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About the Cover: When we saw the cover art by Santos for Torche's new album, *Harmonicraft*, we were inspired. We commissioned *SLUG* illustrator, Sean Hennefer (you may recognize his work from our *John Waters* cover in October '11), with the task of coming up with a cover based on that magical work of art. The result is our own technicolored masterpiece. Check out Torche at *Urban Lounge* on June 15.

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Contributor Limelight Maggie Zukowski – Designer



Maggie Zukowski is a motorcycle ridin', cat fosterin', pink-hair rockin', kick-ass *SLUG* designer. She came to us from Minnesota in October 2011, and we've kept that fluorescent mane close ever since. Using her mad illustrative skillz, Maggie designed our *Blue Dress Birthday Party* poster back in February, and each month she designs a handful of ads for the magazine, putting an extra edge on her work to make them stand out. Check out her work on the ads for *Unhinged*, *Johnny's* and *Dr. Sketchy's* in this issue to get a first-hand glimpse at this design-guru's magic touch. Known as Miss Maggie Bliss to some, she has also hosted *Dr. Sketchy's* SLC each month since January 2011, putting her B.A. in Fine Arts from the University of Minnesota to use with some artistic community service. Go say hello at the "Tribute to Betty Paige" themed *Dr. Sketchy's* on June 26 at *Metro* ... Maggie's a tough one to miss.

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Braxton Brandenburg – Upright Bass

Drawn to roots music by way of more aggressive styles such as punk and metal, the Ugly Valley Boys are able to bring together the elements of those genres and more traditional music to create something all their own. "I would call it basic roots music," says Eastlyn. "There's some definite blues and country mixed in there. At this

Both of these avid musicians are equally passionate about their day jobs, and it's obvious that they approach their professions with the same fervor as they do their music. Eastlyn is the fourth generation in a custom neon signs shop, crafting signs for businesses such as *Piper Down* and *Anchor Ink*. Brandenburg opened his own Americana-style barber shop last January. "It's right next to Ryan's neon shop and inside the *Bonnevillains Speed* shop. It's a lot of fun—I don't feel like I'm at work when I'm there," he says. Talking to the two is like seeing them live or listening

Having been together for seven years now, that

The Puddle Mountain Ramblers have a passion for music that is infectious. Something about this band just makes you want to grab the nearest instrument and play right along. Check out their CD *Grandma's Shotgun Stance*, or better yet, check them out live, and you'll know what I mean.

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GALLERY STROLL



**Roll Out the
Welcome Wagon**
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Speeches were given, streets were closed and the media were worked into a frenzy for the biggest event to happen in recent Salt Lake City history—*City Creek* opened for business. I've never witnessed that big of a grand opening before, and I don't expect that kind of fanfare to become commonplace. Businesses open or close their doors every day without generating much public awareness. It's sad, really: A small sign in the window of *Frosty Darling* notified people of its final days. Luckily, an ad in the pages of this magazine announced the relocation of *Blonde Grizzly*. Only the most vigilant urbanites can keep track of these comings and goings. Lucky for you, *SLUG* keeps an ear to the underground. Using our hawk-like senses, we found out **Travis Tanner** from *Tanner Frames* is relocating, but don't expect air cannons to be shot off, or streets to be closed. A modest opening in June with a grand opening in the fall will suffice. Nonetheless, Tanner is a welcome and exciting addition to the 600-900 S. business district.

Tanner Frames will nestle into 18 W. 800 S. next to *Mini's Cupcakes*, which is run by owner **Leslie Fiet**, who shares space with her dear friend, artist **Stephanie Deer**. The cupcake shop occupies the left half of the space, while Deer uses the right for her studio and a showroom during *Gallery Stroll*. "Travis is extremely talented and we're excited to have his energy around," says Deer. *Tanner Frames* was located in the *City Center Art Space Building* at 250 S. and 500 W. for the last five years, and prior to that, they were in the *Rockwood Studios*

in Sugar House. "This new space will allow us to accommodate our customers' needs better ... and I like that my landlord is also a small business owner. He's a nice guy and it feels like we're all helping each other out," says Tanner. This form of local support and collaborative spirit is fueling the speculation that this neighborhood is an up-and-coming place to be.

Veteran of the neighborhood and the cornerstone of the 800 S. art experience is the *Horne Fine Art Gallery*, located at 142 E. 800 S. The Horne family has a legacy dating back to 1898 with matriarch **Alice Merrill Horne** and her ardent commitment to Utah artists. Mother-and-daughter team **Phyllis** and **Karen Horne** continue this legacy by providing a beautiful, inviting place for artists and art patrons to converge. The June exhibit will feature works by **Jamie Wayman**, Karen Horne and Phyllis Horne. For more information about this exhibit or daily hours of operation, visit hornefineart.com.

Jeff Hein's Hein Academy of Art, located at 16 W. 700 S., is relatively new to the area. Established in 2007, the academy takes a page from the old masters and believes you learn by doing. This open studio format allows artists to come and go as they please (24/7), with modeling sessions a few times a week. Student shows take place quarterly. For more information, find them on Facebook or at heinacademyofart.com. Walk-ins are always welcome.

With a mix of old and new small businesses, including thrift stores, salons, restaurants, tattoo shops, concert venues, bars, art galleries and specialty bakeries, if you are looking for an authentic *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* experience, you should give this up-and-coming neighborhood a try.

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Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

The Weird Shit In
My Apartment
By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
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The last time I wrote about my apartment was when I scribbled a story about the time I got mad at a girl and got very intoxicated. Then, with the help of **Mike Abu**, I proceeded to smash all of my dishes and light off a Roman candle in front of my gas stove, almost blowing up my apartment building, all while Abu filmed it and posted the whole thing in a five-part series on YouTube. It's titled *Mike Abu and Mike Brown Discuss Girls*, if you are so inclined to watch the footage.

This time, I thought that *SLUG* readers would appreciate a verbal glimpse into my living conditions. When someone comes into my apartment for the first time, they usually seem a bit overwhelmed. Other than the **John Stockton** shrine that my living room has become, and other miscellaneous Jazz memorabilia adorning the crib, there's really no method to the chaos. But, as one girl who had never been here before put it, "There's so much I could Instagram in here!"

To start off, it's messy. I'm messy. My car is messy. My clothes are messy. My emotions are messy. I'm a messy guy and there's no way around it.

But it's not smell-bad messy. There's a difference between crap-all-over-my-desk messy and smell-bad messy. When the 10 dishes I still own after Abu and I broke them all start to clog up the sink, I will do the dishes. My cat, **Jet Pack**, shits outside, so I don't have that crazy-cat-lady smell going on. I also let people smoke in my apartment to cover up any potential odors due to messiness.

I have to credit most of the weird shit in my pad to Abu. He has a knack for finding goofy stuff at the good ol' D.I. and estate sales. Whether it be a used telephone booth or an elusive female condom (which promptly ended up in the claw machine), a lot of the weirdness can be credited to him. Along with being my on-again, off-again roommate, he is my unofficial personal decorator. If you have ever seen Abu's floral arrangements, you know how good he is at organizing things.

About six months ago, a friend of mine was moving and had to get rid of some stuff. She said she had three mannequins, and asked if I would be interested in having them. My current mannequin collection—which I acquired from breaking into an abandoned retail store—was hurting: beat up from traveling back and forth to **Fucktards** shows. So, the logical answer was, "Yes, I would love to have your mannequins."

I came into ownership of three sexy ladies whom I secretly hope will come to life like in that '80s movie. I've adorned them in Jazz gear and they make for great company when Abu is not here because he's getting drunk in Paris or stuck in jail. I think mannequins make for awesome home-decorating ambience, but they seem to creep a lot of people out.

My fridge is mostly a caravan for booze and nothing more. I'm a terrible cook and I mostly eat out. So I feel like it's more of a decorative accessory that functions as a time capsule of my life. I think a proper time capsule should be cold, like cryogenics, ya know? I still have half of the birthday cake from my 30th birthday that **Angela [Brown]** got me. It's one of those picture cakes with my face on it. To me, it is more of a piece of art and should be preserved. It's been in my fridge for three years.

I've also been working on a beer box collection to completely encompass my fridge in a beautiful arch of Natural Light and Budweiser boxes. I have serious intentions of building a fort with it someday. How kick-ass would a beer box fort be? Seriously.

I might move the boxes into a fort in my living room around my new flat screen TV, which I simply put in front of my old, big-as-fuck TV that is really heavy and I really don't want to move. I wouldn't mind getting rid of that TV. If anyone is willing to move it, they can have it. E-mail me for details.

I do have one request, though. If you are ever lucky enough to come over to my house, please don't judge how I live. I've been in this apartment for over 10 years, and aside from my current plumbing problems and my maintenance guy being more inept at fixing things than I am, my pad is legit.



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By Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com
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It's summer in Salt Lake City, and you know what that means: flea markets! I love flea markets. I was filled with envy every time I went to one in California or New York, and even more so when I visited Europe—theirs are the best. I got the coolest Third Reich helmet with a spike on it in an Amsterdam market. Of course, I don't idealize or support the Aryan cause, but you have to admit they had impeccable fashion taste. I've fantasized about going to the world's largest flea market, called the 127 Corridor Sale. It happens the first weekend of August and spans 690 miles from Michigan to Alabama down Highway 127. Can you imagine the trash you would come across? And I'm just talking about the people. I have furnished houses, filled closets and spent many a rent check because of my sheer love of other people's junk, and now I can shop all summer long right here in my own backyard.

Up until just a couple years ago, all we had were the Redwood Road Swap Meet and the Utah State Fairgrounds Swap Meet on North Temple. The Redwood Road Swap Meet is in the old drive-in movie lot and has been around for years, but it is really weird. This is the place to go if you need a 500-pack of Dixie

cups, an industrial super-duper size roll of duct tape, any electronic that was made in Taiwan, Chinese stars or pepper spray. I popped down there and it was like one chicken and one child in a diaper away from a third world country. The State Fairgrounds Swap Meet was pretty cool: This very typical market went bust after 20-plus years because, let's face it, we who live downtown and on the East Side don't venture west.

Times change, and the call for more updated and convenient markets has been answered not once, but twice. Salt Lake City is lucky enough to have two really cool and really different markets: the Urban Flea Market, started by Kate Wheadon and Michael Sanders, and the Salty Streets Flea Market, started by SLUG's very own Karamea Puriri and her buddy Audrey Gallegos. While one is a flea market and the other is more of a down-home gypsy market, they both serve a purpose. Let me explain.

Salty Streets is really cool and marketed to a younger set. It takes place down on Kilby Court, which is not only a music venue, but actually the name of the street that houses it—in case you live under a rock. It's very bohemian and it isn't just a flea market, thus the term "gypsy market." It ranges from vendors of previously loved items to craft vendors, handmade jewelry made by an adorable 8-year-old, and I even saw a booth set up for haircuts at the first couple of markets—hmm,

the girl who did that moved so maybe I'll set up shop this year. The thing that makes this market appealing is how ultra chill and fun it is. It has become notorious for its skate ramp and live music. Since it is very highly regarded by the SLUG set, it has the crème de la crème of the local band scene, making this charming little street almost feel like a monthly street fair. It totally reflects the founders, who tell me that they started it from lack of anything else to do in April of 2010. It's definitely a fun way to spend a Sunday.

Our other market is like Salty Streets' big sister. The Urban Flea Market is a good old-fashioned flea market with 70-plus vendors all selling, well, stuff n' things. This is a flea market—no crafts, no tie-dye n' pipes shit, no animals, no weapons and no farmer's market tables—just junk, some good, some bad. Meeting the two founders, Wheadon and Sanders, it's easy to see why they do what they do so well—they are steeped in the culture. First of all, Wheadon has a to-die-for 1960s resort-wear wardrobe. In fact, you can spot her at the market because she'll be in some sort of fabulous, vintage tiki-printed sundress, and Sanders is the owner of the amazing fagadashery, Now & Again, next door to the Urban Lounge. If you haven't been there, you have to go see it because he has the best crap in his store—expensive crap, but the best quality and the coolest of the era from whence it came. Last year at the Urban Flea Market, I scored some really great jewelry, an awesome leopard-print pencil skirt and almost scored an amazing pair of classic riding boots, but alas, they were too small to cram my large lady feet in—believe me, I tried.

I think that it is amazing to have these two fairs right downtown because I, as I'm sure many of you do, live in an apartment, and the option of a yard sale is nil. I plan on seizing the opportunity to set up shop and take advantage of the crowds that are dying to buy my leopard-print chaise lounge, globe bar, steamer trunks or a pair of the hundred or so shoes I never wear. That way I can open up space in my house to go back to the markets and buy more shit to put in its place. It's a vicious cycle, but I love it!



Photo: John Barkiple

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Check out the Urban Flea Market, starting June 10 at its new location on the corner lot of State Street and 400 South, and Salty Streets on June 17 at Kilby Court.

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Photo: Katie Panzer

The Monte Cristo Sandwich, Grilled Veggie Hoagie, Lemon Chicken Garlic sandwich and Sweet Spinach salad are only a sampling of the delicious and diverse items at *Washington Square Cafe*.

It has been almost two years since *Washington Square Cafe* opened its doors, but you should not wait a minute longer to visit this secluded diner in the heart of downtown Salt Lake. Located in the historic City-County Building, the seat of Salt Lake City government, on the Washington Square block (where the *Utah Arts Festival* and *Utah Pride Festival* happen) you may have never noticed this hidden gem that is cranking out great breakfast, lunch dishes and “specials” that actually live up to the moniker!

Washington Square Cafe is the extension of *Clock Tower Catering* (which serves parties, community and special events outside the cafe hours), however, you should make a point to swing by the Cafe and visit with **Liberty Valentine**. The owner prides her operation on the tenet of “providing the highest quality food at the most affordable price.” She does just that and more while adding a warm sentiment for every patron with her generous smile and laugh. Located on the lower level of the east side of the building, the restaurant may lack flair and kitsch, but there is something comforting about the muted tones, throwback tables and straightforward style of the cafe. Mirroring the sentiments of Chef **Mary Catrow**, the focus should be on the food.

Classic diner breakfast items include minimalistic fair like The Basic, featuring two eggs, any style, with home fries and choice of a bread side (\$4.50), French Toast/Pancakes (\$5.50) and a variety of omelet dishes. Catering equally to omnivores, vegetarians and gluten-free patrons, the staff has done an amazing job of making all of the dishes enticing and, more importantly, delicious. You can

easily over-indulge by adding sides of eggs, fruit, toast and assorted meats, but the servings are well-portioned and leave you satisfied, not stuffed.

The bulk of patrons come for lunch, and the cooks aim to please with staples, including hot sandwiches such as the Monte Cristo or Rueben (\$6.75), and an array of salads and cold sandwiches such as the Lemon Chicken Garlic (\$6.00). Served on pita bread with lettuce and tomato, the Lemon Chicken Garlic sandwich is a bright, light and flavorful menu item that really surprises with the homemade pesto aioli. Served with chips and salsa (you can substitute with fries or a salad for a buck), this is a great “go-to” if you just can’t decide between all the options. For the vegetarians, I highly recommend the Grilled Veggie Hoagie (\$6.25) or the Veggie Burger (\$6.25). As an omnivore, one thing I appreciated about the Veggie Burger was the homemade patty. Unlike some restaurants that try and replicate the shape, color and texture of meat, Chef Catrow opts for a more natural patty, with great seasoning, non-pureed vegetables and a mashed potato binder. Served on a Stoneground bun with chips and salsa on the side (or fries/salad), you can also treat yourself by adding cheese, avocado or hummus.

Where the *Cafe* really excels, though, is with their daily specials. Check the cafe’s Facebook (*Washington Square Cafe*) or Twitter (@*ClockTower77*) accounts for updates before you decide, because you will be greeted with killer options such as Thai Coconut Red Curry, Roasted Vegetable Salad with Goat Cheese, Pulled Pork Sammies or Wild Rice and Quinoa Croquettes!

The Beet Salad makes frequent appearances, with good reason. I was lucky to get it with chevre (made from goats milk) cheese, walnuts, oil and balsamic (\$6.50). The mild tartness and creamy texture of the goat cheese was ideal as it paired with the earthy flavors of the beets and crunchy walnuts.

On a separate visit, I split the healthy—nutritionally and portion-wise—Roasted Vegetable Salad. The combination of carrots, eggplant, pepper, cauliflower, broccoli and squash gave a wonderful variety of textures to the dish. The warmth of the roasted veggies softens the tender chevre cheese (which enhances so many dishes effortlessly) just a touch, and its tartness blended perfectly when tossed in the Smoked Paprika that coated the veggies. It’s making my mouth water again just thinking about it, I kid you not.

Currently, with only Monday through Friday breakfast and lunch hours, you have to make a bit of a commitment to eat at the *Cafe*. Parking can be troublesome, like most places downtown, but the *Cafe* makes every effort to accommodate its two-wheel patrons with extensive bike parking outside the east entrance. Its location, directly west of the *Main Library*, also makes it convenient to walk to from most of downtown. According to Valentine, the *Cafe* is under negotiations for expanding hours to include Sunday brunch soon. With such an ideal location, and the gorgeous grounds of Washington Park, there are few eateries that will be able to match the *Cafe*’s charm and appeal for a leisurely Sunday meal. Do not be fooled, however, because it is just as good any other day, too!

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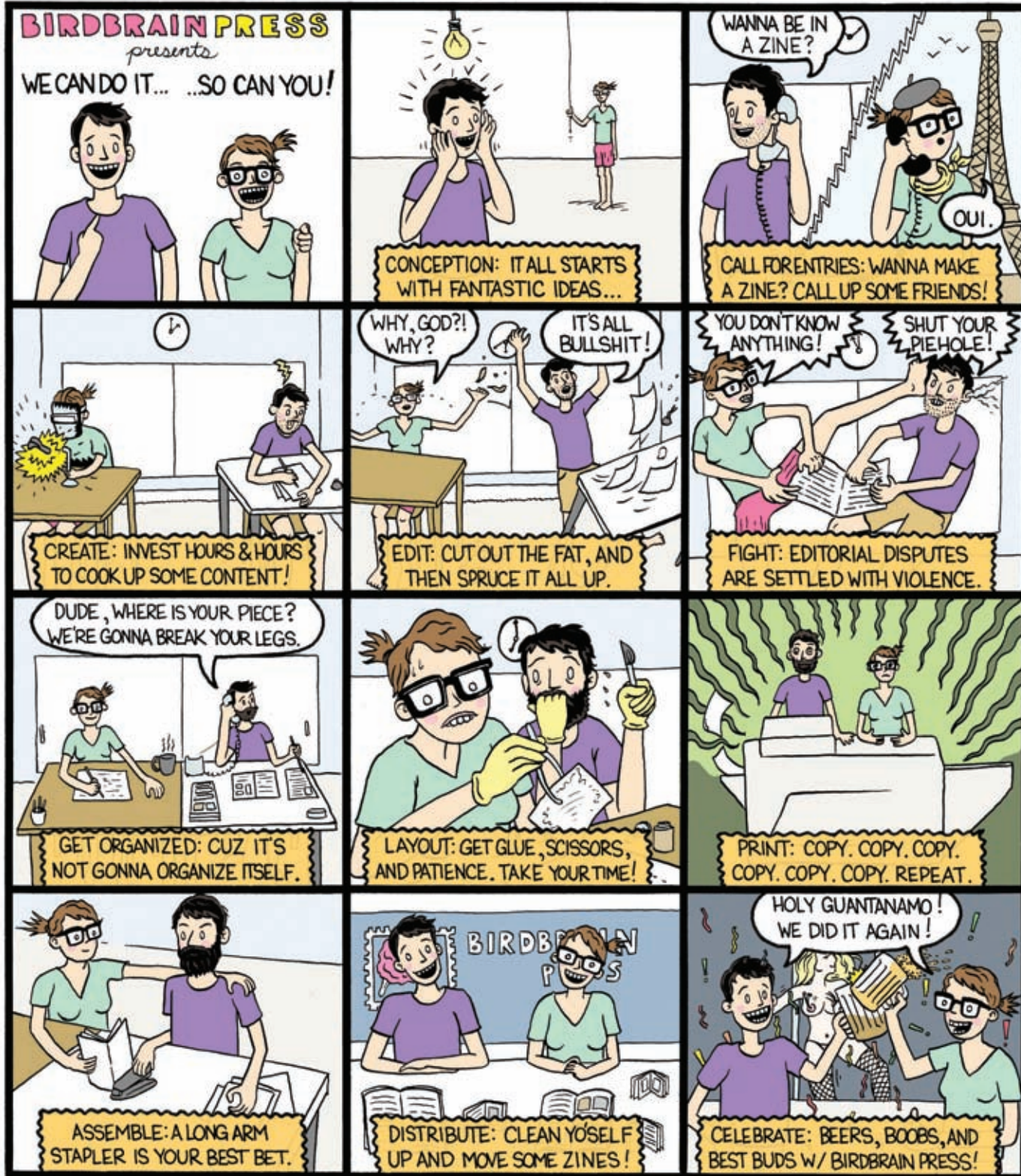
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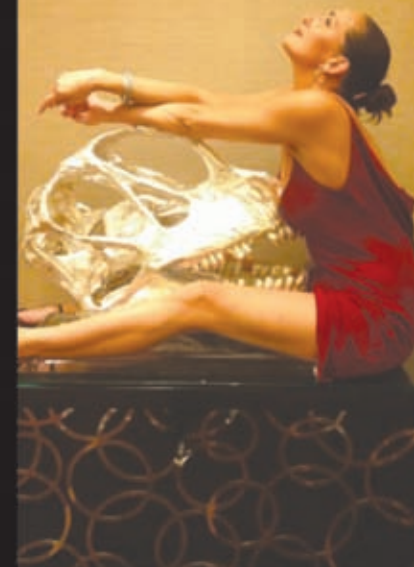


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IT'S A SHORT WAY TO THE TOP

ROOFTOP CONCERT SERIES

By Gregory Gerulat | gjgerulat@gmail.com

I have an arguable yet authentic fear of heights. I was reminded of it when I attended the *Rooftop Concert Series* in Provo, which, as the name blatantly suggests, is on a rooftop. I imagined a raucous metal show atop a narrow skyscraper and a headbanging-frenzied crowd escalating beyond control to the point of falling off the sides of the roof and into the busy traffic below. Mayhem ensues.

Upon arriving, my fears were assuaged. The *Rooftop Concert Series* is thrown on the first Friday of the month from May to October on a parking garage, which is, realistically, only two-and-a-half stories high. The headliner was **Peter Breinholt**. Peter Breinholt does not play metal. He plays soft folk, so any raucous headbanging was existentially debilitating.

At first, I suspected that I was the patsy in an extremely elaborate ruse sprung by *SLUG's* editors. Breinholt's following are more prone to read *Reader's Digest* than *SLUG*, but the series lineup is more than diverse. Breinholt's family-friendly folk may have kicked off the summer, but he's sharing this season with **Desert Noises**, **Isaac Russell**, **Book on Tapeworm**, **Fictionist**, **The Lower Lights** and a **Tom Petty** tribute band.

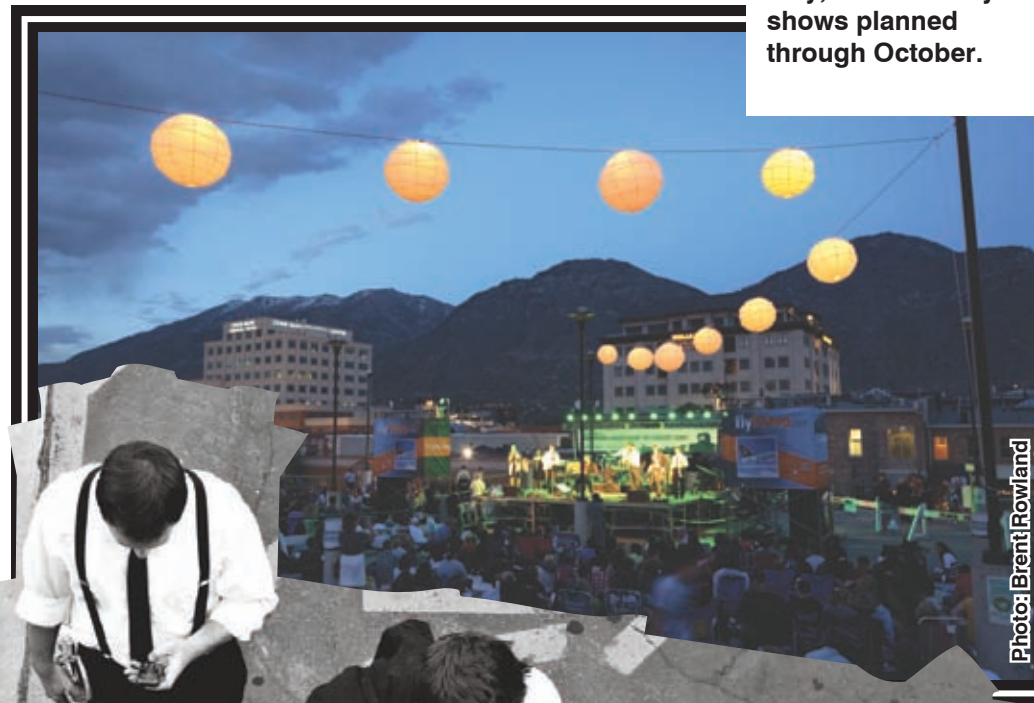


Photo: Brent Rowland

Provo kicked off its third annual Rooftop Concert Series in May, with monthly shows planned through October.

This is the first year I've heard of the event. I saw little to no advertising in the days leading up to it, but the surface of this modest parking garage was practically half full an hour before it officially started. Event organizer **Sarah Wiley** looked impressed, but not surprised. "It's just grown," says Wiley. "It's much bigger this year. We have a bigger crowd, bigger stage and bigger lights."

Three years ago, Wiley, **Mindy Gledhill**, **Courtney Kendrick** and **Justin Hackworth** sat in a meeting with the town's Cultural Awareness Committee to discuss how they could make downtown Provo more vibrant. "I don't think any of us knew when we first met that we were going to start this concert series," says Gledhill.

Being the home of Brigham Young University and having a rampant religious predominance, Provo isn't exactly a place most people find to be synonymous with rock or art (despite what one would aesthetically interpret from **Norman Rockwell**)—some critics deny the legitimacy of Provo's music scene altogether. "I think we were all tired of that," says Gledhill. "A lot of people pin us to be so vanilla—I, for one, did. That's why I wanted to get involved with it." This year, the concert is triple the size of the first year it was created, and the organizers' mailboxes are chock full of messages from bands interested in playing. The *Rooftop Concert Series* might only be in its third year, but it is organized and attended as if it were a decade-long tradition.

The last Provo-hosted music festival that's within the spectrum of the *Rooftop Concert Series* was the *Sego Festival*, which was started by **Matt Paulos** (current guitarist for **The Future of the Ghost**) and went extinct in 2008. While the *RCS* and *Sego Festival* have both drawn similar crowds and featured Utah-grown bands, the *RCS'* vision and end goal are less based on promoting the small town's music scene. "We're inspired by anyone doing festival events in Provo, but our format is different," says Wiley. "What we have is a little broader in scope. It bridges different populations while maintaining a common quality so that people can feel comfortable and confident enough to come regardless of who's playing ... Music is almost incidental. We're just looking for someone who'll represent us well and put on a great show, someone who's entertaining."

Despite the organizers' desire to create an event with the sole intention of celebrating itself instead of the music it showcases, they can't disregard the fact that they may get a much bigger crowd than they originally bargained for. Both loyal fan and penniless drifter factions are typically unpredictable. The *RCS* got a brief taste of the chaos it could create during last year's festival. "We had a few thousand people up there for **Imagine Dragons**," says Wiley. "After we saw how Imagine Dragons went, we were almost grateful that **Neon Trees** backed out of last year's lineup. It would've been crazier than we could imagine." Moreover, *RCS* also voiced a desire to bring in slightly more prolific touring acts in the future seasons, if funding permitted. This would possibly make the *RCS* a near reciprocal of Salt Lake's *Twilight Concert Series*, crowd-wise, but the *RCS* remains tenacious about keeping the parking structure.

"It's unique. It's the only rooftop concert we know of. It's also really beautiful—you have the backdrop of the mountains behind it all. Everyone has been to a concert in a park," says Hackworth.

It's sensible how the *Rooftop Concert Series* has endured unexpected success despite only being a newborn event. For a concert series that goes against the grain of its environment and its relative economy, it's thriving astonishingly. Physically, the rooftop is only as tall as a Walmart to the organizers. Figuratively, the sky's the limit.

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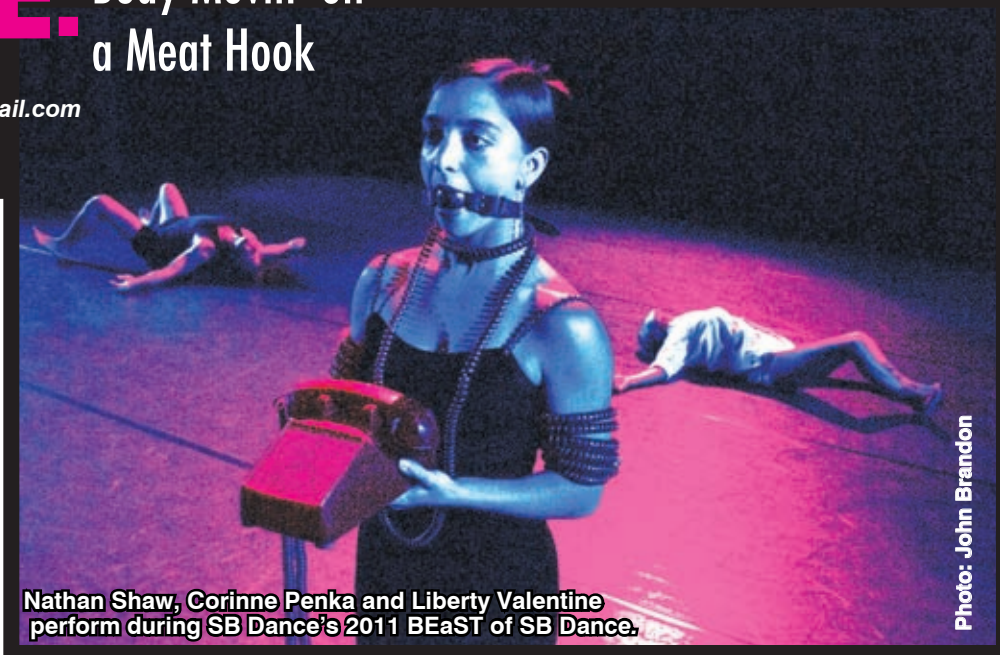
SB DANCE: Body Movin' on a Meat Hook

By Johnny Logan • thejohnnylogan@gmail.com
Twitter: @thejohnnylogan

Stephen Brown Dance Company has operated outside contemporary norms for 15 years, breaking down expectations and throwing in theatrics to keep audiences on their toes. By offering an interesting combination of modern dance and performance art, SB Dance brings in an almost otherworldly quality to each of their shows. *SLUG* sat down with the founder and director of SB Dance, **Stephen Brown**, to discuss his latest production, *Of Meat & Marrow*.

SLUG: What sets SB Dance apart in the realm of modern dance?

Brown: I think one thing that sets us apart is we don't really do modern dance. Although it's movement based, what we do is not easily categorized ... It's certainly not what most people think of when they think about modern dance. What we do is theater, dance, movement-based stuff, a little circus, some work with actors—there's not a good category for this, but probably in ten or fifteen years, they'll call it something like performance multimedia. I'm probably more of a new generation—whom you see in all the art forms. I write, I do



Nathan Shaw, Corinne Penka and Liberty Valentine perform during SB Dance's 2011 BEaST of SB Dance.

Photo: John Brandon

things with movement, I hang stuff, I do things with props, I work in theater, I work a lot with audience engagement, and so it's kind of big, multimedia [work].

SLUG: Earlier this year, you had the *BEaST of SB Dance*, and in December, you had *WTF!* Tell us about those and how they were received.

Brown: Both were received very well. SB Dance has a bunch of new board members and is really a recharged organization, and part of our renaissance here was to put together a real season of events, so those are now annual events. We do *WTF!* (which stands for Wine, Theater, Food) the first Saturday in December at the *Rose [Wagner]*. That was the best party/fundraiser. I call it the fund-rager. We did parts of our show on the dance floor ... right next to people. The *BEaST of SB Dance* happens in January, the second weekend of Sundance. It's a showcase where I take highlights of stuff I'm working on, or stuff I just did, or just pull stuff out of the closet and slam it together. It's 10, five-minute pieces, so it's fast, it's furious. I want my shows to be like parties: I want people to be rocking in the show.

SLUG: What can we expect to see from your latest production, *Of Meat & Marrow*?

Brown: I was fooling around with some things at the *BEaST of SB Dance* in January, and I liked them. *Of Meat & Marrow* is sort of a morbid look at our bodies and dying and the afterlife and coming back. It's morbidly funny, I should say, because I try not to do anything seriously, or at least not too seriously.

SLUG: One of the promotional lines for *Of*

Meat & Marrow, "a ballet about parts," suggests a bit of a sexual atmosphere for the show, but the bloodstained meat hook in the promotional ads creates a sense of darkness and death. What provocative themes and motifs can we expect from this show?

Brown: [Darkness and death?] Or S&M? Yes, I think that's why that hook is there. We're talking about bodies like they are pieces of meat. It goes back to a **Marcus Aurelius** quote about us being little souls carrying around these corpses. As somebody who is interested in movement, that always interested me, as does everything that's a little taboo.

SLUG: Why do you feel it's important to examine or explore the roles of gender in your work?

Brown: I think gender issues are important. As they are an important part of our culture, they're important to be represented in art. I think artists are the ones going out there and saying, "You think things are this way? Well, fuck you, they're not!" or "We'll show you a different perspective on it." There's less awareness about the importance of [gender issues]. I try to roll that into my work, because you see art ... to be changed, to be altered, to get rewired a little bit. I think that's an important part of our rewiring, to not be so crazy about our sexuality and our gender... and to get over those assumptions.

Of Meat & Marrow will be performed in the *Leona Wagner Black Box Theatre* at the *Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center* on June 8, 9, 15 and 16 at 8 p.m., and June 17 at 4 p.m. For ticket information, go to artix.org or sbdance.com.

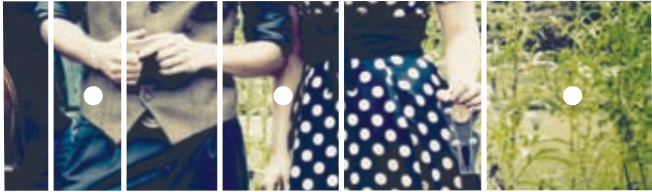


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Picking up Some Colonel Knowledge

J.D. Wilkes Plays Salt Lake City

By James Orme
james.orme@slugmag.com



The Dirt Daubers (pictured) and The Legendary Shack Shakers perform on June 11 at *The State Room*.

Many call him crazy, some say he's the stuff of legend, but I can tell you folks that J.D. "The Colonel" Wilkes is every bit that and more. Even though he's spent the last 14 years as the wild and rambunctious frontman of **The Legendary Shack Shakers**, Wilkes was unable to resist his urges to create another highly original band with his wife **Jessica: The Dirt Daubers**. Now touring simultaneously with both groups on the same bill, Wilkes is up to the challenge of bringing his dual musical visions to life night after night.

"We've been touring three months solid with no days off at all," says Wilkes. "It's more convenient to put the two bands together, rather than having them in competition. I think it confuses people sometimes, having myself open up for myself. Maybe people think I'm an egomaniac or something."

The main characteristics of the more austere Dirt Daubers are far removed from that of the Shack Shakers, yet Wilkes' personality and naturally substantial songwriting and performance link them together. "It's hard to confuse the two. They're different styles of music and they're performed very differently as well," Wilkes says. "The Shack Shakers serve as extreme, sweaty catharsis and then I can sort of claim back my integrity and humanity with the Dirt Daubers. They're both different kinds of therapy."

Wilkes has found that, at this point in his life, playing the Dirt Daubers' more controlled style of old-time music has affected something internally

that none of his other creative projects had. "There's a challenge to performing in an all acoustic string instrument band with all three of us creating this music [in The Dirt Daubers] versus the Shack Shakers, which is more of a composition that I dance in front of, or ornament with harmonica. There I can do anything I want to and the band can keep going, but, with the Dirt Daubers, it relies on me just as much as the other two pieces to keep the song moving."

Wilkes and the Dirt Daubers were mainly influenced by old hillbilly music such as the **Alan Lomax** field recordings and **Roscoe Holcomb**. As time has crept by, other influences have seeped in. "Recently, rockabilly music had begun to sneak in there, stuff like **Sun Records, Charlie Feathers, Jerry Lee Lewis**. Nothing stays pure for long in my world, there's too much great music to be a part of and to create," Wilkes says. "We don't want to make the same record over and over again, so now the Dirt Daubers are starting their own story arc and morphing into something new."

Wilkes has also kept the Shack Shakers rolling, not even letting recent personnel changes keep them from touring and bringing the best possible live show they can. "**Duane [Denison]** is stepping aside for awhile, if not permanently, to play with his other band **Tomahawk**. You'll get to hear our new guitarist, **Rod Hamdallah**, who's a Jordanian blues guitarist, a real soulful player from Atlanta," Wilkes says. "With him, we've started playing songs we've never played live before. He's got a great ear and I've enjoyed hearing his take on things."

Not limiting his creativity is important to Wilkes. His 2008 music documentary *Seven Signs*, which sheds light on the remaining genuine southern culture, was just an indication of what was to come. He's constantly working on new projects, pushing himself in new directions, never allowing his visions to become stale. "I've got some short films I'm working on, and I've got a comic that I write and draw, *Grim Hymns Volume 2*, that's just four pages away from completion. I'm also trying my hand at writing some fiction as well," Wilkes says. "It's just a way to keep things moving for me, so I don't get burnt out on any one thing."

Even musically, Wilkes is looking to the future searching out new unexplored territory. "I would like to try producing other artists, but it's never been something I've had time for," Wilkes says. "I'd also like to look into a more theatrical presentation for something musically, whether that be a solo thing or with the Shack Shakers, but it would involve costumes and props, and we could incorporate storytelling and little bit of acting—have it be almost like a tent revival-type of thing and really bring it into my world."

Whatever Wilkes turns his attention to, you can be sure the product will be fascinatingly original. He's been able to carve out a career doing precisely what his own machinations have led him to do. Wilkes is bringing both the Dirt Daubers and Legendary Shack Shakers to *The State Room* on June 11—two great bands, one great night.

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MIDSUMMER CRUNCH: CRUCIAL FEST STRIKES AGAIN

BY CODY KIRKLAND • AGAINSTCODY@GMAIL.COM -----

Lately, music festivals are starting to seem like a big joke: ridiculous, hodge-podge lineups, ticket prices approaching \$500 (seriously), not to mention the cost of taking a week off of your minimum-wage job and flying/carpooling/hitchhiking to California or Texas or Tennessee. But I don't give a shit about those festivals, and neither should you—we've got *Crucial Fest*, duh!

There are other festivals that go on around here, but none of them really speak to me or to the group of people I associate with and the kind of music we like," he says. Though *Crucial Fest* primarily showcases bands that play hard, aggressive, heavy music, Bischoff and Cassar agree that being "loud" is what ties all the acts together. "There's **Muscle Hawk**, there's **Michael Gross and the Statuettes**, **Night Sweats**, **Red Bennies** ... There are a lot that I wouldn't consider 'heavy,'" says Bischoff. **Thomas Kessinger**, the man rocking press and publicity for the festival, sees *Crucial Fest* as a response to what is seen as mainstream music. "The cool part about the festival is that it really is taking a genre of music that is underrepresented nowadays, at least in my eyes. It's saying, 'This is what's going on in rock music right now,' and it puts it all in front of your face," says Kessinger.

Crucial Fest is Salt Lake City's own badass rock festival thrown by **Exigent Records**, the label best known for backing notorious acts such as **Gaza**, **Accidente** and **Ether**. Making its debut last summer, *Crucial Fest* presented an exposition of amazing local and regional talent in a five-day, multi-venue musical orgy revolving around a mid-festival blowout at *Liberty Park*. For people who didn't make it to last year's festival, Exigent owner and head *Crucial Fest* organizer **Jarom Bischoff** says, "They missed a freakin' really good time, for sure ... and they missed awesome bands getting back together that hadn't played in a long time—**Novelists** got back together for the show, **Hi-Fi Massacre** had a show for the first time in eight or nine years." **Bird Eater**, **Reviver**, **Loom**, **Mindstate**, **Girafula**, **Endless Struggle**, **Sleeping in Gethsemane** and **Badass Magic** are just a handful more of the 60-plus acts that participated. "It was the underground music scene coming together. Every show was solid, night after night," says co-organizer **Jesse Cassar**, *Crucial Fest*'s man in the trenches. "A lot of the attendees made it a point to tell us immediately when the festival ended, 'You're doing this again next year,'" Luckily for us, their decision to throw *Crucial Fest* again was a no-brainer.

Though there are a few other music festivals around these parts, Bischoff wanted to provide Salt Lakers with a fest without filler, one right here in the valley.

30 SaltLakeUnderGround

Bischoff, Cassar and Kessinger aren't just concerned with throwing the raddest party, though. *Crucial Fest* is all part of their plan to strengthen the local and regional music scene by bringing all types of bands together in one big, rock n' roll group hug. Says Bischoff, "This year, we have a handful of bands from Portland, Seattle, San Diego, Denver, Boise—and that's a tour right there, if all these bands know each other." Cassar wants to make *Crucial Fest*, and Salt Lake in general, a destination for good music. "Salt Lake City is such a good hub ... but I think a lot of bands pass it over because they're like, 'We've never been to Utah. I don't even know if they allow music in Utah.' We want to help put it on the map. There have been people doing this in Salt Lake for 10 years, 20 years and we're just trying to keep that going," he says.

At this year's festival, running June 20-23 and June 27-30, there will be more bands and more shows spread over various Salt Lake venues, with all-day *Kilby Court* extravaganzas complete with art, vendors, food carts and skate demos on both Saturdays. Although you can attend any individual show for \$10 at the door, buying an all-access pass is the way to go, as it gets you into every show and gets you free stuff. "This year, the ticket's still cheap—it's 25 bucks for 14 shows and 75 bands, but only 20 bucks for an all-ages pass," says Bischoff. Now that's a damn good deal. "Quite frankly, people like us can't afford to go to *Outside Lands* in San Francisco, and [to] *Coachella* every year. We're hoping to offer something that is similar ... where you can have an amazing time and see a bunch of awesome bands," says Cassar.

Forget those other festivals and come out to see **Author & Punisher, O'Brother, INVDRS, Handicapitalist, Subrosa** and 70 more. For additional information and a full schedule, visit exigentrecords.com. Snag your all-access pass at any *Graywhale* location and follow @CrucialFest on Twitter for tip-offs about after parties and secret shows. I'll see you there—your attendance is, in the *CF* crew's words, "totes croosh!"



MAXIMUM DISTORTION
UTAH'S METAL VALHALLA CELEBRATES SEVEN YEARS ON THE AIR

By Megan Kennedy | iamnightsky@gmail.com

Outsiders may be deceived, but Salt Lake City loves its fucking heavy metal. We also have some of the most dedicated torchbearers calling our scene home. Two of these pioneers have been broadcasting brutality every Wednesday night from 10:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. for seven years on **KRCL: Forgach** and **Cody D**, the DJs behind *Maximum Distortion*.

Metal has long been a part of Forgach's life. In fact, he was on-staff at *SLUG Magazine* for almost ten years, covering the scene in the column "Written In Blood" until then-owner **Gianni Ellefsen** became music director at the non-profit radio station, KRCL, and approached Forgach with an idea. "He decided he wanted to shake things up a bit here and start a metal show," says Forgach. He immediately called his friend, Cody D, whom he'd met in '99 when the two started reminiscing about the old-school metal bands they both grew up loving. He wanted Cody D to be a part of this new endeavor.

"I love radio, but I never dreamt I'd have an opportunity like this," says Cody D. At first, the program director wasn't on board with a two-man metal show, leaving Forgach solo at the helm for six months. Cody D would regularly drop in during the last hour of broadcasting and, eventually, earlier and earlier, until he became as imperative to the show as the music. Despite having no experience in radio—"We walked in the door with nothing," says Cody D—they pushed through with their vision to create a community radio

Forgach and Cody D, hosts of KRCL's *Maximum Distortion*, in the studio.

show centered on heavy metal, a rarity both for the usually tame KRCL lineup, and for Salt Lake. There is no other radio show in the state that plays the heavy music *Maximum Distortion* has built its reputation on.

While the core of their programming is part new-release showcase, part personal playlist, listeners at large can affect the week's show by requesting songs on the show's phone line or Facebook page. "We wanted to build on the type of metal we are both into,

but it's also a community radio show, so we love the idea of taking requests," says Forgach. "Sometimes 30 percent of the show will be requests we've taken. We'll often take as many as we can fit. Sometimes it's way more than we can fit, and sometimes we barely get any calls—it's a crapshoot. There's no rhyme or reason to it."

The other unbeatable element of the show is, of course, the badass, on-air talent. Forgach and Cody D riff off each other during show segments, talk both local and national sports and finish each other's thoughts like an old married couple from Hell. Listeners also get the joyful glee of hearing tracks from unreleased albums like **Fear Factory's** upcoming *The Industrialist*. "That's kind of been the hallmark of the show, our ability to get advance copies. We do a segment called 'Radio Show From The Future' where I specifically pull stuff

that we're *technically* not supposed to play, and we'll play it," says Forgach. Airtime on *Maximum Distortion* isn't limited to signed acts: *Maximum Distortion* is a huge supporter of the local metal scene, too. Bands need only send their music to the show to get a shot at some awesome radio exposure right to their target audience.

Even though their seventh anniversary approaches, the two are planning only business as usual for their demanding show. "Seven years is a *long fucking time*. It's a grind," says Forgach. "We didn't think it would be as much of a struggle as it is this far into it, but we literally have to babysit and coddle everything about it, and not even just the show aspect, but the marketing aspect. If we don't constantly get the name out there, it seems like it just goes away. It's brutal."

The Internet environment has also been a double-edged sword, allowing them to reach new audiences and giving them new ways to take community requests, but preventing them from having the drawing power for bands that radio once had. "Social media has also been our nemesis because, with all the sites that bands can post their stuff on, they don't necessarily care about getting their music to us on the show so much. It's helpful, but it's also detrimental," says Cody D.

They are a prime example of dedication to the culture, of rare determination in an industry that takes no quarter. Despite the strife, they've been able to build a unique showcase they continue to be proud of, at a station that appreciates their work. "[KRCL] gave us complete freedom, allowing the show to develop naturally over time, which may not be the most efficient way, but it has given us the opportunity to benefit from—and thrive in, to an extent—a very unique situation," says Forgach.

Salt Lake City may not be synonymous with "metal utopia" yet, but we sure as hell have relentless allies in Forgach and Cody D, who, for seven years and counting, are going above and beyond to change that. Folks of this caliber are precisely why metal will never die.



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TORCHE

SONG TRILOGY

Drummer Rick Smith is Homeless and Happy

By Gavin Hoffman | reignforever666@gmail.com

At the time of this interview, Torche's drummer, Rick Smith, is in the process of moving and essentially becoming homeless. "I'm trying to float as long as I can," he says. "I'm hoping to not have to find another place until closer to the holiday season, when I'm less busy." Smith currently resides in Gainesville, Florida, and the rest of the band is somewhat scattered—guitarist/vocalist **Steve Brooks** and guitarist/vocalist **Andrew Elstner** both reside in Atlanta, Georgia, and bassist **Jonathan Nuñez** still resides in Miami, where the band was formed in 2004. Torche begins a three-and-a-half week jaunt with **Corrosion of Conformity** on June 1 to promote their latest full-length release, *Harmonicraft*, followed by **Metallica's** *Orion Music Festival* in New Jersey, alongside such bands as **Arctic Monkeys**, **Best Coast**, **Modest Mouse** and **Metallica**. Following that is the 305 Fest in Miami with an insane lineup of bands that includes **The Bastard Noise**, **Dropdead**, **Noothgrush**, **Iron Lung** and many others, and there is also a European tour in the works. As if the band's summer schedule wasn't crazy enough already, Smith is also in the bands **Post Teens** and **Shitstorm** (with fellow Torche member Nuñez), so it seems that this is the perfect time for him to forego traditional living in favor of the nomadic lifestyle that is seemingly essential to a band that tours almost ceaselessly.

Torche's music has definitely evolved since the band's self-titled album back in 2005.

That release seemed to be somewhat of a logical extension of the bands that members of Torche had previously been in, such as the absolutely amazing **Cavity** and **Floor**. Beginning with 2008's *Meanderthal* and continuing with the band's newest release, *Harmonicraft*, which was self produced by the band and mixed by **Kurt Ballou** (of **Converge** fame) at **GodCity Studios** in Massachusetts, Torche has steadily written material that has more in common with **Led Zeppelin** than with **Black Sabbath**.

"We get a lot of shit for not being as 'heavy' as we used to be," says Smith, "but the funny thing is that *Harmonicraft* has more songs tuned to drop-A than *Meanderthal* did." He goes on to explain that he feels like the age demographic—younger kids, specifically—and some people's fickle musical tastes cause the band's fans to not be as appreciative as they could be of the band's entire catalog. "It seems like a lot of young kids are told by older folks to listen to specific albums," Smith explains. In his estimation, kids are being told things like, "You should listen to this album because it kicks ass, but don't listen to those other albums because they aren't as heavy." Torche played to an almost strictly metal crowd for so long that some people aren't as accepting of the maturation of the band, specifically regarding song structure, melodies and presentation. Of course, everyone

is entitled to their own opinion, but Smith sees closed-mindedness as being a direct hindrance to people discovering and enjoying Torche's releases. He concedes that this isn't meant as a blanket statement or an indictment of closed-mindedness directed at any specific crowd—he explains his standpoint almost as a lament as opposed to an accusation aimed at any group of people.

"I think the *idea* of playing slower was easier than actually *doing* it," Smith says about his transition from playing in metal/grindcore bands, such as **Shitstorm**, to playing in Torche. "You can listen to the last track on the first [self-titled] Torche record, and you can hear how stiff the drumming is." Smith is nothing if not his own worst critic, but he revels in being what he calls a "rock drummer" as opposed to a "metal drummer" these days. "Playing with good musicians—dudes who know how to play really well—it really makes me step up my game, and it's taught me to play more tastefully," he says. Smith goes on to further praise his bandmates, and explains that Torche is a "live band," stating that the band's full-length releases are written and recorded very quickly, so more time can be spent touring.

Smith cites the band's 2008 tour with Japanese drone-experimentalists **Boris** in support of *Meanderthal* as somewhat of a launching pad for

the band. "I think after that tour is when people really began to take notice of Torche, especially as a live band," Smith says. "I think that's the most touring I've done in a single year, easily." Smith estimates that Torche was out for over 150 days in 2008. "I remember being gone pretty consistently for about half of 2008," he remembers. "We did two tours in Europe, three or four US tours, and a tour in Japan. We're usually received pretty well overseas, and they take really good care of us in Europe," Smith says. "We play to roughly the same size crowds in Europe as we do in the US, but the Europeans are really on top of their shit, in terms of hospitality," he says. "In the States, we're lucky to get some beer, water and towels, whereas in Europe they have dinner set up for you, and generally have hotels or some other form of lodging taken care of for you."

Eventually, our discussion circles around to Torche's latest full-length release,

Harmonicraft. "I couldn't be happier about the record," Smith says. "I mean, I love having a new record out, usually, and this one is especially awesome." When the topic of reviews is broached, Smith has a very honest and engaging opinion: "Most of the reception we've been getting has been positive, but even the negative reviews have their place. Not everyone is supposed to like your band," he says. Musicians, take note, as truer words were never spoken. "I just think it's cool having so many people talk about the record," he continues. "We touch so many different influences on this record that every single review highlights different tracks as

Torche plays Urban Lounge on Fri. June 15 as part of their three-and-a-half week tour with Corrosion of Conformity.

the standouts." Smith relishes the fact that Torche relies on classic rock hooks, albeit written and performed on a somewhat heavier level. He doesn't like the band being referred to as any sort of "pop" band, and he hopes that the band can continue to produce music of this sort. "As of right now, I don't see us running out of steam or running out of ideas any time soon," he says. "As a matter of fact, I feel like we're just kind of hitting our stride, and I think that we're going to be able to continue to mature and evolve as a band for the foreseeable future." Summarizing, Smith simply hopes that the band will be able to enjoy the longevity and productivity that the bands who have influenced Torche, such as the **Melvins**, have experienced.

Torche deserves your attention. They are thoroughly dedicated to what they do, and what they do is knock people on their asses with extremely catchy, loud and energetic music. Check them out with the legendary **Corrosion of Conformity** at the **Urban Lounge** on Friday, June 15.



Illustration: Sean Hennefer







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THE TRUE SKATEBOARDERS BEHIND BLOOD WIZARD

By Giuseppe Ventrella | info@slugmag.com

There are people who ride skateboards, and then there are skateboarders. It sounds redundant, but it's true. A skateboarder is always a skateboarder even when they're not skating. A true skateboarder looks at the world noticing things like curbs, banks, rails and ramps. True skateboarders are down for life and remain involved in skateboarding even after their bodies or their careers don't allow them to do it as often as they desire.

Toad is a true skateboarder. Toad's been around since the "back-in-the-day" days and still skateboards. Toad is the kind of person skateboarders want to run skateboard companies. Luckily for us skateboarders, in the year of our lord (**Animal Chin**), 2012, we have Blood Wizard Skateboards.

Toad and some friends started Blood Wizard in 2008 in San Francisco on a walk back from the bar. As Toad puts it, "There are a lot of homeless people in San Francisco, and often they end up growing long hair and beards. We started calling them wizards as kind of a joke. One night, we saw a wizard lying in the gutter with some blood on him from shooting up and my friend said, 'Look at that Blood Wizard.' We decided it would be a sick name for a skateboard company, and that's how Blood Wizard came about."

According to Toad, they ended up running into the original Blood Wizard several times and eventually talked to him. "It turns out his name was **Jerry**," says Toad, "and now we have our own wizard named **Jerry** [Gurney, Blood Wizard team rider]."

From the initial idea to start a company and call it Blood Wizard, things began to take off for Toad, co-CEO **Justin Visser** and partners **Rico Castro** and **Emile Janicot**. "We came up with about 100 ideas of things we wanted to do with the company that night," says Toad. "It's crazy to think how time flies. In the last five years I'd say we've accomplished about 50 of the original ideas, and we're trying to keep going."

Those of us who were fortunate enough to skateboard in the '90s might remember the company Adrenalin. Toad rode for this company along with fellow Blood Wizard riders **Chris Senn**, **Mike Manzoori** and current Santa Cruz rider **Justin Strubing**. To older skate rats, it may seem like Blood Wizard has a similar, small company, DIY vibe to it. Toad insists, however, that Blood Wizard is its own company. "The main



Photo: Garrie Ray

Nich Kunz, wallie.



Photo: Brian Shamanski

Jerry Gurney, boneless in.

difference is when Adrenalin was around, we were out skating every day and running the company. These days, we have a team of younger guys doing most of the skating," says Toad. "Although, sometimes, I feel like it's just like those days ... I find myself saying, 'Where's Strubing?'"

Toad also runs his own electrical company and works full-time as an electrician. Everyone involved in Blood Wizard has a day job, even most of the riders. "It keeps things in perspective," says Toad. "I put a good six weeks into an electrical job and it makes running the company seem to go by much quicker."

Blood Wizard is so small that everyone does it just because it's what they want to do. While it doesn't allow some of the guys as much time to skate, Toad insists the team gives it their all. "We get a lot out of our team," says Toad. "They give us everything they've got and get out there and skate hard. I'd like to think that if any of these guys ever got a bigger sponsor, they would still be as cool as they are right now. They're willing to work hard and just skate because they love to skate."

The team is mostly made up of relatively unknown skaters: **Jack Given**, Jerry Gurney, **Rob Mason**, **Tristan Moss**, **Wesley Cooper**, **Aaron Herrington**, **Chris Senn**, **Anakin Senn**, **Ben Krahn**, **Nich Kunz**, **Drew Dezort**, Toad, **Mike Manzoori**, "The Mongo Monster"

Toad, grasser.

and "The Grom."

The Mongo Monster and The Grom are two of the most interesting riders. They are creations of **Skinner**, the artist who is the visual pile driver of Blood Wizard. He is responsible for the Blood Wizard graphic itself, as well as the Mongo Monster and Grom characters that appear on many of the boards. "Skinner is totally awesome," says Toad. "He has done so much for the look of the company and is just a rad dude who is willing to do anything for us." Blood Wizard has put out several zines and animations featuring Skinner's artwork, and the entire look of the company has been influenced by his work.

Recently, Blood Wizard was able to receive a little help from *Lowcard Magazine* and Heavy Wheels founder, **Rob Collinson**. Collinson works to distribute several companies, including *Lowcard* and Think Skateboards, and now helps distribute Blood Wizard. It allows Toad and the team to work on the direction of the company and spend less time making phone calls trying to sell to shops.

One of the shops that has been a supporter of Blood Wizard is Salt Lake City's own *Raunch*, carrying their decks and some merch.

"Emile has been in several bands and played shows in Salt Lake a lot over the years. He always goes to *Raunch* to buy records and is stoked that they're supporting Blood Wizard," says Toad.

Blood Wizard, Heavy Wheels and *Lowcard* are planning to come to Utah June 9-10. "We want to keep it mellow and not really do any demos. We're more wanting to just go skate with kids and get them stoked on skateboarding and Blood Wizard," says Toad.

You can find more Blood Wizard on your favorite social media outlets: Instagram (@blood_wizard), Facebook (Facebook.com/bloodwizard) and Twitter (@bloodwizard). Follow them on their trip to Salt Lake via Instagram starting June 6: #heavywizardtrip. Join them once they arrive on Saturday, June 9, 4 p.m. at *Milo Orem* followed by a skate sesh at *Heber Skate Park* at 6 p.m., and Sunday, June 10, meeting at noon at *Raunch* with another skate sesh TBA.



Photo: Zach Hudson

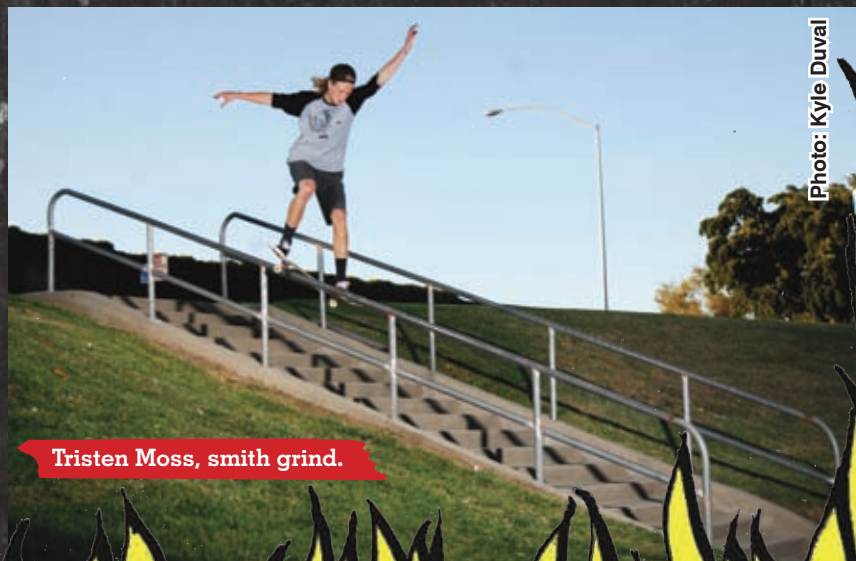


Photo: Kyle Duval

Tristen Moss, smith grind.

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SHRED IT FOR CREDIT

By Dirk Hogan
dirkhogan@gmail.com

It seems that skateboarding is in the most interesting period of its long history. Many styles of skateboarding have begun to commingle, creating a diversity that's never been seen. Most of the stereotypical styles have evolved outside of the barriers of their given names. Hesh guys are getting way tech, and not just skating spots like sketchy pools and steep handrails. Inner city skaters have left the schoolyard benches and found hills to bomb and D.I.Y. spots to build. Jocks started skating, and in the immortal words of **N.W.A.**, "a bitch is a bitch." With all of these styles coming together, there is no better time to find out if yours is completely righteous or completely wack than at one of the various skate contests and events happening this beautiful summer of 2012.

During the month of June, the wonderful people of *Milo Salt Lake* will be hosting a contest at the *South Jordan Skate Park*, which you can find on 10866 S. Redwood Road (behind the Fitness Center). This one is going down on June 16, is jam format and there will be three winners from three divisions and all around good times.

June 21 is a heavy hitter for events this year—as it should be. Go Skateboarding Day should already be written in your calendar with a drawing of a kitten playing with a skate wheel as if it was a ball of yarn on top of a fuzzy rainbow, one that somewhat resembles **Nephi Beh's** unibrow when he frowns his handsome mug. It's going to be a good day. *Blindside SLC* is hosting a Go Skateboarding Day event with Skullcandy, Gravis, Coalatree and Vitamin Water at the Sugarhouse store, then skating to *Fairmont Skate Park* (2200 S. 900 E.). There will be cash prizes, so you'd better start dusting off your best "getting wicked" boots and be ready to bust. "We're going to bring all kinds of dogs, it's going to be rad," says **Colby Takahashi**, *Blindside* employee, referencing both hot dogs on a grill and "homies."

Salty Peaks has a Go Skateboarding Day skate jam happening in the parking lot of the shop (3055 E.

There's no better time to find out if your style is righteous or wack than at one of this summer's skate contests.



Illustration: Jared Smith

3300 S.) on June 21, fully equipped with free food and drinks and some rails and ramps to skate—should be killer. On the subject of *Saltys*, they are putting together a skate series in which the winner of all their contests will get a trip to *Camp Woodward* in California. Better start getting your lines dialed for these contests. Check out their website for details and dates at *saltypeaks.com*, first one's June 10 at *Rose Park*.

Annex is also putting together a Go Skateboarding Day event in celebration of the greatest thing ever invented: the skateboard (duh). It'll be bitchin' good times with the *Annex* dudes at their shop in Bountiful. For more details, check in with the shop in the coming weeks.

July is a great month for good times and all the sorts of debauchery that you're into. You can buy tons of fireworks: so rad. I also hear if you get a bald eagle tattooed on your face, you get a free high five from none other than me—or a kick in the balls because I might think, from the tattoo on your face, that you're some convicted felon trying to jump me. *Summer of Death: Lords of SLUG Mag* will be an awesome contest to attend, and attend it you will on July 14 at *Crossroads* in Ogden (95 N. Harrisville Road). *SLUG* contests are put on by the magazine you're reading, so you should support them.

Ten short days into the future, you can skate

in memory of a bunch of dorks with wagons on July 24 at *Guthrie Skate Park* on 2300 E. Bengal Blvd. in Cottonwood Heights. The *Guthrie* contest will be hosted by *Milo Salt Lake* and follows the same jam format as the South Jordan contest on June 16, and it should be a blast.

August is yours to do whatever you do to be you. Use your time wisely, for this could be the last summer for the inhabitants of Planet Earth—2012 could be a bitch if everything ends like the crazies have been preaching.

September 8 is the *Summer of Death: Rough Side of the Trax* street contest held by *SLUG Mag* and *Roughneck Hardware*. If you plan on skipping out on any of the contests this summer, don't blow it by missing this one. *Rough Side* is a huge crew of skaters pushing from spot to spot and skating everything that's in between, because ... why not? There are three secret street spots that get awarded a best trick, and an overall winner of the day. There will be tons of cool prizes, it's a blast and the dudes from *Roughneck* are the shit.

You should also check in with the *Milo Orem* store, because word on the street is that they are going to have some events in the mix for this summer. Stay informed.

Should be a good summer for skate events in the valley of Salt Lake. Have fun and be free to be you.

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BOURBON HOUSE



Yeah, Prolly
By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

John Watson, aka **Prolly**, has documented everything from epic alleycats and up-and-coming fixed-gear freestyle riders, to the latest in urban cycling trends (and even a death metal album or two) since 2006, wrenching it all together on his blog: *Prolly Is Not Probably*. Starting out as the voice for New York City's FGFS culture, Prolly has pedaled into a successful career on the blogosphere over the past five years, traveling around the globe from San Francisco to Australia, providing us with a taste of what those greasy bike meccas have to offer. I met up with the "#fixiefamous" cycle god himself where he now resides in Austin, Tejas to juice his brain.

SLUG: Why did you start *Prolly*?
Prolly: I rode mountain and road bikes in college and sold them when I moved to New York 'cause no one has nice bikes there, and got a piece-of-shit single-speed fixed conversion. Eventually, I started finding out about alleycat races and going to alleycats, parties, events and art shows ... I wanted to have a way to compile everything that I was doing and everything I was interested in. It grew from there. If you're doing something you love, people will notice, and if people want to support it, they'll ask.

SLUG: How have you evolved as a cyclist in the past five years?
Prolly: As a kid, I had a Mongoose BMX and a beach cruiser, and we used to ride our bikes to the skatepark. New York was weird because I really hated the subway, I hated taking trains, so [I biked for] transportation. Then the whole fixed freestyle thing started happening and I was

really into it 'cause I grew up skateboarding and surfing, and it was fun to apply this new bike handling to the streets and go ride. At the time, I wasn't really into [road bikes] 'cause New York's not a good road cycling city. I was still going out on the road bike, but it wasn't for fitness or adventure, it was just to get out of the city. Then I moved [to Austin in 2011] and brought my road bike and thought, fuck, this is awesome, but it was really hard to ride here on an old trick-racing bike—the gearing wasn't right and the climbing was something that I hadn't really experienced before. I'm riding more and more. I'm getting more fit and adjusting to the hills. I still ride fixed freestyle, I still ride BMX, ride my road bike, I still take my track bike out on rides. I feel like when you live in a major city, sometimes you get fixated on one kind of bike and your whole life revolves around that. I try to mix it up, partially because it gets kind of boring here if you don't keep yourself preoccupied.

SLUG: How has that opened up your blog?
Prolly: The site has always been around, not the sport side of cycling, but more about going out with your friends and doing rides. I'll talk about how far we rode and how much elevation we did, but I don't put it in a way that I'm challenging people or trying to talk it up—it's more just sharing what you're doing.

I try to keep the site more towards riding with your friends and hanging out. You can have fun with any kind of bike doing any kind of thing. That's the kind of thing I'm trying to show people: There's no rule book for any of this. You can do whatever the fuck you want. I have yet to see anyone do any major freestyle on a road bike ... I wouldn't recommend that.

SLUG: Where do you see yourself as a cyclist in five years?
Prolly: I won't be a road racer ... I'll keep doing the fun shit. I'll still ride track bike, I'll still ride fixed freestyle, I'll still ride BMX ... definitely still be on the road bike. If I did anything, I'd like to race cross, but not for the competitive side, more for the get-drunk-and-act-a-fool side. I'll continue to become a better cyclist, whatever that means.

Prolly's posts are a pretty good depiction of what it means to be a "better cyclist." Check 'em out on *prollyisnotprobably.com*, and for a glimpse of his "get-drunk-and-act-a-fool side," follow him on Twitter @JohnProlly. Go to *slugmag.com* for the extended interview.

Though Prolly boasts knowledge of the bike scenes from San Francisco to New York, he's never been to SLC. We definitely have the guts and grease to make it on his map with all of the awesome urban cycling events planned this summer. Come out to *Velo Weekend* on June 29-30, where your favorite urban cycling events come together for two days of two-wheeled glory. Go to *veloweekendslc.com* for the deets.

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Go Skateboarding Day!

By Dirk Hogan
dirkhogan@gmail.com
Photos: Katie Panzer

"Skateboarding needs more appreciation than just one sunny, summer day of the year."

Coming up on its eighth anniversary of righteousness, Go Skateboarding Day, held every June 21, is growing fast. Founded by the International Association of Skateboard Companies, Go Skateboarding Day is a pretty simple concept. Skateboarders in cities all over the globe are encouraged to hit the streets, equipped with their boards and bros to do the best thing ever invented: skateboarding. The day is a way to raise awareness of skateboarding's massive following, and how important skateboarding is to so many lives, all over the globe. It's a non-verbal statement, almost a non-violent protest that physically illustrates, en masse, the amount of skateboarders that inhabit any given inner-city environment.

Being one of the many skateboarders that live in said environment, I feel that skateboarding needs more appreciation than just one sunny, summer day of the year. You should go skateboarding every day, or at least as much as you can. I really don't want to see Go Skateboarding Day turn into another make-believe holiday like Valentine's Day. Allow me to elaborate: If you love someone, you should show your love and support for them as often as you can. You shouldn't need an excuse like Valentine's Day to do something special for your special someone. Letting a day dictate your actions sounds pretty lame to me. But now, once a year, skateboarders are looked at with a miniscule air of respect on Go Skateboarding Day, which I think sucks—it's way cooler to be looked at as society's biggest waste of life and time.

In a perfect world, Go Skateboarding Day would offer skateboarders the chance to be creative on any property without having their ears talked off by some c-hole about insurance liabilities, vandalism and trespassing. If someone approached you as you were skating a spot, you could simply say, "Happy Go Skateboarding Day," and you just gave the dog a bone. Psych! That's a delusional thought. From personal experience, the majority of people say they "like" skateboarding, but when those same people come into contact with a bunch of dirty dudes loitering about their place of business, cheering on one of the homies who's translating his

imagination into a physical form known as a "trick," the concerned citizen will flip their wig and start yelling at us like we're a pack of feral dogs. Recently, on a perfectly beautiful day of skating, my friends and I were lectured on how we need to get jobs and "do something" with our lives besides "hanging around kicking rocks on the streets" because we "need to put a shirt on in the morning to contribute." It was awesome, because we all have jobs and wear shirts to them daily. Go fuck yourself, old man.

Skateboarders mean no harm, we just want to feel something unique by putting our bodies in harm's way and escaping to freedom unscathed. It sounds crazy, but it's more fun than being the motherfucker that yells at kids for having a good time. There are so many skateboarders I see that get shit from concerned citizens, security guards and police on a daily basis for doing what they love most. For the record, if you're pissed off about some kids skating your shit, fuck you. You can kick us out, but we'll be back tomorrow and the next day and the next day.



Dirk Hogan and his buddies enjoy a sunny afternoon with a backyard ramp session.



Dan Pond transplanting his imagination into physical form.



Dirk Hogan doesn't need an excuse to skate—he's a skateboarder through and through.



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CAPTURING AN ERA:
SKATE PHOTOGRAPHER
HUGH HOLLAND



By Giuseppe Ventrella
info@slugmag.com

San Fernando Valley
schoolyard, 1977.



(Top left) Morgan Englund, Santa Monica hills, October 1976. (Bottom left) "Hollywood Local," Viper Bowl, above Lake Hollywood, 1976. (Right) Jerry Valdez and Mark Smith, Viper Bowl, 1976.

Growing up skateboarding in the nineties, there was a definite gap between the new and old schools of skateboarding. The rebellious, outcast state of skateboarding in the nineties necessitated the creation of a new scene—the history of skateboarding was disregarded.

In the early 2000s, a lot of the street skaters started skating pools and attitudes changed. Thanks to this revival of pool skating and some of the older tricks, a book like Hugh Holland's *Locals Only*, featuring skate photography of Southern California's infamous mid-'70s scene, is able to see the light of day. Originally released in 2010 and re-released on May 1 this year, the book contains images that sat in boxes for over thirty years. I was able to ask Holland a few questions about his great time-piece on a part of skateboarding's history.

SLUG: When you were taking these photographs, did you ever feel you were onto something special?
Holland: Oh, absolutely. Right from the first shot, I felt that this was really extraordinary subject matter. On the other hand, I did not really have any idea they would someday come to be so sought-after.

SLUG: Why highlight the skateboarding of this particular era?
Holland: I was there, and they were there, and it was just a project begging to be done. I was not interested in skateboarding. I was just seeing a unique kind of drama playing out, with all the scenery that went with it. It was perfect for pictures.

SLUG: How was skateboarding perceived at the time? Were skaters outcasts?
Holland: I wouldn't say they were outcasts. Not in the world that I was observing. I suppose you could say that in a larger context, but I was involved so closely, that most of what I saw was from the skateboarder's viewpoint, and the young players and people around them were caught up

in the dynamism of the emerging possibilities.

SLUG: Was this your first major project as a photographer (or did you even see it as a project at the time)?
Holland: Yes, it was my first major project, but I didn't see it as a project at all. I was just enjoying the fun.

SLUG: Even from a fairly modern skateboard photography perspective, the action photos are well composed. Were there any skateboarding (or sports) photographers that you emulated?
Holland: No, not at all. I was just making it up as I went along.

SLUG: What made you decide to shoot the photos in color?
Holland: I shot quite a few in black and white, too. At the time I had a darkroom, and I enjoyed developing my own, but color won out because it was just a color type of situation. That afternoon sunlight, backlit figures, wild sun-bleached hair, tanned bodies, reflected light off of pool concrete, blue skies ... it was color for sure.

SLUG: Can you give us a rundown of the editing process you used to pick the images for the book?
Holland: [I had] boxes and boxes of slides and negatives. **Steve Crist**, the editor, and I went through all of them. He is very good at spotting what will work. He is an expert editor. He picked a lot of images that I would not have considered, but that are now my favorites—images that were perhaps

underexposed, or cropped strangely in the camera. The process was amazing.

SLUG: This book has a lot of photos that show a relationship of trust between the photographer and the subject. How do you establish this as a photographer?
Holland: I think that in that particular time, at least, I had a passion for capturing images, and they had a passion for this new ability to go vertical and develop athletic style, and we got along well. Also, I had a camera and they wanted pictures.

SLUG: Do you have any advice for young photographers, skateboard or otherwise, about what they should do?
Holland: Make lots of pictures. Nowadays, with digital, it is easier and cheaper to do quantity. But pay attention to composition in what you see and what you capture. What you see is what you get. If you have the eye, you will get the good pictures.

You can find *Locals Only* online at ammobooks.com, on Amazon, or at your nearest bookstore.



(Top left) Huntington Beach, September 1975. (Bottom left) Burban, December 1975. (Right) Jeff Jones, Mini Bowl, November 1975.

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PHOTO FEATURE

By Samuel Milianta • smilianta@yahoo.com



Skate spots, like everything else in this world, come and go. Some are around for years and some are around for a day. A lot of times, the most unique and amazing spots are the ones that are temporary: the spots made by someone's foolish mistake of backing their car into a pole, or randomly putting a piece of wood against a wall.

This spot was only around for a little while. I went here two days in a row. The first day was hassle-free, but the second day was a bust.

This thing was like a big saucer that, as far as I can tell, was meant to be the cap on some sort of underground pipe/tunnel situation. It was super dirty, rusty and had no flatbottom. It took a little getting used to, but **Cameron Starke** banged out a F/S rock in no time. Truthfully, harder tricks went down, but there's something classic about a F/S rock that makes for a good photo.

Cameron Starke, F/S rock, Salt Lake City.

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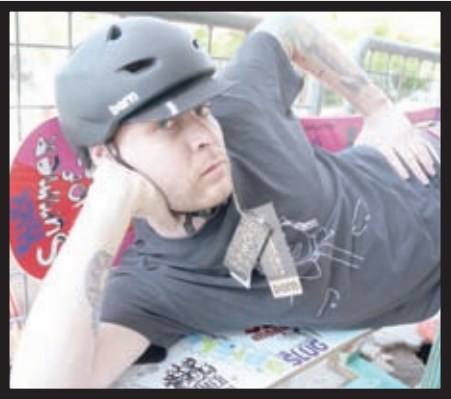
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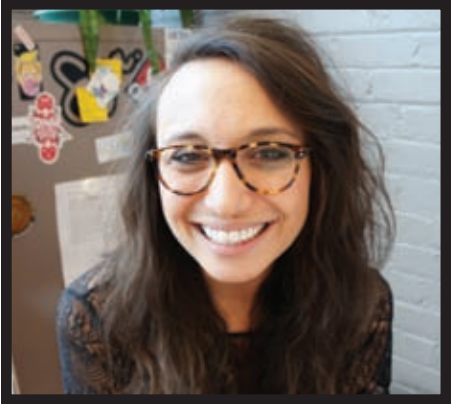
PRODUCTREVIEWS

Bern
Brentwood Helmet
bermunlimited.com



There are many reasons why one should wear a bike helmet and many stupid reasons why people don't. If you are pedaling your fixie to the *Twilite Lounge* and don't want to mess up your fresh, new, shitty **Skrillex** haircut, then yeah, I get it, don't wear a helmet. In fact, hipsters not wearing bike helmets is actually OK with me because I'm a huge fan of Darwinism and weeding out the stupider humans through accidents that could have been prevented. As for me, I've been hit by a car on two occasions, and both times I wasn't wearing a brain bucket. I've tempted fate enough and recently upgraded my dome protector from my shitty, smelly old skateboard helmet to a legit Bern Brentwood helmet. As you can see from the picture, I look damn good in it. Bern helmets are oozing style. On top of looking good, the Brentwood is comfortable and functional. It comes with a snap-in replacement skullcap/ear-warmers so you can pedal all season. You can pick up the Brentwood or other Bern helmets at *Bingham Cyclery* locations or anywhere else cool. *—Mike Brown*

Bonlook
The Aviator: Tortoise Frames
bonlook.com



Over the past year, the world as I see it has become more and more blurry. Focusing on objects more than five feet away gives me a headache, and traffic lights look like a twisted, Rastafarian flag. It wasn't until I borrowed my boyfriend's glasses to watch a Jazz game on TV that I finally realized and admitted that something was wrong. Fearing the thought of spending my entire paycheck at the eye doctor, I put my vision on the backburner. Squinting had gotten me this far, so what was a little bit longer? One night, while perusing blogland, I came across *bonlook.com*. A fellow blogger was talking them up and I wanted to see what the hype was all about. It was love at first squint. Not only are their glasses fashionable, they are affordable. Ranging from \$99 to \$119, I was hooked. I began using their "Virtual Try-On" to test out every pair. You can try on as many as you like and no one is there to push you into buying this or that pair. The best part about Bonlook? Upon checking out, you can enter in your prescription and they will fill it for you for free. Seriously! I basically sprinted to the eye doctor, demanded a vision test and was on the phone with Bonlook as soon as I got my prescription. Hello, Tortoise Aviators, I love you. The world is a beautiful place and you deserve to see it clearly. Thanks, Bonlook! *—Karamela Puriri*

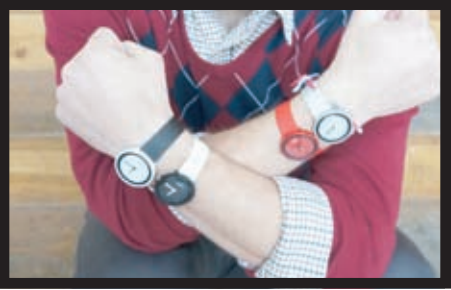
YOURS
Grey Low Cut Shoe
iheartyours.com
YOURS shoes are the newest kids in the footwear game, hailing straight from our backyard in Salt Lake City. These shoes, offered in a two-tone colorway, embrace simplicity and function. The canvas upper provides durability and flexibility without giving out in the heel cup. A vulcanized sole provides enough support between your arches and pavement to offer comfort while providing a slipper-like feel. The wax-cotton laces, although not the best for lacing, bestow the proper aesthetics for that dock look. At \$70 a pair, these shoes are geared toward the fashion-friendly male (only offered in men's sizes 7-12). Whether you're riding a fixed gear, sailing the open seas or crashing your local dive bar, YOURS shoes will let everybody know you're a true hipster with style! To view their styles or order a pair of these, please visit their website. *—Shawn Mayer*

Zeal Optics
Penny Lane Sunglasses
zealoptics.com
When I was handed Zeal Optics' Penny Lane sunglasses, I was anxious to try them out. The shape is an OK-but-still-trendy rectangular lens that lends itself to the culture and look of "chic outdoorsman." I dug the pattern: a grey-and-black plaid with a "Z" on the arms. The fit was perfect. You know how cheap glasses pinch the back of your head when you wear them for a long time? Zeals don't do that. I don't think I've ever worn such comfortable and well-fitted frames. Another thing that is cool about these shades is their polarized lenses. I don't invest in well made glasses, so I had to research what polarized was. To those clueless like me, it means they cut glare and adjust to indoor/outdoor light. Polarized glasses are healthy for your



eyes. Patients recovering from eye surgery of any kind are prescribed polarized glasses. After wearing my Zeals for about a month, I realized how much better off I was with a decent pair of sunglasses. It is kind of a pain having to keep track of them like I do with my keys and cell phone, but they came with a big zip-up case that is too gigantic to lose. The company is based out of Colorado, and for the quality of what they're offering, the price point is very reasonable (\$109). Zeals are a great buy. *—Lauren Paul*

Zeniick Watches
zeniick.com



"Swatch dogs and diet coke heads," rang Veronica Sawyer's biting adolescent commentary in the teen comedy *Heathers*. While I won't vouch for cola-flavored sugar water (stop kidding yourselves and drink the real thing, pansies), bright plastic watches with funky fresh colorways are my bread n' buttah (as is '80s **Winona Ryder** in a plaid skirt and saddle shoes, yowza!), which is why Zeniick's blend of '80s nostalgia and straightforward functionality barks up my alley faster and with more gusto than **Ray Cappel**'s opening declaration on *We're Not in This Alone*. These watches come in four colors: (Razzy) Red, (Wicked) White, (Bitchin') Black and (Sexxy) Silver (Zeniick marketing, call me!). Wrapped up in a slim, stylish and numberless design with leather bands sporting a steel, water-resistant face, and a \$27.95-and-up price tag, they run roughly nine times cheaper than that **Youth of Today** long-sleeve you'd end up copping on eBay to match. Plus, with removable faces and bands, they'll tie any ensemble together. This local company's done real good with a Kickstarter campaign, so peep the site to snag some of your own. *—Dylan Chadwick*

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

I'm not judging anyone on how healthy they are or are not, but you better believe I will judge a cop if he looks more than a little out of shape. My safety is in jeopardy man!

—Fearful of Fatties

Dear Fatty-Phobe,

SLUG's Ask a Cop is an in-shape crime fighter. However, any other Ask a Cop out there is horrendously FAT! The whole donuts thing, it's true. Cops are fat. As you suggest, a bullet is a lot faster than someone running. Each cop has a radio that travels at the speed of light, so why would a cop ever need to be in shape?

I prefer Four Loko and the occasional Rockstar and vodka to a protein shake. I do go to the gym at least five days a week: the Jackalope gym. It's right next to the District Courthouse and a block from Federal. I used to go to a gym called Port O'Call, as it was right next to the Federal Court. But, some religious zealots got the Feds to tear it down. I fear my Jackalope gym is next. Guess I'll join the Green Pig gym.

If you contemplate getting "robbed" in your neighborhood, it is neither safe nor secure. Just sayin'. But, if the cop failed to run down the perp, I'm pretty sure you'd have an awesome lawsuit. I don't dispense legal advice, but I think you paying a \$5K retainer to get that lawsuit filed is an excellent investment. After all, your safety is in jeopardy, man!

Cops have to pass physical fitness requirements to graduate from the police academy. Some departments require cops to pass a yearly test, but it's so easy it's almost pointless. Even most fat cops pass it, but there are a few who become so fat, they fail and are fired.

Honestly, cops sit around in cars, eat junk food, drink too much, experience extreme stress and deal with the worst people the world has to offer all day, every day. All those factors are prescriptions for fat.

—Cop

Email your questions to
askacop@slugmag.com.

Dear Cop,

This may not apply to you, but I would really like to know what it takes to be a cop, physically. Are you on a strict diet? Do you go to the gym five days a week? Do you have to drink protein shakes for breakfast? I definitely don't. But, I am not a cop.

Lately, I've been noticing that there are a lot of overweight cops. Guns are scary and all, but a gun can't run and it's not always right to shoot somebody.

Let's say that in my really safe and secure West Side neighborhood, I happened to get robbed. Then, let's say that a couple cops happen to see the whole thing go down and the guy/gal takes off running with my wallet. In the event that said cop was overweight/out of shape and unable to chase the perp down, could I sue the state for violating my rights as a citizen?

It's a little unnerving that someone like me (who hardly ever works out) could probably outrun a lot of the cops I see around our city. I'm not just targeting Salt Lake. I've been to plenty of cities where the law enforcement looks like they take in one too many donuts.

So, Mr. Cop, my question to you is, are there any rules for cops about staying in peak physical condition while serving, or do you only have to pass the fitness test once? Am I allowed to press charges if something were to happen to me and it was the cop's fault for being out of shape?



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Sure, blame the guy with the claws and glowing skin.

Prototype 2
Radical Entertainment/Activision
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, PC
Street: 04.24

Stop me if you've heard this one before: A freaky-ass virus is "accidentally" released into a major city where it mutates regular folk into bloated, hamburger-faced miscreants that devour everything in sight. Not only is this the plot of every zombie movie/game/book/TV show ever, it also happens to be the narrative backdrop for both *Prototype* games. The twist is, instead of trying to survive this outbreak, the protagonist—a sullen, vengeance-driven military sergeant by the name of James Heller—has been infected with the virus. Oh, and for some reason, the disease makes him a superhuman killing machine. As if it's not obvious by now, the crew over at Radical Entertainment didn't lose much sleep over developing a storyline. Instead, the player is given free reign over a quarantined Manhattan crawling with slaving mutants, innocent civilians and corrupt military officials. Having securely latched itself onto the teat of "open world" or "sandbox" games, *Prototype 2*'s gameplay is pretty much like its superior predecessor, *Grand Theft Auto*. The player guides Heller around the city in search of collectibles, secret missions and ways to sabotage Gentek, the company responsible for the virus. Heller's viral infection provides him with the ability to glide through the air and generate anything from tentacles to scythe-like blades from his arms. Coupled with the ability to shapeshift into other people, Heller is pretty much unstoppable. However, one crucial oversight in crafting a game around an apparently invincible character is that there is no challenge in getting through the barrage of repetitive missions that are hurled your way. *Prototype 2* is a passable option if you're in the market for mass slaughter without a pesky story to get in the way, but it's not groundbreaking. —Alex Springer

Superbrothers: Sword & Sworcery EP
Capybara Games
Reviewed on: PC
Also on: iOS, Mac
Street: 04.16

Reviving the ancient spirit of classic adventure gaming, *Superbrothers* embraces simplicity in a way that defies the modern trend of bigger, shinier, more complicated games. This PC adaptation of the Apple store release from March 2011 retains the completely unique audiovisual style of the original, with **Jim Guthrie**'s gentle, moody tunes floating over elaborately designed 8-bit landscapes. Part of what makes *Superbrothers* so great is the sense of discovery you feel as you travel through the game world. The puzzles, while not terribly challenging, require a certain amount of observation and thought, forcing you to really pay attention to the world around you, instead of mindlessly progressing through the game. Hidden areas and paths abound, rewarding studious players with hints of future paths and inviting them further into the mysterious mythos of Mingi Taw. Character designs feature intricate detail and fluid animation, but the game's simple 8-bit aesthetic makes it easier to abstract the images you see, filling in the gaps between perception and imagination. In fact, the game doesn't tell you very much at all, relying instead on comical, nonspecific musings in the second person, as if to include the player in the omnipresent "we." The development team cited the films of **David Lynch** as a major influence for the game, which seems like a natural comparison to draw for the fractured, unassuming narrative that slowly unfolds from the game's first click. The sounds and pieces of music in the game fit the mildly mystical tone, from a fireside jam session with Guthrie, down to the little noises made by local wildlife as they flee from your Scythian warrior's approach. *Superbrothers* takes the point-and-click adventure game and turns it in a completely new direction. —Henry Glasheen

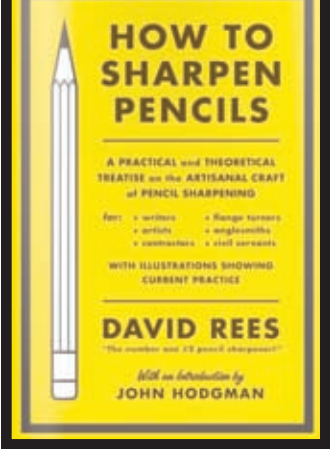
The Dream Factory: Fender Custom Shop
Tom Wheeler
Hal Leonard Corporation
Street: 09.01.11

I'm conflicted about how I feel about this book. On the one hand, it's almost 600 pages of the sexiest guitars in the world. On the other, it's a book about the internal workings of the Fender Custom Shop and its employees, from the mid-'80s to the present. Don't get me wrong, I have enormous respect for the artists who create these beautiful guitars. It's just that the stories of them working and building the shop weren't enough to hold my interest for that kind of page count. But goddamn, are those guitars pretty. There are some gems mixed in here about famous artists and the guitars they custom ordered, but it'd be nice if there were more of that. It's expensive (\$75), but if you're looking for a nice coffee table book with plenty of guitar eye candy, pick this one up. —Johnny Logan

How To Sharpen Pencils
David Rees
Melville House
Street: 04.10

is plenty of humor throughout, *How To Sharpen Pencils* begins to get repetitive and loses its comical steam well before the halfway point. While it might make a nice novelty gift, this book is not wish-list material by any means. —Johnny Logan

Maximum Rad: The Iconic Covers of Thrasher Magazine
Thrasher Magazine
Universe
Street: 02.21



David Rees might be taking his new book too seriously. You see, kids, Rees is a political cartoonist, or, according to his new promotional website for the book, *artisanalpencilsharpening.com*, he "used to be a political cartoonist." The premise being that Rees has quit his job and taken up pencil sharpening professionally. You can even order an "artisanally sharpened pencil," complete with a signed and dated certificate of authentication, for \$15 from the website—from every page of the website. The book itself is exactly as the title indicates, instructing readers on both the "practical and theoretical" aspects of sharpening a pencil. Though there

In 1981, some Norcal skate cretins sought to create the ultimate skate rag, a dirt-in-the-nails, seat-of-the-drawers tome written exclusively for (and by) skate rats. Sure, contenders have stepped up (*Transworld* censors, *Big Brother*'s rotting in **Larry Flynt**'s porn locker and *SLAP*'s just a noob trolling website now), but unless you're still pushin' mongo, you know that *Thrasher*'s the only one of 'em that really matters (**Balma** didn't coin the term "Skate and Destroy," did he?). *Thrasher*'s always been on that real shit: lingo, inside jokes, boneheads, pool pushers and unsung raw-dogs, and this heady collection of covers only solidifies the deal. It's virtually impossible to narrow down, but some personal faves include January '82 (**Mike Smith** strapped in cholo khakis and Vans high-tops), June '85 (**Cab** with dreads), March '87 (**Jeff Phillips** whoops **Tony Hawk** whilst trippin' balls), February '91 (**Ed Templeton** sez "NC-17 means 'No Crybabies!')", May '94 (**Gonz** asks "Hey, do I look like a street skater?") and September '94 (at war with Satan). Plus a heaping mound o' word turds and commentaries by all the heads that make this "sport" the greatest, and you've got an essential slab of skate history right at your grubby, grip-raw fingertips. All hail **Cardiel**, **Fausto** and **Shao**, rest in power, **Jake Phelps** for president. You know the drill. —Dylan Chadwick

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BEERREVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Summer has set in, and this god-awful, dry-ass heat makes me want to drown myself in an ample amount of booze. That's where our outstanding Utah brewers come in. This set of beer reviews is a teaser to reflect what we've come to expect from our fine local brewers and breweries. Here are some lagers to soothe us in that heat and a hopped-up brew for all those lupulin-crazed assholes out there who haven't had enough enamel ripped off their teeth.

Skipping Stone Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Co.
ABV: 4%

Serving: 12 oz Bottle

Description: Skipping Stone pours very light in color with a bright white head that dissipates quickly. The aroma is very clean with hints of citrus, soft hops and a crisp malt backing. The taste is similar to the aroma, with that bright citrus character coming through on each sip and soft hops and malt on the finish.

Overview: Part of Uinta's April-August release, this summer lager comes just in time. This is a very light, easy-to-drink pale lager that matches up with spicy food, or does just fine as something to swill down out in the heat. If this wasn't a craft brew, I'd have to say I found a new chugging beer. Its refreshing, light hop character and clean malt leave a little residual flavor on your tongue to keep you wanting more.

Cervesa de Media Noche Brewery/Brand: Hoppers
ABV: 4%

Serving: On Tap

Description: On tap at the pub, this Latin American lager is served crystal clear in its pint with a deep, brown color and nice, big head. The aromatics open up to caramel, dark fruits and a clean toasted roast. The taste is malty at the beginning, with soft, roasted character carrying you through to a balance of smooth fruitiness.

Overview: Donovan Steele (Brewmaster at Hoppers) has stunned me again. This lager was made using Vienna- and Pilsner-based malts, Chilean chocolate malt, Chilean dark caramel and flaked corn to create an impressively balanced dark lager. This dark lager is smooth and easy to drink, and still puts off a refreshing flavor perfect for beating the heat.

Crest Trail American Pale Ale Brewery/Brand: Squatters Small Batch Series

ABV: 5.5%

Serving: 750 ml Bottle



Description: The newest from the small batch series pours a clear, yellow/orange hue with a nice, frothy, white head. The aroma has plenty of piney hops with caramel malts and citrus smells coming in near the end. On the palate, the flavors are mellow: sweet malts, floral hops and a nice combination of a lingering malt and dry, pine-hop character on the finish.

Overview: This is one of my all-time favorite drafts to come out of Squatters Pub. Seeing this made me more stoked than I was to see **Jason Stock** (Squatters Brewmaster) rocking the pants-down look in *SLUG*'s last Beer Issue. I'm not normally one to say higher point is better, but I was glad to see that this was chosen for their small batch series because it gave the brewers more play with hops and upped their malt content. As we all know, using simple drinker's math, more hops plus more malt equals bigger beer boner. Unfortunately, by the time you read this, this particular batch will be sold out. Keep your eyes peeled for its next release!



The servers may be lousy, but they're well informed.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

The Avengers Disney In Theaters: 05.04



Ever since **Samuel L. Jackson** uttered those three special words ("The Avengers Initiative") in the secret, end credit scene in 2008's *Iron Man*, geeks have been clamoring to see the ultimate on-screen comic book experience that would unite four of the largest Marvel franchises in one cinematic production. Four years and five movies later, **Joss Whedon** has been deemed the one true director to lead the charge in developing this culmination of superheroes and, in return, has delivered the greatest comic book movie of all time. When the once-thought-to-be-dead God of Mischief, **Loki (Tom Hiddleston)**, resurfaces on Earth in search of the Tesseract, a source of unlimited energy, a ragtag group of egotistical and misguided superheroes including Iron Man (**Robert Downey Jr.**), Captain America (**Chris Evans**), Thor (**Chris Hemsworth**), The Hulk (**Mark Ruffalo**), Black Widow (**Scarlett Johansson**) and Hawkeye (**Jeremy Renner**) must set aside their differences and learn to work together before the planet is destroyed in an intergalactic invasion. Whedon has achieved the impossible, offering non-stop excitement that refuses to slow down even during the brilliant dialogue that allows each member of his talented ensemble cast their moment in the spotlight. Whedon does all of this without leaving any character in the shadows. Every range of emotion is handled with careful precision for

each character, which allows Whedon to build upon the already established solid foundation the previous Marvel films set up so efficiently. It's evident Whedon has nothing but respect for the source materials, and his love shines through every frame of this Marvel-ous personification of filmmaking.

Battleship Universal In Theaters: 05.18

As if 1985's *Clue* wasn't enough to sustain the desires of game enthusiasts, the preposterous trend of adapting board games into feature-length movies has resurfaced with the sloppy splash that is **Peter Berg's Battleship**. When a group of scientists attempt to contact an Earth-like planet in another galaxy by blasting a signal through space, they're surprised to receive a response six years later in the form of an attack that pits the United States Navy against the intergalactic invaders. Leading the fight for the survival of the human race is hot-tempered Lieutenant Alex Hopper (**Taylor Kitsch**), his responsible brother, Commander Stone Hopper (**Alexander Skarsgård**), both of whom are under the command of stringent Admiral Shane (**Liam Neeson**). Berg is the poor man's **Michael Bay**, as he too refuses to present any form of genuine character development and tries to disguise this fact with explosions and loud music. Except, in Bay's defense, he can actually direct comprehensible action sequences with striking CGI-images. Berg, on the other hand, shakes the camera to its breaking point and booms **AC/DC** at every possible moment, neither of which help the situation. Along with the drab action, clichéd dialogue and chintzy effects, not one actor delivers a fitting performance. Like the board game, the movie adaptation of *Battleship* is simple, boring and only gets better with the addition of copious amounts of alcohol.

Dark Shadows
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 05.11
Tim Burton strolls into familiar territory with his reimagining of the gothic soap opera that ran on ABC from 1966 to 1971, generating 1,225 episodes. He brings along his gang of pale misfits including **Johnny Depp**, **Helena**

Bonham Carter and composer **Danny Elfman**. In 1752, a wealthy entrepreneur (Depp) is transformed into a blood-thirsty vampire by a jealous witch (**Eva Green**) and buried in the ground for two centuries. After being unearthed by accident in the 1970s, he finds his family legacy in ruins and his distant relatives in desperate need of guidance. What starts out as a humorous tale filled with gruesome happenings that once again showcase Depp's talents, quickly spirals out of control with spotty CGI, lackluster characters and a poor excuse for a third act that leaves nothing but a taste of buyer's remorse. One of the biggest frustrations with the film is the lack of utilization of Burton's ensemble cast. Rather than using the on-hand gifts of **Jonny Lee Miller**, **Jackie Earle Haley** or **Chloë Grace Moretz**, we're given more time with another lackluster Carter performance. Burton's films still possess the same look and feel of his previous creations, but the passion and essence that made cult classics like *Edward Scissorhands* and *Beetlejuice* so fantastic seems to be slipping away as though the director has set his ingenuity on autopilot.

The Dictator
Paramount
In Theaters: 05.18
As soon as an image of **Kim Jong Il** appears on the screen to open **Sacha Baron Cohen's** latest delectably distasteful escape with superimposed text reading, "In Loving Memory," you're immediately reminded of the no-holds-barred attitude the comedian has with his projects and the waft of imminent vulgarity instantly enters the room. Partnering with director **Larry Charles** for the third time, Cohen stars as the merciless General Aladeen, who has led the country of Wadiya with an iron fist since before he could crawl. While on a trip to America to ease tensions between the two nations, a failed assassination attempt on Aladeen forces the dictator into the gutters of New York with no identity and into the care of political activist, Zoey (**Anna Faris**). Sadly enough, the film's speed bumps come from the conservative love story between Cohen and Faris. Cohen is a master at upsetting the general public with his crude concoctions. Forcing him to settle down for a romantic subplot is equivalent to clipping a bald

eagle's wings, then setting it on fire. Rather than waiting the recommended 22.3 years (thank you, *South Park*) to poke fun at monumental catastrophes, Cohen takes comedic aim at 9/11 and unleashes a rapid-fire assault. The more offensive Cohen becomes, the more entertained audiences will be. I'm a true believer that if you make fun of everyone, no one can be that upset. If that's true, with Cohen at the helm, not one soul can walk out of this movie slighted.

Safety Not Guaranteed FilmDistrict In Theaters: 06.22

"WANTED: Someone to go back in time with me. This is not a joke. P.O. Box 91, Ocean view, WA. You'll get paid after we get back. Must bring your own weapons. SAFETY NOT GUARANTEED. I have only done this once before." Based on a real ad published in a magazine in the mid-'90s, *Safety Not Guaranteed* tells a heartwarming tale of three magazine employees who go to Ocean View, Wash. to find the story behind the ad. Posing as an interested candidate, Darius, (**Aubrey Plaza**) the unmotivated intern, strikes up an unlikely friendship with the quirky and charmingly childish, self-proclaimed time traveler, Kenneth (**Mark Duplass**). Once he deems her trustworthy, Kenneth begins to train Darius for their time traveling mission to go back to 2001 and avoid the loss of their respective loved ones. Meanwhile, her coworkers, Arnau (**Karan Soni**), a nerdy biology major, and her douchey boss Jeff (**Jake Johnson**), go on their own adventures—Jeff unsuccessfully revisits an old flame and Arnau finally gets laid with the help of Jeff. The story between Darius and Kenneth was the strongest of the plot lines. Though she's definitely been type-cast, Plaza plays her role well as a socially awkward young woman who finds a connection with the paranoid but adorable character of Kenneth. Duplass' role is the highlight of the film, as Kenneth at times seems mildly insane, and the audience is left to wonder whether his time traveling mission is reality, or construed by a scrambled mind, until the finale. Though I could've done without Jeff and Arnau's storyline, overall the movie left me smiling, and I can see it being a favorite among all you sentimental indie kids.

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

B-Side
B Myself and I
Green Light Records
Street: 08.06
B-Side = Snoop Dogg + Dr. Dre + Usher



This debut album from B-Side (**Bryant Masina**) is well produced and his concepts sound fully formed. His cadence flows nicely over the beats, which are just as much R&B and reggae as they are hip hop. The synth lead on the track “Wassup Uce” reminds me of something off *The Chronic*. “Cleaning Out the Lake” is an ego-infused hip hop anthem, writing off weed raps, talentless emcees and, ironically, haters—particularly in Utah’s hip hop scene. B-Side’s subject matter is struggle-oriented, detailing the experience of a Polynesian transplant in Salt Lake, but it is ultimately an optimistic memoir of his experiences. *B Myself and I* may not sound entirely original—the West Coast gangster rap production style is obvious—but it has good variety and great rapping. If nothing else, it’s a testament to the talent that resides in Salt Lake City. —*Chris Proctor*

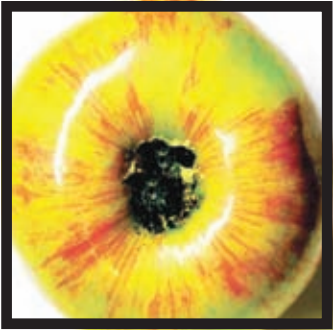
Budnick
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 02.11
Budnick = The Ergs! + Lookout! Records-era Green Day

I was immediately drawn to this local pop-punk EP for three reasons: 1. The band is named after the red-mulleted prankster from the classic kids’ TV series, *Salute Your Shorts*; 2. Closing track “Who Wrote Holden McNeil?” is a reference to both **Screeching Weasel** and *Chasing Amy*; 3. The cover art by notable punk artist **Cristy Road** is pretty rad. The two best songs are named after characters from **Kevin Smith** movies (“Song For Banky” and the aforementioned “Holden”). Budnick vocalist **Josh**



Recker (ex-**The Hung Ups**) has a certain charm, as he combines the roughness of Gainesville-style bands with the nasally style of East Bay pop-punk, but a little more polish wouldn’t hurt the band’s sound. The first two songs sound pretty damn similar, and I could do without the acoustic ballad near the EP’s end, but no matter what, I’m always gonna like fast, three-chord songs about dudes who can’t get girlfriends. Hopefully, Budnick puts out some new stuff soon, because this EP has a lot of promise. Listen at *budnick.bandcamp.com*. —*Ricky Vigil*

Burnell Washburn
An Apple a Day EP
Wasatch Renaissance
Street: 04.07
Burnell Washburn = El-P + Eyedea



Underground local star Burnell Washburn has graced the 801 with his new EP, *An Apple a Day*, a soul-medicating compilation of indie production, urban storytelling and poetic positivity. Burnell has hit a passionate stride with the predecessor to his upcoming August LP. Washburn spits with a cerebral style, endearingly passionate with a bite of the unique and unexpected. His balance of speed and thought-provoking flow are evident on track four. Washburn has a gentle vocal projection that ebbs and

flows with implicit honesty and potent wording. His infamous work ethic is apparent in this over-achieving EP. —*Meera Masud*

Burning Olympus
Words Taken From Books
Self-Released
Street: 04.19
Burning Olympus = Sparklehorse + Sonic Youth’s “Incinerate”
Words Taken From Books caught me off guard in a good way. These five songs are lustrous and captivating, with a spacey, dream-rock vibe and just enough grunginess. Vocalist **Devin Powell** is successfully emotive and visceral, while the band handles the rest with lo-fi texture and intriguing rock patterns. Being self-recorded is advantageous in that it creates a more intimate, welcoming sound, and this is no exception—however, this release seems to be too short to get an entirely solid grasp of their style. I’m interested to see where Burning Olympus goes from here. In the meantime, don’t overlook this short and sweet album—the track “The Dark Of The Soul” in particular. —*Kia McGinnis*

Despite Despair/Gunner
Unyoke
Self-Released
Street: 04.18
Despite Despair/Gunner = Botch + The Ghost Inside + early Pelican



Squealing guitars and gritty breakdowns dot the mathcore landscape of this local split, which showcases two bands with similar influences to create undeniably different, but thematically similar music. Despite Despair begins with “Elohim,” a short track which starts slow and somber, with twangy, dissonant grooves reminiscent of Pelican’s *Australasia*. After building into a rapid sonic attack, their

side of the split starts picking up speed with a strong influence from the hardcore side of ’90s crossover. Gunner then takes the lead with “Atlas Quarterfold,” which varies between high-energy math-core and somber post-hardcore passages. The melodies seem more consistent on Gunner’s half of the split, carrying through the song instead of meandering through moody post-rock ambience. With plenty of variety in speed and style, this split goes through far more material than its modest 23-minute run time might suggest. —*Henry Glasheen*

Dirtbags Don’t Die
Self-Titled
Self Released
Street: 02.27
Dirtbags Don’t Die = Marky Ramone + the Intruders + Mouthwash + Left Alone



Dirtbags Don’t Die reminds me of those **Hellicat Records** compilations, *Give ‘Em the Boot*, which were full of all sorts of punk, hardcore, ska and a ton of other genres. Dirtbags Don’t Die can blast out top-notch punk rock, like on “Suckerpunch,” and the next thing you know, they’re seamlessly slipping into a laid-back ska tune like “I Remember.” This Park City trio is as versatile as they are talented, with each member taking their turn at lead vocal duties. Lots of punk bands can get by doing the three-chord shuffle for an entire record. Few can keep each track fresh and surprise us with what comes next track by track, while keeping things cohesive enough that it all seems to work together as one record. Pick up *Dirtbags Don’t Die* at *Raunch* and hear exactly what I’m talking about. —*James Orme*

Discoïd A
Goods and Services
Self-Released
Street: 04.21

Discoïd A = Crustina Aguilera + Doom + Handicapitalist
Good god damn, this thing is fun! What started as an “acoustic D-beat” band has morphed into a full-blown loud machine. Recorded with one mic, this release encompasses an astounding 37 songs in 36 minutes, and it is one of the dirtiest punk rock recordings I’ve ever heard. While I’m sure the band would want me to trash this release, I refuse—it’s far too entertaining and, well, pissed-right-the-fuck-off. What Discoïd A may lack in musical talent, they make up for in balls-to-the-wall intensity and sheer will—these are kids who play loud, fast and gnarly, and they do it with the most sincere and old-school of intentions: playing music because they simply love doing it. Besides, any band that writes songs about such inane subjects as beans and rice, strawberry daiquiris and Jesus being a brown dude deserves anyone’s attention ... right? —*Gavin Hoffman*

DJ Shanty
Megatherium
Self-Released
Street: 04.17
DJ Shanty = El-P + Blockhead



The master of the turntables for local hip hop legends **The Numbs** has not been idle since 2011’s *Soulburn* release. The production of *Megatherium*, an instrumental beat album, is halfway between classic video games, breakbeats and world music with buzzed-out bass behind tight snare and rich woodblock and tom drum hits. The overall tone is dark and deep, almost brooding. The record is perfect for staying up late, sitting in front of your computer and getting shit done, which I imagine is how it was made. With guest appearances by **Mark Dago** and **Red Sky Phenomenon** bookending the album, Shanty and his glitchy, catchy beats take center stage and hold your attention easily for the duration. Favorites include “Hyperjump” and “Tape Edit,” but everything here is good. Definitely different than a Numbs release, and an awesome chance to see a fantastic local producer hold it down. —*Rio Connelly*

Doomed to Extinction
Recorded at Raunch Records

Self-Released
Street: 02.20
Doomed to Extinction = Cry Now, Cry Later compilation + Carcinogen + Noothgrush x Meth
This is a batch of three recording sessions slapped onto one CD-R from a salty trio of grindcrushers, all captured (as the title suggests) in *Raunch*’s back room. Doomed to Extinction cops their name from a killer **Disrupt** cut, and the nominal homage lends a solid, sonic reference point for the liminal space they occupy, like crud under a toenail, ’tween grind, crust and sludge. Highlights include a **Rudimentary Peni** cover (saw this ‘un live—bitchin’), “Dope Sick Mom” (groovin’ on a burned out scene, not unlike something swimming in the collapsed veins of **Eyehategod**), “Paisano” (bass tone? You animals want bass tone?) and “Doomed to Extinction” (jammy and threatening, like “Damaged” soaked in a gallon of bile). Write to P.O. Box 521174, SLC, UT 85152 (maybe send a frog skin or two) for your own copy. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Nick Foster
Total Data
Self-Released
Street: 08.16
Nick Foster = Daedelus + Claude VonStroke + The Glitch Mob
When I played the first track from Nick Foster’s *Total Data*, it seemed erratic, busy and slightly irritating—“Just Pick Yes” made me want to just say no. It has a mix of samples put together without fluidity that made me feel like my ears were being drilled by infomercials. I decided to give the album a second chance and listen to it with a completely open mind, so I smoked a doobie and pressed play. Unfortunately, not even my heroine, Mary Jane, could save this album for me. Consisting of 20 tracks, none of which exceed three minutes, *Total Data* was a bad orgy of sounds that just couldn’t get me off. The track that didn’t make me want to shove rocks in my ears was “Habit Halibut. TV Fish n’ Drips.” It sounded like a really cool video game set in a future world where everything is done ten times faster. It honestly just might not be my cup of tea, so I would suggest listening to it and forming your own opinion—which will most likely be identical to mine. —*Mama Beatz*

Stark Raving Mad
Losin’ Ta Will it All
Self-Released
Street: 04.21
Stark Raving Mad = Against Me! + Avail + Punk dudes with musical talent

I always vomit a little when bands pull that “Oh, we’re not like other bands” thing, so Stark Raving Mad, who tout a manifesto like “Easily Defined, Easily Defeated” and piece hunks of ska, Gainesville melodies and cowpunk into a raucous punk sound, should have me blowing bruschetta all over my damn room ... but I’m not. You see, for all their musical deviations, they’re rooted pretty heavily in all things traditional. I hear **Lawrence Arms**, **Suicide Machines**,

Vandals (those leads on “Fishing with Dynamite”) and even **Sublime** (yuck), and so throaty anthems like “Gamblin,” “Expedite the Process” and “Atmosphere,” don’t needlessly alienate when the geetars get to squalling, but intrigue in their depth and flourishing musical complexity. I could do without the wacko monologues (do rats really not have shoulders?), but self-assured songwriting this tight just can’t go without a few dollops of praise on my end. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Stories of Ambition
What Are Words Without Meaning
Tanzan Recordings/Zach Warren
Street: 01.18
Stories of Ambition = early Atreyu + As I Lay Dying
Stories of Ambition is ambitious, indeed. While the band has added members since the recording, everything on this album was written and performed (or in the case of the drums, written and programmed) by one man, **Zach Hyte**, formerly of **Oh, Antarctica**. I don’t care what genre you are, that is impressive as fuck, and so is the talent on this EP. Vocal lines are clean, strong and smooth, reminiscent of more vocal-heavy bands like **Saosin**, but with an added metal punch. Production value is excellent, as is the mixing, allowing little moments like layered vocal chants and held-out guitar notes to really shine. The use of electronics is modest and its placement is well chosen. All the hardcore/metalcore elements are here: thick riffs, brutal breakdowns and catchy melodic hooks, and they’re well written, if not quite “breaking the mold” on the familiar genre. The guest guitar solo by **If We Start This Fire’s Austin Cochran** in “Deadlist” is one of the best moments, adding deeper, traditional metal roots with its old school tone. This is a short but notable ride from a born musician. —*Megan Kennedy*

Summerteeth
Lurking Danger
Self-Released
Street: 02.28
Summerteeth = The New Pornographers + Phoenix



After putting out their EP *How I Got in the Room* last December, Summerteeth apparently made a quick trip back to the studio, as they released their second full-length album, *Lurking Danger*, this past

February. The ten-track album is a nice mix of folk-rock, with the group’s strong vocals blending well with their talented musicianship. The album opens with a great tune called “Evening Star Rising,” which sets the stage nicely for the rest of the album that features more of the same. Another strong tune is “More Than Ever,” which comes halfway through the record and breathes some new life into the album. With each song being less than four minutes in length, the album is a quick and enjoyable listen. Even though the band has been together for just over a year now, their sound is tight, and *Lurking Danger* is another step forward for the local group. —*Jory Carroll*

Thunderfist
Self-Titled
ECG Records
Street: 02.26
Thunderfist = Nashville Pussy + Motörhead + Zeke
Metal bands tend to take themselves dead serious these days, but Thunderfist is that one band sitting in the corner, getting drunk and disorderly, laughing at everything—including themselves. Playing with the energy of a drunken barroom brawl, and with the scent of cheap whiskey on their simple, **Lemmy**-inspired lyrics, these guys raise their pints to catchy southern rock riffs and **Jeremy Cardenas**’ gravely half-growled singing. This is roadhouse rock n’ roll at its finest, with **Tom Wierzbicky**’s jaunty drums providing driving rhythms for **Sean Gallagher**’s deep fried blues riffs. **Jordan Ryan**’s solos never overstay their welcome, adding flair and a little classic heavy metal action to the mix. “The Wizard’s Lament” travels into the deepest recesses of their nerdy side, with heavy stoner doom riffs and lyrics depicting high adventure with swords and sorcery. —*Henry Glasheen*

Uncle Scam
Fly Free
Self-Released
Street: 03.16
Uncle Scam = Collective Soul + Veruca Salt + Red Hot Chili Peppers

Despite parting ways with their rhythm section in late 2011, the remaining members of Uncle Scam pressed on as a duo, working with session musicians to put together this full-length album one track at a time. Compared to the rest of their catalogue, *Fly Free* actually takes some risks on the lyrical front, showing frontwoman **Ischa B**’s talent in hitting the vein of emotional wreckage. Musically, the band hasn’t grown beyond their bar-rock origins, which in many ways turns what would be powerful ballads and rock numbers into dismissible radio jargon you’d find playing on a mid-day shift. Aside from **Raffi Shahinian**’s experimentation as a guitarist, the band’s sound as a whole hasn’t progressed much beyond emulating mid-’90s beats and riffs. But, if they’re more comfortable playing a genre gone by, let them run with it! For all we know, they’ll help bring it back. —*Sean Poorman*

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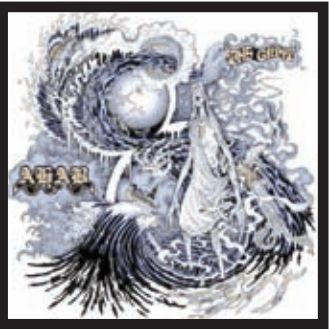
MUSICREVIEWS

10 Ft. Ganja Plant
10 Deadly Shots Vol. II
ROIR
Street: 04.24
10 Ft. Ganja Plant = Toots & the Maytals + The Abyssinians
– vocals



This reggae super group is just so damn tight. The 10 jams on this second volume of instrumental tracks are some of the most focused, refined pieces in the genre. Classic two-step with a laid-back tempo, the lack of vocals is made up for with consistency and easy listening. Snappy drums, rich bass and the expressive playing of guitarist and keyboardist **Roger Rivas**, on loan from **The Aggrolites**, makes this a perfect, chilling record. It definitely does not have as much horn section presence as their last release, but it's lots of fun anyway. The tracks are all solid, but usually don't have a hook to make them distinct, which doesn't matter—just let the whole record play through! This is afternoon-on-the-porch music and the kind of reggae you don't have to be high to enjoy. —*Rio Connelly*

Ahab
The Giant
Napalm
Street: 05.25
Ahab = While Heaven Wept + Evoken + Mournful Congregation
Germany's Ahab offer a gracious and fascinating metal nod to the American epic novel by **Herman Melville**, *Moby Dick*. The band's self-dubbed "nautik doom metal," crafted by former gothic metallers **Midnattsol**, has been blowing salt-stenched air in the faces of listeners since their acclaimed 2006 debut, *The Call of the Wretched Sea*. *The Giant*, while ripe and rampant in dirgeland, is less abrasive and more contemplative,



more in the style of epic doom metal. The down-tuned riffing (still present) morphs into more developed songs less intent on sounding gritty and nasty and more open and sweeping—expect some magnificent guitar solos. "Aeons Elapse" and "Antarctica the Polymorphess" are a fresh, pontificating, pungent mix of the prior funeral doom influence in Ahab's sound, and the stuff of epic doom legend—see **Candlemass** and **While Heaven Wept**. The breathing room provided by large, meandering melodies and songwriting intent on crafting a flowing record makes *The Giant* Ahab's best effort. Its multiple layers and diminished influence of dirge begs for repeated listens. —*Bryer Wharton*

Allah-Las
Tell Me (What's On Your Mind) EP
Innovative Leisure
Street: 04.17
Allah-Las = Growlers + Nick Waterhouse + Night Beats
This four-song EP did exactly what any good EP does: made me anxious for this '60s-influenced, surf-pop four-piece to release their full-length album. I fell in love with this group after seeing them open for the Growlers earlier this year, and then twice more during SXSW, and I am happy to finally have a handful of tracks to curb my Allah-Las withdrawals. *Tell Me* features some of my favorites from the group: "Catamaran," which inspires visions of sunsets on beaches and hand-holding, and "Long Journey," sung by the band's drummer, which I think might be the sexiest love song of the year. The EP also includes the instrumental "Sacred Sands" and the title track from the EP, "Tell Me (What's On Your Mind)." I wish this had clocked in at eight tracks instead of four. —*Jeanette D. Moses*

Andre Williams & The Sadies
Night & Day
Yep Roc
Street: 05.15
Andre Williams = Barry White + Ike Turner



For an elderly former junkie, Andre Williams sure is prolific. This is his third album to come out this year, and his first with Canada's finest live band: The Sadies. To be fair, the songs on *Night & Day* were recorded in two separate sessions, the first one was several years ago. In the time between sessions, Williams kicked his drug habit and toured nonstop. In an attempt to get him his due, The Sadies returned to the studio to finish up the record. The result is a classic Andre Williams collection. The opening track, "I Got to Get Shorty Out of Jail," pairs the signature Sadies groove with a few gravelly, spoken verses about coming to a friend's rescue. "America (You Say Change is Gonna Come)" details the complicated, unvarnished feelings that a 70-year-old black man has for a country that has not always been kind. This is a common theme on the first half of the record. The second part, recorded after a successful stint in rehab, is much more positive. With "Hey Baby!" Williams lays down a classic motor-city love duet à la **Ike** and **Tina**. In fact, there are so many bright spots on this album that you almost forget about the low parts. That being said, it's a damn good thing that they're there, because it is in showcasing this dichotomy that the aging crooner walks the listener through his journey. The difference, dare I say, is night and day. Good on you, Andre, good on you (06.08 and 06.09 with **Gold Stars** @ *Garage on Beck*). —*James Bennett*

Architects (UK)
Daybreaker
Century Media
Street: 06.05
Architects = Misery Signals + Your Demise + The Dead Lay Waiting



UK metal outfit Architects have raised the bar on their newest album and delivered a full-blown adventure of metalcore deliciousness. I absolutely love **Sam Carter**'s vocals on this album. From the strained, emotional screaming that rips through your chest like a hanging hook in a butcher shop to the strong, clean vocals in tracks like "Truth, Be Told," he is impressive throughout. The melody on this album is incredibly cinematic—the end of "Daybreak" is a prime example. Listen to the clean, lilting singing lifting over beautiful fretwork and anxious keyboards, and try not to imagine yourself in some action movie escape sequence. This album has great accessibility in its range: from the sorrowful "Behind The Throne" to the bipolar, rage-filled despair of "Devil's Island." The musical tone reminds me of metalcore in its heyday in the early '00s, and yet grown up somehow, more complex, with more attention to composition and detail. The album drags you in whether you like it or not, boxes your ears a bit, and then releases you exhausted, surprised and glad you listened. —*Megan Kennedy*

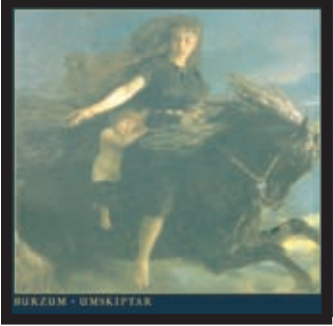
The Brian Jonestown Massacre
Aufheben
A Records
Street: 05.01
The Brian Jonestown Massacre = Spacemen 3 - J Spaceman + Jarvis Cocker + Middle Eastern sitar tomfoolery



Were it not for hours upon hours logged at my crappy Walgreens glg, developing photos and listening to **Jim Croce** and **Strawberry Alarm Clock** over the PA, I'd have forever construed The Brian Jonestown Massacre as another British drone-clone, spawned 'midst the '80s **Jesus and Mary Chain/Creation Records** orgy ... but the Yankee lilt of "Walking Up to Handgrenades" (a tinny, Haight-Ashbury reinterpretation of **The Stone Roses'** "Fools Gold") or the swimmy wash of "Clouds are Lies" prove that for all the bleating British-ism the band espouses (**Zeppelin**, **New Order**, **Beatles** lyrical puns and pilfered **Stones** riffs), their primary trip is their home-brewed, San Franciscan psych. *Aufheben* has the standard BJM vibe, simple songs that perpetually unravel into the stratosphere, fuzzy and tunelessly laconic, with a tribal Middle Eastern yowl (you know, instruments with unpronounceable names) squirted atop the ambient casserole. Oh, and apparently, "Aufheben" is German for "bitchin' drum hypnosis." Absolute truth. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Burzum

Umskiptar
Candlelight
Street: 05.22
Burzum = Belus + Fallen + Filosofem



Having—somewhat ironically—been shunned by black metal purists and chosen as the poster boy for “hipster black metal,” Burzum (aka **Varg Vikernes**) returns with his third full-length since his release from a Norwegian prison in May 2009, and it’s a great one. With lyrics taken from a Norse poem called “Völuspá,” *Umskiptar* has the feel of a concept album without relying solely on the concept. It is the slowest album Burzum has released to date, tempo-wise, but it is well rounded and

well thought out. *Umskiptar* is definitely moody without venturing into the realm of shoegaze, proving once again that Vikernes—love him or hate him—is totally in his own realm when it comes to the music he creates. Hipster black metallers, Vikernes has one-upped you again. Black metal purists, don’t sleep on this, as much as you’d like to tell yourselves to. —*Gavin Hoffman*

Dntel

Aimlessness
Pampa Records
Street: 06.05
Dntel = The Postal Service (duh) + E*vax + Glass/Reich + Copy + SoCal STRK



There is something somewhat magical about the way **Jimmy Tamborello** creates his beats and sounds. The Postal Service was one of the best collaborations to come out of the 2000s, even if you didn’t like **Death Cab For Cutie** (a band which I openly, vehemently loathe), and for me, what made that record work so well were the sounds. Tamborello tends to make electronic music that sounds warm and melodic, reminiscent of an 8-bit video game, full of anime animals and hugs. This is not quite that album, however. This is more of a moody gentleman, a little darker, with a little more of an ambient and scattered style, more like the pulse of an urban atmospheric landscape. Guest artist **Baths** fleshes out some of the ambience on the track “Still,” and the vocals lend it some grounding power, but wholly, the album thrives in the dream worlds where anything can happen until you wake up—and, even then, you’re just another set of taillights on the freeway. —*Mary Houdini*

Emily Jane White

Ode to Sentience
Antenna Farm
Street: 06.12
Emily Jane White = Laura Gibson + Sharon Van Etten + Nick Drake
White’s third album is chock full of strings, piano and acoustic guitar-nooding, weaved together with dark lyrics and her somber voice. If you almost fell asleep through that description, good luck listening to *Ode to Sentience* straight through. The tracks feature repetitive themes throughout the record, with dramatic orchestral strings ac-

companying White’s smoky voice, which rarely fluctuates from a soft, delicate demeanor. The song “Requiem Waltz,” which appears near the end of the record, is one of the few refreshing breaks from the dragging sounds found on the rest of the album. The 3/4 time signature gives direction to the song, and you finally feel like White’s going somewhere instead of just floating around in the middle of the ocean at night. The album is filled with beautiful music, but at the same time, a lot of the songs sound the same, which makes it hard to stay interested. —*Jory Carroll*

Gossip

A Joyful Noise
Columbia
Street: 05.22
Gossip = Peaches + Yeah Yeah Yeahs + Santigold



Rumor has it that **Beth Ditto** was listening to a lot of **ABBA** while recording Gossip’s fifth full-length album. While I openly admit to being a Ditto fanboy (I cheered when she removed her dress during their SXSW performance and was once pushed to the front of a pack of lesbians by my best friend during one of their shows at *Urban Lounge*—they weren’t thrilled), I just can’t fully embrace the effect ABBA might have had on this release. *A Joyful Noise* lacks the intensity of earlier Gossip albums and feels too much like a slick, overproduced disco record for my taste. The album isn’t bad, but it doesn’t seem to pack the punch that was found on their previous release, *Music for Men*. Although *A Joyful Noise* doesn’t give me quite the lady-boner that earlier Gossip releases have, it still has its high points. My favorite tracks were “Get a Job,” “Horns” and “I Won’t Play.” —*Jeanette D. Moses*

Havok

Point of No Return
Candlelight
Street: 05.22
Havok = Anthrax + Megadeth + Municipal Waste
Havok’s *Time is Up* was one of my favorite albums of 2011, so it’s great to see the Denver thrash crew putting out another release in 2012. *Point of No Return* is a four-track EP with two original songs, and two covers (**Sepultura**’s “Arise” and **Slayer**’s “Postmortem/Raining Blood,” respectively). The two new



tracks are bangers, featuring tight-as-hell musicianship, whiplash-inducing breakdowns and terrific soloing. The thrash resurgence has been hanging out for a while and is on the downward slope, and so only a few worthy bands will remain. Havok is one of those bands. Instead of imitating their predecessors, they take musical cues and bring them into the present. Perhaps this is the best case that can be made for the cover songs, which are fun, but not necessarily substantial. However, when the updated riffs and modern-day rhythm of Havok is taken in context with those covers, you get a clear picture as to why these guys are the cream of the crop. —*Peter Fryer*

Heavy Cream

Super Treatment
Infinity Cat Recordings
Street: 05.08
Heavy Cream = The Kills x MC5
If you listen to this record and aren’t sold from the first impossibly degraded guitar chord, wait until you hear the vocals. Sounding like a **Pat Benatar** from the wrong side of the tracks, the singer manages to keep a coy edge to her voice even while snarling dangerously. Nashville’s Heavy Cream don’t merely have a wicked sound (assisted by production from **Ty Segall**), they crank out some of the fiercest garage blues since the **White Stripes** broke up. Pick this one up before it becomes trendy. —*Nate Housley*

Here We Go Magic

A Different Ship
Secretly Canadian
Street: 05.08
Here We Go Magic = Department of Eagles + half of Can
Here We Go Magic is a band name that has never been as fitting as it is now.



Their third LP, *A Different Ship* (another coincidentally fitting name) is by far the most evolved and unpredictable record the Brooklyn act has released to date. For starters, those who haven’t gotten enough of the advertised “magic” with the previous releases will appreciate the extra dose which producer **Nigel Godrich** of **Radiohead** has layered on this album. As showcased on tracks such as “Make Up Your Mind,” HWGM strays away from their simplistic psych roots into denser art-rock and kraut atmospheres. Old fans can see the band’s evolution in the swaying and spacey “Alone But Moving,” as well as the modestly folkish “Miracle of Mary.” This album is a different ship indeed, one that very few would categorize as sinking. —*Gregory Gerulat*

Hot Water Music

Exister
Rise
Street: 05.15
Hot Water Music = Leatherface + Small Brown Bike + Against Me!



After eight long years, the holy saviors of *punknews.org*, the patron saints of *The Fest* and the idols of beard punks everywhere have returned with a new album. Of course, Hot Water Music hasn’t really been that inactive (frontmen **Chuck Ragan** and **Chris Wollard** embarked on solo projects, and three quarters of the band formed **The Draft**), so, in a lot of ways, *Exister* picks right up where *The New What Next* left off in 2004. Ragan’s voice is as full of fire as ever (seriously, the end of “Paid in Full” is still giving me chills), but the more contemplative side of his solo work also features prominently in songs such as “Drag My Body” and “Pledge Wore Thin.” Wollard’s songs are a bit more hit-and-miss—“Boy You’re Gonna Hurt Someone” probably shouldn’t be the second song on the album—but “Exister” and “Safety” are gems. *Exister* largely follows the same style of the band’s **Epitaph**-era output, and while it may not convert those who don’t already believe, it serves as an excellent comeback album for the band’s legion of fans. —*Ricky Vigil*

Jack White

Blunderbuss
Third Man Records

Street: 04.23
Jack White = The Dead Weather + Alabama Shakes + Jeff Beck



After years of being a “band guy” and a promoter of other musicians’ works, Jack White has finally come into his own. Being the sole writer of his first solo album, White creates a rock tour de force, seamlessly switching between traditional rock, blues, country and folk. Behind the powerful chords and falsetto vocals, White puts on a pure rock clinic with two different session bands, one made of all male performers and the other all women, with some tracks created on the spot with no song in mind. It takes a hell of a lot of talent to create something this vast and musically encompassing from little to nothing, and White executes it near perfectly with no ego or gimmick attached. This is one of those albums that people with rock aspirations will play repeatedly and dissect intensely for years to learn how to get that damn good. —*Gavin Sheehan*

The M Machine

Metropolis Pt. 1
OWSLA
Street: 04.24
The M Machine = Knife Party + Boyz Noize + ELO
Skrillex has once again made my life a whole lot better, this time through his label **OWSLA**, with the release of the debut conceptual EP from The M Machine. After listening to the first song, I knew I was in for a delightful surprise. “Deep Search” made me feel as if I was on a quest for an epic party. “Black” is my new favorite song because it embodies everything I love about EDM: complicated synths, seductive drums and crazy drops. Seeping with talent in every track, the production skills behind The M Machine are undeniable. *Metropolis Pt. 1* has a fluidity that I haven’t seen in a long time. This release took me along for an adventure of tantalizing synths and intense drum patterns that put me into a trance. —*Mama Beatz*

Marduk

Serpent Sermon
Century Media
Street: 06.05
Marduk = Antaeus + Arkhon Infautus + Bathory + Dark Funeral
I challenge anyone to argue that Marduk



hasn’t been consistently putting out good records since ’92. **Devo** and **Evil** have been the essential core of the band for decades, something I wish more black metal bands had. *Serpent Sermon* grabs your jugular with about as much subtlety as a dump truck in a minefield. The record comes off as a mix of *Opus Nocturne* and the overlooked 2003 record, *World Funeral*. There is ludicrous speed here in the drumming and some nastily good tremolo blazers—the stuff that makes you go, “Oh shit!” “Hail Mary (Piss-Soaked Geneflexion).” feels like repeated razors slicing skin in its particularly fast execution. The combination of speed and dirge works incredibly well. See “Souls for Belial” for one of your main reasons to tell the cynics that Marduk continue to be Satan-damned awesome. —*Bryer Wharton*

Melvins Lite

Freak Puke
Ipecac
Street: 06.05
Melvins Lite = weirder incarnations Melvins + Fantômas + Butthole Surfers



While not an official Melvins release (mainstays **Dale Crover** and **Buzz Osborne** and Fantômas alum **Trevor Dunn** have opted for the “Melvins Lite” moniker), *Freak Puke* could only exist in the gluey sludgi-verse these Aberdeen **Kiss** Commandos crafted three decades ago. While announcing its presence through steady bouts of freakishness (Freddy Krueger croons grunge on “Worm Farm Waltz,” and “Holy Barbarians” babbles like occult exercises in tuneless psych), its most straightforward rock moments rank as its best. Dunn’s bowed style of frenetic bass-playing and Crover’s masterful percussion come full force on tracks like “Leon vs. the Revolution” and the mu-

tant, oddly accessible blues of “Let Me Roll It.” Growing, not showing, it’ll take a couple spins to find a meaty center, and while many won’t go with some of the odd seasonings, they always come with the Melvins’ territory. See you at Disneyland. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Nick Waterhouse

Time’s All Gone
Innovative Leisure
Street: 05.01
Nick Waterhouse = Mick Ronson - Amy Winehouse + Buddy Holly



Time’s All Gone could easily be subtitled “retro done right” in the extraordinary way that it replicates—with a crystal precision absent in most of its kind—an era, a style and a swagger so effortlessly. Waterhouse is something of a marvel then, especially since he is so young, as he is not merely following any retro trend—he’s helping preserve one. There is so much good, classic soul here that it is hard to pick a standout, but lead singles “Some Place” and “Is That Clear” are excellent examples of his prodigious talent. Ultimately, his mission statement is clearly “rhythm and rhyme.” Ably backed by his own band, **The Tarots**, and featuring the incredibly stunning female vocals of **Allison Louie** and **The Naturelles**, the album is both a breeze and a rush to listen to from start to finish, which these days is a small miracle in itself. —*Dean O Hillis*

S. Carey

Hoyas
Jagjaguwar
Street Date: 05.08
S. Carey = Modest Mouse + Air
At 18 minutes, I was begging for this EP to get over itself and die by the last track. Too serious and overly convoluted, soloist Carey would put any well-to-do hipster to sleep faster than a **Fellini** marathon. Akin to a **Kanye** and **Enya** duet, Carey tries to convey his artistry through minimalist piano, drum machines and perhaps FruityLoops. Carey knows how to construct a song—however, this attempt at making elemental music drifts into sluggish art rock. The strongest track, “Avalanche,” mimics much of the successful traits of **The Postal Service**’s *Give Up*: melancholy vocals layered on top of slow-moving

synth tones. *Hoyas'* lack of creative energy is exacerbated by its self-awareness. Carey crafted this album, it has his own personality—too bad it only wants to talk about **Phillip Glass** and log cabins. Usually, I'm a sucker for his generic brand of talent—I wanted to like this, but not even Carey's woodblocks and abuse of the auto-tune filter could twist my arm. If you're really into **Sleigh Bells** or anything associated with **Bon Iver**, you'll like S. Carey. —Alex Cragun

Sidi Touré

Koïma
Thrill Jockey
Street: 04.17
Sidi Touré = Tinariwen + Imaginational Anthem Series + Toumani Diabaté & Ballake Sissoko



Thrill Jockey's release of Malian guitar-ist/singer Sidi Touré's latest album, *Koïma*, is a rare thing of beauty. Touré plays in a more sedated, hypnotic version of desert blues made famous by the likes of **Terrakaft**, and a more stripped-down version of Malian traditional music exported by **Amadou & Mariam**. Touré—a subject in **Vincent Moon's** ethnomusicographic series *The Take-Away Shows*—plays his acoustic guitar with little accompaniment. A female singer, a ruddy violin and some light tabla percussion underscore *Koïma's* journeys from sadness into hope and then back again. In tracks like "Tondi Karaa (The White Stone)," we hear echoes of heartbreaking restraint and the melancholy of **Robert Johnson's** Chicago blues, as well as **Clapton's** hard-driving appropriation of various disciplines. While equally influenced by Malian traditional music and Western blues, it is easy to see where blues gained its rhythmic foundation. —Ryan Hall

Sleep

Dopesmoker (Reissue)
Southern Lord
Street: 05.08
Sleep = Om + Electric Wizard + Earth
In the 16 years since it was originally recorded, *Dopesmoker* has become a legendary part of stoner and doom metal lore. *Dopesmoker* was the album that was supposed to "break" Sleep



and earn a whole shitload of money for **London Records**—instead, the label refused to release the gargantuan 63-minute opus and dropped the band from their roster, ultimately causing Sleep to disband. Eventually, **Tee Pee Records** released the album in 2003, but it has since gone out of print. While it's definitely a bummer that the demise of Sleep came about so early, they went out on one hell of a high note—no pun intended. This new version of *Dopesmoker* was remastered by **Brad Boatright (From Ashes Rise)**, and it retains the thick, bong-rattling noisiness of the 2003 version while somehow managing to sound even louder. It has the bluesy swagger of **Black Sabbath**, the droning atmosphere of Earth, the proto-**High On Fire** solos of **Matt Pike**, and lyrics recounting the Messianic journey of The Weedian that, when combined with the new cover art from **Arik Roper**, recall **Frank Herbert's Dune**. It hits all the hallmarks of heavy metal and draws influence from the past while looking toward the genre's future. This is, without a doubt, the definitive version of *Dopesmoker*—follow the smoke to the riff-filled land and believe. —Ricky Vigil

Terrible Feelings

Shadows
Deranged Records
Street: 04.13
Terrible Feelings = Tom Petty + Heart + Cher
Shadows is a moody collection, and the tone of lead singer **Manuela Iwanson's** voice won't let you forget it. Everything is yearning, urgent and desperate, but set to a fast-paced, punk-laced backdrop. The album generally has a fast, '70s rock vibe, but is modernized enough to demand attention nowadays. It all comes together really well, so I'm left saying that if one had to pick out a fault, it would be that *Terrible Feelings* aren't tremendously original, and the songs run into each other a bit. Some catchy melodies help to break it up, like on "Darkness of Man" or "Shadows Follow Me," but then the latter ends and "Simultaneous Beats" seems to pick back up where it left off. Really though, it's a great album and I am sure that a lot of people will appreciate the consistency throughout. —Ischa B.

Through the Sparks

Alamalibu
Skybucket Records
Street: 06.19
Through the Sparks = Blitzen Trapper + Blind Pilot + Wilco's Summerteeth

Any band who has drawn comparisons to **Jeff Tweedy** is worth a solid listen in my book. While this EP is no *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, it is five songs' worth of eclectic, endearing rock that makes you want to stomp your feet and move around. There is excellent use of guitar and piano on this album that creates a familiar, '70s-era homey vibe. *Alamalibu* was recorded in a concentrated amount of time in a basement, which bleeds through the tracks and makes for a friendly sound—"Common Goals" being a prime example. This is a band to watch, as I expect a full-length album will be in the works as a happy follow-up to this satisfying EP. —Kia McGinnis

Ty Segall and White Fence

Hair
Drag City
Street: 04.23
Ty Segall and White Fence = Thee Oh Sees + Strange Boys



It seems like every single month, I am handed a new **Segall** release for review (new full-length reviewed next month, no joke) and I am never disappointed, but I came awfully close with this one. This time, we are treated to a collaboration with **Tim Presley** (of *Strange Boys* and *White Fence*). On *Goodbye Bread*, we saw Ty Segall ditching some of the garage rock aggressiveness for classic rock guitar chops, and this album continues that trend. Segall is done with the '60s and has moved on to the '70s. The songs by Presley tend to be the hardest to get into, and his voice can be a bit jarring (they tend to sound like shitty **George Harrison** B-sides), but overall, the album is still solid. As the songs become more complicated, and Segall continues to churn out release after release, he is evolving faster than his genre. —Cody Hudson

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Send your dates to dailycalendar@slugmag.com by the 25th of the month prior.

Friday, June 1
7 Horns 7 Eyes, Stealing Axiom, Eyes of Damnation, Burn Your World, Incendiant – *Burt's*
Ulysses – *Brewskis*
Million Dollar Quartet – *Capitol Theatre*
A Tribute to The Beatles – *Children's Theatre*
Pop Evil, Lola Black, Janus – *Complex*
Wasatch Roller Derby: Bonneville Bone Crushers vs. Portneuf Valley Bruisers – *Derby Depot*
Matt Hopper, The Roman Candles – *Hog Wallow*
The Saintanne, YYBS, North Valley – *Kilby*
Who Likes Short Shorts? Film Festival – Post Theater
Rooftop Concert Series: The Moth & The Flame, Desert Noises – Provo Town Square
Stephen Valdean – *Tin Angel*
Blood, Sweat and Tears – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Jon McLaughlin – *State Room*
Utah Pride Fest – Washington Square
The Upcollar\$, Chucks, American Attic, Cotton Ponies – *Why Sound*
Veggie Stew, Babble Rabbit – *Woodshed*
Add a Dash of Local Art w/Audrey Newhouse (through June) – Whole Foods Trolley Square
The Old Tire Swingers – *Garage*
Saturday, June 2
Against The Grain, Charlie Don't Surf, Stark Raving Mad – *Burt's*
Band In Black – *Brewskis*
Million Dollar Quartet – *Capitol Theatre*
A Tribute to The Beatles – *Children's Theatre*
Crossroads Skate Competition – *Crossroads*
Laff Mobb – *Depot*
Wasatch Roller Derby: Bonneville Bone Crushers vs Portneuf Valley Bruisers – *Derby Depot*
Royal Bliss, King Niko, Hour 13, Codi Jordan, Natural Roots, Samuel Smith Band, American Hitmen, The Unread – *Gallivan*
Candy's River House – *Hog Wallow*
The Early November, The Wonder Years, The Swellers, Young Statues – *In The Venue*
Big Blue Ox – *Johnny's*
Daisy and the Moonshines, Show Me Island, Your Meteor, Golden Sun – *Kilby*
Acidic, Seven Second Sunset, Forever Inclined – *Muse*
Who Likes Short Shorts? Film Festival – Post Theater
Dirty Dash – Solider Hollow
Rylee McDonald – *Tin Angel*
Gala: White Party – *UMOCA*
Bob Schneider, Laura Warshauer – *Urban*
Utah Pride Fest – Washington Square
PseudoScorpion, Nescience, Underdog – *Why Sound*
Know Your Roots – *Woodshed*
Bike Prom – Union Pacific Depot
Rainbow Bash – *Paper Moon*
Thunderfist – *Garage*
Sunday, June 3
Million Dollar Quartet – *Capitol Theatre*
Fitz and The Tantrums – *Depot*
Sheryl Crow – *Red Butte*
Craft Sabbath – *SLC Main Library*
Utah Pride Fest – Washington Square
Pride Day Party – *Paper Moon*
Utah Pride Parade – Downtown SLC
Swamp Cabbage – *Garage*
Monday, June 4
Across Tundras, Lopan, Sure Sign of the Nail, Settledown – *Burt's*
American Head Charge, Blue Felix, Blood of Saints, Orion's Wrath – *Club Sound*
The Koffin Kats, Blue Moon Bombers, Daisy and the Moonshines, Relentless Threat – *Four Square Church*

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Blood Wizard demo/skate sesh – *Milosport Orem*
Yards, Mooninite – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Pro Wrestling: Redwood Wreck – *Redwood Recreation Center*
Of Meat & Marrow – Rose Wagner
The Music of Elvis Presley – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Urban Arts Festival – SLC Arts Hub
Ingram Hill – *State Room*
Edward Albee's At Home At The Zoo – Sugar Space
Gray Matters – *Tin Angel*
Family Art Saturday: Dot To Dot – *UMOCA*
Eagle Twin, Dwellers, Huldra – *Urban*
Brian Bingham, Melody & Tyler, Josh Johnson – *Why Sound*
YYBS, The Saintanne – *Woodshed*
Sunday, June 10
Potluck, Kung Fu Vampire, DGAF – *Complex*
Desert Rocks – Green River, Utah
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Blood Wizard demo/skate sesh – *Raunch*
Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Dell McCoury Band – *Red Butte*
Salty Peaks Summer Skate Series – *Rose Park Skate Park*
Jammin' For Justice – *Rose Wagner*
Sarah Jaffe – *Urban*
Urban Flea Market – 4th S. State St. Monday, June 11
The Rocket Summer, The Scene Aesthetic, State – *In The Venue*
Apt, Oso Negro, Yze, Venom, Ill – *Muse*
The Legendary Shack Shakers, Dirt Daubers – *State Room*
Scorpions – *USANA*
Bass Shed – *Woodshed*
Battle of the Bands (through June 16) – Velour
Tuesday, June 12
Al and the Black Cats, The Convalescents – *Burt's*
Nickelback, Bush, Seether, My Darkest Days – *Energy Solutions*
Little Red Lung, Bearclause, John-Ross Boyce & His Troubles – *Kilby*
Wet Bloods, Teenage Mysticism – *Muse*
Film: Age of Champions – SLC Main Library
Total Slacker, Night Manager, Cool Serbia – *Urban*
Mr. Steve – *Why Sound*
Wednesday, June 13
Red Fang, Cornered By Zombies, INVDRS – *Bar Deluxe*
Uzala, Moon of Delirium, Eagle Twin – *Burt's*
Park City Farmer's Market – *Canyons Resort*
Jack and Jill – *Hog Wallow*
Signal Path – *Kilby*
Melissa Etheridge – *Red Butte*
Will Roney – *Tin Angel*
The Parlotoines, Ryan Star, A Silent Film – *Urban*
Music Glue – *Woodshed*
Thursday, June 14
Modern Day Escape – *Basement*
Jerry Joseph and the Jack Mormons – *Burt's*
Bad Engrish, 99 Bottles, All Systems Fail, Relentless Threat, Hi-Fi Murder – *Cafe Kafeneio*
Barcelona – *Kilby*
Film: Through The Lens – Rose Wagner
The Weekenders – *Sand Trap*
Kristine Polhamus – *Tin Angel*
This Will Destroy You – *Urban*
Toby Keith – *USANA*
Outlaw Nation, Wasnatch, Krisdagong – *Woodshed*
Friday, June 15
Best In Show Art Gallery – *Alpine Art*

Simpkins Project – *Brewskis*
Roy Kay Trio, The Rhythm Combo, Rare Record Hop – *Garage*
Chalk Art Festival – *Gateway*
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
The Moondoggies, The Mighty Sequoyah – *Kilby*
Skid Row – *Park City Live*
Lady and Gent, Brady Parks and the Indi-Anns, Poor Mans Poison – *Muse*
Of Meat & Marrow – Rose Wagner
Club Manhattan – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Edward Albee's At Home At The Zoo – Sugar Space
Billy Shaddox – *Tin Angel*
First Friday: Cantastoria, Play Me, I'm Yors – UMOCA
Corrosion of Conformity, Torche, Black Cobra, Gaza – *Urban*
The Folka Dots, Four Leaves Left – *Woodshed*
Cory Haight Art Show – *Paper Moon*
Saturday, June 16
Bonneville Classic Rod and Cycle Show – 1885 S. 300 W.
The Mentors, Pottymouth, Shit – *Burt's*
The Breakfast Klub – *Brewskis*
Venture Outdoors Festival – *Canyon Rim Park*
Chalk Art Festival – *Gateway*
Poor Mans Poison – *Hog Wallow*
Lorin Cook & Friends – *Johnny's*
Maps & Atlases, Hands, The Big Sleep – *Kilby*
Neko Case – *Library Square Ampitheatre*
Milosport Skate Competition – *South Jordan Skate Park*
Mickey Avalon – *Park City Live*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Of Meat & Marrow – Rose Wagner
Paul Cardall, Lycium Philharmonic – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Edward Albee's At Home At The Zoo – Sugar Space
David Williams – *Tin Angel*
Graffiti6, Yuna – *Urban*
Warped Tour – *Utah State Fair Park*
Big Blue Ox, Samba Fogo – *Woodshed*
Old Death Whisper – *Garage*
Sunday, June 17
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Salty Streets Flea Market – Kilby
Of Meat & Marrow – Rose Wagner
Jesse Walker's Groove Garden – *Garage*
Monday, June 18
Municipal Waste, 3 Inches of Blood, Black Tusk – *Club Sound*
Motion City Soundtrack, Henry Clay People, Front Bottoms – *In The Venue*
Beat Connection, White Arrows, Teen Daze – *Kilby*
The Life and Times, Ume, I Hear Sirens – *Urban*
B Freestyle – *Woodshed*
Hellbound Glory – *Garage*
Tuesday, June 19
Idols, To The Wind – *Basement*
Sinizen, Makeshift Innocence – *Burt's*
Collective Soul – *In The Venue*
La Noche, Watches, The Zombiecocks – *Kilby*
Primus – *Rail Event Center*
Film: Joffrey: Mavericks of American Dance – SLC Main Library

Wednesday, June 20
City Lights, Carousel Kings, Rust Belt Lights – *Basement*
Park City Farmer's Market – *Canyons Resort*
Jordan Young – *Hog Wallow*
David Williams – *Tin Angel*
Film: Le Mans – UMFA
Def Leppard, Poison – *USANA*

Crucial Fest: Red Bennies, Danger Hallstorm, Top Dead Celebrity, Thunderfist, Black Hole, The Suicycles – Woodshed
Wild Cat Strike, Daisy & The Moonshines, The Shuttles – *Urban*
Whitely Morgan – *Garage*
Thursday, June 21
Zurick Summer Launch Party – *Zurick Store*
Black Joe Lewis & The Honeybears – *Bar Deluxe*
Crucial Fest: Subrosa, Witch Mountain, Lord Dying, Reality – Burt's
Blindside Go Skateboarding Day Competition – *Fairmont Park*
Pixel 2012 – *Gallivan*
Go Skateboarding Day! – Your Local Skate Shop
Steven Roth – *Hog Wallow*
Girl Talk – *In The Venue*
Madi Diaz, Harper Blynn – *Kilby*
Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
Rich Wyrman Band – *Newpark Town Center*
Nightreq – *Urban*
Crucial Fest: I Am The Ocean, Storming Stages and Stereos, Random Orbits, Knowing We'll Never Grow Up – Shred Shed
John Whipple – *Garage*
Friday, June 22
Crucial Fest: Maraloka, An Airbag Saved My Life, Breaux, Jesust – Bar Deluxe
Fire In The Skies, We Rise The Tides, Before You Fall – *Basement*
Spell Talk – *Brewskis*
Rage Against the Supremes – *Hog Wallow*
Aer, Moosh & Twist – *In The Venue*
River City Extension, The Drowning Men, Bright Whistles, Ben Henderson – *Kilby*
Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
Crucial Fest: Starvist, Adai, Name, Philوسفist – Shred Shed
Steven Roth – *Spur*
Laura Marling – *State Room*
Gene Pool – *Tin Angel*
Ramona Falls, Deer Or The Doe, L'Anarchiste – *Urban*
The Cotton Ponies, Last December, Envicta – *Why Sound*
The Funk and Gonzo Show – *Woodshed*
Saturday, June 23
Chris Young, Due West, Jon Pardi, Nathan Osmond, Paisley – *Gallivan*
Folk Hogan – *Green Pub*
Marinade – *Johnny's*
Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
Crucial Fest: O'Brother, Drunken Arrows, Cornered By Zombies, Aviar, Still Sea, Treehouse, White Hot Ferrari, Nine Worlds, Handicapitalist, Minerva – Kilby
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
WTF! Techno Festival – *Saltair*
Greg Rawlins – *Tin Angel*
Crucial Fest: Worst Friends, Author & Punisher, Black Elk, INVDRS – Urban
The Arcadians, Mad Diving Barons, Brady Parks and the IndiAnns – *Velour*
Deicidal Carnage – *Why Sound*
Jordan Young, Triggers & Slips – *Garage*
Sunday, June 24
Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Doug Wintch – *Garage*
Mojo Stone – *Urban*
Monday, June 25
The Bouncing Souls – *In The Venue*
Wilco, Blitzen Trapper – *Red Butte*
Soultree Electronica – *Woodshed*
Tuesday, June 26
From Indian Lakes, The Rocket Boys – *Burt's*
Dia Frampton – *Complex*
Keane – *Gallivan Center*
Case In Theory, Regal Beast, Grey Fiction
Narrow Bridge – *Muse*
Jimmy Cliff – *Red Butte*
Glen Campbell – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Film: The Last Survivor – SLC Main Library
Aviatrrix – *Urban*
Wednesday, June 27
Park City Farmer's Market – *Canyons Resort*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
Workshop: Guided by Chance, Operations in Letterpress – *J. Willard Marriott Library*
New School, A-Dub, Stubee – *Kilby*
Avicii – *Saltair*

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Tycho – *Urban*
Crucial Fest: IronHorse, Bone Dance, Reproacher, Pilot This Plane Down, Ox, Jument – Woodshed
Thursday, June 28
Crucial Fest: Iota, Serial Hawk, Vultures, Laughter – Burt's
Avertt Brothers, City & Colour – *Gallivan*
Drop Top Lincoln – *Hog Wallow*
Valient Thorr, Holy Grail, Royal Thunder, The Kick Ass – *In The Venue*
Lecture: Purposeful Chance in Contemporary Artists Books – *J. Willard Marriott Library*
Crucial Fest: Cedars, Despite Despair, God's Revolver, Her Candane – Kilby
Becoming Everest, Our City Skyline – *Muse*
American West Symphony and Chorus – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Rylee McDonald – *Tin Angel*
DJ Rocksolid – *Woodshed*
Marinade, Candy River House, Velvetones – *Urban*
Buster Blue – *Garage*
Friday, June 29
Crucial Fest: Muscle Hawk, Night Sweats, Michael Gross & The Statuettes, The Saintanne – Bar Deluxe
Rookie Of The Year, Car Party, Eryn Wood – *Basement*
Left Foot Green, Modrag, Alma Y La Tierra Muerta – *Burt's*
Danger Hallstorm, Spork, Thunderfist – *Brewskis*
Stonedef – *Hog Wallow*
Crucial Fest: Settle Down, The Stranger Beside Me, A Lot Like Birds, Farewell Machine – Kilby
Patrick & Tommy – *Tin Angel*
Velo Weekend – *Velo City Bags*
Hawthorne Heights, The Young Electric – *Velour*
Tragedy Never Fails, A Fire In May – *Why Sound*
Pour Horse – *Woodshed*
Hypnotist David Hill – *Paper Moon*
Walkin Cane Mark – *Garage*
Dusk, Pat Maine, Dumb Luck, YZE, Chance Lewis & Apt – *Urban*

Saturday, June 30
The Chop Tops, The Strikers, Radio Threat, Danny B. Harvey – *Burt's*
The Cover Dogs – *Brewskis*
Tony Holiday, Walkin Cane Mark – *Hog Wallow*
Stonedef – *Johnny's*
Sideshow Ramblers – *Notch Pub*
Crucial Fest: Cicadas, Judgement Day, I Hear Sirens, He Whose Ox is Gored, Traveler's Cold, Twinplus, Loom, Glass Hits, Badass Magic, Black Acid Devil, Huldra – Kilby
M.O.T.O, The Hypoxics – *Mixed Emotions*
Suicycles, Mortigi Tempo, Coyote Fever – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
The Elders – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Patrick & Tommy – *Tin Angel*
Crucial Fest: Done, White Orange, Norska, Hi Fi Massacre – Urban
Velo Weekend – *Velo City Bags*
Your Former Forever, Atomica, Power Outlet – *Why Sound*
Know Ur Roots – *Woodshed*
Boogie Basics After Dark – *Garage*
Sunday, July 1
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Dick Dale – *Liquid Joe's*
Monday, July 2
The B-52's, Squeeze – *Red Butte*
Paper Bird, Poor Wills, BearClause – *Urban*
Tuesday, July 3
Fitz and the Tantrums – *Depot*
Wednesday, July 4
Park City Farmer's Market – *Canyons Resort*
Thursday, July 5
Foster the People, Mayer Hawthorne, Kimbra – *Saltair*
Whitechapel, Upon a Burning Body – *Club Sound*
Porter Robinson, The M Machine, May Zo – *In The Venue*
Friday, July 6
Young Empires, Humans – *In the Venue*
Samuel Smith Band – *Woodshed*
Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anyplace cool

THE WRATH OF THE QUADS



JUNE 2nd - 7 PM
Bonneville Bone Crushers VS Portneuf Valley Bruisers

JUNE 9th - 7 PM
Black Diamond Divas VS Hot Wheelers

At the DERBY DEPOT - SLC's home for Roller Derby
1415 S 700 W (in back) more details at
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THE URBAN LOUNGE // JUNE 2012

1: DUBWISE
 2: BOB SCHNEIDER, LAURA WARSHAUER
 5: I AM THE OCEAN CD RELEASE, JESUST, STRANGER BESIDE ME, THE GREENHAUS
 6: BEARCLAUDE, THE AWFUL TRUTH, US THIEVES, GREEN ARROW
 7: DARK SEAS
 8: SLUG LOCALIZED: PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS, UGLY VALLEY BOYS, STACKS O'LEE
 9: EAGLE TWIN, DWELLERS, HULDRA
 10: SARAH JAFFE
 13: THE PARLOTONES, RYAN STAR, A SILENT FILM
 14: THIS WILL DESTROY YOU
 15: CORROSION OF CONFORMITY, TORCHE, BLACK COBRA
 16: GRAFFITI6, YUNA
 18: THE LIFE & TIMES, UME, I HEAR SIRENS
 20: WILD CAT STRIKE, DAISY & THE MOONSHINES, THE SHUTTLES
 21: GIRL TALK AFTER PARTY WITH NIGHTFREQ
 22: RAMONA FALLS, DEER OR THE DOE, L'ANARCHISTE
 23: CRUCIAL FEST
 24: MOJO STONE
 26: AVIATRIX
 27: TYCHO
 28: MARINADE, CANDY RIVER HOUSE, VELVETONES
 29: DUSK CD RELEASE, PAT MAINE, DUMB LUCK, YZE, CHANGE LEWIS & APT
 30: CRUCIAL FEST

COMING SOON:
 DANCE PARTIES EVERY THURSDAY JULY & AUGUST
 (AFTER TWILIGHT SERIES)
 7/2: PAPER BIRD
 7/7: RE-UP SERIES PRESENTS: KNOWA KNOWONE
 7/10: QUINTRON & MISS PUSSYCAT
 7/11: LIARS
 7/16: THE SOFT WHITE SIXTIES
 7/20: SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB
 7/21: BIG K.R.I.T.
 7/24: STARSLINGER
 8/1: WHITE DENIM
 8/10: THE HEARTLESS BASTARDS
 8/11: RE-UP SERIES PRESENTS: KRADDY
 8/17: SHARON VAN ETTEN AND TENNIS
 8/24: BUILT TO SPILL
 9/2: FAUN FABLES
 9/26: FIREWATER

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Kilby Court
JUNE

1 The Saintanne, YYBS, North Valley
 2 Daisy & the Moonshines, Show Me Island, Your Meteor, Golden Sun
 4 Gospel Music, TBA
 5 Fred Rongo / Zion Scion, Northwest Breaklines, Shane Johnson
 6 Sam Lee, Mason Jones & the Get Togethers
 7 Static Survivor, Ian Porter, The Victory Project (doors: 6:30)
 8 Bright Whistles, Stag Hare, Panda Vs Bear
 9 Larusso CD Release, The Young Electric (doors: 6pm)
 12 Little Red Lung, Bearclause, John-Ross Boyce & His Troubles
 13 Signal Path, TBA (doors: 8pm)
 14 Barcelona, TBA
 15 The Moondoggies, The Mighty Sequoyah
 16 Maps & Atlases, The Big Sleep, Hands
 17 Salty Streets Flea Market
 19 La Noche, Watches, The Zombiecocks
 21 Madi Diaz, Harper Blynn
 22 River City Extension, The Drowning Men, Bright Whistles, Ben Henderson
 23 Crucial Fest: Door price for all shows: \$10. Wristbands are \$25 for 21+ & \$20 for under 21 (All Ages shows only)
 26 Case In Theory, Regal Beast, Grey Fiction
 27 New \$chool, A-Dub, Stube
 28 Crucial Fest
 29 Crucial Fest
 30 Crucial Fest

ALSO IN JUNE!

13 Red Fang, Cornered By Zombies, INVDRS @ Bar Deluxe (9pm - 21+)
 21 GIRL TALK @ In The Venue (7pm)

KILBY COURT | all shows start at 7pm | kilbycourt.com | 741 S. 330 W.

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 SUNDAY JUN 10TH



DIA FRAMPTON
 TUESDAY JUN 26TH



DEMON HUNTER
 SATURDAY AUG 4TH



POWERMAN 5000
 TUESDAY SEP 11TH



NIGHTWISH
 SATURDAY SEP 29TH

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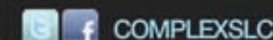
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