had stayed away long enough. It was time that *SLUG* readers knew what the place had to offer.

The restaurant spared no expense in making itself look nice. The interior is lush and sexy. Blown-glass chandeliers provide the perfect mood and the seating area is open enough that it never feels crowded—even when chatty diners occupy every table. As the weather warms up and Sapa is better able to take advantage of its incredible outdoor seating, I imagine that this same mood will permeate that space. In addition to this luxurious setting came some unbelievable food.

Now, I am no expert when it comes to sushi, but that didn't stop me from sampling a few options from their list of specialties. They offer several of their own creations and many familiar choices as well (California, Philly and Vegas all made the menu). At the suggestion of our server, we started with their signature Imperial Roll (\$13). One of their most popular offerings, it is made with crab, avocado and tempura shrimp, topped with spicy tuna, masago, green onions and a sauce with a bit of a kick. I'm normally a wuss when it comes to spice, but this one seemed to hit just right. It built up a little heat, but was never too overwhelming. The avocado and the sweet, crunchy shrimp offset the burn perfectly. The Imperial also makes an appearance on their lunch menu, served with miso soup and a salad for \$9.95. We also ordered the Evergreen (\$8), a vegetarian roll made with asparagus, mango, red bell peppers, avocado and cucumber wrapped up in soy paper. This was a very flavorful roll whose freshness popped with every bite.

Even with such a killer sushi counter, one should not experience Sapa without getting something from the grill. One popular entrée is the Coriander Sea Bass. This firm yet flaky, pan-seared Chilean fish came seasoned with a house blend of spices and was served alongside a portion of forbidden rice. The dish also came with baby bok choy that was cooked with sesame and a tart, citrusy sauce. There were a few more bones than I was expecting, but it was still a delicate preparation and a generous portion for the \$20 price tag. Not so much a fish person, my favorite offering is the Grilled Beef Short Ribs. The ribs marinate all day in a chef-secret citrus sauce, and are finished with pepper, garlic and shallots. It comes served with garlic green beans and a slightly coconut-flavored saffron rice. It's a steal at \$15. The beef ribs, generally meatier than their pork counterparts, are melt-in-your-mouth tender and come thinly sliced into individual medallions. I know that you are supposed to delicately cut the meat away from the bone with a fork and knife, but order them yourself and see if you can resist using your fingers and gnawing off the last bit of meat with your front teeth. This one is also available as part of their lunch menu, in a bento combo with miso soup, salad and your choice of a California roll or fried shrimp rolls for \$8.95.

This may be my new favorite downtown food destination. There are so many things I still need to try. I'm intrigued by the other offerings on the sushi menu, which seem to be available at any price range for both dinner and lunch. I also have yet to try the multiple varieties of rice noodle Pho offered. And, where I'm more of a soda-with-my-food kind of guy, Sapa touts an impressive wine list, as well as a selection of teas, sake, cocktails and several varieties of (mostly Asian) beer. I'm really impressed by the whole package. A restaurant with food and beverage menus this deeply steeped in Pan-Asian fare really is worth multiple visits.

Photo: Barrett Doran

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GO TEAM GAY

By Princess Kennedy
[Facebook.com/princess.kennedy](https://www.facebook.com/princess.kennedy)

I was raised with four older brothers. As you can imagine, sports were important ... to them. I had one brother who was sports obsessed. You know the one: captain of everything. Once at age four, we watched him pole vault himself into impalement. Somehow, the pole missed every vital organ, but at the emergency room as we watched the doctor reach up his new anus and pull tar from his back, I was put off sports (and fisting) forever!

By the time I was old enough to voice my desire to play the piano and be a ballerina, my brothers decided it was time to get me interested in athletics. First, I was put into little league, but I was more interested in that chalky ballpark candy that goes on like lipstick. Once, in left field while re-applying, I was knocked in the side of the head with the ball. I swear to this day that when I get sleepy or fucked up, my left eye goes lazy because of it. At age 10, it was soccer. A week after being enrolled, my mother thought that I would look adorable with a perm, which earned me the nickname Faggy Locks. I broke both of my middle fingers at the same time in volleyball—ask me to show you the fucked up thing they do when I bend them. The worst thing ever to happen was the summer I turned 13, when I went from being 5'6" to 6 feet tall. This is when it was decided I was going to be a basketball star. Thank God that in tenth grade I got fouled, knocked into the bleachers and both of my kneecaps cracked. I was never forced to play sports again.

I don't hate all sports, just the ones douchebags play. I have been waterskiing since I was three. I love water sports—no, not being peed on—I just look really great in a bikini behind a boat, and I can even do all sorts of tricks. I dated a Burton pro in the '90s who taught me how to snowboard. I got really good, but after seeing a friend snap an upper arm in half, I realized that since I'm too cheap to pay for health care, an injury like that could put an end to my hair burning and writing careers. Since then, that has been my excuse to never have to play or do any kind of physical activity outside of a gym.

When I first moved here, I had a fuck buddy who was on the U of U football team, on the DL of course, so I was really surprised to hear about all these sports pros who have been coming out of the closet—28 in the past year! I don't get it. See, when I think of gays and sports, I think of that fucked up Mormon group, **Evergreen**, that "turns homos straight." Seems that their big secret is that they will not only pray the fag out of you, but also straight-ify you through baseball. What dumb-asses!

As it turns out, in SLC we have something called the **Salt Lake City Gay Athletic Association**, aka SLCGAA. We actually have enough queers in town to fill a volleyball team, basketball team, swim team, kickball team, football team and are currently looking to put together a soccer team. It comes as no surprise to me that the biggest of all the teams in SLC is softball. Started in 1995, the Pride Softball League has

grown to 16 teams who play at *Sunnyside Park* every Sunday with an impressive 10 games a day. Even though I don't want to have a conversation with a jock, I can at least go and support the ones in my community. I love how sporty gays are so proactive in getting the rest of the community together. Did you know that the Blackhawks, whom I think is a hockey team (or maybe curling) in a city which may or may not be Chicago, marched with the gay hockey/curling team in their Pride Parade?

Princess Kennedy goes up to bat for the Pride Softball League's Family Night on July 30 at the Spring Mobile Ballpark.



On July 30, the Pride Softball League is teaming up with X96 to bring you "Family Night" (by family they mean gay) at the Bees stadium. The \$20 ticket gets you prime seats, a lot of food in a VIP pavilion and GIFT BAGS! This is your opportunity to come get your face all up in gay athletic supporters and celebrate the fact that since the wicked witch (**Larry H. Miller**) is dead, we can even do such wonderful things. I, for one, plan on coming out and catching a raging case of GayBees myself. For more info, visit prideleague.com.

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It's My Birthday!
By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
twitter: @Fuckmikebrown

I've had some pretty epic birthdays in my lifetime. I am the egocentric asshole who celebrates it for at least a week straight. I think every-one should do this. It means more parties, more birthday shots and, most importantly, more presents. Life is fragile, beautiful and pre-cious, so why is it celebrated for just one fucking day? We should do it up like Hanukkah. I could seri-ously convert to Judaism just for loving the idea of getting gifts for half of the month. [Editor's Note: Hanukkah only lasts eight nights.]

I've also had some pretty shitty ones, like my 28th when my ex-girlfriend hit me with her car three days after my birthday, totally putting a damper on my birthday week.

Or my dirty thirty (which is sup-posed to be the new 21?) **Angela Brown** got me an awesome cake with my face on it, which I swear to god is still in my fridge, and has become a completely petrified monument of what I like to call "fridge art." Then I went to *Bar Deluxe* to watch one of my favorite bands, **Millions of Dead Cops**, who were crashing at my pad, too. At the show, one of my friends made me some cookies that I happily snarfed down, not knowing they were exceptionally potent weed cookies.

When the band came back to my place for the after party, the magi-cal cookies kicked in and I was more stoned than a Middle Eastern criminal. Severe paranoia and anxiety kicked in, and it was kind of like that nightmare I've had where I'm at my senior prom, and I'm the only one naked and the punch isn't spiked.

Luckily there's a cure for such trauma, and his name is **Bill Murray**. **Circus Brown** gave me *Ghostbusters II* for my birthday, so I got a gallon of ice cream and went in my room to watch the greatest actor of our generation kill some fucking ghosts. I was too paranoid to come out of my room and be around any sort of human, but looking back on my behavior that night, I was one bubble bath away from being the stereotypical lonely Friday night fat girl.

Meanwhile, MDC came over and they didn't have some of my birthday booze stash—they had all of it. But they were nice enough to crumple up two dollars in an empty Jim Beam bottle. Gee, thanks guys.

I made up for that terrible birthday week the next year in Vegas. I won around \$1,600 at the blackjack table, loaded up about a dozen of my friends on a party bus, blacked out and blew half of it at the strip club. Or, as I like to tell myself, I helped some cute young women with their college educations.

My behaviors in the club had to be recalled to me the next day, 'cause I didn't remember shit. Apparently, I was telling all the strippers I was the rich-est man in the world, when really I was just the drunkest. They saw this and jumped on me like I was a level on Q*b*ert, letting me buy them \$15 shots



Photo: SLUG Staff

Mike Brown has been the ultimate birthday princess for over a decade. Here he is at SLUG's Sabbathon, Sept. 9, 2001 at Gallivan.

of Patrón and whatnot. Apparently there was one point where I was in the VIP room getting a double lap dance and I just got up and walked out a minute into it, leaving the strippers with some serious, "did that just fucking happen?" looks on their dimly lit faces.

By the time I got in the cab to go back to my hotel, I went in the back seat, took my shoes and socks off, curled up in the fetal position and barfed on myself a little bit. I have absolutely no regrets from that night. I did exactly what you are supposed to do when in Vegas, bitches.

This year's birthday kind of sucked, though. I woke up and checked the ol' Facebook account and had like 70 "happy birthday"s on my wall. I couldn't reply to them all so I thanked everyone and kindly said I would be going to *Willie's* that night to celebrate. I picked up a cake from my friend **Grace** who didn't want to go out and took a cab to one of my favorite watering holes.

The owner, who's not named Willie, was nice enough to wait for me and bought me a round, then said that if he had known a few days ago that it was my special day, he would have gotten me a hooker. I was sincerely flattered by the gesture, but there are three things in this life a man should never pay for: air, water and pussy.

None of my friends who wished me a Facebook happy birthday came to *Willie's* that night. When I got home, alone, drunk and angry, I brilliantly changed my profile to say that my birthday was actually the next day. I woke up to like another

30 "happy birthday"s from douches who didn't know that yesterday was my birthday.

I decided to keep changing my birthday that week and it was awesome! I got free drinks all week! Then some people were like, "Hey! I'm onto you! You're just changing your profile every day to say it's your birthday!" getting mad at me. I'm thinking to myself, "Way to solve that case, Detective Dipshit."

I'm convinced that **Mark Zuckerberg** started Facebook not to get laid, but because he has some childhood issues where he got neglected on his birthday. But guess what, folks? I learned this year that Facebook birthday wishes don't mean shit. In fact, nothing on Facebook means shit. You young kids are taking this site way too seriously in my opinion, and my birthday proves it.

The only thing I use Facebook for is to promote **Fucktards** shows and the occasional cyber-bullying, which I still can't believe is a real thing. I remem-ber getting wedged and shoved in a dumpster in real life and not being able to tweet about it.

So to everyone who is mad that I'm still changing my birthday to be every day on Facebook, go eat a bowl of warm dicks. Your Internet rage has been the best birthday present I've gotten this year and I didn't even know that that is all I really wanted.

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You, Me and The DEVIL

By James Orme
james.orme@slugmag.com

Drawing from folk, hot jazz, all types of acoustic music and just enough edge to put punk on the list, **The Devil Makes Three** is a one-of-a-kind act that has been spellbinding audiences around the country. This drummer-less three-piece conjures up thoughts of Depression-era sting and jug bands, but remains relevant to the present day. I had a chance to talk to frontman **Pete Bernhard** about the genesis of such a band and where The Devil Makes Three fits in this contemporary music scene.

SLUG: How do three kids from the Northeast start playing in an all-acoustic folk band in Santa Cruz, Calif.?

Pete Bernhard: I was playing and interested in this kind of music before we started the band, and I met **Cooper** (guitar/banjo). We both moved to Washington about the same time and started playing together. Back then, this is about 10 years ago, it was hard to find like-minded people, so we knew each other from home and were the only other people we knew who were into old blues and ragtime. Then, when we went down to Santa Cruz, our bass player **Lucia** had gone to college at UC Santa Cruz and was already living there. She joined and that was where we started the Devil Makes Three.

SLUG: When did you first hear this kind of music?

Bernhard: I was pretty young when I first started to hear folk music from my family. My dad and uncle and brother were all guitar players. From a very young age, my dad introduced me to old blues stuff from his record collection. It was great to have my family to use as a resource.

SLUG: What other kinds of bands had you been in?

Bernhard: Cooper and I had played in a couple of punk bands, but not together. I started playing just by myself with an acoustic guitar, and Cooper and I were in this kind of country band, but since we started Devil Makes Three, that's all we've really done.

SLUG: What was the initial reception to the band and your style?

Bernhard: People hated us, but we didn't worry about it and just kept doing it. If you worry too much about what the audience thinks, everything just sounds the same. Everyone I knew was in a punk band, and that just wasn't interesting

The Devil Makes Three plays Red Butte on July 19.



enough for us. There's a connection between punk and folk and country, I think. They all tell first-person stories that are usually true. It's why **Johnny Cash** is so big in the punk scene. In our minds, it wasn't that big of a transition. It was all hard-luck stories, and we would play with punk bands. It just took a while for them to come around.

SLUG: Do you identify with bluegrass bands like **Old Crow Medicine Show** or the **Del McCoury** band?

Bernhard: When I think of those bands, I put them in a more bluegrass tradition than I think we are. Those guys are amazing pickers and players, but we come from more of a Johnny Cash and **The Tennessee Three** school. Melody and lyrics are more what we're about. I guess you could say they're more **Van Halen** and we're more **Ramones**. I think we're more based in blues.

SLUG: Being an acoustic three-piece without a drummer, what challenges do you face in a live setting?

Bernhard: Without a drummer and only three of us on stage, we're limited, but we let our songs do the talking. The songs have great rhythms and people really respond to them. We get people dancing and yelling at every show. It's a lot of great energy. We want to have fun. My favorite thing about our shows is how different the people are—people who usually don't hang out together. We get people who don't really like the genre we play, but they like our band, which we take as huge compliment.

SLUG: Lyrically, where do you draw from?

Bernhard: I'm always kind of listening for interesting stories. Anything that happens to me will generally get turned into a song. I do some fictional character writing, which can be a lot of fun, but for the most part I just am always watching and listening for anything that could make an interesting song.

The Devil Makes Three continues to grow their audience on the basis of originality and authenticity. They tell stories of real people, and that's what folk music has always been about. In the tradition of **Woody Guthrie**, **Hank Williams** and **Robert Johnson**, The Devil Makes Three are the rare genuine modern outfit. The Devil Makes Three plays **Red Butte** on July 19.

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DEAD TO ME'S

STAMPEDE OF THE UNSCREAMED

By Alexander Ortega

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"There's all these things that we know about, that we should be talking about, but we're not," says **Chicken**, vocalist and bassist of San Francisco's Dead To Me. While Dead To Me do touch upon common subjects such as war and homelessness in their songs, their takes on such subject matter aren't your typical "elephants in the room." He fleshes out their somewhat cryptic references to the largest land mammal in their last full-length, *African Elephants* (2009), and on the cover of the *Little Brother* EP

(2008). "We're interested in talking about the things that people shy away from, which are our emotions, our fears, our drives," Chicken says. "It's to put that elephant out there and make it be the face of our band and our music." That is to say, the band adds personal touches, lyrically and musically, to comment on general topics in a way that characterizes their music as something that radiates from their own experiences and knowledge. Since 2003, Dead To Me have been able to tantalize listeners' senses

with an ever-changing mixture of thoughtful punk rock and iconic cover art. Although punk music is often straightforward and declarative, the band has been able to walk a thin line between punk rock explicitness and aesthetic sensitivity—they proclaim the unsaid and substantiate elephants for their musical stampede.

Something that has already been talked about extensively may be former vocalist/guitarist **Jack Dalrymple's** departure from the band. In light of people's comments on Dead To Me's YouTube videos saying they miss Dalrymple, or the iTunes blurb for *African Elephants* that subtly mars the integrity of the album with a reference to **One Man Army**, it's time to acknowledge the ingenuity the band offers now. Dalrymple, a punk legend, left on the best of terms and by necessity to take care of his wife and newborn child—it wasn't reasonable for him, at the time, to stay on with DTM. Chicken reminisces on giving lyrics to Dalrymple for him to sing, only to have Dalrymple hand them back and say, "You wrote the song. It's got to be your voice." Chicken commends this punk rock veteran not only for his talent and humility, but for pushing Chicken to say what was "runnin' through his brain." "He gave me a lot of strength and a lot of encouragement to do this thing," Chicken says. Dalrymple's exit in 2009 thereby helped propel Dead To Me into what they have become—a punk band with a fluid, yet recognizable style.

As Dead To Me's lineup has solidified into its present state, the band continues to create music with the same approach they had when it was just Chicken and Dalrymple jamming after work: "If it's fun, do it." The song "X" (a call and response reggae song) on *African Elephants*, for example, evidences the band's willingness to shatter any preconceptions one may have regarding their style. "People were like, 'What the fuck?'" says Chicken. "And it's just like: 'Yeah. Deal with it.' It's so much fun to play." It's not an intro track, but rather the first song on the release. "I like songs, I don't like parts," he continues. He tells me that, although he's impressed by a band's musicianship in orchestrating an amazing breakdown or weaving seamlessly into an obscure time signature, he doesn't really detect a song within such displays. Dead To Me, on the other hand, aim to create cogent pieces that convey the *soul* of a song—one component bleeds into the next to articulate the entirety of a piece. Chicken says, "Sometimes I'll write a song where it's the music first, and the music will convey a vibe to me. It'll set a tone and I'll be like, 'Oh, the lyrics should reflect that,' or I'll get a phrase in my head." Lyrically, Chicken doesn't try to contrive his subject matter based on a preconceived urge to write a song about "love" or "war"—it would seem that the imminent





DEAD TO ME PLAYS KILBY COURT ON JULY 15 WITH OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS AND ENDLESS STRUGGLE.

song acts as a mnemonic device that compels him to communicate what is already there: “I can only write about what I know and what I’ve seen. And even though I’ve never been to war, I’ve never been homeless, I see those things in our culture and they affect me, so I write about them,” he says.

Somewhat surprisingly, Chicken cites hip hop as one of his major influences. He and his cousin, drummer **Ian Anderson**, have listened to it for years, and “love all different types of music.” Chicken says, “I’m always impressed by people that can take complex subject matter and put it into two or three sentences and just knock it out of the park.” Within Dead To Me, songs that come to fruition include potent language: “I saw a girl flip a stroller that was holding her baby sister. Her mother screamed and came running. I couldn’t believe what I’d seen” (“Cruel World”). **“Nathan [Grice]** wrote that song,” Chicken says. “Every line of that song is one hundred percent true.” The images that arise from their songs provide vehicles by which DTM command our attention and direct us to the emotional sites of the music. Literal visuals additionally aid in the band’s presence—“We always felt strongly about incorporating art into our music,” says Chicken. “Art is supposed to be

a big part of punk rock.” DTM uses the image of a Zapatista on *African Elephants*, for example, to illustrate their compassion for their cause, and incorporate what appear to be sugar skulls on a split with **Matter** that was released in Japan (ahem).

My jealousy of Japan’s access to this split notwithstanding, Dead To Me is scheduled to have a new album out sometime between the beginning and middle of October of this year—just in time for *The Fest*. Chicken says, “People are telling me that the songs that they have heard sound more like *Cuban [Ballerina]* than they do *African Elephants*.” This, however, could only be a loose classification for a new album from a band with musical interests all over the board, who keeps us on our toes. Chicken knows it, too: “I like that, with Dead to Me, you’ve still got to work for us a little bit. Even if you see what we look like, know where we’re from and hear some of our music, you still don’t know what’s up till you see us live, and hear what we have to say and read our lyrics.”

Also, Dead To Me just finished a European tour where Chicken and the gang have often basked in the countryside hospitality and welcoming venues. “You

go to Europe and they’ve already got a bunch of food set up for you—like, *a bunch of snacks!*” he exclaims. He heralds a continent full of club flats (where the band actually stays in rooms at the venue) and sound guys who tailor the venue to the auditory specifications of the band. “We’re lucky kids, man,” says Chicken. “We’re really, really fortunate that we get to do that. I love every second of it.” Not to say that he isn’t stoked on the good ol’ U.S. of A., though. After coming through Salt Lake City a couple times, Chicken seems anxious to come back to *Kilby Court*. “We’ve played *Kilby Court* a few times, and I really like the vibe of that place. It’s a total DIY space ... There’s, like, a weird fire pit there and kids burning weird pieces of wood in there that they probably shouldn’t be.” They’re due to roll in on July 15 with **Riverboat Gamblers** and **Off With Their Heads**, and will be releasing a tour-exclusive 7”. Chicken identifies the camaraderie that emanates from this tour lineup: “[We] all come from the same place. We’re all just punks in this band that we refuse to give up on.”

With **Endless Struggle** opening up the show, July 15 should be booked for you. Be ready to engage in Dead To Me’s delivery of *songs*—not parts—replete with soul and character.

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WICKED COOL RECORDS

By Nate Perkins
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As the United States slowly rots into a stinking musical wasteland—a place where MTV, mainstream rap and coked-up, attention starved, no talent pop whores define the tastes of this generation—Steven Van Zandt is fighting tooth and nail to save rock n' roll in its purest and most beautiful form. Van Zandt, who is a weird, walking, breathing encyclopedia of cool (he played Silvio Dante on *The Sopranos*, wrote songs for Meatloaf and Nancy Sinatra and played guitar in the **E Street Band**), has managed to piece together the aptly named New York-based Wicked Cool Records. Since 2006, Wicked Cool has released some of the most important rock n' roll that you've probably never heard of, but should immediately tell all of your friends about and pretend like you've been listening to for years.

For example, there's **The Len Price 3**, a UK band that so perfectly combines mod and garage that their music is entirely maddening in the very best kind of way—the way that makes you want to quit your job and just listen to records all day long, every day. Their 2010 release, *Pictures*, brings bands like **Squire**, **The Lambrettas**, and **Purple Hearts** immediately to mind. Hell, they might as well be **The Who** in the mid '60s. The song "After You're Gone" starts off in that same heartbreaking way that "So Sad About Us" does. The title track, "Pictures," couldn't be more influenced by **The Jam** if **Paul Weller**, king of the mods himself, was singing on it. Throw in some bubblegummy, **Teddy**



Bears/Ronettes, **Phil Spector** *la-la-las*, the ferocious rock n' roll twist of **Paul Revere and the Raiders**, and you've got the record that the Lord God Almighty listens to when he kicks back on his golden throne at the end of the day.

If **The Len Price 3** are pulsing through God's holy headphones, then Satan is twisting and jumping somewhere in his underground mansion while **The Stabilisers** shake the plaster off the walls. Metal dudes claim that their tunes are the preferred music of The Beast, but I'm sure he's really melting his scheming grey matter and clomping his hooves listening to the album *Wanna do the Wild Plastic Brane Love Thing?*. The Stabilisers have the raw riffage of **The Datsuns**, the speed and lyrical competency of **Supergrass** and the sheer catchiness and emotion of **Ash**.

Then, there are Norway's **The Launderettes**, a girl group of garage Vikings, relentlessly pillaging and destroying everything in their path. More cleanly produced than **The Drags** and meaner than **The Pipettes**, their best-of, *Fluff 'n' Fold*, dropped on Wicked Cool in August 2007 and has been blowing minds since. Vocals akin to those of Ms. **Roxy Epoxy** (especially on the track "Take Me to the Race") and wild, fucked-up Farfisa organ solos make for an undeniable party record. The kind of party where—BAM!—everybody has sunglasses on and is gyrating violently.

The list, not to mention the badassery, goes on. Wear a parka and ride a Vespa? **Jarvis Humby** provides the soundtrack for the party thrown to celebrate a long, successful day spent fighting rockers in Brighton. Just enough Hammond B-3 and northern soul worship to keep all the skins and mods happily dancing. As if that weren't sufficient, there are **The Woggles**, who paid their



dues putting out records on **Estrus**, **Zontar** and **Telstar** throughout the '90s and are still churning out songs influenced by **John Lee Hooker**, **The Challengers** and **The Morlocks**. There are **The Chesterfield Kings**, with the vocal intonations of **David Johansen** and the cold, greasy, dive-bar feel of **George Thorogood**. There's the outrageously fast surf of the **Beat Tornados**, echoing **The Tormentos** and **Dick Dale**. **The Maggots** sound like a savage mix of **The Cramps** and **The Fleshtones**. **The Chevelles** sound like street-walking cheetahs with hearts full of napalm. Dig?

Apparently, none of that is quite enough for the fine ladies and gentlemen at Wicked Cool. On June 6, the label put out **The Breakers'** third full-length, a self-titled little number that the Danish band will be slinging from merch tables in various stadiums as they support **Bon Jovi** (I know) on their European summer tour. I can't comprehend how those old phonies (I mean Bon Jovi, of course) can face a crowd that's just had their eardrums blasted by an actual rock n' roll band channeling **The Kinks** and **The Rolling Stones**. I guess once you've lived through so much embarrassment, being musically brutalized in front of thousands is just another drop in the bucket.

Do yourself a favor, turkeyneck, and let your needle slide across a few of these slabs now or else pose hard later. It's up to you.

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LOVE IN A LIGHTBULB FACTORY: FUCKED UP GOES TO THE OPERA

By Dylan Chadwick
dylanchadwick@gmail.com

Canadian hardcore stalwarts Fucked Up, a sextet with an FCC-incompatible name, have just released a landmark album in their ten-year career: a true life rock opera. *David Comes to Life* is an ambitious hunk of sprawling punk-power-psychedelia chronicling the schizophrenic life of David, a disenchanting light bulb factory peon, and his love interest, Veronica. The album is lofty in vision and rife with guest musicians, sonic experiments and smatterings of hook-laden rock fury—it's a transcendent album pricking ears across all of punk and hipsterdom. With a dizzying assortment of hardcore singles, three well received full lengths (one of which is a **Polaris Music Prize**

winner), prominent slots on the indie festival circuit, and a newfound following of eye-rolling, slack-jawed hipsters who've just now accepted hardcore, Fucked Up has met incessant praise for their transcendent approach to punk rock. I spoke with lead guitarist and songwriter **Mike Haliechuk** (aka **10,000 Marbles**) about the album the morning after their record release show.

SLUG: "David Comes to Life" was a song on 2006's *Hidden World*. When did you decide to flesh it out into an entire album?
Mike Haliechuk: Around then. We knew we had this "character" that we could work with ... and we knew sort of early on that we wanted to do a big-style record like this one, but we never really had the time or the guts to do it until now. Some songs on this new record are pretty old and the idea is almost as old as the song is.

SLUG: Besides the namesake, how much of David from the album is based on your manager **David Eliade**?
Haliechuk: The song on the first record definitely came from him, but this record isn't about his life or anything. It's just, whenever we need to personify someone or something ... David's the one who gets personified.



FUCKED UP RELEASED DAVID
COMES TO LIFE ON JUNE 7
ON MATADOR RECORDS.

SLUG: Why him?
Haliechuk: Well, it's just our "thing." You don't want to have too much quasi-fiction in your band, or else it gets too convoluted. If we were a band like **Coheed and Cambria**, it'd be cool to have a universe of characters, but we're not that creative yet. Most of the story is just from experience. It's just about love and loss, and everyone has those so we didn't need to draw from something else.

SLUG: Coheed and Cambria make comics to accompany their albums. Will there be any other visual medium to accompany yours?
Haliechuk: We'd like to turn it into a stage presentation somehow. That's the next thing we'll start working on. We're kind of working on a script for it, filling in some holes in the story. I think it'd be really cool for it to happen. We're probably years away from it.

SLUG: Who writes the lyrics? Did you write the entire story first?
Haliechuk: For us, the music always comes first. We had rehearsed the majority of the album before we started thinking about the story. We came up with the framework and narrative for the story before we wrote the lyrics. Once we had that, it was easy to plug pieces of the story into each song. Me, **Damien [Abraham]** and **Josh [Zucker]** did the story together and then we sort of shared the lyrics.

SLUG: Is it weird to choose which songs to play live? It seems similar to picking chapters from a book or something.
Haliechuk: It's just music, right? People at a show aren't really thinking about the lyrics or any narrative an album has. It's not like you can really understand the words when we play anyway. We just pick the ones that are the most conducive to the live setting.

SLUG: Are you comfortable with the term "rock opera?"
Haliechuk: It's whatever. There's a lot of things you can call it, but when you hear it, it becomes clear what it is. It's an album that's got a little bit of a story to it. Hopefully it pushes the songs in a certain way and you can sort of follow along. It's not like it's this cumbersome thing where you have to listen to the whole album at once, or you have to completely understand what the story is ... At heart it's just music.

SLUG: How about classic "rock operas?" The Who's *Tommy*?
Haliechuk: I really stayed away from them while we were recording. I'm not really into **The Who**. I know there's a bunch of concept records on our "docket" that people are talking about, but I'm not really into that kind of music ... The whole post-seventies thing, or that **Pretty Things** record or whatever. It's just not my thing. I wouldn't have wanted to draw from things specifically anyway because then [our record] would have just been too similar [to theirs].

SLUG: Stodgy rock journalists throw around terms like "dense" or "complex punk" when describing Fucked Up. Do you actively avoid simplicity?
Haliechuk: I dunno. I think we are pretty simple. People think we're complicated because we haven't followed a very conventional trajectory in our career, but it's not like we use a million computers to make our music. We just play, you know? Especially now, most bands know how to work these complicated computer programs or this complicated DJ equipment. Even lots of rock bands will have triggers, or cues or MacBooks on stage. I think our music is very simple compared to bands like that.

SLUG: Yeah, but I mean, you have three guitarists, and you used tons of guitar tracks on

The Chemistry of Common Life ...
Haliechuk: It's surprising to me that it became a talking point, because lots of bands have three guitar players and there were dozens of guitar tracks even on that first **Sex Pistols** record. It's just how we make music. We never set out to be weird. Adding a third guitar player was just something we needed to do to play one of our songs live, you know?

SLUG: This new album is eighty minutes long ...
Haliechuk: Yeah. When we were writing it, we wrote 26 or 27 songs, and then we picked the ones that had the best fit or flow with each other, and it just came to be that long. We can't win, you know? When we started out, we were doing these 7"s and people were saying "meh, they're good, but they're too short." It's just this completely arbitrary thing. If you don't want to listen to eighty minutes of the album, just listen to some of it and then listen to some later. When I was a kid, I'd listen to my favorite records five times in a row, you know? You can do what you want with your time. We made an album that was this particular length, but it doesn't come with instructions on how you're supposed to listen to it. That's just how much there is of it.

Downplaying aside, it's albums like *David Comes to Life*, coupled with a baffling stream of creative zeal and artistic accolades, that renders Fucked Up one of the most interesting and impressive bands to emerge from the internet seeped, post-**Green Day** alternative landscape. Frankly, who wouldn't want to see a full-scale Broadway production of *David*? *American Idiot* can't be our last hope for punk rock musical theater.

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LITURGY: TRANSCENDING BLACK METAL

By Ricky Vigil • ricky@slugmag.com

Hunter Hunt-Hendrix may be the most hated man in metal at the moment. His essay, *Transcendental Black Metal*, originally delivered at the 2009 *Hideous Gnosis Black Metal Theory Symposium*, has become the subject of much derision in the metal community. It may be because of the intellectual tone of the essay or the “hipster” tag that is being affixed to many Brooklyn-based bands, but the mere existence of the essay and the attention being given to Hunt-Hendrix is seriously pissing off a whole lot of metalheads. To put the essay in simple terms, transcendental black metal is about the exploration of new musical ideas that are rooted in traditional black metal, but not an imitation of traditional black metal—many people hate this notion. However, *Aesthetica*, the second album from Hunt-Hendrix’s band Liturgy, has garnered just as many positive reviews from metal outsiders as it has negative reviews from the kvltest of the kvlt. *Aesthetica* is an adventurous collection of music that owes just as much to experimental noise rock groups Lightning Bolt and Boredoms as it does to black metal forebears Darkthrone and Burzum. I spoke with Hunt-Hendrix about the new album and how he’s dealing with all of the attention Liturgy has been receiving recently.

SLUG: Why do you think people are so upset with *Transcendental Black Metal* and your vocalization of the way that you approach creating your music?

Hunt-Hendrix: The internet is confusing because it’s difficult to get a litmus test of how many people the haters are speaking for and whether or not someone who appreciates the idea of the music is as likely to write an intense comment about that. Maybe I come off as a jerk sometimes

in interviews. There’s one interview on the internet that’s gone slightly viral, at least within the metal community. I actually look at the interview and think, “Man, that really did not go very well. That guy looks like a douchebag, and that guy is me.” I don’t think that video was edited very generously—it seems like whoever edited it didn’t want to make us look good. I think that our music is really at odds with some people who really take black metal seriously and choose to see life and music in a certain way.

SLUG: One of the main points of your essay, *Transcendental Black Metal*, is breaking away from the foundation of black metal. Why, then, do you think it’s important not only to label your music as black metal, but to label it at all?

Hunt-Hendrix: It seems to me people imagine that I really disrespect black metal—that I think all black metal is bad or all black metal is inferior to my band. That’s not what I’m saying. I think of transcendental black metal as an outgrowth of certain characteristics or eventualities of black metal that I want to focus on. There are certain features of black metal that I’m done with and don’t want to focus on. As someone who takes what music means really seriously, I think that black metal in itself, transcendental or not, is something really special in the history of rock music. It has this larger historical referentiality, and the second wave has these figures that are enormously courageous. I’m really inspired by that aspect of it. I love black metal. I’m really intrigued by the act of giving something a label, especially a controversial label, to connect it to a tradition and see how it resonates with that tradition.

SLUG: A lot of places that have been giving positive reviews to *Aesthetica*, such as *Pitchfork* and *Tiny Mix Tapes*, are not traditionally “metal” outlets. How important do you think it is for the people who listen to your music to have an understanding of transcendental black metal or metal in general to appreciate your music and where you’re coming from?

Hunt-Hendrix: I think it’s pretty exciting when people come up to me and say, “I don’t even know what kind of music you were just playing, but I think it was awesome.” I like the idea of being able to reach people with the music without any labels attached. I know that sounds like it contradicts what I said earlier, but both things are kind of true. It’s kind of fascinating to me how someone would hear our music and what it would sound like to them if they don’t normally enjoy black metal. It’s cool to get into someone’s head and figure out what they’re thinking about.

Aesthetica is not for everyone. It is aggressive and ugly, but also courageous in its approach to black metal. Jerky time changes, twitchy electronic bits and repetitive chants coexist alongside the screeched vocals, tremolo riffing and blast beats (or “burst beats” as Hunt-Hendrix calls them, but that’s another conversation) black metal is known for. If nothing else, it is an interesting and polarizing collection of music that should be sought out by fans of experimental and aggressive music in general. Liturgy will perform at *Kilby Court* on July 13 with Eagle Twin. Read the full interview with Hunter Hunt-Hendrix at slugmag.com.



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BLONDE GRIZZLY

YEAR ONE

By Spencer Ingham
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When I walked into *Blonde Grizzly*, owners **Caleb** and **Hillary Barney** greeted me immediately and were happy to show me their latest addition to the gallery. It wasn't a painting and it wasn't a T-shirt or a new piece of jewelry. It was their brand new bundle of joy in a baby carriage, **Lily**. She slept quietly as we chatted, snug and cozy between the fixtures and decorative art lining the walls of the independent shop. The newborn baby is a fitting addition for the duo to celebrate *Blonde Grizzly's* one-year anniversary this month.

"We've been lucky to get some shows and certain artists to come do signings, or to even work with us," says Caleb, reflecting on their success so far. In the past year, the gallery has hosted fresh works from California pop artists such as **CW Mhlberger** and **Dave Correia**.

"We sell lots of T-shirts and *that's* what keeps us floating," says Caleb. The shop originated as a small kiosk at the *Layton Hills Mall*, where Caleb sold prints and apparel from his buddies at **Zerofriends**. The kiosk lease was expensive and only lasted three months, forcing Caleb to search SLC for a bigger spot that was more cost effective and closer to home. *Blonde Grizzly* opened in July 2010 along 400 South, primarily as an apparel store that also featured the artists' work on the walls.

"When I heard of other galleries struggling, I always wondered why they never added artist apparel or prints. From the beginning, I was going to open a store that sold the prints and apparel, and the gallery just came with it," says Caleb.

When the shop initially opened, the duo sold merch at the *Twilight Concert Series* to help gain some buzz for their first official *Gallery Stroll*, which happened just two weeks later. That showcase featured twisted and re-imagined paintings based on Saturday morning cartoons. The gallery mixed works from local artists like **Vic Back**, along with visiting artists, including **Alex Pardee** and **Mark Yamamoto**. The originals were displayed on the walls with T-shirts and hoodies featuring the same art sold to the side. The show garnered instant press and recognition, but more importantly, it caught the eye of the local art scene and made *Blonde Grizzly* a must-visit stop during the monthly *Gallery Stroll*.

"We knew *Gallery Stroll* was big, lots of people came out and [the event] would just get you exposure. It seemed like something that would work for our space, it helped get people out and get them to know the artists we know," says Hillary.



Caleb and Hillary Barney with their newly born daughter Lily Barney celebrate *Blonde Grizzly's* one-year anniversary this July.

The process of choosing what hangs on the walls and sits on the shelves simply comes down to what Caleb feels the customers will enjoy. While a lot of art comes to him through the store or email submissions, he constantly makes an effort to go to conventions and gallery shows. Caleb will search for new work and artists that haven't been shown in SLC or anywhere else, and avoids out-of-town artwork that can be found in other stores. His approach essentially makes everything in the shop unique to *Blonde Grizzly*. Caleb also takes special care in being selective about pop-culture references on the merchandise.

Over the past year, the gallery has made its mark on the art scene with their themed group shows, typically centered on a single pop-culture item like sci-fi films or the Utah Jazz. These shows bring in a bevy of local and national talent to hang a single piece on the wall. The most popular to date, and favorite of the Barneys, is the *Classic Monster Show* last October. The show featured over 25 artists putting their own spin on Tinseltown horrors such as the Mummy, Frankenstein and Dracula. *Blonde Grizzly* has also featured solo artists, including **Emily Hart Wood**, who took over the

gallery in April for her first solo show ever. Wood blew the owners away with her array of whimsical paintings and drawings, as well as collage pieces, such as her "fortune collage" made up of fortune cookie papers from every Chinese restaurant she's been to.

"I think we've gotten some good people in and it's been fun. We're still learning, figuring out what works and what doesn't, but our shows have done pretty well and we're on the right track with those," says Hillary.

In celebration of hitting the one-year marker, *Blonde Grizzly* will be throwing a show with *Good Times Tattoo*, who incidentally will be celebrating their tenth anniversary. The *Anniversary Anniversary* show will kick off on July 15 for *Gallery Stroll*, featuring the work of tattoo artists including **Alex Hinton**, **Danny Madsen** and **Bonnie Seeley**. Caleb and Hillary are already planning out the rest of the year, with confirmed secret guests for the holidays, and plan to bring in art books as part of the shop's inventory. Those who wish to submit their artwork for possible shows can send their work to caleb@blondegrizzly.com, but are advised to check out the shop beforehand to make sure their art will fit the gallery.





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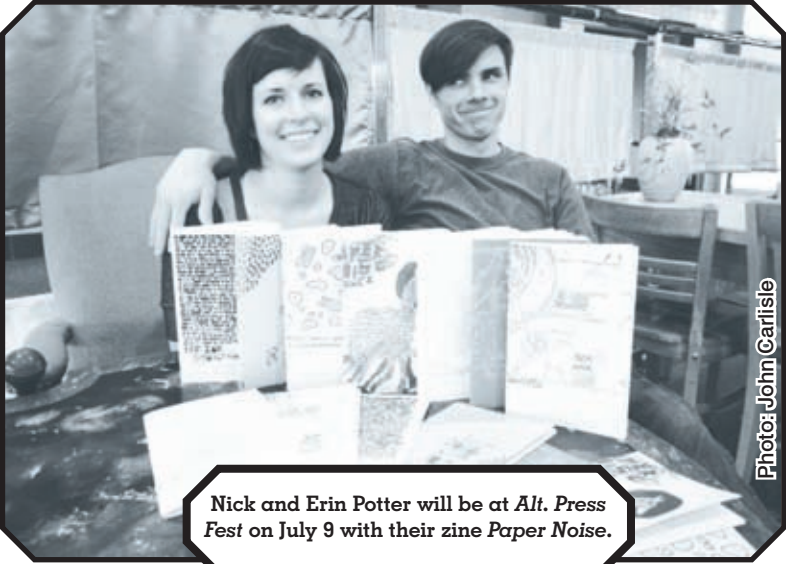
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By Nate Housley
natehousley@yahoo.com

Paper Noise, a zine published by husband and wife duo **Nick** and **Erin Potter**, is the latest manifestation of the adventurous, collaborative spirit behind their **Potter Press**. Starting from the traditional DIY aesthetic of a zine, but adding more sophisticated design and printmaking techniques, *Paper Noise* is a showcase for writers and artists who submit works inspired by mixtapes. Nick curates.

While the inside of the zines are printed in the typical Scotch-tape-and-photocopier method, the covers are screenprinted. “We thought it set them apart. Most zines just have xeroxed covers,” Erin says. Part of Nick’s motivation in creating *Paper Noise* was to showcase his friends’ talent. “We have some pretty talented friends, and I’m always interested in seeing their work on display,” he says. No collaborator is as important as his wife, Erin. “She sometimes says she’s my art slave. It started as my baby that I pulled Erin into grudgingly that she ended up kind of liking.” Erin corrects him, “No, I liked it, then I started hating it.” The two began designing posters for local music shows five years ago, a few months before getting married. At the same time, they kept a music blog, *forestgospel.blogspot.com*. At the nexus of these passions is *Paper Noise*. Creating a zine that combines art, writing and music seems like a natural evolution, but Nick doesn’t overanalyze its origins. “I’ve always really liked making mixtapes, so I decided that one way to force people to listen to mixtapes that I make is by telling them that they have to listen to them to make something for my zine,” he says. When Nick makes a mixtape for *Paper Noise*, he tries to make them cohere through a certain narrative rather than sticking to one genre. “I don’t generally go into it thinking anything in particular,” he explains. “I’ll just be interested in one song, and I’ll see how it moves into something else.”



Nick and Erin Potter will be at Alt. Press Fest on July 9 with their zine *Paper Noise*.

Erin and Nick share printing duties, with Nick typically designing the cover. “We have really different strengths,” Erin says. “I print a little bit faster, but Nick comes up with slightly cooler designs.” They continue to do posters, recently commissioned by bands such as **The Black Keys** and **Okkervil River**, and Potter Press prints poetry chapbooks by their friends with custom-designed and printed covers in limited editions. Between raising their 2-year-old, **Atlas**, and Nick’s day job as a social media specialist at a vitamin company, not to mention Nick’s preparations for an MFA in creative writing at Brown University this fall, publishing happens in their precious free time. “We do it because it’s fun, but we do so much of it, it becomes unfun,” Erin says. In addition to time, running a printing press costs money, even if one’s method involves an improvised silkscreening setup in one’s kitchen and washing screens in the bathtub. Fortunately, Potter Press is able to cover their costs, something they attribute to their blog with its many readers and their connections in the underground printing world.

They’ve made quite a mark on the independent publishing community in Salt Lake City, with their zines available at the *Salt Lake City Public Library* and the *Salt Lake Art Center*, and their posters available at *Signed and Numbered*. They are friends with the folks at **BirdBrain Press** and plan on collaborating on a zine, but their influence

isn’t strictly local. Their posters are featured on *gigposters.com*, and they’ve sold posters to several different continents. While they will be moving to Rhode Island this fall for Nick’s graduate program, they plan on continuing Potter Press and collaborating with new, talented people.

Though they run Potter Press just for the sheer fun of it, they also have dreams of some day opening a publishing company. “This is our baby that we’re experimenting on,” Erin says. They look forward to *Alt Press Fest* for the chance to interact with an audience already knowledgeable about alternative publishing and to connect with new fans.

The third annual *Alt Press Fest* takes place July 9 at the *Salt Lake Main Library*. It’s fitting that this festival for zine makers is held at the public library, which houses the largest zine collection in the country. In addition to zines, the festival includes local musicians, local artists, printmakers and spoken word performances. Local bands such as **6335**, **Birthquake!**, **The Lionelle**, **Lindsay Heath Orchestra** and many others will perform this year. In addition to Nick and Erin, zine makers such as the aforementioned **BirdBrain Press**, **Willie Nevins**, **Trent Call** and **Wes Sadler** will all be present. Artists and printmakers such as **Nic Annette Miller**, **Copper Palate Press**, **Dan Christopherson** and **Andy Chase** will also be in attendance.

“*Alt Press* is awesome because there’s a great turnout,” Erin says. A couple of years ago at *Alt Press Fest*, a man approached their table and asked if they had anything with ninjas. Nick pulled out a comic about ninjas, and the man bought it. Later, the same man came back, looking for something with robots, and they sold him a couple of posters with robots.

Nick and Erin are actively seeking submissions for *Paper Noise*, so check them out at *papernoise.blogspot.com*, and be sure to swing by their table at *Alt Press Fest* to pick up a zine.

Zines Aloud

Six Letters Addressed to You #1

Patrokolos
Self-Published
There’s something inexplicably wonderful about a hand-written letter. The envelope addressed to you, the stamp, the distinctive scrawl of hurried (but comfortingly human) penmanship—this is why *Six Letters Addressed to You #1* works. It’s a zine by default (Xeroxed, stapled and given an issue number), but at its core, it’s merely a compilation of thoughtful letters written to you, the reader. It does fly the “per-zine” flag and boasts a detailed itemization of the author’s commitment to anarchism, but graciously resists veering into that romanticized **Crimethinc**. “rich-kids-posing-as-radicals” territory. It teems with enjoyable little nuggets, including a tender dissection of the author’s job as a wilderness counselor, dreams involving giant cats and a blurb about making toothpaste from coal. Admittedly, the author does reference a lot of literary greats (**Hemingway**, **Emerson**, **Woolf**) and frequently weaves them, and healthy portions of their cited works, into these letters. It certainly delights THIS English major, but the contrived name-dropping might turn off a few heads. Regardless, it’s a fulfilling hodge-podge of self-reflection, personal declaration and even a smidge of pleasant absurdity, all in fluid ballpoint script. Webzines don’t come in envelopes this pretty. Recommended. Contact patrokolos@gmail.com for a copy. —Dylan Chadwick



an overly romantic portrait of homeless livin’, but a scruffy, quasi-journalistic street chronicle endowed with a special strain of frenetic brilliance, and a certain dose of creative gusto that only comes to those who’ve spent a few nights sleeping under bridges in sub-zero temperatures. —Dylan Chadwick

Wheelbite #1

Jesse Tucker
Self-Published
High school English teacher and prolific Utah County garage rocker **Jesse Tucker** (of the **Gonorrhillios**, **Burnt Reynolds** and **His Hot Bones**, **Neighborhood Zero**, **Brainstorm**, **Clearcoats**, etc.) thought that he’d cultivate a love for literature among his rowdy class of 16-year-old assholes by assigning them a zine writing project. While the young minds were busy x-acting and gluing their stupid articles, Tucker also pieced together a zine to show them how it was done. *Wheelbite #1* is refreshingly juvenile, glorifying days when skateboarding with your friends was just as much about stealing and breaking shit as it was about slamming your bare noggin on the bottom of a mini-ramp. There aren’t any pictures of stair sets or handrails, but there are plenty of shots of Tucker and his buddies skating loading docks and parking curbs as well as plenty of bonus features, like some weird comix, a short story about a kid who smashed a truck windshield with a fencepost, skate video reviews, a love letter to San Francisco psychedelic rockers **Thee Oh Sees** and pictures of strange garbage that Tucker found while skating. Like I said, there’s nothing in here about **Lizard King** or anybody in Utah who’s actually any good. Rather, this is a zine about what it feels like to be a scabbed up skateboarder, drinking beers with your crew in some ditch with shitty transitions and bloodstains on the walls. Amen. Email brotherjrex@gmail.com to get a free copy. —Nate Perkins

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PRECISION BUILDS WITH PANGEA SPEED

It's mid-June, and **Andy Carter**, owner and sole employee of *Pangea Speed*, is 14 days away from his next big motorcycle show—*Born Free 3* in California. The bike he plans to enter, which he calls the Speed Master, sits partially disassembled in the shop he shares with his father. Just a few hours ago, as he stared at the bike with his old man, he realized that this custom project, which he has spent "countless hours" working on, isn't as close to being completed as he thought. "I'm down to the wire on this bike," says Carter. "I'm sweating it because I [think] I need to be grinding these mounts and I need to be welding. But step back, look at the whole thing and I've got some major changes that I'm going to do now that it's all coming together."

Although Carter has already hand-worked and smoothed out a variety of the custom bike's components, with some closer inspection (and the help of his father), he realizes that among many changes, the chain guard needs to come down a few inches. "It sucks, but I know it's the right answer. I know I have to be able to step back and do that," says Carter. "I have this bad habit of never being satisfied. I'll always look at a project and think that I can do it better." Andy Carter is a perfectionist. When you consider that he is the owner of his own custom motorcycle and parts company, *Pangea Speed*, and one of the major organizers behind the second annual *Salt Flat Social*, this quality, which he refers to as either an "evolution or a sickness—depending

By Jeanette D. Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

Andy Carter, owner and sole-employee of *Pangea Speed*.



Photo: DavidNewkirk.com

on the day," is exactly what you'd hope to find.

Carter admits that he is never fully satisfied, but he refers to the Speed Master as a nearly perfect project. "I got paid to do it, and I got all the leeway that I wanted. I could do it however I wanted," says Carter. "[My client **Brett**] said 'build the coolest bike you can.'" For Carter, this hands-off approach from his client is the ideal situation. "I consider this an art. Having a client like Brett allows me to do my thing. [He] trusts me. That's a huge thing—the trust involved."

The Speed Master is one of many projects that sits in the *Pangea Speed* hanger. It is surrounded by a variety of other bikes, all in various states of completion. Some belong to Carter, others like the Speed Master, belong to clients who contact Carter for his expertise in motorcycle creation and design. The Speed Master started as a Triumph won at an auction. The engine is the only thing that remains from the original bike. Carter says that when he gets burned out on a project, it's not unusual for him to hop over to a different project and do some welding on it. *Pangea Speed*, which was initially started in 2007 as not much more than a blog, catapulted into a full-time custom motorcycle and parts business for Carter about a year and half ago. "I got fired from my job, and there was a lot of interest in [*Pangea Speed*], so I thought I'd try it full time," says Carter. Although Carter has only been able to focus all of his energy on *Pangea Speed* for

a short period of time, he is no stranger to the world of custom items. Carter's parents owned an industrial design and rapid prototyping company for most of his life. "When I was super little, me and my brother would build custom bicycles, cut our skateboard in half and glue it back together and watch it break in half [again]," says Carter. "We always just sort of customized everything." The list goes on: go-carts, dirt bikes and eventually race cars. Carter even spent a year in race car mechanic school in California and as an apprentice at a vintage Formula 1 fabrication shop to perfect his skills.

Carter started his first custom bike in 2004. The '74 Yamaha RD 350 began as a bunch of pieces in two boxes on the shelves of what was, at that time, solely his father's shop. He initially planned to create a rat bike out of the pieces, but it didn't pan out that way. "I don't think I'm capable of making a rat bike. Next thing you know, I'm painting the frame, I'm hand-working a bunch of stuff, I'm building a tail section. It wasn't a rat bike when I was done," says Carter. By the time Carter finished the project, he was living in California, had recently finished race car mechanic school and was building hot rods. "Everyone wanted a custom car, but we didn't have any space, so everyone had these chopper projects," says Carter. "I brought the RD out there and finished



Photo: DavidNewkirk.com

The Zion Express, one of Andy Carter's custom bikes at *Pangea Speed*.

it in my friend's garage." Carter says completing the project made him realize how much more fun it was to work on a bike than a car. "An average car project is probably a year and a half or two of full-time work. A bike is half that. It's a lot less stress than a car," he says.

In addition to building custom bikes, Carter also specializes in custom parts. "A lot of the stuff I do is helping with projects, but doing the work myself," says Carter. He recently built a friend a fuel tank, handlebars, a sissy bar, a rear fender and a seat pan for a custom motorcycle project. "I built all that stuff, but he installed it all himself," says Carter. "Luckily, [he] is pretty cool about trusting my visual styling opinion." Carter admits that one of the things that burned him out about building cars is the amount of control certain clients would try to exert over a custom build. "It always seemed crazy to me that some old man would come to us, obviously he is coming to us to get the coolest car ever, but then he wants to hold our hand the whole time and tell us what to build," says Carter. "You don't go to **Picasso** and tell him to paint your picture a certain way—there is that freedom that needs to be had." When it comes to a custom job from *Pangea Speed*, the only way Carter chooses to work is solo. "I'm not trying to run a school," he says. According to Carter, the ultimate goal is to establish his parts line enough that it can support him. The parts line currently features



items such as kicker pedals, license plate brackets, streamliner bars, zephyr bars, carburetor guards and seat-builder kits. Since everything is handmade by Carter, many of the parts featured on his site, pangeaspeed.com are offered in limited quantities. He says that when the line becomes more established, it will allow him the freedom to build whatever he likes without having to worry about someone dictating to him what the designs should look like.

When describing his ideal design, Carter returns to the Speed Master. Initially, when he imagined this bike, he considered taking the Triumph engine and turning it into a '70s chopper, *Easy Rider* style of bike. "I decided that it didn't fit the motif," says Carter. "That engine platform didn't seem to work for that." After creating numerous illustrations and lists, Carter landed on the idea of creating a factory '40s-looking bike. With some help from a friend in California who works as a clay modeler for Volkswagen, Carter was able to pinpoint his whirlwind of ideas. "A lot of the time, it just feels like you are smashing through a cement wall trying to figure this stuff out," says Carter. "There is a lot of pressure when you're not using anything to start with." Carter explains that the Speed Master lacked the boundaries that come when you are building a bike with pre-designed components. He says that the biggest challenge when working like that is making sure he doesn't stray from his aesthetic. "I've seen so many people just get deranged and build crazy stuff for crazy's sake, and that's not what I'm really trying to do," says Carter. "I'm trying to build crazy stuff that has reason behind it and functions well."

When Carter designs and builds a bike—be it from the engine up or working with factory-created parts—he aims for symmetry, precision and, most importantly, function. If something isn't well measured or doesn't work as a whole package, it simply isn't good enough.

Carter might be a perfectionist at heart, but his attention to detail can't classify him as anal-retentive. He still knows how to have a good time and is one of the organizers behind the second annual *Salt Flat Social*. Last year Carter and his friends, who build their own bikes under the names of **Short Fuse** and **Bolts Action**, organized the first *Salt Flat Social* to essentially celebrate Salt Lake. "All of my friends that I ride motorcycles with love Salt Lake," says Carter. "But there are no really cool bike shows

here. Nobody has an excuse to come here. We wanted to do something that would give people an excuse to visit Salt Lake." The event falls on Friday, Aug. 12—the evening before the world-famous *Speed Week* starts at the Salt Flats. "It's a lot easier to get someone from California to come to Salt Lake if they are 100 miles away versus 800 miles away," he says.

Last year the *Pangea Speed* party drew about 70 bikes and 200 people—a larger turnout than was expected. The next morning, Carter says approximately 30 people met at *Este Downtown* and rode to the Salt Flats together to goof around. "It's fairly low structure. It's pretty much just hanging out. We don't want people to feel like there is some sort of expectation," says Carter. "One of the most annoying things about motorsports in general is everyone feels like they have to fit some kind of stereotype. None of us care about any of that. I just like motorcycles." Ultimately, Carter sees *Salt Flat Social* as an unpretentious and inclusive way to show his love for his hometown. In addition to living in California, a few years ago, Carter spent the better part of the year traveling. "I quit my job, and I rode my motorcycle all over the country, just being homeless. I wanted to check this whole place out so I could see if I wanted to move," says Carter. Eventually, he landed back in Utah. "I feel like Salt Lake kind of gets a bad rap because of the Church, but I've had a lot of friends come to visit from out of town and they are like, damn [Salt Lake] is cool," says Carter.

Although the *Salt Flat Social* and *Speed Week* are unrelated, and *Pangea Speed* doesn't actually participate in *Speed Week*, Carter appreciates the annual event. "We're not really huge into the Bonneville thing. I like it, it's cool. It falls right in line with everything I'm into. I like the Salt Flats, and I like racing, but none of us are die-hard Bonneville people," says Carter. Just like last year, Carter says there aren't any plans to officially participate in *Speed Week*, but they will be hosting a group ride from *Este Downtown* to the Salt Flats.

This year, the *Salt Flat Social* will be held at Short Fuse's new shop on 988 S. and 500 W. on Friday, Aug. 12. The event is totally free, and Carter and crew plan to include a bike show in the festivities. Everyone is encouraged to attend, regardless of the type of motorcycle that they ride or if they even ride one at all.

"I'm trying to build crazy stuff that has reason behind it and functions well." -Andy Carter



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Gallery Stroll

Does Art Have a Future in Salt Lake City?
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

I often hear people speak of old businesses that no longer exist in Salt Lake. The conversation is always the same: "Damn! I wish ... was still around—they were the best!" I ask you this: If they were the best, why'd we let them go? If the place was that amazing, why didn't their loyal patrons rise up, raise some funds, call their congressman or create a human shield? I don't really like the "what if we had" or "why did it have to happen" questions. I'm more of a "what now?" person. What businesses do I need to support now so they don't suffer the same fate? Soap box and drum roll please ... Citizens of Salt Lake, the *Kayo Gallery* needs our help!



Crow Tree by Lenka Konopasek 2011
Box, Paper, Scissor show.

The *Kayo Gallery* has been a highlight of the *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* for the last seven years, first under the direction of **Kenny Riches** in its original location at 315 E. Broadway (300 S.) where *Nobrow* now resides, and now at its current location at 177 E. Broadway next to *Frosty Darling*. **Shilo Jackson** purchased the gallery from Riches four years ago. "I really respected what Kenny had started and had a deep appreciation for what he wanted for Salt Lake," Jackson says. "It was never about turning a profit—owning a gallery is a labor of love. I do it because I'm passionate about the arts and I think this space is important for Salt Lake."

Filling a special niche in the Salt Lake market, *Kayo* focuses on progressive, contemporary, cutting-edge art and promotes local and emerging artists. How do we keep

Kayo around for years to come? It's as simple as a dollar per person. On average, *Kayo* receives 300 people through their doors every month. If each person made a one dollar donation as they entered, the gallery could become self-sustaining. One dollar keeps the lights on and the doors open. One dollar insures that *Kayo* can continue to highlight local artists and book national artists so they can host the exceptional art community Salt Lake City has to offer.

Once you're ready to move from a patron of the arts to a collector, *Kayo* has several modestly priced, annual shows. *Box, Paper, Scissors* in July, *Small Works* in December and the *Knock Out Anniversary Round Show* in February. All shows feature past and current *Kayo* artists and the price points are ridiculously reasonable! *Box, Paper, Scissors* is *Kayo's* annual fundraiser, and it will be held Friday, July 15 from 6-9 p.m. featuring cigar boxes refurbished by established and emerging artists. A silent auction format follows with the boxes remaining shut during the bidding. At the end of the evening, the winning bidder gets to open the box and see what treasures they purchased. The event is free, but door donations are encouraged.

Donations to the *Kayo Gallery* can also be made online at kayogallery.com. To hear more from Jackson about the gallery's future check out *SLUG's* new podcast on July 11.



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Beautiful Godzilla:
Feminine Bike Recon
By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

I learned how to ride a two-wheeler without training wheels when I was three years old. No big deal. It was a warm summer night 20-some years ago, the sun was just setting as my papa pulled off those extra little wheel supports from my pink-tasseled Barbie cruiser. With a gentle push, I was on my way, riding in dizzying circles around the cheering crowd of spectators chanting my name. I've since upgraded to the sleek green pedal machine I use to burn holes into our salty streets—the supporting character in my experiences riding, racing, crashing, sexing (that's right) on, over, under, next to, in and generally around bicycles. I'll be wheeling these experiences into your brains through *SLUG*'s action station from now on. With that said, let's ride!

There's a definite lack of female representation in the bicycle community. I'm not going to pretend that it hasn't been advantageous when it comes to dating—the male to female ratio is absolutely in my favor and there are some real babes on bikes riding about—but there are times when a gal just needs the kind of bonding only her fellow lady bitches can provide. Also, group rides with a bunch of guys can get obnoxious real quick: Getting called "fag" from the overcompensating douches in their lifted trucks on a regular basis seems to be a big motivating factor to ride fast and reckless. Not that I'm against hustling, I just don't want to watch a pissing contest while I'm trying to enjoy a leisurely ride about town. This is why I've done just about

anything I can think of to bring more ladies some good clean fun between the legs. All right, pervs, pull your hands out of your pants now 'cause the kind of lollipop licking described hereafter will not leave you with a happy ending.

About three years ago, I started a women-only bicycle crew, now called **Salty Spokes**. Back then, we were the FTP, which didn't really stand for anything, but rhymed with **BFC**, the super macho fixie crew that has since disbanded. What can I say, I'm a sucker for subtle mockery. Turns out that all irony aside, most everyone thought a ladies' bike crew was an awesome idea, and we now have monthly rides and a pretty sweet blog inspired by *Candy Cranks* at *saltyspokes.com*. Our longest running and most frequent ride is Sundae Shuffle, a casual ride around town that concludes in tasty vegan treats on the third Sunday of every month, weather permitting. Unfortunately, for no known reason, getting Salt Lake City women to show up to events is easier said than done. Personally, I'll show up to anything that promises the possibility of getting one or more of three F's: fucked, fucked up and fed.

So, ladies of the Great Salt Lake, where you at? Not only are bicycles historical symbols of feminine power, but they pump you up with grin-inducing endorphins and keep your ass looking fine. If I had to choose between a boyfriend and a bicycle, there'd be no battle: That saddle satisfies like no man can.

Join Salty Spokes on our next ride on Sunday, July 17 at 6 p.m. at *Gallivan*. Check out *saltyspokes.com* for more information on how to ditch your boy for a bike.




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Leaving LAS VEGAS

By Giuseppe Ventrella
info@slugmag.com

I've heard it said that in times of recession, two industries thrive: alcohol and prostitution. Las Vegas is undoubtedly familiar with both these industries, but something else is thriving out there in the desert wasteland: skateboarding.

While the skateboard industry isn't exactly thriving because of this recession, the amount of skateable spots certainly is. Las Vegas seems to be a shining example of this. The city is teeming with empty foreclosed pools and new, never-occupied construction left over from the boom that led up to the current economic state.

Having grown up in close proximity to Las Vegas, I skated there frequently. After moving to the Salt Lake Valley, however, I haven't been to Vegas in four years. The strange thing is, I stopped going to Vegas about the same time one of my good friends moved there.

If you've been following skateboarding the last two years or so, you've probably seen lots of photos in magazines and footage in videos from Vegas. The man responsible for a lot of this is none other than **Garrett Taylor**. Taylor is the man behind the scenes in Vegas. While a lot of the footage and photos didn't



Photo: Sam Milianta



Photo: Sam Milianta

Sunset Station in Las Vegas

James Atkin, wallride fakie over the dirt gap.



Photo: Sam Milianta

Good times at Sunset Station

come directly from Taylor (who actually contributes a lot of footage even though he doesn't always get credit), he has been slaving away, taking visiting pros to all his spots. Taylor has treated every team that has come through Las Vegas like royalty.

Having known Taylor since his days as a St. George local, I have been itching to go visit him in Vegas for years. I decided Memorial Day weekend would be a good time. I found out right before I planned the trip that Taylor would be moving to Bakersfield, Calif. soon after my visit. This would be the last weekend to use him as a tour guide and it was fitting that it was a weekend spent with the homies, rather than a random visiting skateboard team.

I drove into Vegas with **James Atkin**, **Pablo Gonzalez** and **Spencer Byrd**, all St. George locals and lifelong friends. The first thing we noticed when we got to Vegas was that it was ridiculously windy. In truth, it was probably too windy to skate.

We warmed up at a local park and headed out to Boulder City to check out some places Taylor had in mind. Boulder City was full of strange, untouched spots. It was also home to some of the best ditches I've ever seen. The ditches seemed to be a good place



Photo: Sam Milianta

Pablo Gonzales, MVP of the trip. Nosepick in a ditch, Boulder City.

to get out of the wind, at least for a little bit, so that's where we spent most of our time. Boulder City was also home to a lot of good street spots, and if you get to go there on a windless day, you should be stoked. Gonzalez got "trick of the trip" at one ditch, since he's MVP of the trip, every trip.

We spent the night eating wings and hanging out at the bar at *Sunset Station*. The bartender was very interested in telling us his deer-hunting victory stories. Just like Gonzalez got "trick of the trip," the bartender got "quote of the trip," remarking, "I AM me, and I'm jealous of myself because I shot that deer."

The next morning, we got up early to more wind and actual cold weather (it was the end of May in Vegas, mind you, hardly cold weather territory) and battled our way, trying to skate a few more spots before heading back to Utah. In terms of skating, the trip was not the greatest trip I've ever been on. In terms of having a good time with old friends, it couldn't have been better. My only advice if you're trying to skate in Las Vegas, now that Taylor won't be around to hold your hand, is try out Boulder City and keep your eyes open—there are spots everywhere!

Awesome ditch in Boulder City.



Photo: Sam Milianta

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

I have a question. After a bit of re-search I learned that an eight year vet of “one-timeing” y’all bitches in blue get \$30 an hour, almost. \$29.95 an hour for a eight year vet. Now that being said, why is it so hard to pay off a cop in SLC? I’m not going to stop getting tickets for speeding. I don’t drive drunk, I’m not a fucking skinner (thats a pedophile) and I’m no Ted Bundy. All I’m asking is how come if I offer to pay that man’s hourly wage, double it even and then some, these “heavenly” “do right” mother fuckers don’t wanna play ball. Street works two pays. Why can you not pay off a cop in this city?

Sincerely,
Too Fast for Love

Dear Too Fast,

First, are you serious? Well, the simpleton answer is that your grammar, punctuation and inability to express a coherent concept are so bad that no cop who’s thinking of “going on the take” will go bad for you. He’d only last a week. Good cops on the take will normally last at least a month, maybe two, three if they’re really lucky and don’t hook up with a dumbass like you.

People who get tickets, drive drunk, fantasize about sex with pre-pubescent children or murder women aren’t the people paying off cops. WTF? Weirdo!

So, who would pay off a cop? Who benefits from what a cop does or doesn’t do depending on the crime? Sorry, I have to

go back to how ridiculous you are. Even mentioning those above scenarios makes me wonder if you are one of them. God, I hope you’re one of the first two.

Who benefits, then? Well, the best example close to home of currently corrupted cops would be cops in Mexico. About nine out of ten cops there are bad. So, why isn’t the same deal working here, you ask? Well, maybe education and pay would be a start. The average cop in Mexico has a second-grade education and makes half of what the average Mexican worker makes. Here, the average cop has at least an associate’s degree and half of them have a bachelor’s degree. And, they make more than the national wage average by double. Didn’t you say \$30 an hour? How many of your friends make that? (No, not you. We all know what you don’t make.)

We won’t even get into the benefits and retirement a bad cop here in the USA would lose when caught, and they will get caught. Here’s my thinking about bad cops: it’s like thieves. Thieves are shit, even to each other. Same with bad cops. So, if I’m going to be a bad cop, shit, even to other cops, the deal better be worth a billion dollars. No matter what, I’d still be shit, so I’m gonna be “billion dollar bad cop shit” or not be bad at all. And, I haven’t seen a billion dollar offer around here, ever.

Get it? Cops in Utah generally aren’t going to go bad for money. Now, if you really want to get one here, the answer is sex. Go get yourself a “hot hoe” and you’ll compromise more cops than you ever could with money. You see, cops’ peckers aren’t cops. So, when presented with a fine vertical smile, all that integrity, retirement and benefits go right out the window.

There’s your answer. What I can’t answer is how your stupidity is going to snag a hot piece of ass to assist you in your corruption endeavor. Cops don’t go bad for ugly.

–Cop

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Tate Roskelley surfs his top tube over a monkey bar wave.

Tate Roskelley is a rare breed. You're more likely to see him riding his bike backward down a stair-set or manualing a chain than you are to see him in a skate park. Despite all of his abnormalities, this Utah native has his feet firmly planted in the professional BMX industry with his own signature frame, the Volume Drifter, and mind-blowing full-length video parts and online-edits with companies like Volume and Demolition. To quote one pleased fan on one of Roskelley's edits, "Tate's riding makes me smile because nothing he does is actually possible." When *SLUG* photographer **Katie Panzer** and I met up with Roskelley for a shoot and an interview, smiles were one thing that were not in short supply.

SLUG: How did you end up riding for Volume?
Tate Roskelley: **Rob Wise**, who was a big part of Volume at the time, asked me if I would be interested in riding for them. I was riding for Fit, who was arguably one of the most popular companies at the time, so the team was really stacked. I decided that it could be a really good opportunity to be a part of something a little different. Also, **Jason Enns** and **Brian Castillo**, two of street riding's most progressive riders, have been with Volume since day one, so that also helped a little.

SLUG: You have this distinct riding style that sets you apart from other riders. Why don't you just ride parks and handrails all day?
Roskelley: I never was gifted to do all the regular tricks. I grew up in Morgan, and there was nobody that rode up there at all, so I just rode by myself growing up, and I think that probably had a lot to do with it. The first dudes I saw ride street were **Gonz** and **Ratboy**, and that just opened my mind as to what riding could be,

and ever since, I've been a street rider.

SLUG: What is your thought process when you approach a new spot?
Roskelley: I guess it really depends. Basically, my ideas come really fast, like right when I get to a spot, an idea will pop into my head, but maybe one out of 20 ideas actually work. Usually something you don't see all the time appeals to me more, like weird architecture and stuff that you usually wouldn't ride. The weirder the better, I guess you could say.

SLUG: How did you come up with the "superbike slide"?
Roskelley: I was playing around in a parking lot once, and I was trying to ride under some tape. I was just trying to carve lower and lower, and one of the times I kind of hit my pedal and it locked into a slide for like a split second, and ever since I've just been playing with it.

SLUG: You once rode your bike under a moving semi truck?
Roskelley: Yeah, it was actually for "That's It," my first video part. One of the tricks I'd wanted to do forever was ride under a moving semi 'cause I'd been riding under them in parking lots just kind of fucking around, and I finally got one of my friends to film it. It took forever, and nobody wanted to film it 'cause they thought I was going to get run over, and finally my friend **Ben Williams** filmed it. We went to 12th Street in Ogden at the Flying J, and we just were waiting for trucks to come by. I wanted to do it when they were coming around the corner and were speeding up to go down the road. Ben said to me, "Dude, don't do it that way. I'm not going to film it if you do it that way. Do it as they're coming up to the stop sign." I finally agreed to it, and when I did it, I was actually

under the semi for a lot longer than I had thought I was going to be, like the back tires caught up, and so if he didn't make that call, I don't know, I could've been run over by a semi. Yeah, definitely a good call on his part.

SLUG: Starting out, did you ever get any flak from people for riding outside the norm?
Roskelley: It seems like people were either into it or they hated it. It was kind of polarized, I guess. Now it just seems like there's a few people that, every time I put something out, they want to talk shit on it because I'm not doing the kind of shit they're trying to do to get sponsored. I'd rather do it my own way, I guess.

SLUG: Whom do you usually ride with these days?
Roskelley: **Elf, Cameron Wood, Aitken, Dave Thompson, Richard Fox, Nick Flex, Rob Wise, Greg, Skyler**, everyone at **Capilli's** house, **Ben Williams, Matt Beringer, Tucker** and the list could keep going. That's why I like it here.

SLUG: Does music get you stoked to ride? Is there a staple band or genre that you generally listen to?
Roskelley: Yeah, it plays a big role. It can really help with the visualizing aspect, which is very important in any sport. As for a staple genre, I would say no. Anything that is good can do the trick.

SLUG: Any words of wisdom for up-and-coming riders?
Roskelley: Probably just be you. I never thought I'd be where I am right now. I was always just having fun, and before you know it, if you're just doing it for the right reasons, having fun, I think it will work out for anybody.

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The Riders Project :

A New Way to Give

By Sean Zimmerman-Wall
Prijon85@netscape.net

Philanthropy is a word that seldom enters the vocabulary of younger generations. It's not that we don't care, but between rising gas, tuition and beer prices, there is not much left over after the bills are paid. Add in the overwhelming number of charities hitting us up for money, and it becomes very difficult to decide where our cash should go, even if there is some extra. Enter *TheRidersProject.org*, a small organization with large aspirations to get young people, especially those active in the outdoors, to donate to worthy causes around the globe. Started by powder-lovers **Brian Berge** and **Tyler Strauss**, *TheRidersProject.org* has been garnering the support of an increasingly interested population of local shredders both on and off the slopes.

Both young men grew up in Steamboat Springs, Colo. and developed a passion for the mountains and the people that inhabit them by the time they graduated high school. The two intrepid souls soon parted ways to pursue higher education. Berge went to Park City and Strauss to Phoenix, then Denver. After spending their winters on the snow and summers in the classroom, they finished their collegiate careers and began trying to make a difference in the world. "We both had just graduated from college and couldn't find jobs that we were interested in. Tyler wanted to do something for charity and I had the computer background, so we put an idea together," says Berge.

The two united their efforts towards *TheRidersProject.org*—a website that sells a variety of action sports gear but donates 100 percent of the proceeds to the charity of the shopper's choice. After two years of research and saving, their dream started to take shape. "We went to SIA (*SnowSports Industries America*) in Denver to kind of test the waters and see if people were interested in our idea. After a lot of positive response, we decided it could work and went ahead with it," says Berge. Now it was time to put a face on the organization, and with the help of local software company *Big Cartel*, *TheRidersProject.org* made its debut on the World Wide Web in 2011.

"[*Big Cartel*] hooked us up with some great designers and gave us a good deal on the site, so it made the whole process much smoother," says Berge. The guys continued to drum up support from entities within the action sports realm as the site went live. Developing close relationships with athletes and companies involved in surfing, skateboarding, skiing and snowboarding became the next step toward reaching their goals. The initial period of cold calling and interviews

didn't work out quite as planned, and gathering enough support to make things happen was difficult. "We thought everyone would want to donate to charity," says Berge. Berge and Strauss also tried their hand at obtaining non-profit status in an effort to lend some credibility to their operation. After careful research and an exhausting interview process with various lawyers, it turned out that their organization would not be eligible for a 501c3 license. Since their prime business was selling things, even if the proceeds went to charity, the tax code got the best of them. "Essentially we are

frider Foundation and Habitat for Humanity. As the program continued, they decided not to limit the selection to only a few choices, and soon the line up encompassed charities from a wide variety of interests. The site even allows buyers to suggest new charities and the assortment continues to expand. "Growing up, there weren't many charities that were related to snow sports. What's happening now is that we can help generate awareness for the lesser-known charities. The smaller ones are also a lot more hands-on and the money goes further," says Berge.

Organizations like *The Billy Poole Memorial Fund* use donations to introduce young people to the sport of skiing/snowboarding and give them the opportunity to experience the beauty and peace that is found in the mountains. **Poole** was a local pro skier that passed away several years ago during a tragic accident in the Cottonwood Canyons. Other charities like *Grind for Life* provide financial assistance to cancer patients who incur large travel expenses going from their homes to treatment facilities. These programs and others like them depend on the monetary donations of individuals in order to remain viable. Working with *TheRidersProject.org* has helped increase their presence, and ultimately helped a lot of great people who have been met with some unfortunate circumstances. "We figure if you're going to buy a jacket or board anyway, why not help the cause you care about?" says Berge.

Continuing to build relationships with local outdoor companies like *Discrete* and *Skull Candy*, *TheRidersProject.org* is launching its new website as this story goes to print. The updated site will include a one-deal-at-a-time format, branded merchandise and an expanded list of charities. Navigating through the pages will also be easier than ever, and all that visitors need to do is pick their product(s), pick their charities, pay their bill and then 100 percent of the proceeds will go straight towards a great cause. The site also features info regarding the formation of a team of professional and amateur athletes. The teams will work to gain support for the organization, as well

as the charities they are affiliated with. Getting involved in the contest scene is also a big part of attracting more companies. Currently, the organization has only been involved with a handful of small rail jams, but they will be looking to up their level of involvement as they continue to grow. Promoting contests and using the teams to generate awareness of the various causes will ensure that *TheRidersProject.org* can continue to do good for countless generations to come.

a not-for-profit. Even though we give 100 percent of our proceeds to charities, donations are not tax deductible for individuals," says Berge. Regardless of what *TheRidersProject.org* is in the eyes of the law, their mission can be appreciated in the eyes of everyone.

The charities that were originally part of the program were hand picked by the team and included organizations like *Protect Our Winters*, *The Sur-*



Brian Berge, one half of the team behind *TheRidersProject.org*, at his Salt Lake City home.

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TUESDAY, JULY 5 – 7PM DOWNTOWN CITY LIBRARY	SING YOUR SONG Directed by Susanne Rostock <i>Sing Your Song</i> , surveys the life and times of singer/actor/activist Harry Belafonte and his groundbreaking career, which personified the American civil rights movement and impacted many other social-justice movements.	TUESDAY, JULY 12 – 7PM DOWNTOWN CITY LIBRARY	THE FIRST MOVIE Directed by Mark Cousins What's it like to be a child in war—not when the conflict is raging, but when the war tide is out, as it were, when kids are telling stories or playing games? <i>The First Movie</i> is about the "not-war".
MONDAY, JULY 11 – 7PM TOWER THEATRE	ROOM IN ROME Directed by Julio Medem A hotel room in the center of Rome serves as the setting for two young and recently acquainted women to have a physical adventure that touches their very souls.	TUESDAY, JULY 19 – 7PM DOWNTOWN CITY LIBRARY	ARMADILLO Directed by Janus Metz Pedersen Over the course of a six-month tour of duty, director Pedersen reveals how young soldiers are transformed by the experience of fighting and how the adrenaline rush of killing can become something of a dark addiction.

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Product Reviews

Nutcase

Blackdana Classic Helmet
Nutcasehelmets.com



Nutcase helmets are on point in feel and comfort. I've taken mine out for many spins, and felt much safer riding around unaware drivers/assholes. You know the type—the Utahn who thinks they have a mandate from God to drive their shitty minivan about with their standard blissful ignorance of others. I've worn helmets for a while now for different sports (my brain is worth it) but haven't put on a cycling helmet since my mountain biking days. Helmet tech has improved a lot since the '90s. Nutcase's new magnetic buckle is the shit. With one hand open/close ease, you might think safety is compromised, but it isn't, which is great—buckles have long been a bane for comfort, but the padding makes the process seamless. I initially took issue with the black bandana design, but I've decided not to paint it and embrace my new brain bucket. ~JP

Neff

Animal Hat and Tanka Tank Top
Neffheadwear.com



Neff should seriously consider firing whoever designed the Animal Hat. It's super comfortable and fits really well, but the design is fucking ridiculous. You're designing hats for snowboarders, not anime nerds and Harajuku girls. I might have been able to throw it on and forget about its absurdity if people didn't constantly remind me that I had fucking fox ears on my head. In order to actually leave my house with this thing on my head, I was forced to grow some ladyballs and accept that I looked like a total 'tard. Once I embraced this fact, I wore this hat everywhere—and I got a surprising number of compliments. The Tanka Tank Top, on the other hand, kills it. It's a men's shirt, so the second I got it, both of my male roommates tried to steal it from me. Even though it's made for dudes, it fits the female figure surprisingly well—it looks awesome with leggings. The blue pocket adds color to the otherwise black-and-white print and it's the perfect size for a pack of cigs. Plus, it's low enough on the shirt that it doesn't obstruct the view of the titties. This tank is definitely going to be a staple in my summer wardrobe this year. Neff really needs to rethink their hat game, but their tank tops are on point. —Katie Panzer

Aggronautix

Wendy O. Williams 1982 Throbbleshed
Aggronautix.com
Let me begin by saying that it's somewhat of a challenge to review a product that you don't even remove from the box, but seeing as this is a hand-numbered, limited edition figurine, I'm going to be a total collector dork and leave it packaged. Aggronautix has a pretty impressive line of bobbleheads (or, to use their terminology, "throbblesheds") going on, and the Wendy O. Williams 1982 edition is no slouch. Mohawk, spikes, ripped-up clothing—check! Limited to 2000 units, it's a cool piece for any Plasmatics/W.O.W. or punk rock memorabilia collector, but beyond that, I don't really see much of a market for it. Aggronautix has throbblesheds of **G.G. Allin**, **Keith Morris**, **Tesco Vee** and several others available, but it's my opinion they should stick to dead punk rock icons (**Darby Crash**, guys?) instead of tossing out figures of, say, **Milo** from the **Descendents**. Regardless, this is a cool piece, and Aggronautix is a company worth checking out. —Gavin Hoffman

SuperHeat Games

Skateboard Card Game
SuperHeatGames.com
SuperHeat is a "skateboard trading card game built by skaters for skaters." I honestly do not understand this game at all. It's as if a bunch of *Magic: The Gathering* people got together and were like "you know what? I am sick of wizards and magic and fairies, but skateboarding is cool now, so let's make a card game about that." If you want to talk about skateboarders and tricks and spots, then get a skateboard. By actually going skateboarding, you will understand what

skateboarding is and how it works, not by these little plastic cards. Also, the instructions were nearly the length of *War and Peace*. Do you honestly think any real "skater" has the patience to read through five pages of printer paper instructions? No, they don't. That's why they skate, because they are a bunch of ADD, impatient, 14 to 18-year-old kids. And if they are not, then they are way too old to be playing with plastic laminated cards of other men flying through the air. My advice on this game: Save your money and buy a real skateboard. This game is for the birds. —Hondo

Snack Palette

Disposable Snack Palette
snackpalette.com



When it comes to writing product reviews, it's things like the Snack Palette that I get the most excited about. I can't help it—I'm a sucker for ingenuity. The concept of the palette is simple: Take a regular plastic plate, and add a cup holder to it. Simple as it seems, the palette is clever and convenient in its design, and best of all, it works. So far, I've only been able to point out one shortfall: 12 oz. cans. If you're planning on using the snack palette for its intended purpose, you must also have cups available, since cans are too small for the cup holder. That, however, is a slight oversight compared to the palette's benefits. When simplicity, creativity and quality fuse into a single round piece of plastic, the possibilities are endless—like being able to hold your food, beverage and utensils in one hand while playing horseshoes with the other. Come to think of it, that's about right where the possibilities end, but that doesn't change the fact that the Snack Palette may be the greatest thing to happen to barbecuing since roast pork. —Chris Proctor

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Beer Reviews

Liquor Reviews

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

In these summer months, I have been doing my fair share of beer drinking—so much so that I am willing to imbibe something other than the frothy beverage that I hold oh-so-very dear. As we've seen over the years, Salt Lake City is no newcomer when it comes to the craft of distilled spirits. When we hear that there are new whiskeys and even a fucking tequila hitting our liquor stores, we here at *SLUG* consider that worthy of mentioning. So here it is, a fantastic lineup that will hopefully lead to some pickled livers.

Vida Tequila - Blanco
Distillery/Brand: Compañia Tequilera de Arandas / Vida Tequila
ABV: 40%
Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle



Description: Poured into a wine glass, this flawlessly clear tequila blanco has a rich, sweet agave aroma with a herbal spice background. The flavor has a clean/mild sweet agave character and a light herbaceous undertone to finish.

Overview: This tequila barely qualifies as local, since it is distilled in Mexico and the owners and operations are run out of Utah. If I am going to make the stretch on something, I am happy it's with this one. This tequila is ridiculously clean to act as a sipper, or versatile enough to compliment any mixer. If you are going to take one weekend night and make some horrible decisions, make at least one good decision: Avoid that Don Julio Patrón shit, and push for the locals.

High West Double Rye!
Distillery/Brand: High West Distillery
ABV: 46%
Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle
Description: Off the dram, this rye is deep in its aroma, with heavy

characters of pine, licorice, mint and cinnamon. The flavor packs a spicy rye punch with caramel, honey and a balanced-yet-herbal follow through.



Overview: This double rye (two rye blend of a 16-year and 2-year) was combined to have the matured and complex flavors of well-aged whiskey and the loud, fresh flavors of new whiskey. It fits that bill to say the least, with those heavily herbaceous aromas and the balanced complexity of smooth spice with a balanced honey finish—truly a whiskey to make even **Phillip Marlowe** blush. This very well may be my new bedside whiskey.

High West 12 Year Old Rye
Distillery/Brand: Seagrams Distillery / High West Distillery
ABV: 46%
Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle

Description: This one pours an amber color into my tumbler to open up with anise, honey and mint. The taste kicks off with holiday-reminiscent flavors of cinnamon, nutmeg and a caramel oak finish—a fantastic sipper for sure.

Overview: If you have not seen this one at the liquor stores yet, there is a tragic reason why: This is only available at the *High West Saloon* in Park City. Due to its low production volume, this is a very light release and I heavily recommend getting your hands on a bottle. With the intense flavor and well-balanced complexity, I have found this to be my new summer sipper. For a full description and background, visit *highwest.com*.

Game Reviews



Also new to the series: This ugly fucker.

inFAMOUS 2
Sucker Punch
Reviewed on: Playstation 3
Exclusive
Street: 06.07

inFAMOUS 2 is basically the same game *inFAMOUS* was—if you loved that game you'll love this one. If you never cared for the first one, *inFAMOUS 2* will not change your mind. I, for one, adored the first game, and couldn't be happier with its sequel. Cole's story is paramount in this game, and it's treated with good writing, great voice work and some fun characters and plot twists. The new Cole voice actor pissed me off for about five seconds, until it became obvious he's even better than the first guy and I should stop whining. Cole's increase in abilities can be a bit overwhelming (with up to five attack-types mapped to the same button), but the end result is a superhero with power you can really *feel*. Cole is very strong and capable, and it's a joy controlling him both in combat and during your parkour city-running. Since story missions and side missions are frequently tied to your karma rating, finishing the game means you've only seen a little more than half its content! Starting over as the opposite karmic alignment means not only all-new missions to play, but new abilities and powers as well. It's a big game, and there's lots to do. Sure, it plays mostly the same as its predecessor, but when you got it so right the first time, sticking to what works is a good strategy. —Jesse Hawlish

Minions!
TurtleTossStudio
Reviewed on: Xbox Live Indie Games Exclusive
Street: 05.14

You've probably noticed the giant **Electronic Arts** logo delivering its sinister gaze upon the streets of downtown Salt Lake like the eye of Sauron. Or perhaps you have heard the cries of despair emerging from the headquarters of **Avalanche Software** as they put the finishing touches on the latest *Hannah Montana* video game. Or, if you've been particularly observant of the video game development world in Salt Lake, you know that three games (*The Last Podfighter*, *Mr. Gravity*, and *Minions!*) developed as part of the U of U's Entertainment Arts and Engineering senior capstone course recently became available via Xbox Live's Indie Game store. *Minions!*, the best-selling of the trio at over 10,000 units, is a fun mission-based shooter. The player is tasked with fulfilling certain requirements in each level (blowing up an enemy base, destroying an enemy tank before it gets to your base, etc.) while collecting gold from defeated enemies to create minions with unique attributes. It's pretty simple, but it's also pretty addictive. The graphical style is also simple, but the characters become more and more endearing as they repeatedly shoot each other in their giant heads. The ability to switch from an overhead to an over-the-shoulder view seems novel at first, but ultimately doesn't add to the experience, and the lack of an auto-save feature is a bit frustrating, but these are just minor problems. For \$1 (which is going straight into the pockets of the developers) *Minions!* is definitely an enjoyable experience. —Ricky Vigil



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Movie Reviews

Conan O’Brien Can’t Stop Abramorama
In Theaters: 06.24

From June 1, 2009 to Jan. 22, 2010, **Conan O’Brien** was the host of the late-night talk show, *The Tonight Show*, but, due to reduced ratings, NBC executives decided to move the show’s timeslot to after midnight to make room for **Jay Leno**’s new (and failing) program. Refusing to hinder the legacy of *The Tonight Show*, O’Brien took a multi-million dollar settlement and left NBC, but was contractually restricted from appearing on television, radio or Internet programming for six months. Being the genius that O’Brien is, he cleverly decided to develop a traveling stage show entitled “The Legally Prohibited from Being Funny on Television” tour, which is where filmmaker/documentarian **Rodman Flender** stepped in to capture the outrageous behind-the-scenes scenarios that include everything from hilariously offensive writers’ room meetings to stirring interviews with O’Brien projecting his raw feelings regarding the late-night debacle and his “fuck it” period. Observing the creativity and motivation that continuously spills out of O’Brien is exhausting as the comedian stretches himself ever so thin in order to please his fans and energize his audience. He is the epitome of an unrelenting performer who refuses to take a seat with a single fan present. It is his power source and may one day be the cause of his ultimate meltdown. O’Brien has maintained a calm, cool and collected composure during the entire ordeal, but Flender offers an authentic glimpse of the man behind the icon that proves we’re all only human with aspirations and dreams. —*Jimmy Martin*

Green Lantern Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 06.17

It’s no secret Hollywood has been snatching up every comic book franchise available in order to devour a piece of the delicious financial success these superhero projects produce. However, the time has come to see if the second-tier characters can start producing similar monetary achievements as their more popular predecessors. In the *Green Lantern* saga, the universe has been divided into over 3,000 sectors and each one is represented by one courageous individual to instill peace and justice for all. On Earth, **Ryan Reynolds** stars as Hal Jordan, an immature and irresponsible fighter pilot who still has issues with

the tragic death of his father. While the nightmares don’t seem to impact his profession all that much, his would-be relationship with childhood sweetheart Carol Ferris (**Blake Lively**) is another story. After a wounded purple alien crash lands on our planet, his magical ring selects Hal as his heroic replacement, giving the newbie the ability to conjure up anything in his mind with the ring’s green energy of willpower, which will definitely come in handy when an evil supreme-being, driven by the yellow energy of fear, sets its sights on Earth as his next target. Reynolds delivers his signature smart-alec shtick, which amplifies the humorous moments of **Martin Campbell**’s unbalanced story, but even Reynolds can’t smokescreen the fact that Campbell is unsure whether he is creating a serious/terror-filled epic or a kid-friendly/silly adventure. Granted, the special effects are nothing to balk at, but the copious amounts of time spent on narrated exposition and relationship strife does nothing but diminishes the running time on action, which is far too minimal for a summer superhero flick. —*Jimmy Martin*

Page One: Inside The New York Times Magnolia Pictures
In Theaters: 07.15

Page One could have been called “Everything I Learned in Journalism 101.” The film informs viewers of the ins and outs of the current struggles and uncertainties traditional news media outlets face due to fragmentation, loss of advertising revenue and massive layoffs in the industry. It is a film that will inevitably be shown in college-level journalism classes throughout the country. It demonstrates the way news gathering works, shows how the age-old industry is rapidly changing and also proves that traditional reporting and news coverage is still relevant, despite the emergence of blogs and other information distribution mechanisms. As the film progresses, we meet a number of journalists working primarily in the “media” department, which was created in 2008 to report on changes in the media. It doesn’t take long for columnist **David Carr** to emerge as the star of the documentary. Carr is brutally honest about his past with drug addiction and the honesty is transferred to his style of reporting and the method in which he breaks an unlikely story about the bankrupt Tribune Company. In addition to the “new media” story perspective,

the war in the Middle East also takes center stage. At one point, employees argue whether they should run a story about NBC declaring the end of the war—debating whether this is a photo-op stunt being used to create the feeling of closure or a piece of embargoed information coming from the Pentagon. As the film draws to an end, it reaffirms that good, traditional reporting allows bloggers to exist. It’s hard to say if those who claim “print journalism is dead” will be moved or informed by *Page One*’s message, but for media students and working professionals, it’s a clear reminder that traditional news gathering still has a pulse. —*Jeanette Moses*

Project Nim Roadside Attractions
In Theaters: 07.08

The creative team behind the 2009 Academy Award-winning documentary *Man on Wire* offers their distinctive, blended style of filmmaking to the tale of a chimpanzee, Nim, who was raised from birth in the same fashion as one would raise a human child for a scientific experiment to determine whether primates can communicate with humans via sign language. In November 1973, a Columbia University professor, **Herb Terrace**, initiated the research project and hired primarily female students to provide parenting and educational lessons for the developing chimpanzee. While the progressions of Nim’s abilities were astonishing, the dysfunctional and inappropriate relationships conducted between teacher and students proved harmful for everyone involved. As the gifted primate endured abandonment issues and unthinkable mistreatments, Nim’s true animalistic nature surfaced, bringing the debate of how much development had actually occurred into question. Director **James Marsh** seamlessly blends intimate interviews, archival footage, candid photography and dramatizations to unveil a touching glimpse of how unacceptable human behavior can affect those around you, even beyond our own species. The film takes the audience on an emotional rollercoaster complete with humorous recollections of Nim’s appreciation for marijuana and alcohol to heartbreaking memories of animal lab testing programs. Animal cruelty aside, the most disturbing component comes from the overly perverse actions of Terrace, whose careless actions and unapologetic attitude make him the true beast of the story. —*Jimmy Martin*

Super 8 Paramount
In Theaters: 6.10



Throughout my childhood in the 1980s, there were only a handful of movies that personified what it was to be an adventurous kid who disobeyed his parents, used foul language, rode his bike EVERYWHERE and eventually found himself in peril. Most of these productions had the involvement of the legendary **Steven Spielberg**, so it’s no surprise that director **J. J. Abrams** has utilized the veteran’s knowledge by having him act as producer on his own sci-fi juvenile journey. Set in the late 1970s, Abrams centers his emotionally-charged adventure on Joe Lamb (**Joel Courtney**), a shy outsider who’s coping with the loss of his mother who recently died in a steel-mill accident, but finds comfort in the presence of his classmate crush, Alice Dainard (**Elle Fanning**). To pass the time, Joe and his band of friends spend every waking moment creating a zombie film with their Super 8 camera. (See what they did there?) While filming at an abandoned train station, the kiddo cast and crew unexpectedly captures the derailment of a government train and possibly the mysterious cargo on-board, which leads to bizarre incidents occurring around their small town. Abrams has painted a beautiful homage to Spielberg’s classics and allows older viewers to relive their childhood cinematic experiences while inviting newcomers to undergo their own first exploration. Complete with his signature lens flares, Abrams pulls genuine performances out of a cast of mostly unknown child actors, especially in the case of Fanning, who is already proving greater talents than her older sister, **Dakota**. —*Jimmy Martin*

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Local CD Reviews

Bootload Of Boogie
Sweaxy Chogg (EP)
Scratch It Back Records
Street: 10.07.10
B.O.B. = Cake + Bloodhound Gang + open mic night at the strip club



There are times when you can judge an album based on its cover. From the cover art that harkens back to *National Lampoon* designs to song titles like “Go-Go Ho Sale” and “If You Don’t Love Me (Just Fake It)” and the half-assed attempts at lyric writing, you’d swear *Sweaxy Chogg* was made on a dare. It’s as if all three members thought of a bunch of inside gags in high school and then put them to music. The instrumentation is decent yet distant, like it was recorded in a gardening shed. If freshman sex humor and three-chord-punk is your thing, then this album will be right up your alley. If not, keep flipping to **The Brobecks**.
–Spencer Ingham

Dani Lion
Dani in the Clouds
Self-Released
Street: 05.18
Dani Lion = Broken Bells + PB&J + MGMT
Dani in the Clouds is a fast-moving and euphoric first release from recently formed pop duo Dani Lion, consisting of producer **Daniel Fischer** and singer **Lauren Hoyt**. For the maiden voyage, guest musicians—**David Payne** on flute, saxophone and guitar, **Skippy Hepworth** on trumpet and **John Hoang** on bass—were brought in to round out Fischer’s electronic production style. In the short 17-minute run time, Fischer stuffs the EP chock full of light-hearted synth leads, layered rhythms and, as foreshad-

owed by the first track, “Light From Yesterday,” plenty of trumpet and saxophone hooks. Hoyt gives life to Fischer’s well-crafted beats with her warm voice and playful lyrics, while Hepworth and Payne play around Hoyt’s vocals in a jazz-style accompaniment. Dani Lion has done enough with this short EP to catch some radio time on **KRCL**—no doubt we’ll be hoping for a full-length to follow.
–Chris Proctor

The Devil Whale
Teeth
Self-Released
Street: 05.24
The Devil Whale = Wilco + Jeff Buckley
There’s nothing not to like on the Devil Whale’s sophomore release, *Teeth*. Once again, the SLC favorites put out a disc full of pleasant but knotty country-rock. **Brinton Jones’** vocals are expressive but unassuming, and the production has just the right amount of polish. “Television Zoo” will grab you with the supernal arrangement of woodwinds and Rhodes piano, and then hook you back in with the bittersweet melody. These guys won’t remain just a hometown favorite for much longer.
–Nate Housley

Exer Ovu
Baby, I Get Impatient
Self-Released
Street: 10.2010
Exer Ovu = Modest Mouse’s Sad, Sappy Sucker + Paul Baribeau
“Where was this recorded, and who recorded this?” is the first thought in my mind as I listen to Exer Ovu’s latest effort. I’m not even sure what I’m listening to for the first few songs. What I can make out is that the band consists of a guy and a guitar, and that’s about it. Most of it sounds like that point on acid when you’re jamming with your friends and you think you’re awesome, but really it’s just erratic noise. There isn’t a clear direction or genre in any of the ten songs. It’s the kind of yell-singing that a few bands can pull off really well, and, with the help of some other musicians, this guy probably can, too. At least he lets the listener know he’s “Open To Suggestion” in the second song. If the other songs sounded more like “Debu-

tant,” he might have something going, though. That one’s the least musically confusing song, followed by “2WR,” that kind of sounds like **Adam and the Ants** in the beginning, and then blows it with a bunch of yelping/Indian war chant sounds. Those might be cool in any other situation, but not this one. He’s got a couple of albums out, though, which brings me to my original question: ?! –Kyla G.

The Old World
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 03.26
The Old World = Josh Ritter + Pink Floyd
The Old World is an album that catches a group of skilled musicians halfway through a transition from a power pop band to a ballad-bran-dishing folk rock ensemble. Though each song on the album displays their prodigious aptitude for their instruments and is entertaining in its own right, as a collection, the album is a bit sporadic. Folk tracks like “Rollin’ Boulders” and “New Stripes” are perfect backdrops for the mandolin and fiddle skills of **Austin Frodsham** to come to the forefront, whereas tracks like “Save Me” and “Secret Sauce” lean closer to a progressive rock sound and allow for **Casey Romney’s** epic guitar solos. *The Old World* would be stronger if they got both of their feet on either side of the line, but whatever they do, they are bound to do it well. –CG

Split Lid
Unholy
Self-Released
Street: 01.15
Split Lid = Godsmack + Staind + Disturbed
The great thing about the alternative metal push in the early ’00s was that headline bands recognized they all had a distinct sound and did their best not to copy one another. Everyone following them, however, did, and have not stopped since 2001. Split Lid and their latest album, *Unholy*, are no different. Each member has exceptional skills and singer **Chad Passa** has a grungy vocal range to die for, but it feels squandered on a sound that played out years ago. As an experiment, I downloaded the entire album along with Godsmack’s *Awake* and put them both on random ... I could

barely tell the difference. Everything from the vocal track to the drum beats to the cheesy cover art feels as if they tossed their favorite rockers into a blender and poured that musical shake into Garage Band. If you love the sound of that era, it’s worth a buy. –Spencer Ingham

The Suicycles
Experiments in Being Awake EP
Kitefishing Records
Street: 05.06
The Suicycles = Queens of the Stone Age + IAMX



The Suicycles’ first EP, *Four Chaotic Car Rides*, showcased the band’s ability to write smooth electro-pop anthems, and now they have followed it with *Experiments In Being Awake*, which captures the controlled chaos that heavily defines the band. A notable distinction between the two releases is the addition of horns throughout the latest EP. **Greg Nielsen**, known for his work with **Iceburn**, can be heard wailing on the sax along with **Anthony Phan** on trumpet. This EP offers six original tracks as well as a very cool cover of **Radiohead’s** “National Anthem.” **Camden Chamberlain** lets us into his inner psychosis on the first track, “Sea Horses 4eva,” as he sings of having a “head made of steel, a heart made of stone” over a sax blasting, fragmenting the listeners attention like an axe to the head. The whole album is very bass-and-percussion-driven with complex time signatures. Check out track three, “Hawaii,” for some mean sax and guitar battling, sounding like a high speed, meth-fueled cop chase. This EP has balls—wear a condom when you listen. –Tom Bennett

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CD Reviews

Black Lips
Arabia Mountain
Vice Records
Street: 06.07
Black Lips = Ramones + The Beatles + 13th Floor Elevators + Wavves

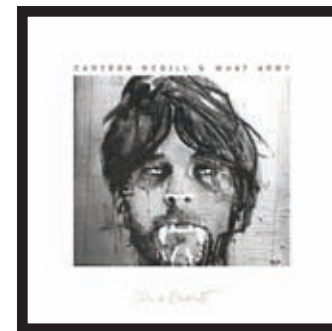


Black Lips have hit gold with their sixth release, *Arabia Mountain*. The newest release marks the first time the Atlanta-based garage rock band worked with a producer, and the result is 16 highly infectious tracks that channel the sounds of bands of another era. Teaming up with producer **Mark Ronson** for eight of the 16 tracks and **Lockett Pundt** for an additional two has benefitted the Lips immensely. *Arabia Mountain* is awash with short, tightly written songs that I'm sure will be on repeat all summer long on my iPod. Although the album is far more produced than anything the band has previously released, the quality of recording doesn't detract from the Lips' signature style. If anything, it allows their talent as a band to shine through. "Raw Meat" and "Bone Marrow" channel the energy of the early Ramones while "Go Out and Get It" and "New Direction" have a shimmery surf rock feel. From start to finish, *Arabia Mountain* is cohesive and catchy, which earlier Lips albums often failed to be. Nothing gets stuck in the layers of gritty garage rock and I couldn't be happier. —*Jeanette D. Moses*

The Book of Knots
Garden of Fainting Stars
Ipecac Records
Street: 06.14
The Book of Knots = Tom Waits + (Björk + Crime and the City Solution) x Bowie/Eno
 Based out of Brooklyn and featuring

a core lineup studded with underground stars from **Pere Ubu** and **Skeleton Key** as well as several guest luminaries, The Book of Knots takes "concept" to the stars and beyond with this third in a series of albums. Previous releases covered land and sea, while this one tackles the mysteries of space with a big sound and excellent recording values (never a bad thing, but especially important with so much going on). It launches with "Microgravity," a rocking jazzy number featuring a smoky-voiced **Carla Kihlstedt** (**Sleepytime Gorilla Museum**) reminiscent of Björk. In orbit, it explores zero-G with **Blixa Bargeld** (**Einstürzende Neubauten**, **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds**) on the eerie "Drosophilla Melanogaster," **Mike Watt** (**The Minutemen**, **FIREHOSE**) on the glitchy infinite tape-loop construction "Yeager's Approach," and **Mike Patton** (**Faith No More**, **Tomahawk**) on the beautiful and huge soundscape "Planemo." On re-entering the atmosphere, it explodes with the freakish, mind-blowing "Nebula Rasa," and lands where it started, with glitchy jazz and spoken word over a metal number featuring **Trey Spruance** (**Secret Chiefs 3**, **Mr. Bungle**) and Kihlstedt in a big **Twilight Zone** finish. A gem rarer than moon-rock and as otherworldly. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Cameron McGill & What Army
Is A Beast
Post-Important
Street: 04.12
CM&WA = Margot and the Nuclear So and So's + Early Winters



I feel like I am slowly starting to hate indie rock because of albums like this. Painstakingly mediocre, the

album's lush instrumentation feels wasted. Cameron McGill's voice, while not awful, is nothing special. Songs like "Let's Make the Dinosaurs Extinct" with its nonsensical chorus/pickup line might get the high school pseudo-hipster girls wet, but all in all, I am underwhelmed. I think the only song I didn't hate was "Dead Rose," a song that sounds like **Andrew Bird** channeling **Robert Smith**. If you like shitty indie rock, this album is for you! —*Cody Hudson*

The Chain Gang Of 1974
Wayward Fire
Modern Art Records
Street: 06.21
The Chain Gang Of 1974 = LCD Soundsystem in the Hot Tub Time Machine

Kamtin Mohager's new recording under his "The Chain Gang Of 1974" moniker sounds like a joyous paean to the '80s, yet combines elements of more updated electronica and the occasional sample for a modern touch. Somehow, it all works. Sounding a bit like **Psychedelic Furs**' **Richard Butler** fronting early **New Order**, Mohager's speak-sing vocal style is pleasant and interesting enough to hold your attention. Mohanger seems to be a one-man band in every sense of the phrase, layering both synths and multiple instruments—along with his vocals and samples—to build each track. "Matter Of Time" builds on a **Gary Numan** Cars-ish groove, while explosive first single "Undercover" possesses an irresistible catchiness. Equally adept at the occasional ballad—à la '80s-sounding power variety—"Teenagers" and "Don't Walk Away" sound like they could be on a lost **John Hughes**' soundtrack, which one suspects is exactly how Mohager intended them to. Unlike recent art/pop music stars' overrated '80s homages, Mohager actually appreciates his subject and, therefore, excels at it because he has something to say. —*Dean O Hillis*

City Center
Redeemer
K Records
Street: 05.10
City Center = The Pains of Being Pure at Heart + Deerhunter + Blonde Redhead
 If there's anyone out there who still



thinks that a catchy pop song has to be clean and pretty, City Center is out to change your mind. *Redeemer* is the sophomore release from the duo **Fred Thomas** and **Ryan Howard**, a pair of indie rockers with a particular skill for writing an infectious, simple melody over lo-fi drum and guitar tracks, only to muddy it up with a lot of sloppy reverb effects and strange sounds. If you're one who enjoys swimming in a little mud with your shoe-gazey, experimental pop (as I am), check out *Redeemer*. The songs blend together so well that you'll listen to the whole album in a dream-like daze without realizing that 40 minutes have passed you by. There's also a versatility to the album that makes it equally enjoyable through headphones on the train and as background music to a small house party. —*CG*

Crystal Stilts
In Love With Oblivion
Slumberland
Street: 04.12
Crystal Stilts = (The Doors + The Damned + Bongwater) x 13th Floor Elevators

Jangly psychedelic surf-rock and darkness don't usually mix, not since **Jim Morrison** rode the snake off to Père Lachaise and **Roky Erickson** blew a mental gasket on too much LSD, but on this sophomore release by the Brooklyn-based Crystal Stilts, it's like The Doors invented punk rock. "Alien Rivers" mixes **Kyle Forster**'s very **Ray Manzerak**-esque organs with layer after layer of sound, building up the alien landscape to be eaten away by slow waters of frontman **Brad Hargett**'s deadpan delivery. Some tracks, like "Through the Floor" and "Shake the Shackles" recall a **Misfits**-like doo-wop, while

“Half a Moon” reminds me of **The Damned**, but hazier. The album features 11 excellent, appealing tracks, but is marred by a little too much overbearing reverb—someone should have torn down the wall of sound, or hung some sound blankets up in the cavern where they recorded. It’s going into heavy rotation for me, but audiophiles may be turned off by the heavy, retro recording. *—Madelyn Boudreaux*

Dead Rider
The Raw Dents
Street: 05.03
Tizona Records
Dead Rider = David Bowie + Of Montreal + NIN + Morphine

This was a surprise to me, as it is a new kind of weird that is pretty unpredictable and not so easy to cast aside. It’s dark, and theatrical, and slightly vampiric and macabre, better for basement dwellers and night owls. I personally do not really sway too much toward the gothic lifestyle, but I gave this a few spins and found myself enjoying it as an expressive and artful representation, and was impressed with just how much atmosphere Dead Rider creates with these thoughtful dark tales. *The Raw Dents* has no shortage of tight, well-crafted songs. My favorite is the pulsing hi-hat tic of “Just A Little Something,” with **Todd Rittman**’s breathy vocals intertwining with a deep synth bass lines and moody organs. When the horn section appears like an apparition, it will tastefully blow your mind. A great record throughout, and phenomenal for an angsty, moody night. *—Mary Houdini*

Decapitated
Carnival Is Forever
Nuclear Blast
Street: 07.12
Decapitated = Vader + Meshuggah + Ulcerate
Poland’s Decapitated started out in 1996 as a band of very young death metal phenoms. Unfortunately, in 2007, while touring in Europe, their tour bus crashed, tragically killing the band’s drummer **Vitek** (who was 12 when the band started) and seriously injuring the band’s former vocalist, **Covan**. *Carnival Is Forever* marks the band’s first album in five years and contains only guitarist **Vogg** as the sole remaining member. With that change comes big change in the band’s core sound. Decapitated are still tech death metal to no end, but the new offering deviates from the more brutal tech death format to a stop-and-go rhythmic killing machine reminiscent of Meshuggah but entirely more interesting than said Swedes’ last few albums. The star of the show here is Vogg—the crazed, pounding guitar rhythms twist and turmoil your brutality senses, keeping

Dos
Dos Y Dos
Clenched Wrench
Street: 07.12
Dos = Mike Watt + Kira Roessler + two bass guitars
Dos Y Dos is the fourth record (2 + 2, get it?!) from the double bass duo of Mike Watt (**Minutemen**, **fIRE-HOSE**, **Stooges**) and Kira Roessler (**Black Flag**, **Twisted Roots**). It is a departure from much of their previous music experiences, but it



the core “beef” of the songs nicely blasting your cranium—but wow, when Vogg gets to soloing, that’s when things get beyond awesome. Check “United” for a taste of that awesomeness. When all is said and done, and the intense 42-minute run time is done, I want more and more. For all the things that could’ve gone wrong with Decapitated’s recorded return, the band scoffs at the “what could have been downturned” with something fresh and completely enticing. *—Bryer Wharton*

Dex Romweber Duo
Is That You in Blue?
Bloodshot
Street: 07.26

Dex Romweber Duo = The Cramps + Scott H. Biram + Heavy Trash
As a longtime fan of underground music, I am rarely put on my ass, so to speak, by a name I don’t know, but when the tangy roar of the Dex Romweber Duo hit my ears, that’s just where I found myself. I picked up the CD sleeve and immediately began digging into this Dex guy I’d never heard of. With *Is That You in Blue?* moving on to the **Roy Orbison**-from-hell ballad, “Nowhere,” rocking in the background, I read that Dex Romweber had pioneered the guitar and drums roots rock duo in the legendary **Flat Jets Duo**, which, let’s be honest, is where **Jack White** took the idea from. Dex with the new duo sounds better than ever and takes crazy turns, like the spooky-sounding lounge tune “Midnight Sun,” which is directly followed by the hillbilly rocker “Homicide.” Dark and pleasurable, this record is a trip through the cemetery in a big black Cadillac you’ll want to take again and again. *—James Orme*

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Dos Y Dos is the fourth record (2 + 2, get it?!) from the double bass duo of Mike Watt (**Minutemen**, **fIRE-HOSE**, **Stooges**) and Kira Roessler (**Black Flag**, **Twisted Roots**). It is a departure from much of their previous music experiences, but it

still seems to encompass all of it. The band started as the two were playing punk rock separately and starting a romantic relationship together. Now, a quarter century later, the other bands and even their brief marriage have run their courses. What’s left is a whole lot of history filtered through rather sparse instrumentation. There are moments on this disc where the relationship really comes through. I’m not the biggest fan of Roessler’s voice, but vocals are few enough that the double bass work takes center stage. And even though it is a very low, deep-sounding record, it still manages to be graceful and even cheerful at times. A cover of an old **Selena** song (“No Me Queda Mas”) that couples the fragile bass with a sincere Spanish vocal is when things really mesh together. Don’t buy it expecting the Minutemen, but buy it expecting something unclassifiable. *—James Bennett*

Ed Gein
Bad Luck
Black Market Activities
Street: 06.21
Ed Gein = The Dillinger Escape Plan (old) + Gaza



It’s been six years since Ed Gein has released an album, and the grind/punk/hardcore/noise scene has been waiting with bated breath. The last effort, *Judas Goats & Deseleaters*, had Ed Gein on track for grind/noisecore/hardcore superstardom, with their relentless touring and building upon their name, then seemingly mysteriously dropping off every press and even fans’ radars for years. The band did not break up, it just took a break. Really, it didn’t harm them—years of complete absence can stir up great expectations and long-awaited returns. Ed Gein seemingly hasn’t skipped a beat in its sonic perversion of what would be considered melodies or “normal” time signatures in its songs—*Bad Luck* is all about the music and all about the anger of the band. It is purely grinding and face-poundingly deviant from the norm of what can be expected from straight grindcore. The album transitions from massive chaotic noise and angry outbursts to coldly calculated grooves

and soap-box screamed/spoken lyric expressions. This album is only about 22 minutes, but it’s peppered with crazy rhythms that you could never set your wristwatch to, organic and punishing production values, and extremely heavy hardcore punk influence. All this culminates in Ed Gein’s most successful album to date and will completely win over old fans and bring droves of noise-crazed chaotic fiends to attention. *—Bryer Wharton*

Ei Obo
Oxford Basement Collection
Esperanza Plantation
Street: 05.05
Ei Obo= Colour Revolt + Iron and Wine + Andrew Belle



Many view band members’ solo projects as something to not be taken seriously. Colour Revolt’s **Jesse Copenbarger** challenges this idea with Ei Obo and its debut album,

Oxford Basement Collection. It unfurls with delicate vocals and whispery harmonies, with the song “W8 Off My Mind.” The second song, “On the Eighth Day,” is equally ethereal. The distorted quality of the singing brings to mind Iron and Wine’s “Carousel.” *Oxford Basement Collection* showcases a variety of melodic instruments like piano, acoustic guitar, organ, harmonica and violin, which only adds to its dreamlike atmosphere. While the album does produce oddly out-of-place songs like “Everyone of the Hungry,” one can’t deny the quality of all the other songs. *Oxford Basement Collection* is acoustic at its best, with a Mississippi twist and perfect for a summer day of cloud gazing. *—Julianne Clay*

Explosions In The Sky
Take Care, Take Care, Take Care
Temporary Residence
Street: 04.26
Explosions In The Sky = Moonlit Sailor + Do Make Say Think + The Photographic

I’m not sure what else new I can say about Explosions In The Sky. These guys have muscled their way to the top of the post-rock pyramid (or other suitably dramatic structure).



Take Care, Take Care, Take Care is more exhilaratingly typical fare for the genre. Which is to say that it can leave you breathless after riding the high of build-ups that last six minutes and cacophonous, melodic releases that last another five. Echoing oceans of guitar and perfect, thunderous, cymbal-heavy drumming combine at breakneck speed or in dreamy interludes. The album clocks in at a little over 46 minutes, and is all of six songs, so it really becomes this epic soundtrack where each song develops from a relatively quiet emotional start to a beautiful climax courtesy of the quartet’s mastery of the mini-symphony. The single, “Trembling Hands,” is the disc’s shortest track and a little more straightforward than most, but as drum-heavy and complexly layered as the rest. I can’t wait to see this band live. (*Pioneer Park: 07.14*) *—Rio Connelly*

Friendly Fires
Pala
XL/Beggars
Street: 05.24
Friendly Fires = Duran Duran + Wham + Cut Copy



Everyone could use a little more cheese in their diets, and Friendly Fires offers the finest sampling on their sophomore album *Pala* (named after the fictional island in **Aldous Huxley**’s final book). The St. Albans trio looks to the heavy hitters of the ’80s and ’90s like **’N Sync**, **Missy Elliot** and **Bobby Brown**. Yes, you read that correctly: the trio has created their own brand of boy band. “Live Those Days Tonight” kicks off the album with a rush of deep, pound-

ing beats, which give way to a sunny electro club anthem. If only one track from the album could receive the ’80s stamp of approval, it would have to be “Running,” complete with chiming bells and a sharp bass. “Hawaiian Air” is drenched in tribal drumming, while “Hurting” is a throwback to ’70s disco with a dash of modernity. Friendly Fires has aged this cheese to perfection! *—Courtney Blair*

Hail Mary Mallon
Are You Gonna Eat That?
Rhymesayers
Street: 06.07
Hail Mary Mallon = Aesop Rock + Rob Sonic + Big Wiz

The best part about an Aesop Rock project is that you can tell one a million miles away, yet they all sound different. Hail Mary Mallon is made up of Aesop, along with Rob Sonic and DJ Big Wiz. It’s the heavy bass and smooth lines that really give this album a great listenability. On one hand, just like all Aesop Rock projects, it sounds polished and perfect; on the other, it’s almost thrown together. “Breakdance Beach” is the real hot jawn on this one, telling the story of a mythical beach town where everyone gets along and the culture is at large—it’s nice to dream and to do so over a punch, thump-happy beat. The use of sounds in this album is downright impressive—from dial tones to car horns, it gets used. In all honesty, if you have gone this long without hearing an Aesop project, get on it. *—Jemie Sprinkle*

Ice Age
New Brigade
Dais Records
Street: 06.21
Iceage = Joy Division + DNA + 2011



In the first couple listens to *New Brigade*, I couldn’t help but let my mind wander back to 7th grade, when the best part of school talent shows were the kids making fast-paced, drum-heavy punk rock and finding the way, the truth and the light of some of the best music on earth. The album starts with a 50-second noise track and settles effortlessly into “White Rune” with jagged, distorted guitars and a lot of tom. After a good seven

seconds of feedback, the title track starts off with true punk form. There is no denying that these kids listen to and love Joy Division, but instead of sulking around about it, they made a ferocious album with a raw energy only high school kids could pull off. Songs like “Broken Bone” and “Count Me In” stay in the classic punk structure, and barely slow it down on the last track, “You’re Blessed,” which sounds almost exactly like **The Clash**, albeit angrier, and heavier. The whole album is only 24 minutes, so if you’ve ever liked punk at all, listen to this. It might be the best half hour of your day. *—Kyla G.*

Jackie-O
Motherfucker
Earth Sound System
Fire Records
Street: 05.03
Jackie-O Motherfucker = Rolling Stones – Mick Jagger – Keith Richards
Challenging your audience is one thing—giving them absolutely no reason to listen to your record is another. While Jackie-O Motherfucker comes very close to the latter on *Earth Sound System*, they actually do manage to make something interesting by taking the inherent repetition of the blues and extending it to something trance-inducing on “Dedication.” However, the random drums of indistinguishable companion pieces “Raga Joining” and “Raga Separating” sound like a lethargic vertebrate playing with a sampler for 17 minutes. Sometimes challenging proves itself over time to simply be ahead of the curve. This is not the case with *Earth Sound System*. *—Nate Housley*

Jello Biafra and the Guantanamo School of Medicine
Enhanced Methods of Questioning
Alternative Tentacles
Street: 05.31
JBATGSM = Lard – Al Jourgensen + Bedtime... era Dead Kennedys + Last Scream of the Missing Neighbors

Jello Biafra has the most distinctive voice in punk and his “evangelical-with-a-bullhorn” vocals have yielded some of the most caustic records of the genre. Boasting an explosive rhythm section (à la **Faith no More**’s **Billy Gould**), gargantuan riffs (“Invasion of the Mind Snatchers”) and that familiar barn animal wailing, JBATGSM continues heavy on Biafra’s time-tested method of juxtaposing the sacred with the absurd beneath a deafening sonic wall. Still, it’s notably streamlined, ditching most of the space-rock weirdness of yore, and opting for a more focused attack (though the CD version features an 18-minute extended **Deviants** cover

which sounds like a **Monster Magnet** B-side). It’s a ferocious five-song EP that’s tight, devoid of filler, and politically outraged—but it’s slightly stale and resembles just another by-the-numbers Biafra project. Maybe it’s a testament to the dude’s longevity. Or maybe it just means we really haven’t made any political progress since the Reagan Era. *—Dylan Chadwick*

Los Vigilantes
Self-titled
Slovenly
Street: 05.17
Los Vigilantes = Wau y Los Arrrgns! + The Oblivians + Los Saicos

Somehow, these snotty garage cretins managed to disentangle themselves from the sinister tendrils of San Juan, Puerto Rico’s monstrous reggaetón oppressors to release this mind-knifing, cerveza-gulping masterpiece. Los Vigilantes’ guitarist **Jorge Mundo** played lead on the last **Davila 666** record, and it’s obvious that our heroes take some serious cues from the Davilas on this LP full of songs about girls and guilt. Growing up in Puerto Rico, a steamy place influenced partially by the US and partially by the rest of Latin America, seems to have made Los Vigilantes cling to their own, strangely unique cultural and musical identity influenced by heavy hitters from both worlds. They draw as much inspiration from the classic Latin American garage sound of Colombia’s **Los Yetis** or Chile’s **Los Jockers** (“Me Imagino”) as they do from West Coast frat and spooky surf kings like **The Sonics** or, more recently, **The Ghostly Ones** (“A Ella”). Occasionally, the driving, melodious punk anthems descend into weird, **Leary**-esque wanderings of hallucinogenic madness à la **The Psychedelic Schafferson Jetplane** (“Eres Tu”). Get ready to shake your culo, punx, because these hijueputas get my vote for the best release of 2011. *—Nate Perkins*

Nigeria 70
Sweet Times: Afro-Funk, Highlife & Juju from 1970s Lagos
Strut
Street: 05.20
Nigeria 70 = Tunde King + Fela Kuti + Harry Belafonte
Whereas most African music I’ve heard from this era generally deals with serious writing styles and subject matter, this collection includes a number of super care free tracks that instantly differentiates itself from others. This departure is due to tracks from bands specializing in a mixture of highlife, which stresses jazzy horns and multiple guitars, and juju, a distinctly Nigerian style of

The Daily Calendar

SEND US YOUR DATES BY THE 25 OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, July 1

John & The Deers, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, Hekyll N'Jive, When The Fight Started – *Bar Deluxe*
Glitch Mob, Ballyhoo, The Bastard Suns, Sober Down – *Complex*
Stand Up Like An Egyptian – *Egyptian Theater*
Soggybone – *Hog Wallow*
Old World – *Kilby*
Morrow Hill, Someones Mom – *Liquid*
Lovecapades – *Muse*
Roby Kap – *Pat's*
10th Mountain – *Spur*
Marc Broussard – *State Room*
Utah National Guard 23rd Army Band – *Temple Square*
Film: The Breakfast Club – *Tower*
Doomtree – *Urban*

Saturday, July 2

Kinetix, Samuel Smith Band, The Vision, The Brumbies – *Bar Deluxe*
Wasatch Roller Derby Picnic Scrimmage – *Derby Depot*
IMPROvabilites – *Egyptian Theater*
DJ Curtis Strange – *Garage*
Backwash – *Hog Wallow*
Doomtree – *Kilby*
Spazmatics – *Liquid Joe's*
Terry Lynn Tschakofskse – *Miners Park*
Swindlers – *Muse*
SLUG Booth at Farmers Market – Pioneer Park
Girls Guns and Glory – *Snowbird*
Marinade – *Spur*
Film: The Breakfast Club – *Tower*
Spell Talk, Max Pain & The Groovies – *Urban*
The Brocks, Cody Rigby, Bearcats, Ultraviolet Catastrophe – *Velour*
Karsyn Robb – *Vertical*
Fucktards – *Willie's*
The StereoFidelics – *Woodshed*

Sunday, July 3

Soulistics, Fireworks Display – *The Canyons*
Voices Of Freedom – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
Salty Streets Flea Market w/ The Spins and Mountain Hymns (noon).
We Are The Union, I Call Fives, Hand-guns, Blinded By Truth (7 pm) – *Kilby*
Arienette, Windwood – *People's Market*
Film: The Breakfast Club – *Tower*
Ted Dancin' – *Urban*

Monday, July 4

Yob, Dark Castle, Eagle Twin – *Vegas*
Moto Monday – *Este*
Lonestar, Josh Gracin, The Bellamy Brothers, Jared Ashley, Jagertown – *Lindquist Field*
Rotting Out, Expire – *Murray Theater*
Tuesday, July 5
Machine Head, A Balance of Power, Reaction Effect – *Vegas*
Curse of the North – *Complex*
Slajo – *Kilby*
SugarTown, Triggers and Slips – *Library Square*
One Voice Children's Choir – *Temple Square*
Wednesday, July 6
DJ ChaseOne2, DJ Godina – *Garage*
Slug Bug, Prince Polo, A Sometimes Army, Mountain Hymns – *Kilby*
Hekyll N Jive – *Liquid Joe's*
Hella Air Horns – *Muse*
Pink Martini – *Red Butte*
Highlights of the Collection Tour – *UMFA*

Thursday, July 7

Toad the Wet Sprocket – *Gallivan*
Staks O'Lee, Izzy and the Kesstronics – *Garage*
SKPz – *Hog Wallow*
Historia, Redford – *Kilby*
Cat Fashion Show – *Muse*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's*
Darrell Scott & The Brothers – *State Room*
Red Bennies, Birthquake, Plastic Furs – *Urban*
StankBot Tyranny – *Why Sound*
Friday, July 8
Flourish – *Alou*
Gypsy-The Legendary Musical – *Egyptian Theater*

Spazmatics – Liquid Joe's

The Moth and The Flame, Waters Rising, Grey Fiction – *Muse*
Marinade – *Pioneer Park*
Howard Jones – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Chris Isaak, Blues Traveler – *Spring Mobile Ballpark*
Natural Roots – *Snowbird*
Film: The Birds – *Tower*
Maus Haus, Palace of Buddies, Night Sweats – *Urban*
Kenny Chesney, Billy Currington, Uncle Kracker – *Usana*
Clarksdale Ghosts – *Vertical*
Combined Minds – *Why Sound*
Riksha – *Woodshed*

TimeRiver – Temple Square

Dope Thought, P-Chill, Lumis – *Urban*
Wednesday, July 13
Lady Murasaki, Whisperlights, Under-ground Cities, I hear Sirens – *Bar Deluxe*
DJ ChaseOne2, DJ Godina – *Garage*
Corey Smaller – *Hog Wallow*
Liturgy, Eagle Twin – *Kilby*
Georgelife, Blowski, Reaper the Story-teller, Untytlred, Fleetwood – *Liquid Joe's*
Utah Symphony – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Owl City – *UCCU Center*
The Fresh & Onlys, Bad Weather California – *Urban*

Thursday, July 14

Purging The Promised Land, Cornered By Zombies, Dethblo, Deadvessel, Toxic Dose, Brute Force – *Complex*
Spell Talk, Mighty Sequoya – *Garage*
Drop Top Lincoln – *Hog Wallow*
Bus People – *Kilby*
David Gray – *Kingsbury Hall*
Back to the Future – *Muse*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's*
Explosions In The Sky, No Age – *Pioneer Park*
Michael Franti & Spearhead – *Red Butte*
Ben Folds, Kenton Chen – *Saltair*
Party Babes – *Urban*
Olive Juice, McKay Harris, Bric Slade – *Why Sound*

Friday, July 15

Jon B, Heavy Hitter – *Complex*
Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*
Two Year Anniversary Sale – *Fresh*
Know Your Roots – *Hog Wallow*
Box Paper Scissors Fundraiser – *Kayo Gallery*
Off With Their Heads, Dead To Me, Riverboat Gamblers, Endless Struggle – *Kilby*
Royal Bliss, American Hitmen – *Liquid*
Roby Kap – *Pat's*
Herman's Hermits – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Black Francis – *State Room*
Sugarhouse Farmers Market – *2100 S. 1100 E.*

SunShade n' Rain – Temple Square

Film: Godfather Part II – *Tower*
Rosebuds, Other Lives – *Urban*
Resistor Radio – *Why Sound*
Philip Gibbs, Fox Van Cleef, Sam Vicari – *Woodshed*

Saturday, July 16

Great American Taxi – *Canyons*
Larry Hernandez – *Complex*
Grace Potter & the Nocturnals – *Gallivan*
Buddah Pie, Kristi DeVries, Samuel Smith Band, Long Distance Operator, Jeremiah Maxey – *Garage*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Hog Wallow*
Faune – *Johnny's*
New Years Day, It Boys!, The Material, Goodnight Sunrise, Stereo Breakdown – *Kilby*
Alex Boye – *Layton Amphitheater*
Spazmatics – *Liquid Joe's*
Life Elevated – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market, Gary Stoddard & The Usual Suspects – *Pioneer Park*
Jon Schmidt – *Sandy Amphitheater*

Summer of Death Skate Contest: Pajama Jam – Skate 4 Homies Warehouse

Chuck Mead – *State Room*

Film: Godfather Part II – *Tower*
Ornate Frames – *UMFA*
Samba Fogo – *Urban*
Kris Zeman – *Vertical Diner*
Waving at Daisies, Matthew Quen Nanes, Lovecapades – *Why Sound*
Uncle Scam – *Woodshed*

Happy Birthday Maggie Poulton!

Sunday, July 17

Inna Vision – *Bar Deluxe*
Davis County Symphony – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
Salty Spokes Ride – *Gallivan*
David Lane, Semi-Sweet – *People's Market*
Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings, Buckwheat Zydeco – *Red Butte*
Film: Godfather Part II – *Tower*
Monday, July 18
Anarbor, Valencia, You Me At Six, Con-ditions – *Kilby*
Indigo Girls – *Layton Amphitheater*
Tim Pourbaix, Will Sartain, Sea Monster – *Urban*

Soundwaves From the Underground Podcast – SLUGmag.com

Tuesday, July 19

Josh Fletcher – *Garage*
Dear Hunter, Kay Kay & His Weathered Underground, O'Brother, Naïve Thieves – *Kilby*
Lyrical Mindset, Hurris & Gig, Burnell Washburn – *Library Square*
Josh Ritter & The Royal City Band, Blind Pilot, The Devil Makes Three – *Red Butte*
Shanahy – *Temple Square*
Blitzen Trapper, Ages & Ages – *Urban*
Dandy Lies, Daffy Dealings – *Why Sound*
Wednesday, July 20
DJ ChaseOne2, DJ Godina
Onward to Olympus, Before There Was Rosalyn, Creations, The Burial – *In The Venue*
Dirty Mittens, Bearclause, Spooky Moon, Boots to the Moon, Fox and the Bird – *Kilby*
Film: The Music Never Stopped – *Red Butte*

Rebirth Brass Band – *State Room*
Battles, Birthquake – *Urban*
Jodi James – *Why Sound*
Thursday, July 21
Lizzy Borden – *Club Vegas*
Hooten Hallers, Staks O'Lee – *Garage*
Joy & Eric – *Hog Wallow*
Generational, Garden & Villa – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's*
The Decemberists, Typhoon – *Pioneer Park*

Film: The Music Never Stopped – *City Park (Park City)*
Education Open House – *Skinworks*
LeConte Stewart: Depression-Era Art – *UMFA*
Happy Birthday James Orme!
Friday, July 22
Terry Lynn Tschakofskse – *Gallivan*
Andre Williams & The Goldstars, The Rubes – *Garage*
Los Hellcaminos, Ray Rosales – *Hog Wallow*
Plein Air Art Reception – *Holladay City Hall*
Greeley Estates, The Plot In You, Everyone Dies In Utah, Life On Repeat, Miracle At St. Anna – *In The Venue*
Roby Kap – *Pat's*
Fleet Foxes, Alela Dane, Wild Divine – *Red Butte*
Peter Breinholt – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Film: Pee Wee's Big Adventure – *Tower*

The Future of the Ghost, The Devil Whale, Spell Talk – *Urban*
Karsyn Robb – *Vertical*
YYBS, New Heirlooms, Merit Badge – *Woodshed*
Saturday, July 23
Anders Osborne – *The Canyons*
One Foundation, Natural Roots, Daverse, Makisi, Ak Malianoa, Josh "WaWa" White, David Thomas, Konnek Ent. – *Complex*
HelloGoodbye, A Great Big Pile of Leaves – *Complex*
Andre Williams & The Goldstars, The Rubes – *Garage*

Honest Soul – *Hog Wallow*
Kozmic, Glow, DJ Italian Sensation, DJ Rowdy A, Koz, Get Smacked – *In The Venue*
Brooksley Borne Band – *Johnny's*
The Spins, Nathan Spenser & the Low Keys, Blackhounds – *Kilby*
Spazmatics – *Liquid*
CJ Boyd – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market, The Folka Dots – *Pioneer Park*
The Elders – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Dave Alvin, James McMurtry – *State Room*
Sugarhouse Farmers Market – *2100 S. 1100 E.*

Film: Pee Wee's Big Adventure – *Tower*
Mike Brown Fest – *Urban*
The Movement, Pacific Dub – *Woodshed*

Sunday, July 24

Matisyahu – *Complex*
Pie and Beer Day! – *The Beer Nut*
Saddle Strings – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
Hellbound Glory – *Garage*
Johnny Durango, Arienette, David Norton – *People's Market*
Steve Miller Band – *Red Butte*
James McMurtry, Dave Alvin – *State Room*
Film: Pee Wee's Big Adventure – *Tower*
Monday, July 25
Dr. Sketchy's Alt Life Drawings – *Bar Deluxe*
RX Bandits, Maps & Atlases – *Complex*
Katy Perry – *EnergySolutions*
Fight The Quiet, Charles Ellsworth, Run the Sky is Falling – *Kilby*
Orgone – *State Room*

Soundwaves From the Underground Podcast – SLUGmag.com

Tuesday, July 26

Red Jumpsuit Apparatus, Taddy Porter – *Complex*
Lionheart, I Declare War, Molotov Solution, Armor For The Broken – *In The Venue*
Scattered Trees, Sam Burton, The Wayne Hoskins Band – *Kilby*
It Foot it Ears, Futr Kids, Nolens Volens – *Library Square*
Alameda, BottleShip, Wolves and Project Film – *Muse*
Junior Hubrich – *Temple Square*
Red Dog Revival – *Urban*
Wednesday, July 27
DJ ChaseOne2, DJ Godina – *Garage*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
Axe Murder Boyz, Mindshot, F.L.O.W.S. – *In The Venue*
Red Rongo, Sally Yoo – *Kilby*
Bruce Hornsby, The Noisemakers, Bela Fleck & The Flecktones – *Red Butte*
Blackhounds, Mason Jones & Spooky Moon, Small Town Sinners – *Urban*
Tally Hall, Speak, Casey Shea – *Velour*

Thursday, July 28

Endless Struggle, Against the Grain, Vena Cava – *Burt's*
Norma Jean, Sleeping Giant, The Chariot, War of Ages, Close Your Eyes, Texas In July, I The Breather, The Great Commission, As Hell Retreats, Sovereign Strength – *Complex*
Jukebox Romantics, Buster Blue – *Garage*
Brian Thurber – *Hog Wallow*
The Dark Past, Freedom Before Dying, Numbered With The Dead, My Final Estate, DeadGates, Face The Tempest – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's*
Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros, Entrance Band – *Pioneer Park*
Cornmeal, Elephant Revival – *State Room*
Giraffula – *Urban*
Friday, July 29
Cupcake Social – *Frosty Darling*
Lipbone Redding, Lipbone Orchestra – *Hog Wallow*
Spy Hop Night – *Kilby*
Roby Kap – *Pat's*
Grand Opening Event – *PhotoCollective*
The Music of Abba – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Mother Hips, Holy Water Buffalo – *State*

Room
Sugarhouse Farmers Market – *2100 S. 1100 E.*

On The Air – Temple Square

Film: Jaws – *Tower*
Cold Cave, Austra – *Urban*
Jodie James, The Linen Closet Fast Company – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday Shawn Mayer!
Saturday, July 30
Alejandro Escovedo – *Canyons*
Butcher Babies – *Vegas*
Wasatch Roller Derby Picnic Scrimmage – *Derby Depot*
Muckraker, Oldtimer, Jesust – *Garage*
The Velvetones – *Hog Wallow*
Tha Show, Hopsin, Prozak, Windchill, Apocalypse, Eli Ace, Young Dymn, 2-4-1, Ceonscyde, Jeesse James – *In The Venue*

Sofa Sly – *Johnny's*
Stomping Grounds – *Kilby*
Spazmatics – *Liquid*
Downtown Farmers Market, Maggie Beers and Julie Mark – *Pioneer Park*
Whiskey Fish – *Snowbird*
Pride Softball League Family Night – *Spring Mobile Ballpark*
Film: Jaws – *Tower*
Joe Nichols, Lonestar – *Uinta County Fairgrounds*
Free Form Film: The Land Alone – *UMFA*

Cornered By Zombies – *Urban*
Mad Max and The Wild Ones – *Velour*
Logan Hip Hop Series #10 – *Why Sound*

Sunday, July 31

Happily Ever After – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
Young Dubliners, The Wild Celts, Swag-ger, Slaymaker Hill, Heathen Highlanders, The Rocky Mountain Irish Dancers – *Ogden Amphitheater*
Johnny Durango, Utah Slim – *People's Market*
Lyle Lovett & His Large Band – *Red Butte*
Film: Jaws – *Tower*
Paleo, The Awful Truth, Boots To The

Moon – Urban

Monday, August 1

Ludo – *In The Venue*
A Perfect Circle – *Kingsbury Hall*
Grey Matters – *Tin Angel*
The Hague, Michael Gross & The Statuettes, Small Town Sinners – *Urban*
Soundwaves From the Underground Podcast – SLUGmag.com
Tuesday, August 2
This Century, Austin Gibbs, Carter Hulsey – *The Basement*
Torche, Big Business, Helms Alea – *Club Vegas*
Happily Ever After, Laura Bedore – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
Bonjour Fanny & Nick Neihart – *Library Square*
K. D. Lang and The Siss Boom Bang – *Red Butte*

Wednesday, August 3

Billy Dean – *Sandy Amphitheater*
Thursday, August 4
Slightly Stoopid, Rebelution – *Gallivan*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's*
Thurston Moore, Kurt Vile and The Violators – *Pioneer Park*
David Mayfield Parade, The Wilders – *State Room*
Page 9, The Great Valley, Nescience – *Why Sound*

Friday, August 5

Deadbolt, Utah County Swillers – *Burts*
DJ FRESH, Liquid Stranger, Havoc N Deed, Drumlojik – *Complex*
Smooth Money Gesture – *Hog Wallow*
Roby Kap – *Pat's*
Joshua James, Saydie Price – *Provo Rooftop Concert Series*
Infamous Stringdusters, Ben Solee – *State Room*
Driftless Pony Club, The Moth and The Flame, Dacia Chant – *Velour*
Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anywhere Cool!



THE URBAN LOUNGE

JULY CALENDAR

241 SOUTH 500 EAST
DOORS OPEN AT 9 P.M. 21 AND OVER

July 1: DOOMTREE	July 17: CLOSED
July 2: Spell Talk, Max Pain & The Groovies, Starmy	July 18: Tim Pourbaix, Will Sartain, Sea Monster
July 3: Ted Dancin'	July 19: Blitzen Trapper, Ages and Ages
July 4: CLOSED	July 20: Battles, Birthquake
July 5: CLOSED	July 21: DJ Dances With Wolves (After Twilight)
July 6: Red Bennies, Birthquake, Plastic Furs	July 22: The Future of the Ghost CD Release, The Devil Whale, Spell Talk
July 7: TBA	July 23: Mike Brown Fest, Fucktards, Cornered By Zombies
July 8: SLUG LOCALIZED with Mariloca, Mock Raker, Dwellers	July 24: CLOSED
July 9: Maus Haus, Night Sweats, Palace of Buddies	July 25: CLOSED
July 10: CLOSED	July 26: Red Dog Revival, Triggers & Slips, Jordan Young
July 11: Electric Talk Show, The Flow, Big Ern	July 27: Blackhounds, Mason Jones & Spooky Moon, Small Town Sinners
July 12: Dopethought, P-Chill, Lumis	July 28: Giraffula plus Dance Night (After Twilight)
July 13: The Fresh & Onlys, Bad Weather California, The Poorwills	July 29: Cold Cave, Austra
July 14: Party Babes 90's Party (After Twilight)	July 30: TBA
July 15: The Rosebuds, Other Lives	July 31: Paleo, The Awful Truth, Boots To The Moon
July 16: Samba Fogo	

To purchase tickets, pricing and other great shows and events, please visit www.theurbanloungeslc.com

Kilbycourt

JULY 2011



1- The Old World, TBA	16 - New Years Day, It Boys!, The Material, Goodnight Sunrise, Stereo Breakdown (6:30pm doors)
2 - DOOMTREE (feat. POS)	18 - Anarbor, Valencia, You Me At Six, Conditions (6pm doors)
3 - Salty Street Flea Market - Feat. The Spins, Mountain Hymns, TBA	19 - The Dear Hunter, Kay Kay & His Weathered Underground, O'Brother, Naive Thieves (6:30pm doors)
AFTER THE FLEA MARKET: We Are The Union, I Call Fives, Handguns, Blinded By Truth (7pm)	20 - Dirty Mittens, Bearcluse, Spooky & the Moon, Boots to the Moon, Fox and the Bird
5 - SLAJO (Salt Lake Alternative Jazz Orchestra)	21 - Generationals, Gardens & Villa
6 - Slug Bug, Prince Polo, A Sometimes Army, Mountain Hymns (6:30pm doors)	23 - The Spins, Nathan Spencer and the Low Keys, Blackhounds
7 - Historia, Redord	25 - Fight the Quiet, Charles Ellsworth, Run the Sky is Falling
8 - Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, Merit Badge, Lilly E. Grey, Blood Blue Avenue	26 - Scattered Trees, Sam Burton, The Wayne Hoskins Band
9 - Maus Haus, Alpha Syntauri, Grey Bear	27 - Fred Rongo, Sally Yoo, TBA
10 - Yourself and the Air, Discourse, TBA	28 - The Dark Past (CD Release Party), Freedom Before Dying, Numbered with the Dead, My Final Estate, Dead Gates, Face the Tempest (6pm doors)
11 - Tommy Gunn, Exit of the Envious, Ruvella, Secret Abilities, Hello Sky!, Lothoriam (6:30 doors)	29 - SPY HOP NIGHT
12 - Yesway, The Range of Light, Wilderness, TaughtMe, Jay William Henderson	30 - STOMPING GROUNDS (Hip Hop Night)
13 - Liturgy, Eagle Twin	
14 - Bus People, TBA	
15 - Off With Their Heads, Dead To Me, Riverboat Gamblers, Endless Struggle (6:30pm doors)	

KilbyCourt.com

741 South Kilby Ct. (330 W)
ALL SHOWS START AT 7 PM
*UNLESS NOTED

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