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About the Cover: In celebration of the *Craft Lake City DIY Festival*, we asked *CLC* artisan and performer, Trisha McBride, to create a unique dress out of back issues of *SLUG Mag*, and model for the cover. We were completely awe-struck with her beautiful design. With the help of our trusted photographer Brent Rowland and hair stylist Tricia Snow, McBride was captured in all her crafting glory. Read more about her on pg. 36!

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Contributor Limelight Brent Rowland – Photographer

Though he graduated from BYU with a Bachelor's degree in English, Brent Rowland has been shooting photos for over a decade, learning the trade from his father in a darkroom out of their garage. About six months ago, Rowland dove head-first into his longtime dream of becoming a freelance photographer. Fortunately, he decided to flex his talented trigger muscles via *SLUG*, becoming one of our go-to photographers for everything from artist portraits to concert photo galleries. Though he's been on the *SLUG* staff for less than a year, he's been killing it with every assignment he's given, which is why the decision to give him a cover shoot was a no-brainer. Aside from being a loyal *SLUG* contributor, Rowland's currently working on a number of personal photo essays, and is the cinematographer for the local, independent feature-film, *Alienate*. Check out more of his work at brentrowland.com.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I just would like to comment on peoples comments about cops being fat. [Issue #281, May 2012]

First of all, don't underestimate the strength or how fast someone is on their weight. Look at pro football players - they are not exactly skinny - are they retarded.

And you know what, is a diet of liquor and meth the answer maybe - I believe that everyone deserves respect - they can kiss my ass.

Firm believer in the law.

Luv always.

Keep up the good work.

P.S. I love donuts.

Dear Lover of the Law (and Donuts),

Do you know what happens to professional football players when they retire? When mandatory training and scheduled practices end, their rock-hard, chiseled physiques quickly turn to jiggly flab, and the health

problems roll in. Cardiac arrhythmias, liver failure and strokes are just a few of the common issues seen in former pro players.

I'd rather have a cop with washboard abs save the day if I'm in trouble. I wouldn't want to worry about bouncing man boobs, or a FUPA squeezed into those navy blue pants, getting in the way of their attempt to protect and serve my perfectly tight ass.

xoxo,
SLUG Mag

P.S. We like donuts, too, especially when they are coated with meth sprinkles ... Keeps the metabolism fast and productivity levels high.

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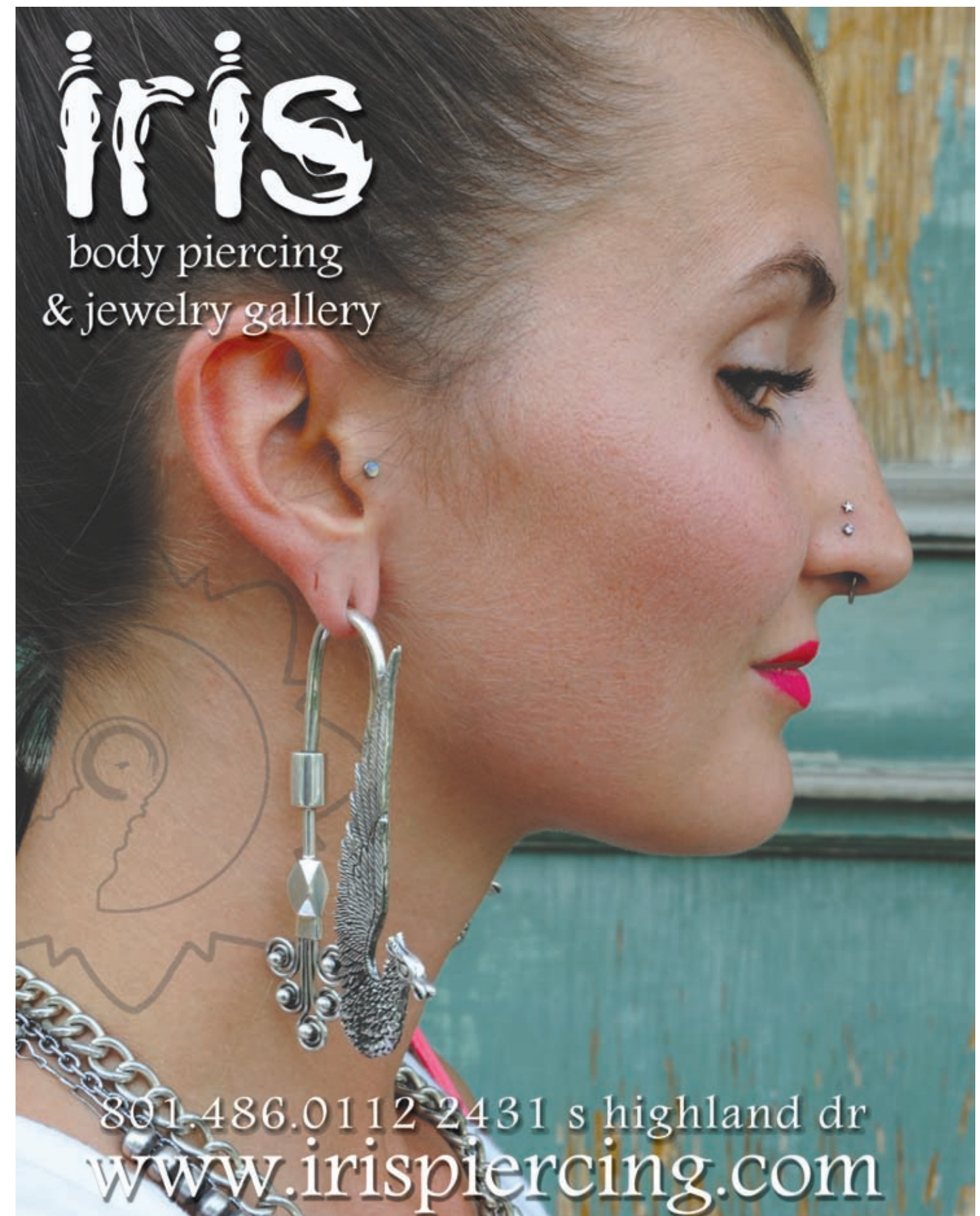
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By Chris Proctor
chrisproctor@slugmag.com

Come out to *Urban Lounge* on Saturday, Aug. 18 to catch the multi-faceted rock n' roll of Daisy & The Moonshines and the upbeat folk punk of Folk Hogan. **L'Anarchiste** will kick off the \$5 show at 10 p.m. for all you 21-plus music lovers.

Daisy & The Moonshines

Daisy & The Moonshines are a five-piece rock group consisting of vocalist **Jacob Hall**, guitarists **Jared Asplund** and **Shea Ledesma**, bassist **Beverly Smith** and drummer **Thomas Fowler**. The band's sound stems from their diverse musical preferences—jazz, folk, glam rock, punk—and each member's ability to blend their particular styles into a melting pot of grooving rock music. They've built a steady fanbase over the past year since the group's beginning, which the band attributes to the caliber of their live performances. Their brand of rock is meat and potatoes, which is never really complete without a few hefty swigs of whiskey straight from the bottle.

Just like the dark themes found in the blues of **Tom Waits**, Daisy & The Moonshines' rock comes with more than a few demons. "I've always been obsessed with the book *The Great Gatsby*," says Hall. "The character Daisy is the manipulative character. She's the hidden evil in the story who is also very beautiful. I really like the idea of that." It's in that limbo of evil and beauty that the band finds their inspiration for songwriting. They're able to draw from a wide variety of sounds during that songwriting process due to the varied musical backgrounds of each band member—bassist Smith is a classically trained jazz

musician, Hall finds inspiration in the straightforward lyrical style of **Bob Dylan** and the chaotic poise of **Jack White** and Ledesma was turned onto the guitar by **AFI's** *The Art of Drowning*. The emerging sound is unpolished, groove-based rock with musical chops to spare. "I think, overall, we're pretty versatile with genres, but it still has our feel to it, our vibe. No matter what, it still sounds like Moonshine rock," says Smith.

The band has been in the studio for two EPs to date, but it's the live set where they thrive. "Live shows are so much fun—it's the biggest aspect of this band," says Hall. Even in the studio, the band puts a live touch on their sound. The band re-

corded their first EP, the *Daisy EP*, in its entirety in a 14-hour live session at *Archive Recording*. "I really like Jack White's idea of going into the studio and doing it all in one day, not knowing what the fuck is going on. It really does push that creative element into you. The harder you make it for yourself, the more interesting," says Hall. The recording is well mixed and mastered, but it does put the live element in the foreground, making it more of a live album than a record. "It was a pretty drunk experience. The idea was that we wanted people to hear exactly what they were going to hear when they came to see us play," says Smith.

Their next EP, the *Moonshine EP*, is

scheduled to be released on the night of their *Localized* performance. This EP will be a true studio record and finds the band using multi-tracking instead of playing it all live. "It gives us more room to fuck with shit and make it more layered than the *Daisy EP*," says Fowler. Hall says that one demon he was able to triumph over with the new EP is his struggle with imagery, which he claims is one of the facets of the *Moonshine EP* that he is most proud of. "I've always found fascination with words," says Hall. "My big goal was to portray stories, which is a feat that I didn't think I could accomplish."

Daisy & The Moonshines are hungry and currently on a steady diet of local shows, which are receiving increased attendance. The band is on the rise, and with just over a year of playing together, their live set is only getting stronger. "It's crazy to see the diversity of people that come out to our shows," says Smith. That diversity, she says, becomes more varied with each show. They haven't toured, but are eager as ever to get out there and play for audiences other than their hometown. With the rate that they're picking up fans on a local level, it will be interesting to see what the band can accomplish outside of the state.

(L-R) Beverly Smith, Jared Asplund, Jacob Hall, Shea Ledesma and Thomas Fowler make up the rock n' roll outfit, Daisy & The Moonshines.

FOLK HOGAN



(L-R) Mike Lewin, Canyon Elliott, Moses McKinley, Box, Jared Hayes, Curtis Stahl and Nick Passey.

Photo: Brent Rowland

Of all the ways to describe Folk Hogan's sound, I'm sure the only description they'd be satisfied with is some kind of majestic tale about god-like beings overcoming incredible odds against an ancient evil, and, in the end, everybody gets drunk off Two Buck Chuck. That story would not be so different from the kind of stories that their songs tell. "It roots really heavily in the fact that this is a folk band, and folk music is about telling a story," says mandolin player and founding member **Moses McKinley**. Sure, it's folk music in that they play folk instruments, but their stories are told like **Woody Guthrie** singing through the vocal chords of **Flogging Molly's Dave King**. Their sound effectively yields punk just as much as it does folk. "When somebody asks, 'Hey what does your band sound like?' I look at them and just go, 'I don't know. There's an accordion, a mandolin and a banjo. Here's a flyer,'" says guitarist **Nick Passey**.

The band got its start when longtime friends Moses McKinley and accordionist **Canyon Jack Elliott** had the idea to pair a mandolin and a 50-pound accordion (which Elliott refers to as "Thor's Hammer") together to write songs. Originally, the band included **Tanner Bray** on banjo and **Jeremy Adams** on drums, both of whom eventually left the band, replaced by rotating drummers **Curtis Stahl** and **Mike Lewin**, and **Box** on the banjo. Along the way, the band picked up **Jared Hayes** on bass and Passey, effectively rounding out Folk Hogan's distinct punk and folk sounds. This band is full of dedicated musicians, but ask them and they will tell you they're more than that. They're entertainers by nature. "You don't have to try to be an entertainer. If you're enjoying yourself, people are just entertained," says Box. Hayes poses the question: "What is music if it's not entertaining? Is it worth putting your time into?" The members of Folk Hogan agree that it isn't.

Music is something every member enjoys completely, so it's not difficult to understand why they're able to create so much energy onstage. You can catch them playing most frequently at their home base, *The Woodshed*,

causing all sorts of mayhem and increasing Jameson sales. They're coming up on their 50th show soon, and one thing Elliott says they can always expect is dedicated fans and dedicated drinkers at their shows. "You can't underestimate our fans."

They're a heavy-drinking crowd. They spend a lot of money and love folky music," says Elliott. That combination can lead to a great many things—usually chairs being thrown or band members falling off the stage—which is something Passey, in particular, has more than enough experience with. Elliott says, "When we go onstage and we behave like assholes for an hour and a half, it's a completely different mind state. It's just fucking fun." Passey relates being in Folk Hogan to his daily life as being much like the famous **Bret Easton Ellis** novel: "It's kind of like in *American Psycho*, where he goes to his regular day job and then, the next scene, he kills a homeless man, and then he goes back to his job," he says.

Folk Hogan has released two albums to date. Their debut album, *Flight Training*, features 11 tracks, which consist of mostly live-tracking from their practice space, but with a couple tracks recorded live from a show at *Bar Deluxe* as well. The track "Skeleton Scramble" depicts a gravedigger who digs deep enough to uncover a mass of skeletons dancing to an undead band and is eventually pulled down into the grave. They continue this style of epic storytelling on their proper studio album, *Band of Mighty Souls*, which was released this May. "**Brad McCarley** of *Salt Lake Recording Service* gave us exactly the experience we were looking for with this album," says McKinley. "We worked really hard on it and had an awesome team from beginning to end." Both these albums can be found on their website, folkhogan.com. Due to the large number of band members causing scheduling issues, they have yet to tour, but recently bought a 15-person van and plan to take some weekends around the West this fall and winter. Folk Hogan are currently halfway through the production of a third album, and, at this time, are happy right where they are, on their home turf among fans, friends and family, doing what they do best: playing music that's loud, rude and vulgar. Folk Hogan are Utah's own, quintessential, outlaw folk band.




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GALLERY STROLL



Audrey Patten's "Home Is Where The Hive Is." Check out more of her work at Craft Lake City.

Oasis of Art
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Arts and crafts, like peanut butter and jelly, go so well together that once you marry them, they're nearly impossible to separate. But why would you? Instead, let's throw them a big party, call it *Craft Lake City* and invite 147 of Utah's best examples of ingenuity, creativity and mad skills. Now in its fourth year, *Craft Lake City* has made me less aware of the difference between "art" and "craft." The DIY fest will take place Aug. 11 from noon to 10 p.m. at the *Gallivan Center* and will feature much of the artistic talent Utah has to offer through various mediums. To get you primed for the main event, I offer you two of CLC's not-to-miss artists.

She calls it "Midwest Meets West"—it reminds me of decor from a **Wes Anderson** film, the way "sweet" and "edgy" are merged beautifully in **Audrey Patten's** paintings, drawings and textiles. I imagine finding this type of artwork tucked away in an elegant farmhouse attic, a mesh of mother's kitchen knickknacks and father's old hunting trophies. There's something familiar about these images, yet they remain wacky and unexpected. Patten credits pop culture, children's books and her pets in influencing her work, but says, "I have always loved drawing. When I was little, I would draw the cartoons I watched, the pictures in the books I read and whatever I could dream up." Fairly new to Salt Lake, Patten is excited to be involved in the festival. "It's tough having been a relatively established artist in one city and then to move to a new one to start fresh. I figured *Craft Lake City* would be a good way to introduce myself," she says. A transplant from Indianapolis, this Midwestern girl is as endearing and authentic as her work. If you love animals and are looking for

prints, paintings, totes or purses, stop by her booth.

Yes, I know smoking is bad for me, yet there was a point when I thought of smoking as a friend—a sentiment I know many of you share with me. Artist **Eleanor Scholz** creates the tangible version of the friendly smoke monster, made from used cigarette boxes. Scholz says, "I like the discord between the negative, kind of lethal connotations surrounding smoking, and the endearing, sleepy, lovable nature these animals have developed. My addition of arms, legs, bug eyes and little teeth just add more personality and life ... but the outcome changes people's feelings about the boxes significantly." Something she did not anticipate was how popular they are with the young ones. Moms, the packs are empty, and I'm sure there is a lesson to be taught using the smoke monster. For me, they put a smile on my face, and that's always good for your health.

Scholz is also one of the 12 artists selected to participate in *Craft Lake City's Celebration Of The Hand*, a walkable outdoor, exhibit utilizing the steel frames known as plakats that the **Temporary Museum of Permanent Change** installed in 2007. The plakats run adjacent to the sidewalks in downtown Salt Lake City on Broadway between 200 West and 200 East. "I am so excited to be participating in this collaboration. I think it's an awesome idea, and it's a great opportunity to get my artwork out there. I'm also just excited to have an excuse to make a 9-foot-by-4-foot painting," says Scholz. Her painting is a commentary on mankind's ability to construct our own surroundings. In Utah, we have chosen to surround ourselves with creative minds. Now we just need to see it for what it is: an oasis of art.

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Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Arts and Crafts!
By Mike Brown
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With the spirit of *Craft Lake City* bubbling about Salt Lake, I decided to make this article about my own crafting exercises. I am by no means a serious crafter, despite my rich Mormon pioneer heritage being all about it. They were also into polygamy and killing Indians and shit like that, so I don't really care if I don't take after my ancestors.

In more recent American culture, I would say that crafting begins in grade school. Aside from going out to recess three times a day so the teachers can get some smoke breaks in and hit their flasks, arts and crafts time seems to be the one subject all little kids can enjoy. This allows the teachers to zone out and reflect on why the fuck they took on the lowest paying and most important job in our society.

As you get older and move into junior high and high school, arts and crafts take the form of home ec. for the girls and closeted gay boys, and shop class for the boys and future flannel girls. Coming out in high

school can be brutal. Maybe Utah's current school system established these waste-of-time courses just to help kids determine their sexual orientation? God knows how much this state's school system hates sexual education. I didn't realize that a condom wasn't a water balloon until way after high school, and the first time I finger-blasted a chick, I wrapped five rubbers on my left hand, one on each finger—ya know, just to be safe.

That being said, I opted for shop classes in high school. Shop class mostly consisted of me and all my stoner buddies in an unofficial competition to see who could make the coolest bong and pass it off to the teacher as a flower vase for our moms or a sweet pencil holder. The only time I ever made anything of actual use in a shop class was my senior year, when it took me a full semester to make a wooden clock.

The clock turned out like complete shit—misaligned joints everywhere and a bad sand job. It made the perfect Father's Day gift, and my old man loved it, flaws and all. That's when I learned you don't have to spend money on gifts for people. People are stupid and feel all warm and fuzzy when you craft things for them. I prefer cash as a gift, though, something my parents realized about me in recent years. Since they are smart and don't like to shop for me, they just mail

checks on my birthday—it's awesome.

After high school, I began my zine, and I would consider this its own brand of crafting. Just like shop class in high school, I usually get really high before I make one, use a lot of glue and tape, and like the clock I made, my zine is always full of mistakes, grammatical errors and misquotes. Going to *Kinko's* drunk at three in the morning and hearing the rustling of the copy machine as I collate is oddly one of my favorite activities.

More recently, I learned something about crafting. Two Christmases ago, my friend **Denise** and some of her girlfriends came up with the genius idea of having a pornament party, where everyone comes over with porn and Christmas ornaments, and crafts the two into pornaments to hang on the tree with care. She couldn't host the party last Christmas, so I decided to step up and make **Mike Abu** clean the apartment so we could host the Pornament Party.

When I told some of my guy friends about this, they told me that it was a terrible idea and that no chicks would show up. Quite the contrary. Me and Abu made sure to have porn going in all rooms of the house to create the right ambiance. I had early nineties VCR porn in my living room, and we set our laptops up in other rooms of the house so no matter where you went, you were forced to watch dirty movies.

The party was also BYOB and BYOP, and this is what I learned: Chicks love crafting as much as they love porn—combine the two, and girls will show up to your party.

My most recent adventure into the world of arts and crafts has been the wonderful investment I made a few months ago in a new button maker. Getting zonked out in front of the TV and crafting branded buttons has become my new favorite hobby. I basically think of something fucked up, write it on the button and maybe draw a little vagina on there or something.

I've been trying to sell them, but mostly I've just been taking the buttons to the bar with me and trading them for shots and using them as an excuse to talk to drunk girls. I've found that giving a girl a button that says, "Hey Asshole, find my clit and suck it," is a ridiculously great icebreaker.

I made over 70 styles of buttons this last month, each in black and white, but unique, like a fucked-up, smog-filled snowflake. If you want some, email me or go to **Mike Brown Fest** at *Urban Lounge* on August 30! Or find me at your local tavern and buy me a shot.

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Mike Brown has a pin
for every occasion and
situation you will ever
find yourself unfortunate
enough to be in.

Photo: Eliza R. Snow



By Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

One of the things that I hear the most from my out-of-town guests is how amazed they are by the sheer number of tattooed people in the 801. We all know that the number of tattoo parlors alone is overwhelming, but I think we live in such an inked-up community that we don't really notice. When I was getting my first tattoos, this was not the case. I think one of the reasons for all the body art is simply the determination of a good 80% of us to make sure people know we are not Mormon—at least, that was the case for me.

I got my first tattoo at a shop on State Street that I think is now gone. I can't remember exactly where it was because it was over 20 years ago. It was the day after my 18th birthday, and at the time, I had an obsession with **Marilyn Monroe** and decided to immortalize my heroine with her lips on my butt, right next to a preexisting mole. Of course, back in the day, a little gay boy going into an ink shop and asking for lips on his ass was probably out of anyone's comfort zone, so I think I was pawned off on the new guy, and it kind of looks as such. The lips are just a little "off"—they sort of look like Marilyn's, but also like a *Rocky Horror/Rolling Stones* mash-up. In any case, it's here to stay, and I don't really know of anyone who thinks their first tattoo is the best.

Shortly after getting my first, I was tanning in the backyard, and, as I pranced back through the house in my Speedo for a pee break, my mother stopped me dead in my tracks with a, "What is that on your bum, mister?!" I told her it was a birthmark from where

God kissed my ass. That went over really well, as you can imagine, and then came the lecture. "Your body is a temple," Mom repeated over and over. "Would you go downtown and spray paint the temple?" The answer was, of course, I would, and that was it: I was determined to adorn this temple with so much ink that no one would ever mistake me for a Mormon.

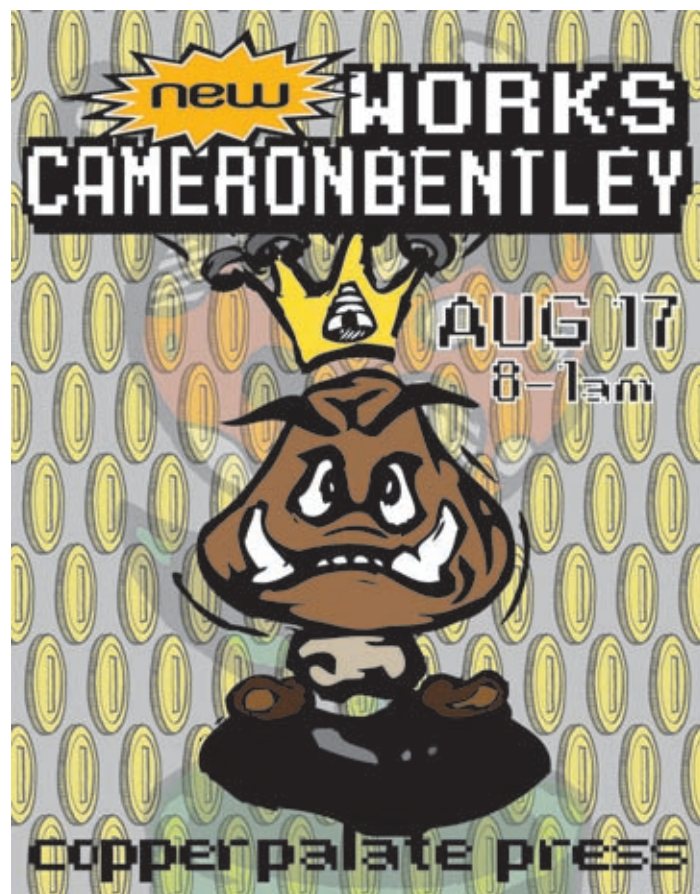
To date, I have four tattoos, most of which are in places that you can't see unless I want you to. I have the aforementioned kiss, a tramp stamp that is a sun (of course), my twin sister as a pin-up girl on my hip and the one I hate the most—an Alaskan tribal symbol on my chest by the right shoulder. I wrote a few issues back about being fired from a television show because of it. Done in mostly black ink, it's too hard to cover, and it sticks out like a red-headed stepchild over my strapless dresses. To its credit, I once worked a party for Mattel in San Fran, and they gave me a Princess Kennedy Barbie as a special gift that came with a sheet of fake tattoos "For you and Kennedy to enjoy." It's pretty cool.

I get it when people talk about their tattoos being a road map of their life, but my chest tattoo is a reminder that I took a detour to Retardsville along the way. I thought it would look really cool if I got

a bunch of intertwined Alaskan tribal symbols all clustered together, starting on my chest and eventually sleeved down my arm. Fortunately, I moved to France for school shortly after I got it started and was never able to finish. Thank God, because if I hate the three inches it is now, I would be considering amputation if I had it sleeved.

I have researched a lot for a solution to this eyesore. I would love to have it removed, a costly and painful alternative, but they say it will leave a scar in the shape of the ink doodle. My other option was to have it covered. I came up with a brilliant plan to have it masked with a beautiful butterfly. This would be a tribute to my own metamorphosis that is my life. However, when I went in for the consultation, the artist told me a butterfly wouldn't work as a cover-up. I didn't want to compound the problem with another tattoo I would regret. I had to remind myself that getting the tattoo covered would not make me happy, and, in fact, I like being the one without the tattoos. Not being colored-up actually makes me stand out among my friends, so I think the solution will be in the removal. I guess I had better start saving.

As my tats go, I am content with the others, probably because I don't have to look at them all the time—it could be worse, a lot worse. There's a homeless street punk-wigger that I have seen around on the streets in San Francisco, and written across his forehead is "FUCK DA POLICE" in all caps. Must be fun when he comes across law enforcement. Every time I see him, I think, "Sheesh! I'll live with the choices I've made—they could be worse." Fuck da police? Hahaha, what a dumbass!



Mazza

Photo: Katie Panzer



By Madelyn Boudreaux
madelyn@gothics.org

A Utah staple since 2000, Mazza is arguably the best Lebanese and Middle Eastern restaurant in town. Mazza started as a family eatery, serving their food on paper plates out of the small 15th and 15th location. By 2007, demand was high enough for owner **Ali Sabbah** to open a second restaurant—an upscale, fine-dining establishment at 9th and 9th. Mazza's meat dishes use all-natural, vegetarian-fed and mainly locally sourced chicken, beef and lamb, raised without added hormones or antibiotics. The website includes specialized vegetarian, vegan and gluten-free menus, making it easy for those with specialized diets and restrictions. It's rare and delightful to see a restaurant website with so much attention given to details like this. While many restaurants provide meals that meet the needs of the diner, Mazza goes a step further, anticipating those needs in thoughtful and distinct ways, such as providing lettuce leaves in place of pita for gluten-free diners.

The 15th and 15th location, which is open all day, provides a small and cozy dining experience, with only a few tables and homey decorations. The 9th and 9th location is closed for two hours between lunch and dinner, but the atmosphere is gorgeous, with huge windows across the front and Lebanese inlaid wood, lamps and fabric decorations. The main drawback of the location is that in the afternoon, the large windows allow the sun to shine in, which can make for an uncomfortable experience, and the shades are difficult to reach and don't always help. Avoid the window seats if the glaring sun bothers you. Both locations could do with a little bit of rearranging to improve seating, although they may not want to lose capacity. With the food as good as it is, they don't need to do much to keep customers coming back.

Mazza features an extensive wine, beer and liquor menu, including a number of Lebanese wines and beers from Lebanon, Armenia and Morocco, but we opted to start our meal with the homemade Orange Blossom Limeade (\$3), a perfect, bittersweet and tart thirst quencher.

If the beer and wine menu is extensive, it barely holds a candle to the huge number of options

Mazza's Cheese and Zaatar sandwich with a starter sampler make for a perfect lunch.

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and choices on the food menu. You could eat here every day for a month and still find new things to try. Picking out a starter is tough, but they make it easier with their three-item (\$11) and four-item (\$14) samplers, served with ample pita bread. The twice-cooked Fries (\$5) are some of the best I've ever had. Try the spicy, pan-fried Potatoes Harra (\$6) with the lentils and rice Mujaddara (\$6) and the smoky, stunning Baba Ganooj (\$7), and you won't have room for your main course. The Spinach Fatayer (\$3.50) is big enough to share with a friend, but you'll want to keep the sweet, golden pastry all to yourself. Better for sharing are the Vegetarian Grape Leaves (\$6 for four), stuffed with rice and cooked in lemon and tomato herb broth. Mazza even serves fava

beans cooked two different ways: with mallow leaves as part of a slightly bitter, savory Beesarah (\$6.50) or shelled and cooked down with spices (\$7.50). And that's just about half of the starters and sides listed on the menu.


For lunch or an early dinner, try the fantastic lentil soups (with tomatoes or with spinach, \$4 per cup, \$6.50 per bowl) and one of Mazza's delicious, lighter meals—each item can be made as a sandwich (\$7.50 - \$10), a salad (\$11.50 - \$14.50) or served over rice (\$10 - \$13). The Morgan Valley Lamb Sausage (\$8) is sweet and spicy, while the Cheese and Zaatar (a Mediterranean spice mixture, \$7.50) is spicy and satisfying.

If you're hungry, the house specialties are large servings of exquisitely cooked meat and vegetarian dishes. The Vegetarian Kabseh (\$17) is a filling stew of mushrooms and cauliflower, served over delicately spiced rice, with a chicken version (\$17) available as well. For a heartier meal, try the Chicken and Potatoes Mutabbak (\$18), with slices of fried potatoes arranged around moist, tender chicken breast over moist basmati rice, drizzled with a tangy, sweet tamarind sauce. If you're feeling adventurous, go for broke with the Lamb Shank (\$23), a huge serving of braised meat cooked in an array of ingredients that fairly falls off the bone onto the saffron couscous and herbed green fava beans.

Finish up your meal with an Apricot Cream Turnover (\$5), a flaky pastry stuffed with creamy pudding and apricots and doused with orange blossom syrup. Ask for them to hold one for you when you sit down—these go fast, especially at the 15th and 15th location. Or, try the saffron-flavored Kanafah (\$6) pudding, garnished with phyllo shreds and pistachios. The Turkish Coffee (\$3) was one disappointment, though. Although the flavor—studded with cardamom—was good, it was served barely warm and did not include the traditional layer of grounds at the bottom.

With so much information on their website and such an extensive and diverse menu, Mazza is a perfect place for a group with varied tastes, and the 9th and 9th location makes a wonderful place for a romantic date.






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5 GARAGE Monthly Artist Showcase 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	6	7 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS	8	9 Ashley K. Thomas FREE SHOW	10 Hello, DOLLFACE \$5 SHOW	11 Sleepwalkers Super 78 FOSSIL ARMS \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
12 Brunch 11-3p	13	14 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS	15	16 CANDY'S RIVERHOUSE FREE SHOW	17 THE RUGS \$5 SHOW	18 The lingoies Dead Bod \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
19 Brunch 11-3p	20	21 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS	22	23 The Forty Fours FREE SHOW	24 TBA	25 CALAMITY CUBES \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
26 Duncan Phillips Presents Garage Acoustic Series With Up 'Till Dawn Brunch 11-3p	27 MY GRAVEYARD JAW	28 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS	29	30 THE SHIVAS FREE SHOW	31 Los Rojos Dwellers CHARLIE DON'T SURF \$5 SHOW	

ROLL WITH THE LUNCHESES

Brown Bag Concert Series Celebrates 35 Years

By Gregory Gerulat • gjgerulat@gmail.com

“Brown bag” isn’t a term I customarily hear too often these days. Its mere mentioning invokes childhood memories of the vapid container whose purpose was to hold my school lunch in early grade school. These mundane contents were typically limited to a lopsided sandwich, an apple and a small, plastic barrel containing pure corn syrup (labeled as “fruit drink”). I felt instantly patronized by the more fortunate kids at the lunch table who sneeringly ate more prestigious meals, like Lunchables, every day. These kids may have generously shared their colored pencils earlier that day and were indiscriminate in picking their kickball teams, but I immediately labeled them as “assholes” the minute they bit into their cheese and cracker sandwiches.

Despite suburbanite memories, “brown bag” holds a very different connotation for Salt Lake townfolk. Thanks to **Casey Jarman** and the **Salt Lake City Arts Council**, it’s been a term of eminence to Salt Lake City’s artistic performers for a long time. The *Brown Bag Concert Series* is the Arts Council’s longest running and most consistent concert series, celebrating 35 summers of lunchtime entertainment. This year, the series starts in August and runs every weekday of the month from 12:15 p.m. to 1 p.m.—the typical lunchtime for the average worker—in a variety of parks and plazas around downtown Salt Lake. The concert series is a chance for local art types to showcase their talent, whether it’s music, dance, theatre or poetry. Even though it’s formally known as a concert series, the program’s original roots were—oddly enough—completely thespian.

“Its original concept was more of a street theater program,” says Jarman. “We had ‘Shakespeare on Roller Skates,’ poetry on buses—kind of a wacky yet interesting program that was all over the place.”

In recent years, the bulk of the *BBCS*’s applications have come from the music camp. Even though they’re more of an endangered species, he states that other performing types are equally welcome.

“The application process is open to anybody and anything, but all we seem to get is dance and music,” says Jarman. “It’s been a while since we’ve done anything else, because they need more of a formal stage. Downtown outdoor plazas

Casey Jarman of the Salt Lake Arts Council has been a part of the Brown Bag series since its inception 35 years ago.



Photo: John Barkiple

and parks don’t always have the best dance and acting stages.” Although more popular, the music artists are worth their weight. This year, the *BBCS* is giving 45 minutes of stage to local greats like **Red Bennies**, **The Suicycles**, **Salt Lake Electric Ensemble**, **Great Basin Street Band** and many others.

Moreover, whatever talent the artist decides to showcase, they do not do it without reward. The Arts Council wants the artists to view the *BBCS* as a legitimate concert gig—not a charity event. Thus, artists will walk away with more than just free publicity.

“What I try to provide is a solid program that is professionally run,” says Jarman. “So when artists get there, the sound system is already set up, they are treated well, they get a small stipend for a performance fee and hopefully they have a reasonable audience. Most of the gigs around here are bar or club gigs, so, hopefully, for a lot of artists, this is their first concert gig.”

Of course, the audience that musicians will attract will be optimistically comprised of local workers from the area who are on their lunch break. I imagine that most workers’ scheduled lunch breaks happen shortly after noon, but this is the 21st Century—there is also a sizable crowd of people who work grave shifts and midday shifts who will inevitably

miss out. When I faced Jarman with this issue, he answered with the inception story of the *BBCS*’s much bigger sibling, *The Twilight Concert Series*.

“When I was running the *BBCS*, I realized not everybody could make it,” says Jarman. “Even if you have a 9-to-5 job downtown, is it really that easy to get a full hour lunch break? During those questions, we said, ‘Well, we need to have a concert series for those people who can’t make it,’ and that’s how *Twilight* became. It used to be called ‘*The Twilight Brown Bag Concert Series*,’ in fact.”

Today, *The Twilight Concert Series* is the Arts Council’s main hallmark—known for showcasing famous, national acts and attracting gargantuan hordes of people to a single public park. Even though *Twilight* has tied up most of the council’s hands, they still manage to make time and room for the *BBCS*.

“I think *Brown Bag* has a great history and track record for performances, and hopefully we can keep this going for a long time,” says Jarman. “I think [the concert series demonstrates] a strong need for local artists and performers, and we want to service that need. I just hope we can find the space and hopefully go back to two or three months for *Brown Bag*, but right now we have to dig in and make sure we can get through because the interest is there for the artists.”

The first week of *The Brown Bag Concert Series* will take place at the *Exchange Place Plaza* on 350 South and Main, with **Matteo** being the first performance on Aug. 6. For the full lineup, visit slcgov.com/arts/brownbag. Hedge your bets and use your lunch break to see what it’s all about. I guarantee it’ll be more satisfying than that frozen burrito waiting in your cubicle.



Photo: davebrewerphoto.com

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BENEATH THE SALT:

ENTER THROUGH THE COFFEE SHOP

BY ALEX SPRINGER • ALEXJSPRINGER@GMAIL.COM

Art is the business of turning dreams into reality, which can be a pain in the ass in a world where reality tends to scoff at dreams. In their efforts to pursue a path in creativity, artists are often beset with nothing but rejection and discouragement. Though overcoming these obstacles is a big part of creating meaningful art, it still sucks to feel like nobody's listening. For the struggling artists who know all too well what that's like, there is something bright on the horizon. This summer, artists can look forward to *Beneath the Salt*. Organized by local artists **Jadey Crofts** and **Josh Johnston**, *Beneath the Salt* is an event designed to promote local art and provide a bit of group therapy for artsy Utahns who need a quick boost to their creativity and enthusiasm. The event consists of an intimate gathering of around ten local artists who will be displaying their work on both levels of *Kokopelli's Koffee*. In addition to the artwork, attendees will be treated to live music, DJs and even a hula hooper or two. "It's really more of an art party," says Crofts. "One of our exhibitors this year will actually be

- painting on patrons' bodies!"
- Initially, Crofts got the idea for an epic art event from *Exit Through the Gift Shop*, an Oscar-nominated documentary from the street art guru, **Banksy**. In short, a French immigrant named **Thierry Guetta** sought to document street artists such as **Shepard Fairey** and Banksy himself—but didn't do a great job. While Banksy was salvaging his footage, Guetta adopted the name **Mr. Brainwash** and threw together an art show in L.A. that attracted a huge audience. "It wasn't necessarily [Guetta] that inspired me, but the idea that it's not too difficult to throw an event that could be used to help people get their art out there," says Crofts.
- Both Crofts and Johnston come from artistic backgrounds. "I've been drawing since I was about three," Johnston says. "Everyone told me that I was an artist, so that's what I considered myself." Art has played an important role in Crofts' life as well. When her father passed away a year ago, she used her artistic

Jadey Crofts unearths under-the-radar artists to help them proliferate their art among each other.

Photo: A. Pastucha

- abilities as a way to deal with her loss. "I locked myself in my room for weeks and just painted," Crofts says. She had mentioned the idea for *Beneath the Salt* to her father, who lent his support. "When he died," says Crofts, "it lit this fire in me to make the event happen." In addition to Johnston, Crofts contacted longtime friends **Nicole** and **Russ Eastland**. Together, they created the first *Beneath the Salt* event, which took place August of last year. "Nicole helped pull together some of our star artists, like **Beau Buchanan**, **Cameron Williams** and **Jazzlyn Huerta**. She also aided in the communication flow between artists. Russ was one of our musical acts and made our very first flier," Crofts says.

- In addition to having a memorable experience partying with local artists, attendees will have the opportunity to donate to the Utah Cancer Society. "We're suggesting that patrons donate at least \$5 to the Cancer Society, and we've also been encouraging our artists to donate a portion of their proceeds as well," Crofts says. Johnston and Crofts wanted this event to give something back to the community, and the Utah Cancer Society seemed like the right place to direct that charity. "Cancer is still around. There are a lot of people struggling with it. So many different causes fall along the wayside, and that's one of them. When you get such a broad group of people together, a lot of them are going to know someone who has been affected by cancer, so it seemed appropriate," says Johnston.

- For any local artists who want to get their work noticed, *Beneath the Salt* is a great place to get started. Even though putting your art out in the public is intimidating, if you're passionate about your work, you'll find a place at *Beneath the Salt*. "Featuring a person's art provides some confidence to keep going," Johnston says. When it comes down to deciding whom they would like to feature at their event, an artist's personality, passion and attitude can go a long way. "There are lots of people who can paint really well, but it's passion that keeps you going, and we think that's important. Personality does enter the equation on that level. Artists will also have to be mingling with the crowd and pushing their work," says Johnston.

- *Beneath the Salt* promises to be more than just a typical art show. "For me, art is about self-expression, not wine and cheese. Not that there's anything wrong with wine and cheese, but this event is designed to encourage people to create art. We don't really want to find artists who have already made a name for themselves in the community. We want to find the people who were doing this independently and encourage them to meet up and keep each other inspired," says Crofts.
- *Beneath the Salt* will be taking place on Friday, Aug. 10 at *Kokopelli's Koffee* on 3955 S. Highland Drive. More info is available on Facebook by searching "Beneath the Salt." If you're interested in showing art of your own at the event, Crofts can be contacted at penguininagasmask@yahoo.com, and you can reach Johnston at jlj.com@gmail.com.

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Curators Jadey Crofts and Josh Johnston will celebrate the second annual *Beneath the Salt* on Aug. 10.

Photo: A. Pastucha

LA BARBA'S DIY COFFEE OPERATION

By Cody Kirkland | againstcody@gmail.com

Salt Lake City is always a few years behind the culture curve, and when it comes to coffee culture in Salt Lake, most of the city is stuck in the year of the Orange Mocha Frappuccino and burnt-as-hell French roast. On the West Coast, high-end coffee roasters and cafes long ago ditched the Irish crème and the breakfast blend, instead focusing on the flavors of the (gasp!) actual coffee itself. This new school of coffee emphasizes a lighter roasting style, which highlights the different flavor profiles of coffees from particular countries, regions, micro-regions and even individual farms, just as winemakers do in the wine world. This new school of coffee also likes to pay the coffee farmers a decent price for their goods, without a middleman—they call it direct trade. It seems like Salt Lake would be all over that, but it has taken a while. A few shops, though, have gotten with the program—*Caffe D'bolla* roasts their own, *The Rose Establishment* imports San Francisco's Four Barrel and *Nobrow Coffee & Tea* sports a quiver of high-end boutique roasters from around the country. One of *Nobrow's* newest isn't imported from Portland or Chicago, though—it's roasted in a modified barbecue grill in a Rose Park backyard, and it's on par with some of the roasters that inspired it. It's Salt Lake's own La Barba Coffee Roasting.

Levi Rogers, co-owner of La Barba, handles the artistic side of the company and does the actual roasting. Originally from Colorado, Rogers moved to the Zion of high-end coffee known as Portland, Ore. in 2008. "Right out of high school, I got a job as a barista, but I didn't know much about coffee. It wasn't until I moved to Portland and worked with **Sam [Purvis]**, of *Coava Coffee*, that I started really getting into it. The first time I saw roasting was with him," he says. While in Portland, Rogers thought he'd give it a try and started roasting his own raw, green coffee in a popcorn popper, a popular, ultra-cheap choice for home roasters.

After gleaning as much coffee know-how as he could from Purvis, who was last year's Northwest Regional barista champion, Rogers moved to Salt Lake in 2010. He soon met **Tim Walzer** at *Desert Edge Pub*, who had just bought his own home-roaster that morning. Obviously, this was no coincidence—the coffee stars were aligned for La Barba. Walzer is a New York transplant and La Barba co-owner, who runs the technical side of the roasting company. With a computer programming background and mechanical prowess in his blood, Walzer built the company's website as well as their roaster. When he met Rogers, he was just a casual drinker of coffee whose DIY inclinations led him to start roasting his own.

The two became roommates and honed their home-roasting skills, but Rogers wanted to try roasting on

Tim Walzer and Levi Rogers in their Rose Park backyard where they roast beans for La Barba.



a larger scale. "I had a friend of a friend in San Francisco who started a company called Bicycle Coffee. He started on a propane grill with a drum—that's where I got the idea. So we built it," Rogers says. They fashioned a prototype out of a small propane grill, perfected their technique and "met with an attorney to drop an LLC," says Rogers. After a while, they abandoned the janky prototype and upgraded to a larger, more deluxe model. "We hand-built a drum out of perforated stainless steel, put end caps on it, attached it to a spit that is hooked up to a motor—the motor spins it. When it's done, we just pull it out and dump it onto a cooling tray that's over a box fan," says Rogers.

It sounds rudimentary, and it is—but that's just La Barba's style. Rogers roasts, bags, stamps, labels and delivers the coffee himself via bicycle to *Nobrow*, La Barba's only physical retail outlet at the moment. If you live in Salt Lake and don't want to go out in public, you can go online and order a bag of

whatever they're roasting, and Rogers will personally deliver it by bike. Also cool is the fact that La Barba sources their green coffee beans from great places. "The Uganda I bought is actually from a non-profit. They have two coffees in Uganda that they do, and they pay the farmers really well—it's called **Kabum Cooperative**," says Rogers. Kabum helps villages dig wells, set up coffee plantations and helps farmers sell their product at a fair price.

Now that La Barba has brought their DIY, West Coast-style of coffee roasting to Utah, the duo hopes to sell their product in as many local establishments as possible, and to help build the community with coffee. On Saturday, Sep. 15, La Barba and *Nobrow Coffee* will team up for a cupping (a coffee tasting event), starting at 11 a.m. at *Nobrow* on 315 E. 300 S. For more info on La Barba, or to order your own bike-delivered bag, put down that venti half-caff caramel breve abomination and get some real coffee culture at labarbacoffee.com.



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BIRD AS SICK

An Interview with Fever Year Director Xan Aranda

By Jory Carroll
jory_7@msn.com



Photo courtesy: Xan Aranda

In her new documentary, filmmaker Xan Aranda captured a fever-ridden Andrew Bird recording on his family's farm.

When most people come down with a fever, the tendency is to seek refuge in the comfort of bed, load up on meds, and call in sick for a while. For musician **Andrew Bird**, a 102-degree temperature is no reason to cancel shows or take a break. In fact, despite being under the weather for most of 2009, Bird not only managed to stay committed to a relentless touring schedule of 165 shows, he also commissioned indie-filmmaker Xan Aranda to direct the aptly titled documentary, *Fever Year*.

In the new film, which makes its Utah premiere at the *Salt Lake City Film Festival* on August

13, Aranda puts the musician on display in a way never seen before onstage. Both heavily involved in the Chicago scene, she has known Bird for a decade, in which time she collaborated with him on music videos for the songs "Imitosis" and "Lull." *Fever Year* gives audiences a front row seat to Bird's multi-instrumental skills and his distinct looping technique, wherein he layers his violin and guitar playing, over his whistling and singing.

The 80-minute film features live performances taken from a two-night stand at Milwaukee's

Pabst Theater in October 2009. A three-piece band made up of **Martin Dosh**, **Jeremy Ylvisaker** and **Michael Lewis** joins Bird onstage, but this is no ordinary group of musicians. Bird spent approximately five years assembling the group, and therefore wanted to document their final show of the tour, which Aranda does beautifully. Thanks to *Fever Year*, there now exists great footage of Bird performing live, instead of cheap *YouTube* videos from fans' camera phones or a brief set on the *Austin City Limits* TV show.

The movie also provides rare, behind-the-scene glimpses of Bird making preparations for the shows at the *Pabst Theater*, including an intimate rehearsal with **Annie Clark** of **St. Vincent**. There is also archival footage of Bird's early days as a musician, as well as clips of him just hanging out on his large family farm three hours outside of Chicago. In a recent phone interview, *SLUG* talked to Aranda about filming the endeavor.

SLUG: *Fever Year* was your first attempt at making a music documentary. What was your initial approach to the project?
Aranda: Knowing that Andrew is not someone who's going to be part of a film that's like an *E! True Hollywood Story* or something really statistics-based, I knew that we would have to provide a lot of mood and transparency with him for 80 minutes rather than stats. Those are the things that inspired us: making a film about a multi-instrumentalist who plays with multi-instrumentalists.

SLUG: How was this experience different from the music videos you previously made with Andrew?
Aranda: This project was so much larger, and it's also a lot more personal. [*Fever Year*] actually turns the camera on him, so there was a big difference there. He knew that he was going to have these final shows with the band and he wasn't going to play with them again, but he really loved what they were doing.

SLUG: When you first started filming, did you know that he had been sick for a long time and that it would be part of the film?
Aranda: I'd often talk to him in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere, and he'd say that he'd been sick for weeks. When he arrived at the *Pabst Theater*, I'd seen him two weeks previous in Indianapolis and he was

fine. At that point, there was no way that we weren't going to include it in the film in some way. In the middle of the show, he started riffing about what to call the [film], and that was kind of an invitation to explore it deeper. People have asked me before if I was afraid for him or worried. It may sound callous, but I wasn't. I was probably the least afraid out of most people because I understand what that's all about and the fever wasn't mysterious to me. I was freaking out during the shows about not blowing it. It's a lot of money and a lot of humans, and I just wanted it to go well.

SLUG: When you watch the film, are you happy with it or are there parts you wish you had done differently?
Aranda: I don't always watch the screening because I've seen it so many times. But if I see it with an audience, I'm not sure how they're going to react, so I'll usually watch it with them to see what they're getting from it. Filmmaking is choices, and there's always something to see if you're watching it with new people's eyes. I recently watched it in Mexico City and I hadn't seen it in a month, but I watched it because they had subtitles in Spanish. I speak Spanish, so I wanted to see what kind of choices they made for the subs, and also just to see if the tiny handful of jokes in the movie translated. You just have to let go of the movie at some point. I took it as far as I can, and I truly exhausted myself and gave it everything that I had. I'm very much at peace with the film.

SLUG: How involved was Andrew in deciding what to include in the film? Was it easy to work so closely with him?
Aranda: The first cut of the film we did was way too much of a **Talking Heads**

movie (ie. *Stop Making Sense*). It was all interviews. He kept refusing to let us follow him places and observe him, but that's the kind of stuff that gives the film breathing room. He had a lot to think about and work on, and it's scary to let people come shoot you recording your new album. You don't want to screw it up. For me, I didn't want to go there and mess up the recording of the new album, so it was kind of this little delicate dance that you do. There's no script. You can make a plan, but it takes a while to sift through all of it. After that phase we would check in with him every once in a while—it was kind of like this long, massaging process. He didn't really let go of the process until he started making his new album.

SLUG: As the director, how do you feel about Andrew owning the rights to the film? Did that make you reconsider whether or not to do it?
Aranda: I always knew that he owned the film, since he commissioned it and mostly financed it. I paid for a portion of it. The reason I took it on was because of two things: One, I had a strong opinion for many years on how it should be made. And two, I was in the middle of making another film (*Mormon Movie*) but I knew that [*Fever Year*] would be a great learning opportunity for me. I'm not known for taking projects that I know how to do. I'm known for taking projects that I really want to do and have the resources for.

If you can't make it out to the Utah premiere of *Fever Year* on August 13, the film will also screen at the *DocUtah: Southern Utah Intl Documentary Film Festival* at Dixie State College on September 8. The film truly does a great job capturing Bird's live act, but if you want to see him live for yourself, he will be in Salt Lake performing at *Red Butte Garden* on Aug. 14. For tickets, check out redbuttegarden.org.



Andrew Bird's use of unique and unusual equipment to create his music is featured prominently throughout *Fever Year*.

Photo courtesy: Xan Aranda

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Photos: Heather Franck

Utah musicians Mona Stevens and the Vinegar & Pearls Band performed at last year's festival.

WOMEN'S REDROCK MUSIC FESTIVAL: CONTINUING SUPPORT FOR INDEPENDENT FEMALE ARTISTS

By Brinley Froelich • brinleyfroelich@gmail.com

The sixth annual *Women's Redrock Music Festival* will take place Aug. 10–11, and attendees can be certain that the weekend will deliver a healthy dose of female inspiration. Located in the scenic town of Torrey, Utah, the festival brings in local and national talent, with the fantastic red rock scenery surrounding the area serving as a backdrop. Originally the brainchild of former Salt Lake City resident **Carol Gnade**, the festival sprouted from her love of community action, her new community in Torrey and music.

Along with Gnade, organizers **Laurie Wood** and **Jeri Tafoya** help with the event to host upward of 600 attendees. Tafoya was recruited after working with Carol in 2004 on the "Don't Amend Alliance Campaign." Gnade had recently moved with her partner to Torrey and wanted to start a music festival to boost the community, approaching Wood and Tafoya for help. "Before I knew what I was saying yes to, I was all over it. It didn't take much," says Tafoya.

What started as a small festival with a handful of gifted local musicians has since expanded to include 13 artists and musicians from all over the country. "I look back at that first year and I always have had such a soft spot for these girls who took a chance on us back then—**Mary Tebbs**, **Leraine Horstmanshoff**, **Kathryn Warner**—and just said yes," says Tafoya. "That first year set the tone for the style that we're known for today, which is independent artists who want to sing and perform, and performers who connect with the intimacy of the audience when they want to perform their hearts out, and the audience embraces them in return." This year's lineup includes Ohio folk singer and American Idol runner-up **Crystal Bowersox**, California-based indie rock band **Raining Jane**, Nashville's award-winning singer-songwriter **Jen Foster** and many more talented, female-fronted music acts. The lineup also contains many other artists and performers, including poet and activist **Andrea Gibson**, who will be taking

the stage for her second year at the festival.

Although the name uses the title of a "women's" festival, and a majority of the audience is made up of women—including LGBT community members—it isn't to deter anyone from feeling welcome at the festival. "A large part of [the audience demographic] is because [of our operation from] under the umbrella of the *Utah Pride Center* ... [but] we're not exclusive to women—this really is a festival for anyone who wants to hear great music," says Tafoya. "Adapting the 'women' to the *Women's Redrock Music Festival* was just part of the inception. There was no motive to make it exclusive other than our desire to support independent female musicians. They have always inspired us, and I suppose this was our way to give back while doing what we love."

Throughout the growth of the festival, in both attendance and performers, Tafoya remarks how the town of Torrey has warmed up to the event over the six years since the festival began. "As we've grown, we've seen more locals who come, and they're always pleasantly surprised at how tame



Festival organizers (L-R) Laurie Wood, Carol Gnade and Jeri Tafoya are working hard to make the sixth annual Women's Redrock Music Festival a success this year.

the audience is. It breaks down a few more stereotypes in some minds, and that type of growth is always a wonderful reaction that we get," she says.

As the town evolves into a welcoming ally, the performers often return that warmth by asking to return. "As soon as it's over, almost all of the artists will write or call and say that it's one of the best festivals that they've been to, and they'd love to come back," says Tafoya. "That's how we make it better and build our reputation, so we can bring a great variety of talent." Though many of the artists return after their initial experience, the organizers continue to research and include up-and-coming, independent female artists. With the aid of the Internet and through word of mouth, the festival has continued to incorporate local as well as national and international talent.

As a non-profit organization, the festival functions as a subsidiary entity of the *Utah Pride Center*, which supports the equality and dignity of the LGBT community. Along with paying a tithe to the *Utah Pride Center*, the festival uses its proceeds to award scholarships to students going to college to study music. "It is so humbling to have someone walk up to you and thank you for doing this. After all the labor-intensive hours it takes to pull it off, it is incredibly rewarding to know that you're a part of something special, and that we were able to help a few people along the way," says Tafoya.

She hopes that the audience will leave the festival with "a sense of appreciation for the beautiful surroundings. I hope they feel a magic in the place like we have, and that they take with them some lasting memories of a really great weekend."

For more information on the festival, and to purchase tickets, visit their website at redrockwomenfest.com.

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BOMB THE BEEHIVE:

BOMB THE MUSIC INDUSTRY! RETURNS TO SLC

By Ricky Vigil
ricky@slugmag.com

Bomb the Music Industry! will bring their spazzy blend of ska, punk and hardcore to *The Underground* on August 16.

Photo: Toni Skotcher

The first time Bomb the Music Industry! played Salt Lake City in the fall of 2007 just so happened to be one of the worst days in **Jeff Rosenstock**’s life. “I had the flu, and I was having fever dreams in the van. It was snowing that morning, and I got woken up by a text message from a friend that said, ‘Yo, **Radiohead** just totally yanked your style, dude,’” he says. Rosenstock’s New York-based punk band had been making a name for themselves by employing a donation-based system to distribute their music on the Internet, so when **Thom Yorke** & Co. announced that they would be utilizing the same method for their 2007 album, *In Rainbows*, it was a huge blow to Rosenstock. Even so, Bomb the Music Industry! rocked the fuck out of *Red Light Books* that night with their spazzy blend of ska, pop-punk and ’80s-style hardcore. The sweaty kids losing their shit in that basement couldn’t have given less of a fuck about Radiohead—Bomb the Music Industry! is what punk rock is all about.

Rosenstock started Bomb the Music Industry! in 2004 after the dissolution of his previous band, **The Arrogant Sons of Bitches**. “I was starting to get fed up with the idea of selling merchandise. I just didn’t care. It was something I felt there was too much emphasis on,” Rosenstock says. Completely taking the monetary aspect out of music, Rosenstock decided that he would give away the music from his next project for free on the Internet. “I just wanted to write songs and I wanted people to hear those songs. The easiest way to do that was to record them myself, then put them up for free on the Internet and not worry about losing money,” he says. Rosenstock recorded the first three Bomb the Music Industry! albums and played all of the instruments on them entirely on his own. The songs ranged from missives about

the evils of the music industry (naturally) and our government, to odes about loneliness and the glories of a showerbeer, as well as some covers of **Harvey Danger** and **Tom Waits**.

Shortly after recording the first Bomb album, *Album Minus Band*, Rosenstock launched **Quote Unquote Records** to distribute his own music and music from his friends. The label touts itself as the first ever donation-based record label, and has released music from **ROAR**, **Shinobu** and **O Pioneers!!!** as well as Bomb the Music Industry! members **Matt Kurz** and **Laura Stevenson**, among others. “Not very many people donate versus the amount of people who download, but the people who do often donate more than we ask, usually. People send us nice notes and they’re happy that we’re doing it,” Rosenstock says. He believes that the popularity of Bomb the Music Industry! and their DIY ethic has helped other bands on the Quote Unquote roster gain exposure. “It started out as a way to benefit friends of mine, and it turned out really good for us,” Rosenstock says.

When it came time to record 2007’s *Get Warmer*, Rosenstock decided that he wanted Bomb the Music Industry! to be a touring band with actual members. He recruited several dozen of his friends from the New York and Athens, Ga. music scenes to record the album and embarked on a tour with a rotating cast of bandmates. *Get Warmer* was also the first Bomb record to be released physically and digitally on the same day with the vinyl and CD versions being released by **Mike Park**’s **Asian Man Records**. “Ethically speaking, Mike Park was a huge influence [for] me from when I discovered ska punk up until now. He’s still a huge inspiration to me. He’s a great,

great person,” Rosenstock says. After releasing two albums with Asian Man, Rosenstock decided to launch **Really Records** and release vinyl versions of Bomb the Music Industry! albums on his own. The first pressing of the band’s latest album, *Vacation*, sold out before its official release date, further proving that BTMI! fans are more than willing to pay for something they can get for free.

Vacation, released last July, is very much a summer record, showcasing the continuing evolution of Bomb the Music Industry!’s sound while maintaining Rosenstock’s incredibly honest lyrics. “*Vacation* is, without a doubt, the most positive Bomb the Music Industry! record, and it’s about people dying and car crashes and suicide and shit. I don’t think I’m good at writing about happy stuff,” Rosenstock says. Still, these tales of despair are laid over sunny soundscapes that simultaneously recall the **Beach Boys**, **Screeching Weasel**, **Neutral Milk Hotel** and **Fake Problems**, revealing further aspects of the BTMI! sound. “I do try really hard not to make the same record twice,” Rosenstock says. “I think any new music that I’m listening to will undoubtedly work its way in there, and not even new bands necessarily. It puts me in a different mindset when I’m writing songs.”

On August 16, Bomb the Music Industry! returns to Salt Lake to perform at *The Underground* with locals **Problem Daughter**, **Show Me Island** and **Dr. Drug and the Possible Side Effects**. Now that the band features a steady, five-member lineup, Rosenstock promises big things: “Sometimes we don’t sound like shit now, but it’s still a gamble,” he says. Come get sweaty. Come have fun. Come support punk rock.

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THE CRAFTY & CAPTIVATING TRISHA McBRIDE

XXXXXXXX By Ischa B. ✕ ischa3@gmail.com XXXXXXXX

Trisha McBride is a lady of endless energy. Her many talents include designing jewelry, clothing and costumes, choreographing and performing in a variety of dance styles, practicing and teaching yoga and even fronting experimental musical projects. This year at *Craft Lake City*, she will be performing with her belly dance troupe, **Lunar Collective**, as well as selling some home-crafted goodies at her booth. "Every July, it's lockdown time," McBride says of her preparations for the fest. "*Craft Lake City* has become a fun dedication for me."

McBride has participated in *CLC* for the past three years, ever since she returned to SLC after spending some time living in New York. "There were craft fairs like this happening [in Brooklyn] ... but this is Utah! We are the craft masters of the universe!" she says of our homegrown craft extravaganza. This year, she is preparing to present a small collection of fall fashions, including capelets and skirts, as well as some of her staple favorites, like bloomers and hoodie dresses. She has accessories and trinkets to decorate yourself by day or bolder pieces for a performance by night. It was while living in New York that she was inspired to teach herself how to sew. Now her goals include hitting up Fashion Week in Ghana. She admires the designers there because they are still making it all by hand, rather than sending it off to factories to be made by foreign children. "If [a piece] has been made properly, you can feel it," she says.

McBride also has a special performance planned for the entertainment part of the DIY craft fest. "[This year], I'm putting a lot of energy into the performance piece," she says. McBride created the choreography inspired by Athenian playwright **Euripides'** ancient Greek tragedy, "The Bacchae." Lunar Collective, which consists of McBride and her duet partner, **Kelly Brown**, will be joined by over a dozen other dancers to perform the piece. If you are familiar with the tragic play, the idea of 20 or so women performing McBride's interpretation of "The Return of the Bacchae," as she lovingly dubbed it, might just scare the shit out of you. The Bacchae that Euripides wrote about are raving, drunken, dancing women who are driven to this state of frenzy by the God Dionysus, the central figure in the tragedy. The story gets pretty gory, decapitation and all, so the interpretation is sure to be captivating, and maybe even a bit disturbing. If you're

familiar with Trisha McBride, you know that she wouldn't do it any other way. "I've had this piece in mind for five years, and it took the right women to come along and make it happen," she says. The piece is her brainchild, but the collaboration with her dancers is important to her. They spent time together making their costumes, drinking wine and preparing to wreak beautiful havoc all over the *CLC* festival grounds.

McBride's affair with the world of the art runs deep. Her love of tribal belly dance was ignited back in 1998 while living in San Francisco and studying under modern belly dance maven, **Jill Parker**. "I was just right for it. It was like lock and key," says McBride. While the tribal style she originally studied may have been her first love, Lunar Collective now performs everything from traditional styles to modern styles, including cabaret, Turkish and American tribal variations. Their *Craft Lake City* performance will be the debut of McBride's "Return of the Bacchae," but she is hoping to perform it as much as possible after the fest in preparation for the upcoming annual *Witches Ball*.

This year, *SLUG* requested a custom-made, Trisha McBride original creation made entirely out of an assortment of vintage *SLUG* Mags. "I have never worked with paper before," she says about the challenges of the project. "When they hit me with the challenge, I was like ... OK guys, I dare you to dare me." The adventure of creating a three-dimensional piece of clothing out of the not-so-pliable two dimensions of paper is nothing to scoff at. *SLUG* is proud to showcase her hand-crafted piece on the cover of this month's issue, which is largely dedicated to celebrating the incredible crafting community that *Craft Lake City* continues to foster.

With all of this on her plate, along with her regular day-to-day obligations, the real question remains: how to do it all and still have balance? "I wanna live my life in harmony ... and what gets it all is the yoga," McBride says. "What brings the creative energy is the yoga." Lucky for us, McBride doesn't just practice yoga, she teaches at *Centered City Yoga* where she numbers among some of SLC's most dedicated yoga instructors, including our very own local yoga guru, **D'ana Baptiste**.

Next up for McBride is the adventure of tackling the Little Black Dress, so be on the lookout for new

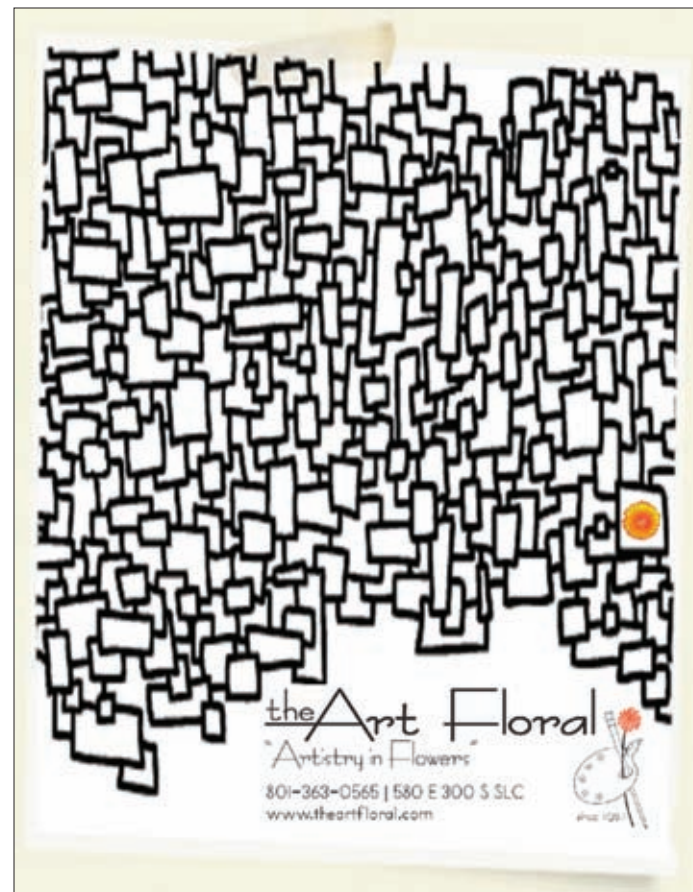


Photo: Brent Rowland

When Trisha McBride has her eye on a creative project, something beautiful's bound to bloom.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

goodies in the next few months. For now, be sure to stop by her booth at *Craft Lake City*, and don't miss Lunar Collective's sure-to-be-tantalizing performance. Check out trishamcbridedance.com for all the goods, and to find out where Lunar Collective will be performing next.



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ROSS IMBURGIA

MAD LIGHT SCIENCE By Henry Glasheen
henryglasheen@msn.com



Fiddling with old computer circuit boards and tapping out lines of code, Ross Imburgia prefers the term “tinkerer” to “artist.” Even though the brilliant light trails left in the wake of his colorful, strobing hula hoops might appear artsy at first glance, he maintains that his design process is closer to invention than creativity. Nonetheless, his easy laugh and relaxed demeanor evidence the satisfaction he feels at successfully implementing his ideas and creating prototypes for his fun, functional inventions. A circuit board plugged into a USB cable snakes its way up to his computer, while a tangle of wires and lights cycles through a rainbow spectrum of color, lighting up his basement studio/room as he elucidates his plans for *Craft Lake City* 2012, and how they work into the bigger ideas he has for the future of his inventive exploits.

After an intense demonstration of his light patterns in motion, Imburgia explains his exhibit: “I’m going to try to make it as much of a light show as possible and not just hula hoops ... I want some kind of big backdrop display that is also linked up to software on the computer, flashing and doing all sorts of crazy shit like that ... Just in terms of toys, I could make a lightsaber thing,” says Imburgia, explaining that it wouldn’t be difficult to simply alter his prototype to create them. “It’s probably a raver’s paradise. I’m not really into that scene, but they’d probably really dig it,” says Imburgia with a genial laugh.

Creating color-strobing hula hoops came somewhat unexpectedly for Imburgia. “Last fall, it started when my girlfriend, [Jess Dunn], asked for an LED hoop for her birthday. Instead of just going out and buying it ... I just thought to myself, ‘Hey, I could build that!’” he says, adding, “I’ve always been a tinkerer, and I’m an engineering major at school.” Though he does point out that his major focus is on mechanical engineering, which is quite different from the task of electrically engineering a luminescent hoop, he contends that, “It’s cool to do something that’s not physical labor, something that’s engaging for your brain.” He appreciates the challenge and the opportunity to use his extensive collection of odds and ends scavenged from old electronics.

“I find that I generate a lot of interest just taking my stuff to festivals and giving it to my girlfriend. Within five minutes, there’s five people coming up to her and asking, ‘Where did you get that?’” says Imburgia, who notes that the prototype has only come about recently, so he hasn’t had many opportunities to show them anywhere

else. “*Desert Rocks* was the biggest one—it was actually the first one it was done for,” he says. He also showed them off at **Pretty Lights**. “We go to some dubstep shows because we figure people would be interested in it. The best exposure is to get it out there in the wild and see what happens with it,” he says.

Imburgia fishes through a bowl of little parts, showing me a few and explaining where they came from. He produces a circuit board he says is from an old stereo he disassembled to get at the parts inside. “I’ve always loved taking things apart,” says Imburgia. “I’ve always been fascinated by electronics. It blows my mind to see where technology is going and what you can do now. Ten years ago, this would have been completely impossible for someone like me to do.” He holds up a boost converter he bought on Ebay to power his new, programmable hula hoop. “I initially designed my own circuit for that, but it wasn’t nearly as efficient, and those things are pretty cheap. Mine heated up a lot, especially if it was drawing a lot of current, which some of these patterns of light do. It’s probably a 60/40 mix between things I design and things I buy,” he says. Key to his process is a microcontroller known as Arduino, which interfaces with electronic hardware, allowing Imburgia’s light hoops to switch through various, scintillating light programs. His primary focus while moving forward is creating more programs while using Arduino as a platform for testing new ones and adjusting them if necessary. He says he has 19 of them so far, but he’s already outpacing other LED hoop manufacturers in terms of quantity and quality.

Though he’s thoroughly interested in his current project, his plans for the future are much bigger. “I want to get into any kind of LED stage design. That could entail stage lighting, stage props ... I actually had a friend that asked me to make him a wizard hat where it had stars all over it, and the stars twinkled with LEDs,” says Imburgia. He often searches for reasons to combine his love for music with his love for all things electronic, but, to him, the most important thing is continuing to try new things. “I just love messing with stuff, even if I don’t have any long-term ideas for cool projects. I don’t hesitate to put things together and start playing around with it. I feel like it’s really healthy for my education and my thought process.”

If you want to keep an eye on Ross Imburgia’s flashy light toys, go check out his blog at enlightenslc.blogspot.com.



Ross Imburgia, light tinkerer, stands in front of TaCara De Tevis’ hula-hoop swirling.

Photo: John Barkipile



UTAH FILM CENTER

UPCOMING SCREENING & EVENT SCHEDULE



Directed by Stuart Overby
95 min / 2010 / USA/Japan
Director Stuart Overby will attend for a post-screening Q+A

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 9 @ 7:00 PM
FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS

THE FORGOTTEN BOMB

In a globetrotting journey this film takes us from the Peace Museums of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, to the “Nuclear Science” museums of the United States. Featuring former U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, authors Gar Alperovitz and Jonathan Schell, Japanese bomb survivors, and many others, *The Forgotten Bomb* explores our pre-conceptions about nuclear weapons, investigates how they inform our sense of identity, and discovers what the bomber can learn from the bombed.

Presented in honor of Hiroshima and Nagasaki Remembrance Day

Sponsored by the Utah Campaign to Abolish Nuclear Weapons



Directed by Lee Falkerson
90 min / 2011 / USA / Rated PG

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 14 @ 6:30 PM
SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT

FORKS OVER KNIVES

Forks Over Knives claims that many degenerative diseases can be controlled, or even reversed, by rejecting animal-based and processed foods. Using the results of studies conducted by Dr. T. Colin Campbell and Dr. Caldwell Esselstyn, the film puts the idea of food as medicine to the test. Join Professor Joan Benson from the University of Utah College of Health for a discussion of current research on diet and disease prevention following the film.

Presented in partnership with the Utah Museum of Natural History for Science Movie Night



Directed by Yung Chang
89 min / 2012 / Canada/China

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 21 @ 7:00 PM
WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS

CHINA HEAVYWEIGHT

In southwestern China, a master coach recruits poor rural teenagers and turns them into Western-style boxing champions. Through hard work and discipline, these boys and girls hope to become China’s next Olympic heroes, but as they decide whether to fight for the collective good as amateurs or for themselves as professionals, their struggle becomes a metaphor for the choices that everyone faces in the new China.

Official Selection — 2012 Sundance Film Festival



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UTAH FILM CENTER SCREENING VENUES

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Directed by Mark Decena
50 min / 2012 / USA
Narrated by Robert Redford

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WATERSHED: Exploring a New Water Ethic for the New West

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<TITLE>

HANDCRAFTED HACKING:

THE TRANSISTOR AND MAKE: SLC HIT CRAFT LAKE CITY

By Cody Kirkland • againstcody@gmail.com

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<BODY>

The word “hacker” often connotes a lone, bespectacled computer Villain sitting in a dark room, breaking code to alter the White House’s homepage or gain access to people’s personal account information on Amazon. For the people who actually do it, however, hacking is more about taking something that was made for one purpose and integrating it into your own creation to do something else. “It doesn’t matter if it is computers or electronics or software, or social aspects or science or physics or anything. [Hackers] will take something and go, ‘Well this was made to be something in the garden, and I’m going to turn it into a fusion reactor,’” says **Deven Fore**, founder of Provo’s hackerspace called The Transistor. The Transistor, along with the eponymous group and hackerspace, known as Make: SLC, is part of the Make movement—a community of people around the globe who see something cool and think, “Hey, I could make that!” The vanguard of this movement is *Make Magazine*, a national, printed and online publication started in 2006 that showcases various reader-submitted DIY projects—“Making Bar Soap,” “Simple Night-Vision Goggles” and “30lb Fighting Robot” are some of the current how-to guides on *makezine.com*. We know how industrious and organized the sons and daughters of Deseret can be, so it was only a matter of time before the Make movement spread to Utah.

In 2009, Make: SLC founder **Michael Beck** moved from the Bay Area to Salt Lake City. He had seen the hackerspaces on the West Coast, including Make: SF, and thought that Salt Lake could use a Make group of its own. He rounded up some like-minded people and put together HackSLC, a hackerspace (or hacking venue) in Salt Lake that housed Make: SLC. The group worked out of that location for three months, but due to expensive rent and lack of membership contributions, they

moved the operation to Provo to start The Transistor. About nine months later, “**Richard Thompson** came along and said, ‘Hey, let’s start Make: SLC again in my warehouse,’” says **Tim Anderson**, a founding member of both Make: SLC and The Transistor. In addition to The Transistor, Anderson set up shop at the new Make: SLC space in downtown Salt Lake City, which was reformed by way of The Transistor hackerspace.

Since August of 2010, Thompson and Anderson have shared the Make: SLC headquarters—housed in a State Street warehouse right next to *The Bayou*—with **Dan Mitchell**, **James Howard**, **Devin Hales** and a handful of others, with Fore and Beck moving between the two spaces as well. Half of the building is filled with power tools, soldering irons, circuitry parts, laptops connected to automated 3D printers, and electronic equipment in various states of assembly. The other half of the building is dedicated to Thompson’s computer graphics museum-in-progress—stacks and rows of computer equipment from Commodore 64s to refrigerator-sized rendering servers used for flight simulators. When I visited Make: SLC, on their public night, I found a dozen guys milling around, programming software, burning things, debugging robots and shooting the shit about their individual projects. It was like high school shop class for adults—but without a teacher to stop the really good experiments. “We’re a loose affiliation of peers, rather than [having] somebody that’s in charge,” says Thompson. Gathering and sharing knowledge, tools and equipment under one roof is the primary purpose of the hackerspace. Because people from every background

MAKE: SLC’S 3D RESIN PRINTER IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING SOLID THREE DIMENSIONAL OBJECTS FROM A DIGITAL MODEL.

and skill level are welcome at Make: SLC, chances are somebody there can help you with your project, whatever it may be. “I have an electrical engineering degree, but I have a career in software, so I needed to be around people who have done electronics in a practical way to be able to learn from them,” says Thompson.

Howard, Anderson and Hales are some of those people who have practical experience with electronics—together, they have designed and built RA (pronounced “rah”), a circuit board used to control 3D printers, and are using Kickstarter to fund it, which runs through Aug. 12. A 3D printer uses a computer-controlled plotter within a cube-shaped frame

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PHOTO: CHAD KIRKLAND

HACKERS AT THE TRANSISTOR DEMONSTRATE THEIR RED BULL CREATION CHALLENGE ENTRY: A MACHINE THAT OPENS, EXTRACTS, COOLS AND CRUSHES A CAN OF RED BULL IN THE SPAN OF 30 SECONDS.

PHOTO: CHAD KIRKLAND

As far as exhibiting at *Craft Lake City*, expect the Make: SLC crew to bust out a lot of 3D printers and some of the weird art pieces built by them. Mitchell’s 3D printer-fabricated

“marble printer” creates shifting images akin to an oversized Connect Four game. Anderson describes it like this: “Think 20 rows—a 20 by 20 grid full of marbles and it makes a picture. It’ll pump up black or white, depending on what he wants to be next, and just refill the picture with whatever he wants. He’s bringing that by *Craft Lake*.”

Back in 2009, when Make: SLC was searching for the proper home base in Salt Lake, Fore was down south setting up Make: Provo. In December of ‘09, Anderson, Fore and **Gordon Cooper** moved their new Make group into the third floor of an old Provo candy factory and christened their hackerspace “The Transistor.” With almost a dozen computer

to build objects from the table up, by melting and layering thin strands of PLA plastic. They can be used to make sculptures, mechanical parts of all kinds, and even pieces to build other 3D printers. Commercial versions of these machines can cost upwards of \$100,000, but because of open-source software, free online blueprints and innovative products like the RA board, the average hacker can build one for a few hundred bucks. Mitchell, an artist who teaches ceramics at *Rowland Hall* and advises the school’s Make club, has integrated 3D printing into his curriculum. He had his students build one from the ground up and use it to make detailed sculptures. This project, he says, wouldn’t have been possible without help from his fellow Make: SLC members. Though most of the projects taking place within Make: SLC involve computers and circuits, the members welcome all types of makers, from mechanical to crafty. “It’s mostly electronics because that’s mostly what people [here] are interested in,” says Hales. Howard chimes in, saying, “But if someone wanted to come here to sew, we’d be fine with that.”

workstations in a furnished office strewn with electronic parts and empty soda cans, The Transistor is a different world from the Make: SLC warehouse. Many of the guys at The Transistor lean more toward the software and programming side of hacking and have a penchant for gaming. They recently participated in a contest put on by VIMBY (Video In My BackYard), which pitted several hackerspaces against each other to see who could make the coolest project. Their project, called *Zombie Lasertag*, was basically a real-life video game: “We set up an 8-foot-by-16-foot town and attached a bunch of Barbie dolls—that we had painted like zombies and covered in sensors—to a bunch of RC cars so they could drive around this town. And then we took some Nerf guns and put lasers in them. You hit the zombie in the sensor, that would kill a zombie,” says Anderson.

The Transistor’s members aren’t all strictly computer nerds, though. Members **John Fenley**, **Aaron Christiansen**, **Cooper**, **Anderson** and the gang participated in the 2012 *Red Bull Creation Challenge*, building a fully automated machine that opens a can of Red Bull, chills and dispenses the beverage and then crushes the can, all in 30 seconds. Though this kind of project is a novelty, the technology that makes DIY projects like this possible for the average maker or hacker also has practical applications. “I saw someone who had a dishwasher that broke. The control board broke and they actually ended up replacing all of the control circuitry with an Arduino [a multi-use microcontroller board]. Rather than buying an entire dishwasher for \$100, \$200, they spent like \$30 and did it themselves in three or four hours,” says Fore.

The folks at The Transistor have plenty of this technology, practical or just plain cool, to show off at *Craft Lake City*. Anderson has a techno-graffiti project in store: “Elefu, my company, is planning on bringing LED throwie kits—which is basically an LED that blinks red, green and blue in various combinations on its own, a battery and a magnet. You tape it all together so you can just throw lights around,” he says. Also, expect some robots—Fenley has built a robotic arm that mimics the movements of the users arm, as well as a gigantic and downright terrifying creation Fenley calls the “Pumpkin Crusher.”

Though both Make: SLC and The Transistor consist mainly of members who pay monthly dues, both groups offer free public nights to anyone who wants to get help on a project, show one off or just see what all the buzz is about. Make: SLC has a free night every Wednesday from 7 to 10 p.m. at 653 S. State St., and The Transistor holds theirs on the first Saturday of every month from 6 to 9 p.m. at 560 S. 100 W. in Provo. Go to makeslc.com and thetransistor.com for more info, and to see what these hackers and makers are up to. You can witness what techy creations they have in store for us at *Craft Lake City* on Aug. 11.

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BLAZING BATTLES: SOD HEATS UP OGDEN

By Shawn Mayer • shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com

This summer, Utah has been on fire! No, literally, it's engulfed in flames! Thanks to an exceptionally dry winter, most of the brush is ablaze. Luckily, there are a few things to do while the city burns that will cool that sweat on your brow. You can crash a pool party, find a fresh breeze in the hills, drink a few cold ones and forget where you are, or hang out with the coolest crowd you know, *SLUG*. On Saturday July 14, that's what about 40 other kids and I did—we escaped deep into the heart of Ogden to chill out at *Crossroads Skatepark* for the first *Summer of Death* skate series contest. Typically, a hot warehouse full of groms and sweaty old men is not a place you want to be when the temps are soaring past the hotter-than-hell marker on your thermometer. Fortunately, the locale worked out perfectly since, for the first time in months, the water molecules in the clouds finally decided to band together and pay us a visit.

The layout of the skatepark inside *Crossroads* looks a little something like this: a quarter pipe and roller into a tight fly box with ledge and rail, into a raised deck with a hip, flat bar, small quarter pipe into a four-set stair option. Off the hipped pyramid is another curved QP with wall ride adjacent to the mini ramp. Behind the mini is the micro. Needless to say, there are a lot of features packed into a small area. Being limited in space led the contest to be formatted into two divisions: 17 and under and Open. Each division got a 30 (or so) minute jam. Judges scored the Top Five based on difficulty and overall impression, and the finalists battled for the podium. In addition to the Top Three spots, *SLUG*'s **Mike Brown** was on the course getting in everyone's way and paying the kids for tricks (not turning them, for once). With the rules and regulations established, **Eric Hess** and **Billy Ditzig**, the masters

of ceremony, announced the start of the first heat.

With 30 minutes on the clock, 15 wild tweens raced around the course in order to win the hearts of judges, **Jared Smith** and **Tyson Mussleman**. Despite the overcrowding and potential fire hazard, the kids dodged each other remarkably well and put down some serious bangers. With a lack of identifiers on the skaters, it took a good while before the judges could figure out who was who. Once it was sorted out, the Top Five began to emerge. **Dylan Bruns**, **Tanner Oliver**, **Jorge Martinez**, **Carson Parkinson** and **Remy Gerard** advanced into finals. Reset the timer, clear the course and let God sort 'em out!

Even the man upstairs had no idea how much talent these kids had. For the next half hour, we watched in awe as these skaters laid it all on the line with hopes of being crowned king. The flat bar and four-stair, once again, became the obstacles of choice, and mastering both would be the only way to set you apart from the competition. Bruns made his case with smooth back lips, and a kickflip front-board on the flat bar. Parkinson stomped a front-board big spinout and added a lip slide front shove-it out at the buzzer, but no one could touch Oliver. With a switch-front three down the stairs, a big flip over the hip and a crooked down the fly box rail, Oliver quickly established himself as a judge favorite. He officially sealed the deal when he began to take requests from MC Hess, landing each one within a few attempts. By utilizing all the features, Oliver took home the win and a large bag of goodies from the sponsors, followed by Bruns in second and Parkinson in third.

With the heat returning and humidity rising, it was time for the vets. Same format as before: the Top Five going on to the final, Top Three taking home hardware

(or woodcraft, in this case). After a long deliberation, the final shaped up with the two **Tylers (Melton and Olsen)** advancing along with the crowd pleaser, **Lt. Dan**, **Land Olsen** and **Aiden Chamberlain**. Like the young bucks before, the Top Three in this division began to separate themselves quickly. Despite being shirtless, Lt. won some laughs, but just couldn't compete with the flip trickery of the other competitors. Neither could Land (although his throwback tricks brought on a ton of cheers). Chamberlain, who suffered a potential broken toe in the semis, showed grit as he fought to keep up with the Tylers. By landing a 360 kickflip over the hip, along with a kickflip lip on the flatty, Chamberlain found himself hobbling onto third. In the end, only one Tyler would garner bragging rights. Melton started off solid with a nollie 360 kickflip and kickflip board slide, but cooled off until the final moments, when he pulled off a Benihana late shove-it over the hip, earning second place honors. Olsen heated up as the clock waned and just barely pulled off the win by landing a tre flip lip slide and full cab kickflip, to name a few.

To wrap it all up, a mini ramp session went down for a best trick award. **Levi Faust** single-handedly destroyed the park and was handed the trophy for his huge front side airs on the extension. In honesty, any one of the tricks he did on the mini would have won something.

Be sure to check out the next chapter in the *Summer of Death* series: *Rough Side* on Sept. 8 (like [facebook.com/SummerOfDeath](https://www.facebook.com/SummerOfDeath) for details). Thanks to all the sponsors: *Blindside*, *Crossroads*, *Milosport*, *Saga*, *Salty Peaks* and *SK801*. Thanks to all skaters and spectators for coming out. Remember to support your local shops and stay cool in this summer heat with *SLUG* Mag!



Tyler Olsen, back tail down.

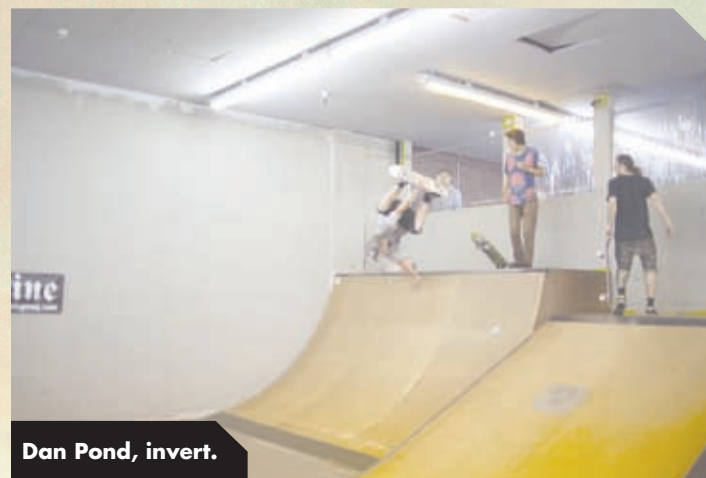


Tyler Melton, crooked grind.



SoD judge, Jared Smith on the mini half-pipe.

Photos: Jesse Anderson



Dan Pond, invert.



Summer of Death crowd tries to find seats in the packed Crossroads indoor skate park.

Photos: Sam Milantia



17 and Under Podium (L-R): First Place Tanner Oliver, Second Place Dylan Bruns, Third Place Carson Parkinson.



Lieutenant Dan does a boneless on the ramp while kids register for the contest.



Open Podium (L-R): Third Place Aiden Chamberlain, Second Place Tyler Melton, First Place Tyler Olsen.

Photos: Katie Panzer



[PHOTO FEATURE]

-- By Weston Colton --
weston5050@yahoo.com

I first met **Dylan Call** when I was working at *Blindside* in 2006. He was a skinny, 15-year-old kid who was quickly becoming one of Utah County's top all-terrain shredders. He skated everything with style and speed, and always had a smile on his face. Fast-forward to 2012: Call is 21 now, he's 6'3" and grows a better beard than I ever will. He could easily be part of "Team Handsome" with that "other **Dylan**" and **Alex Olson**. He skates faster than ever, and has an ollie to rival **Keith Hufnagel**. What is more quintessential than a good ollie? When Call told me about a bump-to-bar spot, I imagined: a) more of a bump, and b) a lower bar. This thing has virtually no bump, a four-foot flat and waist-high bar. Call landed the ollie pretty easily, and I was floored when he said he thought he could 180 it. A handful of tries later, he was rolling away with a big smile. -----

---- **Dylan Call**, Frontside 180, Provo, Utah ----

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THE SALTY BOIZ:

HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE SKATEBOARDING IN SALT LAKE CITY

By Dylan Chadwick
dylanchadwick@gmail.com

I met the Salty Boiz during one of those “transitionary” times in my life. This loosely-knit skateboard brotherhood was composed of **Sam Cadillac**—a tattooed, Tongan 30-something with a honey voice, a slick pompadour and a missing front tooth—and **Jeff Juice**, a pie-eyed larp with as much affection for **Herb Alpert** and **Neil Diamond** as **Spazz** and **Scholastic Deth**. The duo had been raging under their “Salty” moniker for years, a banner of their Beehive State pride. When I made my appearance, I felt an immediate kinship with them and their bawdy brand of urban skating.

I’d just moved to Utah, and it’d been a reluctant change. The state’s religious zeal and cold winters had me a little spooked, but what really freaked me out was the simple fact that Utah was, in my mind, “West Coast,” and on the West Coast, kids were good at skateboarding.

I understand that the only thing “coastal” about the state is the salty brines of the “Great” Salt Lake, but in my feeble, corn-fed psyche, anything left of Iowa was lined with palm trees and featured in a **Dr. Dre** video. I’m from suburban Louisville, Ky., which ain’t a skateboard mecca, but a confluence of Midwestern and Southern cultures most famous for horses, tobacco harvests and incestuous, blue-skinned Appalachians. My skateboard genesis reflected such hayseed neurosis and consisted of chudded concrete and red curbs, redneck cops, kickflip practice ‘neath my basketball hoop and six-to-eight week waits on mail-order product.

I cultivated a neanderthal approach to nearly everything. Unmolded by trends, culture and sneering elder statesmen to tell me I wasn’t “cool,” my skating was ugly, retarded and burly ... prime for

Appalachian sprawl, but unfit for flashy, West Coast smooth. To me and my slack-jawed yokel skate rats, West Coasters hit stair gaps, wore diamond earrings and put out video-parts before they hit puberty. They occupied the uppermost echelon of skateboarding and I’d never catch up.

SLC had a rep for talent and skateboard development (and was the best stop on *Thrasher’s* “King of the Road” tour), and moving closer to the Pacific nexus of wood-pushin’ had me wary of losing my edge, my ragged credibility and my Dixie uncouth.

Elitist? Absolutely, but for all the sleep lost over it, the Salty Boiz restored my faith in skateboard goofballery the world over. They were skate mutants like me, wholly un-destined for photo coverage or contest rankings, but possessors of a slobbering lust for skateboarding to its logical capacity. No mega ramps or hype spots—I met them together, just cruising Main Street, and instantly wanted in. “The stink bank,” a gnarled ditch behind a credit union (so named for its proximity to an old dumpster that reeked out like a dead dog’s taint on hot days) became our meet-up. Scruffy and laden with loose gravel, we’d literally broom the site each visit just to render it skateable before turning it into our stony canvas for 180s, laybacks and any conceivable variation of the shuv-it we could muster. Full-on skate jousts with fluorescent light tubes and discarded beer bottles became de rigueur, and we scattered the landscape with shards of glass, carbon fibers and our own palm skin. Sometimes, Salty Boiz meetings convened under a freeway overpass, home to sketchy bums and stray hypodermic needles. Speckled in bird dung and oil spots, we fashioned a wallride track against one retaining wall and a small slider curb on the

other. Most of the indigenous rail and factory workers let us skate in peace, a mutual communion of trash and sport, except once, when a disgruntled forklift driver chased us out with a hunk of a wooden planter swinging above his head.

What struck me most about the Salty Boiz was their rabid insistence that ugly human byproducts, bland and strictly functional, could always become skateable. One of these was “the dragon’s teeth,” a weird brick sculpture flanked by a sewer grate and a pointless statue. The dragon’s teeth were perfect for the 180 boneless, but condescending heckles from security guards and the intermittent spray of lawn sprinklers positioned right at the top came with the territory. Maneuvers on the dragon’s teeth were challenging, garish and unfashionable, but immediately satisfying.

The Salty Boiz had resilience and loose-lipped conviction to fun and fancy, to the unspoken idea that—in a subculture occasionally codified by sloganeering, energy drinks, flatbrims and douchebags—it was okay to kick against the pricks, to suck a little more marrow out of our ever-dying planet and to leave a print and make a spot. They know the skate canon always needs more entries, regardless of skill level and technicality, and they are re-writing the manual daily.

They aren’t the cool guys, and you’ve never seen ‘em at a contest or in a mag, but if you’ve seen a pair of hot-glued, googly eyes affixed to a public sculpture, the waxy luster of a freshly lubed curb or a chalk drawing of a dong, you’ve walked where they’ve walked. The Salty Boiz are skateboarding and they’re the reason I love skating in this city.



Illustrations: Phil Cannon

The Salty Boiz—skate mutants with a slobbering lust for skateboarding, running from the powers that be.

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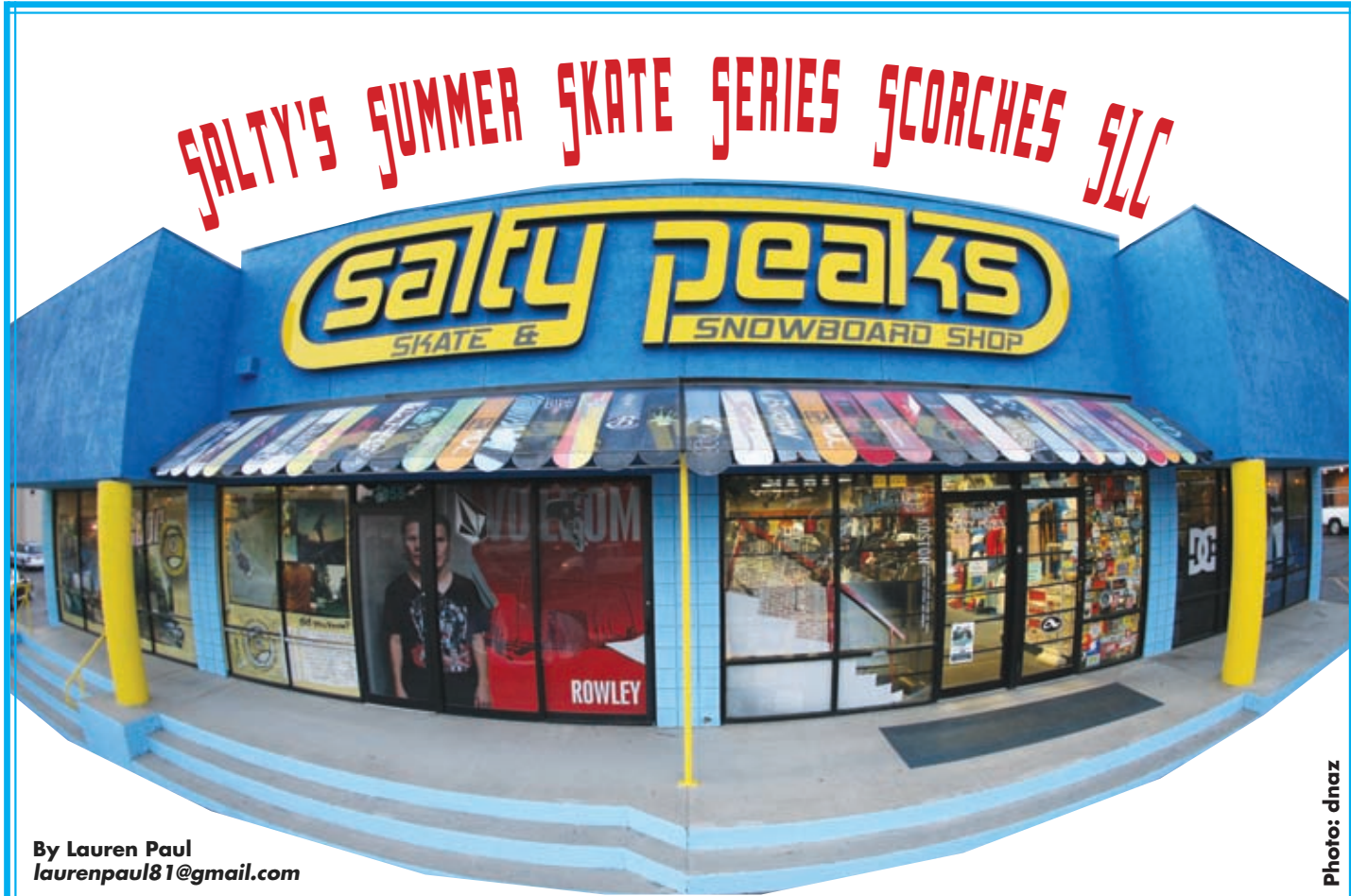
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By Lauren Paul
laurenpaul81@gmail.com

Photo: dnaz

Summer temperatures are reaching over 100 degrees, but that's no reason to retire your skate shoes and deck. *Salty Peaks* has been keeping the skate community alive every summer with jam sessions and contests since they opened their doors in 1987, and melting asphalt and raging forest fires aren't going to stop 'em. This year's summer-long venture—*Salty's Summer Skate Series*—is approaching the final dates with a contest at *Fairmont* on Aug. 12 and the championship in *Kearns* on Sept. 9. *Rose Park* was the kickoff spot on June 10, followed by *SoJo* on July 8, but the rest of the series is still wide open for fresh-blooded skaters and the chance to win a week at *Camp Woodward*. If you don't have big enough cajones to enter, or you're whining to your brofriend ('cause God knows you don't have a girlfriend) with an injury excuse, all I can tell you is: Shut up already. We caught up with *Salty Peaks* owner **Dennis Nazari** for an interview that will get you there.

SLUG: How is this competition different from others?

Nazari: This one is points cumulative and the winner gets a week at *Woodward* skate camp in Tahoe [worth \$2,000]. Funny thing is, after the first two contests, not one winner has shown up again. So, at this point, the *Woodward* prize is wide open to anyone for the taking.

SLUG: What motivated you to organize a summer-long series like this?

Nazari: Skateboarding is in a slump and needs a shot in the arm to stoke kids out. We also won the *Dew Tour's Unlock Your Spot* team contest last September, and they gave us \$1,000 to promote the shop and local skateboarding. What better way to do both than to put on a skate series? While it costs more than \$1,000 to put on a skate series like this, it goes a long way to helping out. The *Salty Peaks* team guys that won the team contest were **Kendall Johnson**, **Jason Gianchetta**, **Isaiah Beh** and **Oliver Buchanan**, who also won 500 bucks. So next time you see one of those cats, thank them for their help in contributing back to the skate community.

SLUG: Who's involved in running it?

Nazari: *Salty Peaks* is running it, so we do it all with our crew's time and effort. We have help from outside the shop with judges to keep it fair and unbiased, and it's been a lot of fun so far.

SLUG: What's the format and judging of the contests?

Nazari: Skaters get two one-minute runs in which tricks are judged based on difficulty, style, completion and overall impression. There can be bonus points added

for creativity and just flat-out going big.

SLUG: Any benefit to hosting the series at different skate parks?

Nazari: We reach more skaters in areas that don't normally get exposed to *Salty Peaks*. In some cases, we picked lower-income areas to help out that kid who's mowing lawns to buy skate decks.

SLUG: What specific tricks will impress the judges this year?

Nazari: I'm not one of the judges, but the guys that went big, or got the crowd cheering, seemed to get better scores. Personally, I think the bowl riders have a bit of an advantage, especially if they're boosting airs.

SLUG: How would you describe a skater with good style?

Nazari: Smooth, fluid motion in whatever trick they are doing. The guy flailing his hands, rolling down the windows like he just barely made it won't score as high as the guy that sticks it and made it look simple. That's standard with most contest standards of style: "Did it look good?"

SLUG: Is there a certain age group that typically delivers skaters with skill?

Nazari: The bigger, more experienced

skaters usually have the spotlight. We had an 8-year-old named **Hayden** that went toe-to-toe with kids as old as 13, and while he didn't win, he had a good showing, and you could tell he had the potential to be a skater for life, just 'cause he was having fun and had the support of his family. **Skylar Ordean** is one to keep an eye on 'cause he's got skills in both skate and snow. He won showing off skills in both street and bowl, and did it with style. Then you had the old guys like **Jed Fuller** aka **Rad Dad** doing it for the love of skating.

SLUG: Why do you think it's important for local shops to get involved in the skate scene and host events like this?

Nazari: Where would skating be without us? *Salty Peaks* is one of three shops that have been around for more than 10 years. When we started *Salty Peaks*, we did a lot of firsts in Utah skateboarding. I remember when we built Utah's biggest half pipe for the *Ramp and Roll* contest. Today, there's more corporate money flowing into big contests, but they are driven by a return on that investment, not the love of skateboarding.

SLUG: Would you say that going to *Woodward* is a sure-fire way to get professionally sponsored?



Third Place in the 14-to-17 age division at *Rose Park*, Carson Parkinson, lipslide.

Photo: dnaz



Art Delapaz, crooked grind at *Rose Park* comp.

Photo: dnaz

Nazari: Nothing is "sure-fire" these days, but it's an excellent chance to learn and skate with other motivated kids. Getting a sponsor only gets the door open. It's up to the skater's skills and, just as important, his attitude, that usually gets him on the pro roster. I can't tell you how many good skaters with pro skills I've seen blow it because of drugs and alcohol, or a bad attitude.

SLUG: Does the overall winner have any obligations to *Salty Peaks* throughout the rest of the year?

Nazari: HELLS YEAH! WE OWN THAT BIAAATCH! Just kidding. No further obligations other than to listen to your mom and do something productive with your life (that's productive, not reproductive).

SLUG: Is there a skater you can already foresee as the winner, or will it be a close call?

Nazari: It's anyone's race right now, wide open. Only 18 skaters with scores that count towards the finals, and only six with first-place scores.

SLUG: Any last words, skate-wise?

Nazari: Show some respect to skateboarding. Don't act like a gossip drama queen. Be cool to your fellow skaters, take responsibility for your actions and words, pick up your garbage and keep the skate parks clean. And support your local shop, even if it's not *Salty Peaks*.

This competition is dope, and it's willing and waiting for friendly skaters. More great prizes will be given away from brands like Altamont, Baker, Skullcandy, Zero and Deathwish. Don't forget, anyone can enter at *Fairmont Park* on Aug. 12 with a small, on-site entry fee of \$10 (\$5 at *Salty Peaks* for pre-registration), or at *Kearns Skatepark* on Sep. 9 for the championship. Go to saltypeaks.com for more details. Be there or skate square.



13 and under winners from the *Rose Park* comp (L-R): Second Place Jewra Oversom, First Place Dino Porobic, Third Place Abraham Reyes.

Photo: dnaz

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Illustration: Ryan Perkins



My Chain Hits My Frame When I'm Bangin' On The Handlebars
 By Esther Meroño
 esther@slugmag.com

I know that, as a cyclist, I'm supposed to love nature and spend the daylight hours outside mountain biking and hugging trees, but give me a fat stack of **Tom Hanks** movies and every season of *30 Rock* on Netflix, and I'll be happy never seeing the light of day. I only ride bikes 'cause I hate walking, remember? That being said, movies ABOUT bikes are the cat's pajamas, the bee's knees, the fixie's wooly pubes. Watching *Macaframa*, *Fast Friday*, even the **FOAD** crew's punk rock edits (*foadfixed.com*) snaps me out of my pixel-induced coma and makes me want to jump on my bike and mash.

Movies have always had a pretty immediate effect on me. My sister and I watched *Fast Five* (yes, of the *Fast and Furious* series) at the Megaplex one night, got super pumped, and raced our bikes recklessly through downtown pretending we were **Vin Diesel** and **Paul Walker** injected with Nos. It's probably a good thing I drive a junky car that can't accelerate ... Of course, what usually happens when I get my ass off the couch and on my saddle after getting all psyched on a bike film is that I realize how fucking hot it is outside and that I'll probably never pop a wheelie bigger than your boyfriend's boner, so my enthusiasm ... droops a bit.

My first venture into bike films, or edits, was when I saw an awesome bike-themed music video to **Survivor's** "Eye of The Tiger" by the ladies of Milwaukee's

Pedal Pusher Society. You can see that party-dropping roll of film over at pedalpushersociety.org. Ever since, I've been scheming and choreographing my own bike music video, which I've recently decided HAS to be to **M.I.A.**'s "Bad Girls," of course. Right now, only my sister and I are the stars, but I'm willing to let you in on it if you come with a camera crew ...

Speaking of bike films, have you seen the trailer for **Lucas Brunelle's** *Line of Sight*?! Go watch it right now at lucas-brunelle.com, seriously. Nothing gets me more amped than watching New York bike messengers Pac-Man their way through traffic, and this film has all of that, plus guns and underwater cycling scenes! Brunelle has been filming alleycats around the world with his souped-up helmet cam since the early '00s, submitting to the *Bicycle Film Fest* and posting up on YouTube. *Line of Sight* shows footage from Brunelle's camera, and turns the lens back on him to capture all of the crazy misadventures he experiences while attending alleycats around the world. Fortunately for all of us, I'm organizing a screening on Aug. 4! The best part is that the measly \$5 we're charging to watch this super-rad film on the big screen also grants you entry into a frenzied downtown alleycat proceeding, AND your money is going to go to an emergency fund we're putting together for injured cyclists in the Salt Lake area—which (knock on wood) we're hoping won't be needed immediately after the alleycat. For the addy and all the juicy details on the 'cat, check out the event page on Facebook via *Saltcycle*. See you there!

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With their adorable, flower-top design, hipster names and an emphasis on pure fruit and premium Utah ingredients, Butcher’s Bunches is the sweetest thing I’ve ever gotten to review. The six flavors (\$8-\$10 for 10 oz, \$3 for 2 oz) I tried cover a nice cross-section of sweet and spicy, and rely heavily on organic and local produce and flavorings. That’s where any similarity to your grandma’s boring old jelly ends. Their take on marmalade, Sunbeam 4 You, features an intense, High West Bourye kick with perfectly bittersweet organic Arizona orange rind, and Gilligan’s Ginger presents a tart and spicy melding of apricots and peaches with very little sweetness. My boyfriend couldn’t get enough of the soft, sweet, pink, Brazilian-style Get Your Guav’ On!, which was more a sauce than a jam, while I preferred the chunkier, tart black raspberries of Utah Black Topper. My favorite was the deep pink Dirty Diana, a zingy cherry rum explosion, but we ate the entire jar of Amano chocolate/bananas foster Monkey Bizzness in one sitting. While some of these preserves do include cane sugar, the focus here is on the flavor and natural sweetness of the fruit, making these jams fairly diet-friendly and truly delicious. A jar of this would make a perfect gift, but make sure you buy a jar for yourself at *Craft Lake City*, too. – Madelyn Boudreaux

Chandeliquor

Wine Bottle Lamp
hollowalnut@gmail.com

Empty bottles of liquor or wine often end up being unusable accoutrements for my room that live next to my night stand. Fortunately, to speak for the character of Western civilization, **Sarah Pendleton** of Chandeliquor



takes what we would normally (or, ideally) take to glass recycling facilities and, instead, lights up night stands and desks with empty wine and spirit bottles. Pendleton was kind enough to gift one of her Chandeliquor lamps to the SLUG office—and it is more than fitting! Pendleton modge-podged reprints of old, local show flyers of **Iceburn**, **Endless Struggle** and **Starmy**. In some way beyond my knowledge of crafting, Pendleton imbued the white paper with pink coloring, which matches the S-like swirls of paint on the lampshade above, which says “SLUG MAG brew est. 1989” in blue, green and a glittery silver. Pendleton opts for more yellow (versus white), less-abrasive light bulbs that provide a soothing luminescence to her finished product. Of course, you can always replace the light bulb with one of your choice, but with such a sexy, mood-setting tone like this, why would you? Find her under 2012 Exhibitors on craftlakecity.com to get a taste of what Pendleton has to offer, and make sure to visit her booth at this year’s *Craft Lake City*! –Alexander Ortega

The Cotton Floozy

The Gay Miracle of the Gulls
thecottonfloozy.etsy.com



Marie Brian is a crafting comedian—skilled in the art of embroidery and crochet—who creates beautiful pieces your boyfriend would appreciate. Marie Brian, aka The Cotton Floozy, is full of wit, sass and a little bit of crass, taking the art of embroidery to a whole new level. For example, “The Gay Miracle of the Gulls” will elicit the appreciation of those of you who have had the opportunity to hear the story of the Utah seagulls. Now, I’m not about to argue one way or the other on this one, but one look at this baby and I LOL’d—truly. I recently checked out Marie’s blog and am impressed by how clever she is. A few of my personal favorites include: “The only B word you should call a girl is beautiful, bitches love being called beautiful,” and: “Home is not where the heart is, home is where you poop most comfortably.” Golden. Other pieces include nods to *Napoleon Dynamite*, *Johnny Lingo* and Prozac (she may or may not be poking fun at Utah County’s sweet culture). Don’t get me wrong, Marie is funny, but she is also extremely talented. Your grandma might not be so impressed by the sayings in her pieces, but she will most definitely be impressed by her expertise. Stop by The Cotton Floozy booth at this year’s *Craft Lake City* to meet Marie, get a good laugh and pick up your very own Cotton Floozy original. –Karama Puriri

Hint of Vintage

Book Clutch
hintofvintage.etsy.com

Ruby Findley of Hint of Vintage specializes in creating



handcrafted, one-of-a-kind clutches out of gently used books. My book clutch once housed a set of *Reader’s Digest Condensed Books* from 1985, but has been reborn with an interior of blue floral fabric and an exterior mod-podged with the pages of a short story. A dainty pearl-fronted button and a small leather loop clasp the clutch together. The clutch is adorable, but I could see myself easily overstuffing the thing, as it isn’t very large. This being said, I feel like it’d be an awesome container for the random makeup currently floating around in my purse. Findley takes custom orders too, so if you have a book that you’re dying to create into a unique accessory, drop her a line or stop by her *Craft Lake City* booth! –Jeanette D. Moses

Spotted Hippo Soap

Honey Oat Porter Beer Soap
facebook.com/SpottedHippoSoap



Those who know me well will find a none-too-subtle subtext in the fact that I was asked to review soap. But hey, it’s beer soap, right? So, this basically counts as drinking—skin drinking. With that frame of mind, I stepped into the shower to test the brown and biege, handcut bar with anticipation. Many more natural soaps (think farmers market hippie stuff) have a problem generating a good lather—I’m not a soap scientist, so I’m not sure why, but that’s not true for this pleasant, aromatic, locally made product. The foam was rich and long-lasting, allowing certain cleaning of every last crevice. I received several compliments on how I smelled, which I must say is a pretty novel experience. The list of ingredients is also nice to see, as all the mains are organic or sustainable. Plus, it actually had all the things the label claimed (honey, oats, beer), not just extracts or flavorings. Spotted Hippo has also started making balms, butters and other body products, too, so if you’re looking for some local, high-quality bathroom tools, check them out at *Craft Lake City* on August 11 at the *Gallivan Plaza*. Soap up! –Rio Connelly

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Gravity Rush
Project Siren/Sony
Reviewed on: PS Vita
(Exclusive)
Street: 06.12

Gravity Rush brings a new game-play element into view by taking full advantage of the Vita's power and its own innovative controls. The premise is simple: You're a young girl who wakes up with no memory and a strange pet cat, which allows you to control gravity for some reason. A seemingly evil, parasitic race called the Nevi are attacking a town and its citizens. Your job is to help an odd-humored man known as "The Creator," the local police force and the army clear them out, all while discovering who you truly are. If the description sounds too complex, I promise it's not. The game boils down to really one thing: Flipping everything you can with gravity and speed kicking the enemy. The actual gameplay is extremely enjoyable, and is only detracted from by the lack of advancement your powers receive. There is a leveling system which increases the amount of time you can hold gravity hostage, boosts your life bar or makes your kicks a little extra powerful, but I found myself sticking to the same two or three attacks throughout the game. Repetitive controls definitely hold the game back, but the creative world in which you play and the story keep you pushing level to level. Cut scenes are replaced with lightly animated comic frames that you can explore by swiping across the touchscreen or with the accelerometer. The cel-shaded world of *Gravity Rush* doesn't have the greatest combat system I've ever utilized, but it's interesting enough to earn a play through. Borrow it from a friend, snag it on *GameFly* or rent it from a video store—if those exist anymore—you'll enjoy the time spent.

—Thomas Winkley

Waking Mars
Tiger Style
Reviewed on: iOS
Also on: Android
Street: 03.01

My brain is hardwired to expect some form of violence out of a video game. The majority of games out there consist of a simple formula: good guy kills bad guys to achieve a goal. Even though *Waking Mars* is touted as a quest to bring a planet to life, I kept expecting some bloodthirsty creature to jump out of the shadows and shove a parasitic egg down my throat. However, this really is not that type of game. In *Waking Mars* the player takes control of Liang, a scientist who is trying to recover the remnants of his research team's missing robot. In order to do this, Liang must carefully plant and cultivate an ecosystem within a mysterious Martian cavern. It's easy enough until different forms of plant life are introduced. Each plant contributes somehow, but they will also try to eat each other if you're not careful. This minimalist gameplay is enhanced by some truly breathtaking graphics and an excellent ambient soundtrack—some of the best that I've experienced on an iOS game. Though the game's ambitious concept is a major strength, it also creates some irritating flaws. For example, if you don't plant the right combination of flora in one room, you'll be spending anywhere from 20-30 minutes traveling back and forth until you've gathered the correct seeds and fixed the problem. I believe that games for a mobile device should be friendly to the player who just wants to kill time while riding TRAX instead of requiring such a large commitment. In the end, *Waking Mars* struggles to reconcile the fact that it's a well crafted and highly ambitious game that's been released on a platform that is better suited to quick and easy diversions.

—Alex Springer

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BEER REVIEWS

Beer Reviews
 By Tyler Makmell
 tyler@slugmag.com

This set of reviews is one that ought to hit home. This is a group of limited-run beers that, with a little luck, may still be kicking around when this issue hits the streets. For those of you who are not aware: It is you, the consumer, who decides which beers stick around. If you manage to find a new, local micro beer that you drank enough to pass out, piss yourself, wake up the next morning and keep at it, then write your brewers and tell them that. Short of a laugh at your expense, at least they'll know someone is enjoying their craft. Even though you may think your voice is small in the beer world, it's not. So, enjoy this beer lineup, and please write in to these guys—otherwise, we'll riot in the streets.

Bumper Crop Brewery/Brand:
 Squatters Pub
ABV: 5.5%
Serving: 25oz Bottle



Description: This anniversary brew opens up and pours a clear, golden color with a small, white head. The nose is filled with honey, florals and a healthy amount of lavender. The flavor starts off with the lavender, leads into some honey sweetness, then closes with a clean, perfume-y finish.

Overview: Brewed to help celebrate the 20-year anniversary of the Downtown Farmers Market, Bumper Crop has been made and infused with local honey and lavender. If that wasn't appealing enough, the beer is decked out with some fancy artwork using, you guessed it, local artists **Sri Whipple** and **Bryan Taylor**. Visuals aside, the beer is an herbal treat with quite a bit of lavender influence, but still very drinkable. Sadly, by the time this issue hits, these bottles will be long gone, but hopefully, with enough crowd support, we could see this guy returning.

I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

Chocolate Kiss Brewery/Brand:
 Hoppers
ABV: 4.0%
Serving: On Tap
Description: This pint is served very dark brown in color with a medium, light brown head. The aroma starts off with a toasted chocolate malt and finishes with a smoother, clean chocolate. The taste is rich in chocolate, hints of vanilla and just a touch of cinnamon spice with more chocolate in the finish.

Overview: Moving into the place as one of my new favorite Utah porters is this gem from Hoppers Head Brewer **Donovan Steele**. This chocolate porter has it all: Ghana cacao, cinnamon and vanilla, and it finishes off with some Mexican chocolate. I am tempted to call this thing a treat, but with the good craftsmanship and killer blending of these exotic ingredients, this is an enjoyable beer worth drinking often. While it sounds like Steele only made a small batch of this, I expect everyone to write their congressman and file a complaint if he doesn't brew this again.

Smoky Mountain Ale Brewery/Brand:
 Hoppers
ABV: 4.0%
Serving: On Tap

Description: Off the pour, this unique wheat beer hits the glass a clear, straw color with a medium white head. The aromatics are citrusy up front, then smoky with a light grain. The flavor is complex: It starts with a mellow grain base and stretches out with citrus, light hops and a smoky, oak malt on the finish.

Overview: OK, let's beer-nerd out a little. This out-fuckin'-standing beer is called a Grodziskie. It is a sour, smoked-wheat ale that was commonly brewed in 1900s East Prussia, with origins dating as early as the 15th Century. The primary ingredient is smoked wheat malt, a malt I have yet to see used in Utah until now. Being the booze brewing pioneer that you are, Mr. Steele, I salute you to another uniquely crafted beer that has opened my eyes to the complexity the brewing industry can offer. Now we just need to make this limited-run beer more accessible to the masses.

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

A couple months ago I attended a free show at a local record store. Just as the opening band wrapped up, some cops showed up and shut it down, telling us they'd had a noise complaint. It was hot so the doors had been opened, and it was kind of loud directly outside of the business, but it was early—the sun hadn't even set—and there have been countless shows at this store throughout the years without a single complaint. When the cops came in, they seemed completely baffled by what was going on. They grilled my friends on what they were doing. No one was moshing or drinking or doing anything illegal, but as soon as the cops saw there were a bunch of crusty punk kids standing around in a crowd, they got defensive. The store owner was being respectful, but they got in his face and told him that if they had to come back, they'd arrest everyone. I've been to house shows before, and the cops just come and warn you to lower the volume. Now the store owner is spooked enough that he canceled all of the shows planned through the summer. Any advice on what we can do about this situation?

—Heartless in the Dirt

Dear Dirty Heart:

Loud parties and bands in

residential neighborhoods are always going to get a decent response. Normally, there are multiple complaints, and pissed-off neighbors trying to sleep can quickly turn into something much worse than just a loud party call. On the other hand, your record store scenario—in a business area, during business hours with no previous complaints—obviously didn't merit the response. This tells me that something else might be afoot.

As SLUG readers have learned over the years, it's not reasonable to think that the police exist or people become cops to close down record stores or respond to noise complaints. Or, especially, harass garage bands or touring bands. Coppers have much more important, exciting and serious things to do. Regardless, SLC noise ordinances are enforced because, long ago, the noiseless won out over the noisers. I could see them respond as you describe if the store didn't get a noise permit, and it was late at night with nearby apartments or houses. That would obviously be a party or show designed to get a police response.

The best way to figure out why the store owner got "spooked" is to ask him if there are any other issues that would cause the police to react that way. Also, ask the cops. Every area of the city has a senior police officer, commonly called a C.O.P. or community services police officer. They would be able to tell you if there are any issues with the record shop and you can ask, "Why the rude response, officer?" Has the area around the store seen an increase in gang and drug traffic or violence? Detailed questions to this police officer could give you insight as to why what happened, happened.

Have a question for the cop?
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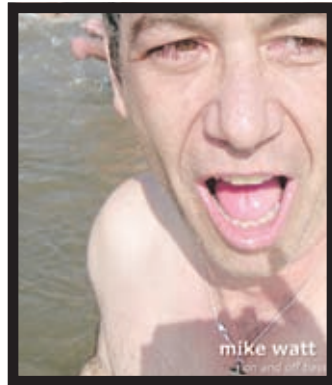
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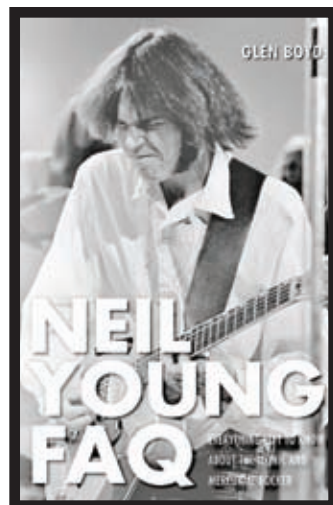
Mike Watt: On and Off Bass
Mike Watt
Three Rooms Press
Street: 05.01



Punk rock veterans from the glory days tend to age gracefully—not that they forsake the minimalist aesthetic of punk, but they use it as an oar to tread different waters. *Mike Watt: On and Off Bass* exhibits *Minutemen*-famed Mike Watt's photography from around his home town, San Pedro, Calif., juxtaposed with journal-like excerpts from his jaunts abroad, whether it be tours or regular travel. Watt's photos of the shore areas of San Pedro become more than arbitrarily paired with his blurbs—his shots of seals settled on manmade buoys accompany passages that convey self-determination: "My philosophy is to continue to plow." This technique lends his photographs a sense of meaning that compounds the simplicity of material conveying images perceived from a photographer's (inner) eye. Watt's red-and-orange sunrise/sunset shots depict light that silhouettes barges and bridges, which accompany existential excerpts as they relate to the longevity of his own life. "I took the train out to Pinelawn Cemetery where **John Coltrane** was buried. I was forty then, and Coltrane died when he was forty," reads one caption to a sunrise. Watt's artistic musings and deft eye provide a soothing visual-mental experience, which compels me to delve into my own home's natural borders and reflect. —Alexander Ortega

Neil Young FAQ: Everything Left to Know About the Iconic and Mercurial Rocker
Glen Boyd
Backbeat Books
Street: 05.01

Aside from **Jimmy McDonough's** biography of Neil Young, *Shakey*, which was published a decade ago, *Neil Young FAQ* is the best treasure trove of knowledge for those seeking information on Young. Boyd acknowledges that his book is not so much a biography, but more of a reference guide to Young's career—Boyd's writing style often repeats the same information multiple times throughout the book's 42 chapters. Every time **Danny Whitten** is mentioned, it seems like Boyd has to remind readers that he overdosed on heroin after Young fired him and gave him \$50 and a plane ticket home. *FAQ* follows a generally chronological order of Young's life, but Boyd often transitions into opinionated chapters such as, "Piece of Crap: Five Essential Neil Young Bootlegs." There are also a few chapters that seem rather pointless, including "Five Great Neil Young Concerts from Seattle, Washington." *FAQ* may be a tough read for the casual Neil Young fan, but it is a great source for hard-to-find information on Young's musical career. —Jory Carroll



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MOVIE REVIEWS

The Amazing Spider-Man Columbia Pictures In Theaters: 07.03

If you're thinking to yourself, "Didn't they just do a *Spider-Man* origin story?" the answer is ... "kinda." It's been over a decade since **Sam Raimi** and **Tobey Maguire** brought the superhero to life on the big screen, but after three features, the duo left the franchise, leaving the studio scratching their heads on whom to bring in next. Luckily, and oddly enough, they chose fairly new-to-the-game filmmaker **Marc Webb** (yes, that really is his last name) and actor **Andrew Garfield** to re-launch the series. *The Amazing Spider-Man* is another telling of how Peter Parker (Garfield) becomes the hero web-slinger, but rather than Mary Jane as his love interest, it's Gwen Stacy (**Emma Stone**). Webb focuses his film more on the mystery of the disappearance of Parker's parents, and does so by introducing audiences to Dr. Curt Connors (**Rhys Ifans**), who inevitably becomes the scaly villain, The Lizard, who once worked with the orphan's father. The chemistry between Garfield and Stone is pure magic to witness as Webb perfectly captures their teenage insecurities and vulnerabilities. Garfield brings a subtle humbleness to the boy inside the suit that makes his character that much more fragile. The main setback with Webb's undertaking is a lackluster villain who does little to evolve the storyline, and Ifans is given very little to perform. However, with the exceptional performances delivered by the leads, the charming casting of **Martin Sheen** and **Sally Field** as Uncle Ben and Aunt May, and eye-dazzling aerial swinging sequences, Webb has served up an unexpected yet remarkable chapter to the franchise that is on its way to becoming a well crafted trilogy. —Jimmy Martin

The Dark Knight Rises Warner Bros. In Theaters: 07.20

This comic book blockbuster summer has seen *The Avengers* break multiple box office records and *The Amazing Spider-Man* successfully reboot an established franchise, but the time has come for **Christopher Nolan** to bring his visionary adaptation of one of DC Comic's largest franchises to a close. The third and final installment finds Bruce Wayne (**Christian Bale**) eight years after the events of its predecessor. After being blamed for the murder of Harvey Dent, he's a recluse with a



broken spirit and believes the need for Batman is over. As the playboy billionaire sinks further into obscurity, a brutish mercenary known as Bane (**Tom Hardy**) unleashes a merciless strike on Gotham City, forcing the Dark Knight to return. In order to overthrow the violent menace, the masked vigilante must avoid capture from Gotham's finest and utilize resources from some unusual characters, including a catty thief (**Anne Hathaway**) and a rookie beat cop (**Joseph Gordon-Levitt**). The most respected aspect of Nolan's trilogy is that it's well rounded and was clearly mapped out since its inception. While Bale still grumbles his lines of dialogue (which is still more audible than Hardy behind his mask), he presents a powerful presence with the mask both on and off. Undeniably outstanding performances come from Hathaway, who's tough, vulnerable and sassy, Gordon-Levitt, who's stronger than ever and poised for greatness, and **Michael Caine**, who concludes his role as Alfred with a heartfelt performance. The action is top-notch and the Batman versus Bane fistyuffs scenes are unbelievable as you can feel the rage-fueled testosterone with every punch. Nolan bows out of the franchise with a stunning finale that makes the entire journey worthwhile. —Jimmy Martin

GG Allin & The Murder Junkies: Blood, Shit, and Fears MVD Visual Available On DVD: 05.22

Unlike many of my male peers in high school, I never got into GG Allin—I just couldn't take him seriously, opting for more "intellectual" aspects of punk rather than base spectacle—I was essentially a lesbian liberal arts grad student. Approaching my mid-20s, I

haven't been conditioned to appreciate GG Allin, but I do have a theory: Allin ate exquisite meals, 'cause that motherfucker *loved* to eat his own poo. Approaching *Blood, Shit, and Fears*, I was aware of the notion of him shitting onstage, but it wasn't until viewing the first three home-video recordings in Memphis, New Orleans and Knoxville (1991) that I saw and realized, "Whoa. He shit onstage. Now he's imbibing it and spitting it at people." Otherwise, the first three performances feature a naked Allin trotting around and fondling his wiener, accosting women as he feels while early-'90s punk dudes wrestle him away. Four of the five show recordings display Allin's proclivity to have mic problems, whether they won't emit sound or blare feedback. The third recording, at the *Orpheus Theater* in Knoxville, begins with the band announcing that Allin won't play with the rest of them, which pisses the crowd off. Though Allin does appear after a minor audience ruckus of shouting, it made me decide that I kind of like his backing line—they look like **Lemmy**, but dirtier and in underwear. The later two performances, in Youngstown, Ohio and Richmond, Va., aren't as crude, but Allin seems more prone to start fights with audience members—1993 was a rough year. Ultimately, I watched GG Allin and the Murder Junkies perform the same seven songs five times and felt depressed that I watched this alone without some bros to make jokes with. Fans will like this, but I haven't crossed over. —Alexander Ortega

ParaNorman Focus Features In Theaters: 08.17

Credit (and extensive mental examinations) must be given to those who willingly participate in the grueling work that goes into stop-motion animation features. It's astonishingly time consuming, but the final product is fascinating to witness, and directors **Chris Butler** and **Sam Fell** have tossed their hats into the ring and achieved a entertainingly bizarre, family-friendly horror film that's scary fun for all ages. Their film, which features multiple homages to classics from the horror genre (i.e. **John Carpenter**'s theme from "Halloween" used as a ringtone), follows Norman (**Kodi Smit-McPhee**), an odd child who has the ability to communicate with the deceased, which certainly hasn't helped his social status among the community. After being informed by

his dead uncle that he must maintain an annual ritual to keep the town's legendary witch at bay, Norman quickly flubs the task and must work with his friends and family to save the town from being ravaged by the undead. As soon as the old-fashioned "Feature Presentation" slide starts the film, it's evident Butler and Fell are not providing the same ol' song-and-dance kid film. The animation is unique, and the unnerving images are there for everyone to enjoy. It's not every day a filmmaker would include a corpse's tongue rolling onto the face of a juvenile. While the film's anti-bullying message seems as though it was forced into the storyline in order to appear more pertinent, it's still well received, but it's the film's twist on classic genre components that's even more welcome. —Jimmy Martin

The Queen of Versailles Magnolia Pictures In Theaters: 08.03

Rather than going the been-there-done-that route of a rags-to-riches story, director **Lauren Greenfield** accidentally (yet exquisitely) delivers a riches-to-rags tale with this intimate glimpse into the wealthy lives of **David** and **Jackie Siegel**. As the president and CEO of the largest timeshare corporation in the country, David is the epitome of the American dream, and his beauty pageant trophy-wife is living proof. While the film's initial purpose was to document the development of their 90,000 square-foot home (the largest in America), once the financial crisis of 2008 impacted banks globally, David soon finds his entire empire in jeopardy. Greenfield captures the highs and lows of being in the top 1 percent, even though most of the bottom 99 percent would love to give it a shot no matter the repercussions (I always did want an ice rink in my home). It's fascinating to watch the discourse between Mr. and Mrs. Siegel, two individuals who came from poverty, but have different interpretations of the importance of life. Watching the chaotic rollercoaster that is Jackie Siegel allows audiences the chance to laugh at the elite. At one moment, you empathize with the princess billionaire with the heart of gold, but once she attempts to classify herself as the "average" person, one can only watch with resentment. Either way, Greenfield offers a crowd-pleasing documentary that leaves a lasting impression on audiences. —Jimmy Martin

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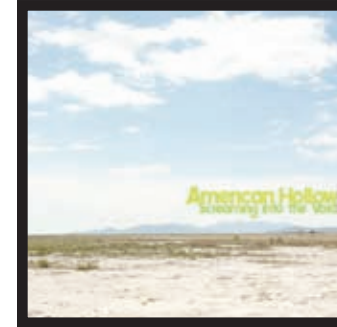
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 in the Sky + Pink Floyd
 + Mastodon**



American Hollow offers an eerie blend of progressive rock and raspy, **Eddie Vedder**-esque vocals on their self-released EP. The background synths are darkly encompassing and help to fill their sound. These guys are undoubtedly talented guitarists. However, their sporadic changes in guitar chords and overall rhythm—sometimes metal and other times rock—left me confused as to what sound they really want to own. Then again, the heavy metal closing section on “Say, Is It Really True?” is especially charging. “Bonfire of Myth: Prologue” is literally a ghostly sermon backed by the sound of creeping guitar chords—something that might play in your head if you were lost, wandering in the desert, void of any influence and open to the reality of mankind’s errors. American Hollow has a message to share and is spreading their word at americanhollowband.com. —Justin Gallegos

Blackhole

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 05.04

Blackhole = The Jesus Lizard + Earth – Spirit Caravan

This 40-minute live set is a slow burner—one long track of stripped-down, deep grooves from a psychedelic ensemble. Bombarding you with seemingly endless buildup toward a minimal climax, you have to pass that first crest before they start hitting their stride. Somewhere between a slow, experimental western soundtrack and teenage jam band practice, this live recording’s meandering, bottomed-out bass might drive away those unwilling to spend eight minutes



waiting for a song to get going. In fact this live recording was never slated for an official release, just passed out to fans who attended a *Burt’s Tiki Lounge* show earlier this year. Since then, the band has broken up, solidifying this recording as audible time capsule of what one was. —Henry Glasheen

Charles Ellsworth and the Dirty Thirty

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 03.16

**Charles Ellsworth and the Dirty
 Thirty = Chuck Ragan + Ryan
 Adams + 16 Horsepower**

This Arizona transplant has created a record full of sorrowful tunes that seems to organically flow from within himself. Gentle in his approach, each song is as thoughtful in its songwriting as it is in its production. One that stood out for me was “These Desert Nights,” which builds a picture of the lost feeling that Ellsworth himself has surely had while spending time in his native land. It’s obvious with all the different musicians that play on it, the vision for this record is on a larger scale. It’s still easy to hear that the beginnings of each track were struck out by one man and his acoustic guitar. Gentle and genuine are how I would describe this record, and I enjoy that. —James Orme

DJ RoboRob

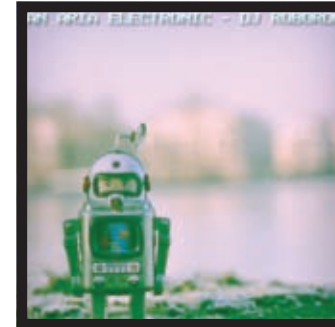
An Aria Electronic

Self-Released

Street Date: 06.01

**DJ RoboRob = Skrillex +
 Kaskade + Alesso**

I was pleasantly surprised by how well produced this album was. DJ RoboRob is a local Salt Lake City DJ that you can find throwing the sickest electronic music you’ll ever hear at the *Metro* every Friday. Having been a producer for quite some time now, *An Aria Electronica* is



his first EP, and he knocked it out of the park. Tantalizing synths, smart layering, amazing samples and hypnotic drums that melt beautifully into my ears are felt throughout the EP’s entirety. “Clockwork” made me feel as if I was in some faraway land battling for Earth’s survival against evil cyborgs who could only be destroyed by the bass—it was epic! “Paragon” made me drop it low and do the worm in my living room! This album is seriously too good to not have. Thankfully, DJ RoboRob is currently offering it up for free on his Facebook page, so I suggest you get it immediately before he realizes it’s too good to give away! —Mama Beatz

Draize Method

Now More than Never

Self-Released

Street: 04.28

**Draize Method = D.O.A. + Bold
 + D.R.I.**

Slamming out legit hardcore—literally from the ‘80s—Draize Method and their onstage socks n’ sandals represent a bygone era that has come back to haunt us. The band namely hashes out D-beat punk with natural, mid-level vocal aggression and thrashy chugs, such as in “Fear.” They do, however, add an **Agent Orange**-esque element in “Myself” and “Mantra,” where vocalist **Dan Fonoti** sings in a ghostlike voice



and then breaks into throaty wailing. Guitarist **Todd Kirk** adds in some melodic metal elements to his riffing on “Inside,” which demonstrates that Draize Method are seasoned musicians who take on the unpretentious tenets of punk, but inject their songs with shots of rock n’ roll prowess. “Huddled Masses” slows the pace, but Fonoti takes this as an opportunity to bellow harder, and allow Kirk to bust out some dirty leads. “Look Out!” is my favorite track. This release pulverizes and Draize Method rules live, so get this. —Alexander Ortega

Dusk Raps

Throw Away The Key

Self-Released

Street: 06.29

**Dusk Raps = MindState + The
 Numbs + Burnell Washburn**

Throw Away The Key is the new full-length solo release from local hip hop mainstay **Dusk One**. Having been a member of MindState and collaborated on several shorter releases with **Fisch Loops**, amongst other projects, Dusk has been defining the scene—it was only a matter of time before he branched out of state and made his presence felt nationally. Most of the beats are produced by California native **Pen Pointz**, but several producers and other emcees throw their backwards hats into the mix, including Ogden legend **Linus Stubbs**, Fisch Loops, **Finale Grand** and rapper **Ubiquitous**. The result is a record full of dusty samples and tight drums where the unifying sound is Dusk’s unique, gravelly flow. A little more soulful than other releases, Dusk is clearly coming into his own, unafraid to sing as well as rap while in total control of the sound. This record is a must for fans of the local scene and kids who want to get on board before this guy hits it big. This release is available for listen and purchase at duskone.bandcamp.com, check it out! —Rio Connelly

GAZA

No Absolutes In

Human Suffering

Black Market Activities

Street: 07.31

**GAZA = Converge + Acid Bath
 + Coalesce**

Salt Lake’s own grind-metal heroes have kicked their game up to some intense new heights with this record. Familiar



elements of the previous albums prevail: the discordant insanity, the rib-smashing riffs, the harsh, grating screams from some lower bowel of hell. On top of this chaotic primordial soup, the band has planted layers of matured, rhythmic, doom-metal moments that feel like coming up for air before you drown. It's a powerful and tension-building mash-up. "This We Celebrate" is a prime example of this excellent tempo change at work. Lyrically, they tackle their usual suspects of religious and social issues plaguing the world in their true, take-no-prisoners style. The album feels, even more than their past work, full of madness and depressive atmosphere, like a raging tempest of black clouds. When it's over, all you want to do is jump back in. That's fucking musicianship. —Megan Kennedy

Inland

MATHS
Slasher Mini Records
Street: 05.21
Inland = Pirouette + Street Smart Cyclist
With noodly, undistorted guitar lines and constant high hat in the forefront showcasing emotional vocals and thinly veiled romantic lyrics, Inland sounds exactly how I'd imagine **Kickball** did in high school. The opening track "Diamonds & Dinosaur Bones" and "I Love You, I Love You, Etc." are a bit sappy, but the former remains charming. The highlight is definitely the closing track "Fingernails," where it seems they found their energy and lost their dejection—more pep and **Modest Mouse** string bends, and less high school love poetry. I think that this EP is a fun listen, and a very good start, but there are definitely some kinks to work out. —Cody Hudson

Kristen Nelson

Out of My Hands
Self-Released
Street: 05.04
Kristen Nelson = Christina Perry + Taylor Swift + Norah Jones
Beautiful, soulful melodies with drawn-out, twangy vocals comprise the majority of this seven-song EP/album, and a dash of pop helps keep it current and catchy. Kristen Nelson, originally hailing from Washington, brought the melancholy vibe often associated with her homestate to Utah. With a collection of some of our finest musicians and the help of several studios in town, including *Jackman Studios* and *Metcom*, Nelson has produced

a serene debut album that she should be proud of. It would fit right in on the radio between **Zooey Deschanel** and **Jewel** without a hiccup. I'm sure young, indie-loving kiddos will happily load it into their playlists once they stumble upon her tunes when she's playing a live show around town. I'll be looking forward to what she's up to next. —Ischa B.

Markham Sound

Days of Innocence
Self-Released
Street: 10.31.09
Markham Sound = Dave Matthews + Tenacious D
At first, I didn't know if this was a serious attempt to create an album, but I quickly realized it's some kind of blend between comedy and music. The album opens with the tune "Mom & Dad," with a chorus that rambles off a list of bands, "**Rolling Stones**, **Bob Dylan**, **Seals and Croft**, **Three Dog Night**, **Chuck Berry**, **Sly and the Family Stone**." The next tune, aptly titled, "The **Led Zeppelin** Song," is comprised almost entirely of the band's song titles. Near the end of the album is the **Pete Seeger**-esque folk song, "Don't Blow Up Yourself," which begins with the line, "This one goes out to the terrorists," and the lyrics go on to say, "I heard that you've been thinking about blowing yourself up, but I got some advice before you do. Please could you do it way over there so nobody blows up with you." —Jory Carroll

Mechanical Skies

Wielder of Wonder
Self-Released
Street: 05.29
Mechanical Skies = Suicidal Tendencies + Sugartooth + Neil Young
This five-song EP continues the journey of Mechanical Skies, following their first release in 2010. Exploring the three members' influences, which they list as ranging from **Jimi Hendrix** to **All-American Rejects**, this material has a definitive classic rock undertone throughout. The material ranges from light and mildly funky to heavy and guitar-driven, and of the range I personally prefer their execution of the former. "Cold" has that kind of light-weight bouncy quality—it's funky and catchy. The production on this release seemed a bit better than on their previous album, and as they keep working I'm sure it will only get better and better. —Ischa B.

Mr. Richter

Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 06.09
Mr. Richter = Cauldron + Dio + Spellcaster's vocals
I'm all about the classic heavy metal revival. Mr. Richter join the m  le of Utah's virtuosic-vocal NWOBHM with their debut, six-song EP, where they find a good portion of their heavy metal niche with elegiac songs including opener "Mr. Richter," which pounds along at a heavy, steady pace set by

drummer **Tyler Russell**, along with chuggy guitars that blast in and out of dual harmony from both guitarists. Where the band really shines, though, is when they speed up, as in "Gargoyle," where the dirge bounces into a catchy yet dark chorus of a ston  d beast, and sonorous breakdowns snag back onto the main theme where the guitars work in technical switch-offs from muted-chords that spiral into melody. Other than perhaps not projecting to his full potential, vocalist **Brandon Richter** kills it in closer "Coward," and lead guitarist **Phee Richter** shreds that axe in hammer-on verses and a killer solo. This EP is an impeccable start for a local metal outfit. —Alexander Ortega

The New Electric Sound

Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 06.26
The New Electric Sound = The Beach Boys + The Kooks + Spoon
Whether it was serendipity or just savvy marketing, the debut album from Provo-based surf-rockers The New Electric Sound has arrived just in time for summer. Generally speaking, the words "surf-rockers" and "Provo" don't jive with one another, but this album just might change that. It's the type of music that screams to be blasted out of topless convertibles cruising down the Pacific Coast Highway as the sun lazily sets over the horizon. It's also great for nursing the agony of unrequited love. Opening tracks "What if I Disappear" and "Suitcase" use the fa  ade of polished guitar riffs to explore the heartache that comes from loving someone who is unaware of your existence. Despite frequent visits to lovelorn territory, The New Electric Sound's debut remains sunny and exuberant without losing its bleach-blonde cool. —Alex Springer

Pleasure Thieves

The Empire Never Ended
Kilby Records
Street: 07.28
Pleasure Thieves = Murder City Devils + (Fugazi x Septic Death)
This band is practically a decade old, and this is their first LP. No, this album didn't take ten years to produce—they've just been defunct for eight of those years. Six months ago, Pleasure Thieves finally reunified with their new adhesive and bassist, **Lance Saunders**. *The Empire Never Ended* is an engrossing fusion of grimy metal/punk and beer-sloshing bar rock. Using a keyboardist in lieu of a second guitarist, Pleasure Thieves manage to maintain momentum with stalwart chord progressions and locomotive percussion. **Dave Combs'** impassioned growl (think **Spencer Moody** spackled with **Tom Araya**) quarter-backs the tracks very well, especially on "Black Heart." This band has my best wishes and I'm looking forward to their releases in the future. And by

future, I mean hopefully in fewer than eight years. —Gregory Gerulat

The Saintanne

Live at KRCL
Self-Released
Street: 06.01
The Saintanne = Owen + David Bazan
Listening to this EP, I can't help but be reminded of the earlier days of **Okkervil River** and the vocals delivered by **Will Sheff**. These songs are best heard in an intimate setting with eyes closed to soak in the sounds as much as possible. Drenched in melancholy in a transformative way, vocalist **Tom Bennett** has a deep and catchy voice, reverberating to make echoes that deepen the lyrics. While tracks like "Lights Fall" and "Murmerz" lead to chaos with apocalyptic tones, the rest of the tracks balance out in a comforting way that allows easy listening. Seeing as this album was recorded live, it definitely convinced me to make it out to see them perform. —Brinley Froelich

Your Meteor

The Retroscope
Self-Released
Street: 06.11
Your Meteor = Jeff Buckley + Television + Joni Mitchell + Prince



A year in the making, *The Retroscope* is a crafty, quirky gem of a debut album. Incorporating everything from 8-bit to acid pop to jazz, Your Meteor proves to be multi-genre, avant-garde and refreshingly non-contrived. This isn't your average, whiny youth, whispering words about their last breakup. Rather, *The Retroscope* offers an alternative perspective about substantial items such as third world exploitation, vital organs and Nintendo. The track "Gold Paint" seems to be the backbone of the album, with a rocking bass-heavy beginning and a poetic ending. It becomes clear when listening that their music is made genuinely—each purchased album comes with handwritten liner notes that mention how each song is best listened to, whether it be in an empty bathtub or riding home on the bus. The mesh of styles may be off-putting to some listeners, but props to these DIY-ers for throwing something innovative into the mix. —Kia McGinnis



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MUSICREVIEWS

Alice Cohen

Pink Keys
Olde English Spelling Bee/
Crinoline Records
Street: 06.12

Alice Cohen = Grimes + The Vels
Alice Cohen: animator, singer, fine artist and '80s pop idol, brings one of my favorite summer albums with a splash of '80s synth-pop and 20-teens-era lyrics. Layer me up some tunes that would fit equally well on the *Labyrinth* soundtrack and the iPod of a disaffected Williamsburg broad on a single-speed, and you have a perfect summer jam LP. The solid bass lines and lilting lyrics on tracks like "Dead Leaves in Milk Glass" recall the **Cocoteau Twins**, and it's not bad at all. Though Alice Cohen has been around for a while (since the '70s in fact) as a singer in The Vels and as a fine artist, I found this her most accessible work. I've worn a groove in my phone's media player on track seven, "Mauve Mood"—it's nearly perfect, and blends all the best of Cohen's oeuvre into one. —JP

Anywhere

Self-Titled
ATP Recordings
Street: 07.24

Anywhere = Minutemen + The Byrds + Shakti

To date, **Cedric Bixler-Zavala** has had more side projects than I've had birthdays, but *Anywhere's* LP is more than a typical post-**At the Drive-In** ego vent for Bixler-Zavala. Instead, this album seems like an esoteric documentation of what would've become of Bixler-Zavala if he never made it past "Deloused in the Comatorium." To be accurate, *Anywhere* is like **The Mars Volta**—except they've traded in their latter-day pretentiousness

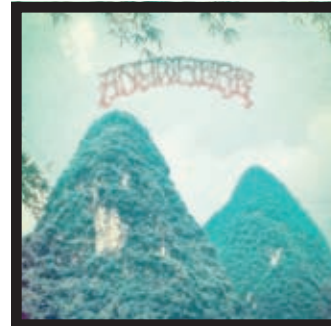
for humility. You can hear hints in songs like "Anywhere," a modicum of Bixler-Zavala's rampantly creative energy within **Christian Eric Beaulieu's** progressive rock confines. Interestingly enough, this is all done with acoustic guitar and eastern reggae similarities. Being an incredibly peculiar act, I won't be surprised if some critics are left digging into their genre tool kit for hours for categorization's sake. However arguable, Bixler-Zavala would be wise to make *Anywhere* a full-time gig—even if it means cutting his hours elsewhere. —Gregory Gerulat

BPOS

Pos Tapes The Album
One League Entertainment
Street: 06.26
BPOS = Blackalicious + Dilated Peoples



The Bay Area's BPOS hip hop collective is a refreshing slap in the face with their crime-fighting antics, fast-pitched verses and wild agility on every note. Can you keep up? Because I couldn't. With bionic speed ripping up every track, you don't get a second to breathe. Mangling your ears with their eloquent verbiage on tracks like "I'm High," they spit power on perspective and society: "I feel high from the info/I ain't gotta lotta time/I know my life is just a window/I know I rather have a clue/It's time to open the mind to find a panoramic view." Vibrant and adrenaline-packed from superhero throw-downs to the apocalypse, the plot thickens with every track, graphically and linguistically plastering your brain with comic strips. On this tape there isn't room for sidekicks—get on that super level. —Meera Masud



Broken Heroes

This Is Oi!
Skinflint Music
Street: 06.06
Broken Heroes = Combat 84 - overt right-wing politics + The Templars

With perhaps the most apt album name I've seen this year, Jersey's Broken Heroes don't try to evoke any artsy fluff in this album. Plainly and simply, this is straight-up Oi! with three chords and rock beats at a mid-tempo, with an occasional double-stop guitar lead. The eponymous opening track features vocal-ist **Scotty Violence** cataloguing what Oi! is and is not with an aggressive, froggy bellow. He continues with classic Oi! themes like drinking, the working class, anti-racism and what a real skinhead is. The songs don't vary much from each other for the most part, but Broken Heroes' passion definitely shines through with every track. The last half of the album, such as "Oi! Don't Pay The Bills," features some solid rock n' roll guitar work, and "From You" exhibits Oi!'s penchant for gang choruses—"We're not gonna take it from youuu!" It may not be virtuosic, but, damn it, it's honest. —Alexander Ortega

Cinema Cinema

Manic Children & The Slow Aggression
The Lumiere Label
Street: 07.10

Cinema Cinema = Black Flag + Babes in Toyland + Hella
Manic Children & The Slow Aggression is a more than fitting title for an album traveling without pause between noise, delicately picked acoustic guitar and melodies bordering on pretty. "Pretty" is my adjective of choice, because referring to any element of *Manic Children* as "pop" would put me in fear of being slapped with a snare drum. On the subject of drums, **Paul Claro's** playing is monstrous yet intricate, and my favorite aspect of Cinema Cinema's sound. The duo's musicianship is solid. **Ev Gold's** lyrics can be rather unsettling, as can his scream, but you don't turn to Cinema Cinema for comfort. If **Lemmy** started a knife fight with **The Stooges** and punched **Kim Thayil** in the face as a warm-up (don't know why Kim's there, but

it's happening), it might sound like *Manic Children & The Slow Aggression*. The sight would be just as disturbing, yet intriguing. —T.H.

The Daredevil Christopher Wright

The Nature Of Things
File Under: Music
Street: 06.26
The Daredevil Christopher Wright = Suffjan Stevens + Fleet Foxes + Beirut/The Beach Boys

This trio has all the elements of a modern day baroque-pop band—classical voice training, refined string instruments such as the mandolin—yet they fearlessly remain unique in their delivery. It may be the sometimes dark content of their lyrics. **Jesse Edgington**, on vocals, is a natural storyteller with themes ranging from addiction to divorce, reminding us that the nature of things is ever-changing. With mostly eerie vocal harmonies, "Church" plays like something you might hear at a friendly gathering in Jack Skellington's backyard during a **Tim Burton** film. The band is not afraid to expand their sound, either, which I like the most. The tempos change often, and for being a group of three, they effortlessly provide the sound of a bigger band. If you want something new, with eloquent beauty and all-natural instruments, then don't regret missing this album. —Justin Gallegos

Deadly Remains

Severing Humanity
Deepsend
Street: 08.07
Deadly Remains = Decrepit Birth + Pestilence + Severed Savior
When the scene leaders start to falter or the band that had a couple bad-ass albums releases a turd,



look to the underground—you’ll find a plethora of great bands. Deadly Remains is one of those great bands, delivering So Cal death metal: brutal but precise, and rooted strongly in the legends of death metal. I hear a ton of influences brimming all over this beast, and though it sounds a bit familiar, it also sounds equally new. The production on *Severing Humanity* is all death metal fans could ask for: every instrument audible, guitars heavy and groovy or fast and techie when needed with a nice, thick layer of bass noodling adding a bunch of extra special sauce to the mix. The drumming pounds and marches on like war drums. Also, you’ve got to love the absence of the general brutal death metal bree, squee, gree jock grunting, replaced by a nice growl similar to Pestilence at their height. –Bryer Wharton

The Dig

Midnight Flowers
Buffalo Jump Records
Street: 05.29
The Dig = Fences + Portugal. The Man
This sounds like what a lot of things sound like lately—indie rock that’s sort of lo-fi and sort of synth-y. That being said, The Dig uses those elements to their advantage, especially woozy vocal harmonies, clean guitar and mild bass. The tracks are arranged in a satisfying, **Coldplay**-esque manner, with simple progressions and hooks. Having toured with **The Antlers**, The Dig most likely appeals to a young, hip crowd. For example, “I Already Forgot Everything You Said” is something you would hear at a party where everyone is drinking PBR and comparing Instagram photos. The Dig calls for a casual listen or two, but doesn’t seem to offer anything timeless or memorable that will make listeners want to revisit more than a few times. –Kia McGinnis

Diplo

Express Yourself
Mad Decent
Street: 06.12
Diplo = Flosstradamus + Major Lazer + Dillon Francis
Diplo is perhaps the strangest producer in dance music. And by strange I mean completely original, and willing to take risks, break the rules and speak his mind. He is truly a gem in the increasingly slick and poppy world of EDM—specifically, electro house, the genre he falls into most often. Of course, all of this comes through in his music, so that by listening to it, you might start to feel a little weird too, and might want to spray paint your date gold while smoking salvia or something. To me, that is the joy of Diplo’s work. It’s like he’s calling out to an entire generation (or two), “We

are all fucking weirdos, so just get freaky and go nuts.” *Go Express Yourself*, if you will. His productions are never the best of the year, or even the month, but goddamn it, they are fresh. They are unique. They are seriously weird, and there is value in that in a genre that has always embraced different, new sounds, but now is getting stagnant with popularity and money. So, go listen to this album. It’s weird as shit, and, honestly, whether you will like it or not is completely a personal decision. You may hate it. Or you may plant your hands on the ground and throw your legs in the air, because apparently, that is what Diplo wants you to do. –Jessie Wood

Dusted

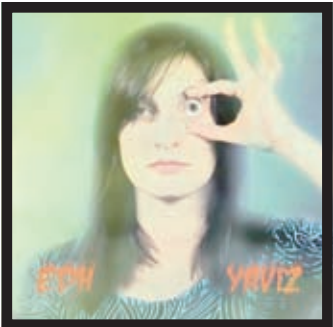
Total Dust
Polyvinyl Record Co.
Street: 07.10
Dusted = Sonic Youth + Bob Drake + Olivia Tremor Control



Total Dust is an end-of-summer album released in the middle of the season (going by weather, not solstice date) with a Rorschach exploding head on the cover—good start, though the slightly busy cover image doesn’t necessarily match the music. I’m not going to complain. The music’s good. This is a very spare-sounding record, and is better for it. **Brian Borcherdt** and producer **Leon Taheny** recorded *Total Dust* in a small garage and a near-empty cabin. Despite the small spaces in which *Total Dust* was composed and produced, there is a deceptive sense of distance rather than intimacy to the songs, due to the use of reverb on the vocal tracks. Borcherdt and Taheny knew what they wanted to achieve and what was best for the songs. There aren’t any moments where I found myself wishing somebody had known better than to ask, “Do we have any room left for a tambourine?” –T.H.

EDH

Yaviz
Lentonia Records
Street: 06.12
EDH = Blouse + Broadcast + Chicks on Speed + IIs (2006)
In my experience, there is a certain kind of creepiness that is terrify-



ingly and specifically French. The latest release from **Emanuelle De Héricort** (or EDH) is notably dark, yet its beauty comes in the stark nature of it. It’s decisively analog, and her deep, monotonous voice fluctuates very precisely and rhythmically in clipped English over minor-chord synth sounds that are suspenseful, edgy and somewhat cold. It’s successfully intriguing, in a drug-induced kind of ugly way, but maybe a better example would be to watch her videos. She’s got two that I could find. The first song from Yaviz entitled “ICE” shows her and her bandmates being overtaken by ominous blurry figures in hooded sweatshirts and disfigured faces which reminded me of the terrifying French horror movie called *Ils* (translation: Them). A video for a song called “Ramble” shows EDH singing and playing bass against a white background, which seems simple enough, though as the song continues, she develops blisters and lesions. As the song “ICE” also suggests, cold can be terrifying and beautiful which makes this worth a listen with the lights on. –Mary Houdini

The Flaming Lips

The Flaming Lips & Heady Fwends
Warner Bros.
Street: 06.26
The Flaming Lips = Gorky’s Zygotic Mynci + Syd Barrett + Can
Originally available as a Record Store Day double-vinyl exclusive, *The Flaming Lips and Heady Fwends* has now been released for all to experience. If the word “fwends” isn’t obvious enough, Lips frontman **Wayne Coyne** basically pulled out his little black book of who’s



who in the music industry for this all-star collaborative album. His fwends include **Neon Indian**, **Yoko Ono**, **Lightning Bolt**, **Jim James** and more. The bratty pop princess **Ke\$ha** steps outside the Top 40 box as she sings, “Put me under your acid spell/Cause I want my mind to be toast” over the thrashing squeal of the guitar on album opener “2012 (You Must Be Upgraded),” an ode to **The Stooges’** “1969.” **Justin Vernon** of **Bon Iver** croons about a robot dog world on the **David Bowie**-esque “Ashes In The Air.” The low point is the unorganized mess of “You, Man? Human???” as **Nick Cave** does an impression of **Mark E. Smith**’s rambling vocals, which are then buried in a heavy sea of feedback. The key moment is the 10 minute slow-motion version of “The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face,” featuring the always-brilliant **Erykah Badu**. –Courtney Blair

Future Twin

Future Twin Deluxe Edition
Self-Released
Street: 07.12
Future Twin = Karen O + Blondie
In the band’s own words, “giving a shit is the new not giving a shit.” Based on the idea that you can imagine the type of person you want to be and become what your ideal “future twin” might be, the sounds fit well with the attitude of letting go of apathy and having fun while creating a better reality to live in. Coming from San Francisco, Future Twin definitely fall under a garage-punk category, but don’t let that label limit their sounds: these riot girls have a little dose of ’80s pop and ska influences, reminiscent of **No Doubt**. “Landslide” easily gets my vote for best song on the album. –Brinley Froelich

Giant Giant Sand

Tucson
Fire
Street: 06.12
Giant Giant Sand = Justin Townes Earl + Nick Cave + Chris Isaak
The large scope of the record is off the charts. Giant Giant Sand march with a cavalcade of broad influences and genres. By the end of the grand six-and-a-half minute long “Forever and a Day,” they’ve used mariachi, tex mex and zydeco all over the bed of this long-lost country base. *Tucson* is like a **Coen Brothers** movie—the more times you watch it, the more you appreciate it. Band leader **Howe Gelb** has accurately dubbed the record a “country rock opera.” The jazz ballad “Not the End of the World” sinks sweetly into my ears and I know, just like every track on this record, the next one won’t be anything like this. I have to mention the loping rockabilly-esque “We Don’t Play Tonight,” which slowly rolls into a bouncy, infectious rhythm. I



feel as though I’m doing this record a disservice by keeping this review short, but there’s so much here that to touch on everything would take up the rest of the magazine. If you’re into Americana music, this is for you on so many levels. –James Orme

James & Evander

Bummer Pop
Velvet Blue Music
Street: 05.15
James & Evander = Ming and Ping x Depeche Mode / M83



From the album cover, which I love, to the production, James & Evander’s success here comes simply. *Bummer Pop* is mid-tempo electro-pop with simple lyrical themes and beautiful tinges of sadness. The melancholic vibe on this album is just as appealing as any one of **The Smiths’** albums. There are even beautiful traces of early **Smashing Pumpkins** on “I Don’t Mind.” Most of the tracks are sonically lush from the beginning, but the ones that do build slowly are well worth the wait once the sound climaxes. The album contains their most creative appeal when they place live or natural instruments throughout the songs. Such as the timeless yet dismal piano key arrangement on “Nostalgia” that lays the foundation for spacy synths and a drum machine in the most endearing way. Through a sound you might as well just call “bummer pop” James & Evander offer pure electronic bliss. –Justin Gallegos

Neneh Cherry & The Thing

The Cherry Thing

Smalltown Supersound
Street: 06.19
Neneh Cherry & the Thing = Gil Scott-Heron + Sun Ra
Swedish singer Neneh Cherry is known for her ’90s hip-hop career and her chart-topping album, *Raw Like Sushi*. On *The Cherry Thing*, Neneh collaborates with the Scandinavian jazz band The Thing (who borrowed their name from Neneh’s stepfather **Don Cherry**’s track on the 1966 album *Where is Brooklyn?*). The album features free jazz and angular funk cover songs originally by **Suicide**, **MF Doom**, **Stooges**, **Ornette Coleman** and others. Starting with the only original song “Cashback,” the group creates a wall of atmospheric tension and improvisational sprawl. Neneh’s twisting and turning velvet voice is backed by lazy horns and cacophonous drums on the brilliant eight minute version of Suicide’s “Dream Baby Dream.” Another highlight is Neneh showcasing her dominance as she spits “Leaving pussy cats like wild hoes need Kotex” over the smooth bass line of MF Doom’s “Accordion.” Middle Eastern textures line the dark sensuality of Don Cherry’s “Golden Heart.” *The Cherry Thing* is inspired and a must-hear. –Courtney Blair

Nihiti

For Ostland
Lo Bit Landscapes
Street: 05.27
Nihiti = Lustmord + Ben Frost + Jesu

There is ambient-drone music that is cerebral. It takes a certain kind of critical detachment from pop music to appreciate sound for the sake of sound. There is another kind of ambience that punches you straight in the gut with a primal force that takes your breath away. Nihiti is that kind of ambient music. *For Ostland* dips into a coal-black sea of ambient sound while ominous drones crack and disintegrate like giant icebergs. This is frigid music. It’s the same kind of ambient dronescapes with nuclear-blast-in-reverse dollops of industrial noisiness that **Silber** and **Blindsight** Records have been putting out for the past few years. Taking cues from the turntable/guitar deconstructionists **The Fun Years** and the unrelenting dark clamor of early **Swans** records and pouring them into their own fractured landscapes, Nihiti makes *For Ostland* a fascinating and terrifying taxi to the dark side. –Ryan Hall

Ombre

Believe You Me
Asthmatic Kitty
Street: 08.21
Ombre = Brian Eno x Ennio Morricone
Ambient music is too frequently the realm of the dabbler. That’s



partly what makes this record so striking—this collaboration between **Julianna Barwick** and **Helado Negro** sounds professional. The first sound on the record is a clear, jazzy chord plucked on a nylon string guitar, and rather than meandering around in reverb, *Believe You Me* maintains this sense of purpose throughout. While those without much appreciation for ambient music will want to retreat to the safety of the drum machine-assisted “Cara Falsa,” fans of ambient will find much to appreciate in the Latin flavor, not to mention the focus, that Ombre bring to the genre. –Nate Housley

Patti Smith

Banga
Columbia
Street: 06.05
Patti Smith = Joni Mitchell + Marianne Faithfull - Nico



It is hard to believe that Patti Smith has only released 11 albums in her 41-year musical career. Her legacy is such that when she releases an album, it announces itself as a monumental event. While not always the smoothest of listening journeys, *Banga* nonetheless reveals its beauty upon repeated listens. Her present band—including longtime collaborator **Lenny Kaye**—co-produced and add to the impromptu sound of some of the tracks. “Fuji-san” is her answer to the devastating 2011 Japanese earthquake and tsunami, and while her **Amy Winehouse** tribute, “This Is The Girl,” has a lovely melancholia, even sadder is her homage to the late French actress **Maria Schneider** on the nostalgic “Maria.” Lead single “April’s Fool,” featuring **Tom Verlaine**

on guitar, is playful, whereas opus “Constantine’s Dream” is demandingly epic, but reprieve arrives after it with her cover of **Neil Young**’s “After The Gold Rush,” which is simply charming. –Dean O Hillis

pOnk

Remaking the Past
Mush
Street: 05.29
pOnk = Tortoise + Ghosts and Vodka + Cul de Sac
The word pOnk, used here as a moniker, must be some kind of onomatopoeia describing the way **Frederik Knop** adds percussion into his sprawling electro-acoustic tracks—a sturdy and satisfying *ponk*, like a ping-pong ball into a cup of warm beer, right into the heart of an arpeggio. *Remaking the Past* is a deconstructed take on **mOck**’s (Knop’s other band) self-titled 2012 debut. Knop takes fragments of this album—a guitar riff here, a bass line there, a snare tap or tom hit—and strips them down to their naked elements and then builds them back up, woven in with electronic beats, witty percussion from objects found lying around his apartment and other domestic, found-sound samples. The result is a twelve-minute composition that floats independent musical ideas into each other like sets of waves. *Remaking the Past* is simply one of the best headphone albums of the year. –Ryan Hall

Samothrace

Reverence to Stone
20 Buck Spin
Street: 07.31
Samothrace = Sleep + (the soul of early) Black Sabbath + Earth + Kyuss



With psychedelic tunes taking precedence in pretty much every musical realm at the moment, let’s not forget psychedelic’s friendly but evil brother: stoner/doom. Seattle’s Samothrace are at the top of their game here. *Reverence to Stone* demands to be heard on vinyl due to its two song format and the richness of audio. This record seems to shun convention and just jam, be it crunchy and heavy or smooth and mellow buzzing. The live/improvised feeling of the recording works brilliantly. The heart and passion of

the songs are right in the forefront, but so is the ability of the music to be a vessel to transfix listeners in different ways all depending on their mood or their individual reactions. —Bryer Wharton

Shmu
Discipline/Communication
Self-Released
Street: 06.05
Shmu = Midlake + Kings of Convenience “Versus” + Beck “Midnight Vultures”

I didn’t know what to expect from this release, but from the moment I pressed “play,” it’s kind of been blowing my mind. Creatively compelling, these songs are well thought out, even as it’s apparent that there are a lot of risks being taken. Shmu is a great singer, lending his smooth tenor to multiple treatments, layering over the top of his own vocals with hooks that reek of so many influences, it’s hard to pin him down to a genre. He croons over the top of ‘90s indie pop (“Directions” is a total ringier for fans of **The Sea and Cake**) or ‘80s glimmering guitar sweeps (“Shadowgames” opens à la **My Bloody Valentine**), or he chops up glitchy psychedelic drum-machine rants before just going balls-out to the dancefloor (“@hearts”/“Heads Will Fall”). But these descriptions don’t do this release justice. He’s cohesively all over the place. This is a guy who is just barely scratching the surface of his potential, even as you’re standing there slack-jawed at his raw talent. Give him a few years to channel it and I’ll put my money on him being the next big thing. —Mary Houdini

The Tallest Man On Earth
There’s No Leaving Now
Dead Oceans
Street: 06.12
The Tallest Man On Earth = Bob Dylan + Nick Drake + Ryan Adams
From start to finish, this third LP from the Swedish folk singer **Kristian Matsson** is drenched in mellow sounds, with lengthy, poetic lyrics accompanying each song. Despite a small band joining Matsson on the album, the main focus is kept on his distinct voice,



74 SaltLakeUnderGround

which kind of reminds me of **Deer Tick’s John McCauley**. Midway through the album, Matsson puts down his axe and gets behind a piano on the title track, which gives your ears a break from the relentless onslaught of his simple guitar folk songs. Although Matsson has already established himself as a talented musician through his previous albums, *There’s No Leaving Now* is another shining example of his skills as a wordsmith and musician. If you’re a fan of soft, acoustic folk tunes, this album delivers 40 minutes’ worth of just that—however, Matsson’s expansive lyrics put him up a notch on the totem pole and sets himself apart from other folk singers. —Jory Carroll

Tankard
A Girl Called Cerveza
Nuclear Blast
Street: 07.31
Tankard = Manowar + Bruce Dickinson + Sodom



A teutonic force through and through, **Tankard** cop a slap-happy power thrash aesthetic from the jokey school of cornball moshery (**Acid Reign?** **Metal Duck?**) and a “bottoms up!” mentality honed since the days of the Berlin Wall. Though the group continue to employ their standard bag of old tricks on *A Girl Called Cerveza*, they’re not without some serious chops. “Rapid Fire (A Tyrant’s Elegy)” and “Running on Fumes” seeithe and swagger like rumbling battle chariots, shrieking and crooning like **Halford** and Dickinson in a boozy match of Rock ‘em Sock ‘em Robots. However, in terms of beer-swilling buffoonery and a ham-fisted take on a genre once obsessed with pit-violence, nuclear armageddon and the occult, Tankard can’t escape the limitations of a pint-deep lyrical well. Rollicking and competent, albeit predictable, *A Girl Called Cerveza* knows its strength and never strays too far from it. Tankard’s latest release is middle of the road at best. —Dylan Chadwick

Teenage Bottlerocket
Freak Out!
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 07.03
Teenage Bottlerocket = The

Ramones + The Lillingtons + The Apers
I will never get tired of Teenage Bottlerocket. This four-piece from Wyoming (seriously?) harkens back to the glory days of pop-punk, complete with their leather jackets, bubblegum hooks, whoa-ohs and songs about girls. *Freak Out!* doesn’t deviate in any real way from the band’s four previous full-lengths (including the cover art), but Teenage Bottlerocket are so goddamn good at what they do, it doesn’t even matter. “Headbanger” is a killer three-chord stomper about the dangers of, uh, headbanging. “Necrocomicon” recounts the tale of the comic book of the dead, and “Punk House of Horror” is about, you guessed it, a haunted punk house. “Never Gonna Tell You” is an excellent punk rock love song on par with “I Want You Around,” and “Radical” will bring back all of the weird feelings you had about that girl with the mohawk you knew in 10th grade. These guys are the best at what they do, and *Freak Out!* is yet another testament to that. —Ricky Vigil

YAWN
Happy Tears
FeelTrip Records
Street: 06.20
YAWN = Gang Gang Dance + of Montreal
One foundational lesson musicians learn early on is that there’s a major difference between working influences’ material into your own and passing it on as your own. Unfortunately for this Chicago based freak-folk/psych four-piece, it’s hard for me to differentiate. The only identifier I like about *Happy Tears* is the slight leaning into **Yeasayer**-styled acid house territory, shown only on “Yabis.” Otherwise, YAWN is making miniature flag claims on certain peaks, which have already been mastered within the past decade. “Momma’s Boy” plays like a rough cut of an early **Panda Bear** album filler. Combine this with Kevin Barnes’ pop glitter, and you have the next track, “Then They Come.” Although alluring at the start, the album rounds down to being garden-variety psych-folk efforts. Unless they mold a more unique style in the following full-length LP, this record will only serve as extra shelf bulk for freak-folk collectors. —Gregory Gerulat

Whitechapel
Self-Titled
Metal Blade Records
Street: 06.19
Whitechapel = Carnifex + All Shall Perish
“Dynamic” is the word of the day for this newest release from deathcore champions Whitechapel. This record hasn’t abandoned the formula that these dudes had down

to a science, but comparatively, old albums feel almost flat and lacking in variety, a paint-by-numbers built around breakdowns. The breakdowns remain, sure, but they’re fewer, and no longer the centerpiece of a song (and when they do show up, like at the end of “Section 8,” they are some of the most brutal breakdowns the band’s ever produced). They’ve been replaced with paranormal melodies, beautiful shredding bridges, and more acrobatic, layered guitar work. Songs like “Hate Creation” actually pull back the thrash at parts to let the guitars wail like lonely wraiths in the distance, and the incredible drumming of newcomer **Ben Harclerode** takes center stage, building tension where before there was only rage. **Phil Bozeman** has expanded his vocal playbook, too, and with excellent results, again adding variety and maturity to the band’s sound. Every song feels like a structured and individual creation. —Megan Kennedy

Zombiefication
Reaper’s Consecration
Pulverised
Street: 08.14
Zombiefication = Grave + Entombed (old) + Morbus Chron



Worshippers of old-school death metal, Mexico’s got a rising talent. This EP, the band’s follow-up to 2010’s overly exciting *Midnight Stench*, should satisfy that thirst for gritty guitar tones and grimy bass with enunciated and serious growls. I tend to be optimistic in favor of tunes—there’s the same old bitching that if a band isn’t doing something “new,” they’re just hacks. News to the cynics: No band is really doing anything new, nor have they in a long time. The songwriting flows excellently—each track speeds along nicely, with some equally dirty guitar-soloing breaking up the five tracks. “Necrohell” has a seriously catchy core riff that will get your head swirling in death metal furies. “We Stand Alone” gives some serious guitar leads in conjunction with pounding riffs, giving anything **Bloodbath** has done a run for its money. *Reaper’s Consecration* is a big EP worth its price in plastic or wax. —Bryer Wharton



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ALL EVENTS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

THE DAILY CALENDAR

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

Friday, August 3

Alpine Art Gallery Open Admissions – *Alpine Art*
Lucy Michelle & The Velvet Lapelles – *Garage*
Jack & Jill – *Hog Wallow*
Harry and the Potters, The Potter Puppet Pals – *Kilby*
Reading is Fundamental – *Paper Moon*
Kimball Arts Festival – *Park City Main St.*
Stonfed – *Sand Trap*
Lake Effect – *Spur*
The White Buffalo – *State Room*
Sugar House Farmers Market – *Sugar House Park*
Anke Summerhill, Doug Wintch – *Sugar House Park*
Coda Dance Co: Starter Kick – *Sugar Space*

Film: The Goonies – Tower
Isaac Russell, Book on Tapeworm – Provo Town Square Parking Terrace Rooftop
First Friday – *UMOCA*
Journey – *USANA*
Add a Dash of Local Art with Audrey Patten – Whole Foods Trolley Square

Saturday, August 4

Jeremy Israelsen Fundraiser – Brewskis
Demon Hunter, Bleeding Through, Cancer Bats, The Plot In You, Willows – *Complex*
Holy Water Buffalo, The Trappers – *Garage*
Eternal Fair – *Hog Wallow*
Lorin Cook & Friends – *Johnny’s*
Jessica Lea Mayfield, The Wooden Sky – *Kilby*
Cash’d Out – *Little Cottonwood Canyon*
Kimball Arts Festival – *Park City Main Street*
Ghosts of Glacier – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
‘8’ – Plan B Theatre
Counting Crows, The Outlaw Roadshow – *Rail*
The Art of Submission: Query Letters and Novel Synopsis – *SLC Community Writing Center*

Film: From Time To Time – SLC Main Library
Survivors at the Summit – *Snowbird*
Coda Dance Co: Starter Kick – *Sugar Space*

Film: The Goonies – Tower
The Awful Truth, The Devil Whale, Sayde Price – *Urban*
The Aglets, The Family Gallows – *Woodshed*
Film: Line of Sight – 1130 S. Richard St.

Sunday, August 5

Roger Hodgson – *Deer Valley*
Artist Showcase – *Garage*

People’s Market Annual Book Day – *International Peace Gardens*
Kimball Arts Festival –*Park City Main Street*
Park Silly Market – *Park City Main Street*
‘8’ – Plan B Theatre
Film: The Goonies – Tower

Monday, August 6

Same Sex Dictator, Starvist, Oldtimer – *Burt’s*
Matteo – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Protect The Canyon Lands Benefit – *Kilby*
Kenshin Taiko Drummers – *Liberty Park*
Brett Turner – *Sand Trap*

Tuesday, August 7

Ethan Bortnick, Kidz Bop Kids – *Complex*
Mister Sister – *Deer Valley*
Mark Dago – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Bombay Bicycle Club – *In The Venue*
Four Leaves Left, Yours Truly – *Library Square Ampitheater*
Jordan Hix, Crazy Old Maurice, The Lucky Crickets – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Film: The Forgotten Bomb – SLC Main Library
Yak Tooth, YYBS, Baby Girl – *Urban*

Wednesday, August 8

Park City Farmers Market – *Canyons*
Joshua Payne Orchestra – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Dick Earl – *Hog Wallow*
The Mynabirds, Deep Time – *Kilby*
Strong! – *UMOCA*
Diana Krall, Denzal Sinclair – *Red Butte*
Palace of Buddies, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Falcon Grammar – *Urban*

Thursday, August 9

The 321s – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Ashlee K. Thomas – *Garage*
Animal Kingdom, The Neighborhood – *Kilby*
Fusion Fest – *Muse*
Horse Feathers – *Nature Center*
Shawn Colvin – *Park City Live*
Film: The Forgotten Bomb – SLC Main Library
Cody Canda, The Departed – *State Room*
Night Freq – *Urban*
Drake’s Hotel, Lakawana – *Why Sound*
Nightlfreq – *W Lounge*

Friday, August 10

The Chickens – *Canyons*
Yes, Procol Harum – *Complex*
Kill Paris Live – *Depot*
Albino Father – *Exchange Place Plaza*
The Weekenders – *Hog Wallow*
Hello Dollface, Lady Murasaki – *Garage*
Horse Feathers, Jay William Henderson – *Kilby*
Dance Gavin Dance, The World Alive, I See Stars, A Skylit Drive, Winds of

Plague, Atilla, Stick To Your Guns, Stray From The Path, For The Fallen Dreams, Make Me Famous, Betraying The Martyrs, Obey The Brave – *In The Venue*
Fusion Fest – *Muse*
Summer Kruzen Hosed by Karmalita Kruz – *Paper Moon*
Colbie Collait, Gavin DeGraw – *Red Butte*
Bruce Cockburn – *State Room*
Sugar House Farmers Market – *Sugar House Park*
Sugar House Art Walk – *Sugar House*
Mary Tebbs – *Sugar House Park*
Film: Robocop – Tower
Women’s Red Rock Music Festival – *Capitol Reef*
Heartless Bastards, Little Hurricane – *Urban*
Crashing At Dawn, Summer Thunder – *Velour*
Mayson Lee & The Rock & Roll Space Studs – *Woodshed*
Speak Out, La Noche, Year of the Wolf, Brute Force, Hitchhiker – *Kafeneio*

Saturday, August 11

Huldra, Deathbloom, Visigoth – *Burt’s*
Women’s Red Rock Music Festival – *Capitol Reef*
Craft Lake City – Gallivan
Sleepwalkers, Super 78, Fossil Arms – *Garage*
The Carbon Gypsies – *Hog Wallow*
DJ Bad Boy Brian – *Johnny’s*
Milo Greene, Family Of The Year – *Kilby*
Natural Roots – *Little Cottonwood Canyon*
Fusion Fest – *Muse*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Michael Franti, Spearhead, Zach Heckendorf – *Red Butte*
The Art of Submission: Query Letters and Novel Synopsis – *SLC Community Writing Center*
Film: Robocop – Tower
Cantastoria – *UMOCA*
Kraddy, Crisis Wright, Steezo – *Urban*
Elevated Elements Festival, Liquid Army – *Woodshed*

Thursday, August 16

Zion Tribe – *City & County Building*
Jordan Young – *Garage*
Grieves & Budo, Intuition, Dopethought – *Kilby*
Zach Hillyard Band – *Par’s BBQ*
Iron and Wine, Kathleen Edwards – Pioneer Park
Bomb the Music Industry, Problem Daughter, Dr. Drug & The Possible Side Effects – *Underground*
Thalia Condo, Bearclause, Will Sartain – *Urban*

Friday, August 17

Strung Out, Handguns, The Darlings – *Bar Deluxe*
Theta Naught – *City & County Building*
The Rugs – *Garage*
Tim Daniels – *Hog Wallow*
Toy Bombs, Chasing Kings, Birthquake – *Kilby*
Scotty Phillips Band – *Paper Moon*
Dead Can Dance – *Red Butte*
Spy Hop Street Party – *Spy Hop*

Monday, August 13

Wino, Conny Ochs – *Burt’s*
Juana Ghani – *City & County Building*
Theory Of A Deadman, Charm City Devils – *In The Venue*
Kairo By Night – *Liberty Park*
Family Art Saturday: Kite Making,

Screening of Curious George – *UMOCA*
Gipsy Kings – *Red Butte*
Ryan Darton, Eric Schackne, Lady Murasaki, Albino Feather – *Urban*
Bass Shed – *Woodshed*
Andrew Bird: Fever Year – Brewvies

Tuesday, August 14

Doug Wintche and Anke Summerhill – *City & County Building*
Jagertown – *Deer Valley*
Kepi Ghoulie, Dead Pets, Dog Party, Problem Daughter – *Kilby*
Burnell Washburn, Taken Root, Free Speech Syndicate – *Library Square Ampitheater*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Film: Forks Over Knives – SLC Main Library
Andrew Bird, Amadou, Mariam – *Red Butte*
Peter Murphy – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Jeanette Moses!

Wednesday, August 15

Murder By Death, Ha Ha Tonka, 4onthefloor – *Bar Deluxe*
Park City Farmers Market – *Canyons*
G. Brown Quintet – *City & County Building*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
Palace Of Buddies, Bright Whistles, Romantic Feelings, Curved Graved – *Kilby*
The Heiro Imperium, Souls of Mischief, Pep Love, Casual – *Park City Live*
Great American Taxi – *State Room*
Rainbow Black, Dirty Blonde, Stag Hare, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys – *Urban*
Ryan Darton – *Velour*

Thursday, August 16

Zion Tribe – *City & County Building*
Jordan Young – *Garage*
Grieves & Budo, Intuition, Dopethought – *Kilby*
Zach Hillyard Band – *Par’s BBQ*
Iron and Wine, Kathleen Edwards – Pioneer Park
Bomb the Music Industry, Problem Daughter, Dr. Drug & The Possible Side Effects – *Underground*
Thalia Condo, Bearclause, Will Sartain – *Urban*

Friday, August 17

Strung Out, Handguns, The Darlings – *Bar Deluxe*
Theta Naught – *City & County Building*
The Rugs – *Garage*
Tim Daniels – *Hog Wallow*
Toy Bombs, Chasing Kings, Birthquake – *Kilby*
Scotty Phillips Band – *Paper Moon*
Dead Can Dance – *Red Butte*
Spy Hop Street Party – *Spy Hop*

Sugar House Farmers Market – *Sugar House Park*
Adam Virostko – *Sugar House Park*
Hip Hop Roots – *Sugar Space*
Film: The Princess Bride – Tower
Sharon Van Eiten, Tennis – *Urban*
American Attic Unplugged, Atomica – *Why Sound*
Pudding Wrestling – *Woodshed*

Saturday, August 18

DJ Camilo – *Club Elevate*
The Jingoos, Dead Bod – *Garage*
Mother of Pearl – *Hog Wallow*
Float The Boat – *Johnny’s*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*
Sin City Soul – *Spur*
Film: The Princess Bride – Tower
Third Saturday for Families: Clothespin Puppets – *UMFA*
SLUG Localized: Daisy & The Moonshines, Folk Hogan, L’anarchiste – Urban
Rude Boy – *Why Sound*
Electric Talk Show – *Woodshed*
Resiliance, Tragic Black, Mayson Lee and The Rock and Roll Space Studs, Brute Force, Visigoth, Year of the Wolf, Hi-Fi Murder, Winters Iris, Alice Once Again, Discoid A – *Foursquare*
I Am Local Photo Expo – Poor Yorick
Black Box Belly Dance Affair – Leona Wagner Theatre

Sunday, August 25

Fetish Ball – *Area 51*
Junction City Derby Girls: Trainwrecks,

Saturday, August 25

Beehive Brew-Off Awards – Bayou
Jesse Walker – *Garage*
People’s Market – *International Peace Gardens*
Park Silly Market – *Park City Main Street*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*
Film: The Princess Bride – Tower
Speed Lecture: Bonneville: The Fastest Place On Earth – *UMFA*

Monday, August 20

Voice of Africa – *Liberty Park*
Better Off with the Blues – *City Creek Park*

Tuesday, August 21

Michael Lucarelli – *City Creek Park*
Joe Walsh – *Gallivan*
Birthquake!, The Suicycles – *Library Square Ampitheater*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Film: China Heavyweight – SLC Main Library
Norah Jones, Cory Chisel, The Wandering Sons – *Red Butte*

Wednesday, August 22

Jeremiah Maxey – *Canyons*
Brown Bag Concert Series – *City Creek Park*
Yazzi, Fleetwood, Def Quo – *Kilby*
Mumford & Sons – *Saltair*
International Folk Festival – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Film: Super-Ego – *SLC Main Library*
Film: Racing Dreams – UMFA
311, Slightly Stoopid – *USANA*
Theophilus London, Dopethought, The Vibrant Sound, Flash & Flare – *Urban*

Thursday, August 23

The Lab Dogs – *City Creek Park*
The 44s – *Garage*
Los Hellcaminos – *Hog Wallow*

M.Ward, Devotchka

– **Pioneer Park**
Crosby Stills & Nash – *Red Butte*
SLC Film Festival Benefit: Palace Of Buddies, Night Sweats – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Slugger!

Friday, August 24

The Hot Club of Zion – *City Creek Park*
Lazy Rich, Party Favor – *Complex*
Steel Pulse – *Depot*
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
The Direction – *Kilby*
Brady Parks, The IndiAnns – *Muse*
Salt City Kings 10 Year Anniversary – *Paper Moon*
Sugar House Farmers Market – *Sugar House Park*
T3 Band – *Sugar House Park*
Film: 2001: A Space Odyssey – Tower
Built To Spill, Helvetica, Revolt Revolt – *Urban*
Tribes – *Why Sound*
The Funk and Gonzo Show – *Woodshed*

Saturday, August 25

Fetish Ball – *Area 51*
Junction City Derby Girls: Trainwrecks,



Heartless Bastards @ Urban 08.10

Choice City Rebels – *Davis Conference Center*
Rickie Lee Jones – *Deer Valley*
EC Twins – *Depot*
Calamity Cubes – *Garage*
Velvatones – *Hog Wallow*
Marinade – *Johnny’s*
Earth Well Festival – Jordanelle State Park
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*
The Pillar – *Spur*
Head For The Hills, Brown Bird – *State Room*
Film: 2001: A Space Odyssey – Tower
Michal Menert, Raw Russ – *Urban*

Sunday, August 26

Vektor – *Burt’s*
Up Until Dawn – *Garage*
People’s Market – *International Peace Gardens*
City Weekly’s Beer Festival – *Gallivan*
Black Stone Cherry – *In The Venue*
Earth Well Festival – Jordanelle State Park
Park Silly Market – *Park City Main Street*
Huey Lewis & The News – *Red Butte*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*

Film: 2001: A Space Odyssey – Tower

Monday, August 27

Red Bennies – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Graveyard Jaw – *Garage*
Yeasayer – *In The Venue*
Soultree Electronica – *Woodshed*

Tuesday, August 28

The Soulistics – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Lipstick Homicide, Vena Cava, Problem Daughter, Budnick – *Kilby*
Color Animal, Tolchock Trio – *Library Square Ampitheater*
Dr. Sketchy’s: Tank Girl – *Metro*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Bonnie Rait, Mavis Staples – *Red Butte*
Jane’s Addiction – *Saltair*
Film: Watershed – SLC Main Library
Alan Evans Trio, Tony Holiday Trio – *Urban*
Chimney Choir – *Why Sound*

Wednesday, August 29

Park City Farmers Market – *Canyons*
Blas Sphere – *Exchange Place Plaza*

– *Sugar House Park*
Good Manor – *Sugar House Park*
Burnell Washburn – *Urban*
The Aglets, The Family Gallows – *Woodshed*

Saturday, September 1

The Wood Brothers – *Canyons*
Zach Hillyard Band – *Hog Wallow*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Salaam Festival – *Pioneer Park*
Daughter, Budnick – *Kilby*
Vintage Trouble – *State Room*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*
Film: Resonance – *Tower*
School of Seven Bells – *Urban*
Sugarland – *USANA*

Sunday, September 2

People’s Market – *International Peace Gardens*
Park Silly Market – *Park City Main Street*
Trombone Shorty, Orleans Avenue – *Red Butte*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*
Faun Fables, Lindsay Heath, Bearclause – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Billy Ditzig!

Monday, September 3

Hank III – *In The Venue*
Brett Turner – *Sand Trap*
Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*
Langhorn Slim, The Law, Hoots, Hellmouth, The Awful Truth – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Stephanie Buschardt!
Happy Birthday, Brock Gross!

Tuesday, September 4

Kyle Turley – *Depot*
Why?, Serengeti, Jel – *In The Venue*
Downtown Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Moonface, Sad Baby Wolf – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Veg Vollum!

Wednesday, September 5

Park City Farmers Market – *Canyons*
Southern Utah International Documentary Film Festival – *Dixie State College*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
The Protomen – *Kilby*
Film: Senna – SLC Main Library
One Strike One Rise – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Levi Rounds!
Happy Birthday, James Bennett!

Thursday, September 6

Korpiklaani, Moonsorrow, Tyr, Metsatoll, Visigoth – *Complex*
Southern Utah International Documentary Film Festival – *Dixie State College*
Samba Fogo – *Urban*

Friday, September 7

Phalgeron, Moon of Delirium, Gravetown – *Burt’s*
Southern Utah International Documentary Film Festival – *Dixie State College*
Rage Against The Supremes– *Hog Wallow*
Olivia Newton-John – *Sandy Ampitheater*
Sugar House Farmers Market – *Sugar House Park*
Giraffula, Green Arrow – *Urban*
Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anyplace Cool

the URBAN LOUNGE | AUGUST

- 1 White Denim, Tolchock Trio
- 2 FREE SHOW Mason Jones and The Get Togethers, The North Valley, Frame & Canvas
- 3 DUBWISE
- 4 THE AWFUL TRUTH ALBUM RELEASE, The Devil Whale, Sadie Price
- 7 FREE SHOW Yak Tooth, YYBS, Baby Girl
- 8 FREE SHOW Palace of Buddies, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Falcon Grammar + Tim Myers B-Day
- 9 Night Freq
- 10 KRCL PRESENTS The Heartless Bastards, Little Hurricane
- 11 Re-Up Series Presents: Kraddy, Crisis Wright, Steezo
- 13 Ryan Darton, Eric Schackne, Lady Murasaki, Albino Father
- 14 Peter Murphy (of Bauhaus), OURS
- 15 Rainbow Black, Stag Hare, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys
- 16 Thalia Condo CD Release, Bearclause, Will Sartain
- 17 Sharon Van Etten, Tennis
- 18 SLUG LOCALIZED: Daisy & The Moonshines, Folk Hogan, L'anarchiste
- 22 Theophilus London, Dopethought, Flash & Flare
- 23 Salt Lake Film Festival Benefit with Palace of Buddies, Night Sweats
- 24 Built To Spill, Helvetia, Revolt Revolt
- 25 SLCL & RE:UP present Michael Menert, Raw Russ
- 28 Alan Evans Trio, Tony Holiday Trio
- 29 Chelsea Wolfe, Light Black
- 30 MIKE BROWN FEST: THE TOMATO SHOW
- 31 Burnell Washburn

COMING SOON

- SEPT.**
- 1 School of Seven Bells
 - 2 Faun Fables
 - 3 Langhorne Slim & The Law
 - 4 Moonface (Spencer Krug of Wolf Parade & Sunset Rubdown)
 - 5 One Strike One Rise
 - 6 Samba Fogo
 - 7 Giraffula
 - 8 Old 97's
 - 9 Big Business
 - 10 Shabazz Palaces
 - 11 Superhumanoids
 - 12 Broncho
 - 16 Easy Star All-Stars
 - 18 Rehab
 - 19 Big Freedia
 - 21 The Growlers
 - 22 Eagle Twin Album Release
 - 24 Scott H Biram
 - 25 Ariel Pink & DAM FUNK
 - 26 Firewater
 - 28 MONO
 - 30 Dude City
- OCT.**
- 3 Mike Watt
 - 4 Saint Vitus
 - 9 Two Gallants
 - 10 Wolf Gang
 - 11 NastyNasty
 - 12 The Helio Sequence
 - 14 Dinosaur Jr. + Shearwater
 - 15 Brother Ali
 - 16 The Hood Internet
 - 19 Flying Lotus
 - 20 Other Lives
 - 25 Starfucker
 - 26 The Whigs
 - 31 HALLOWEEN WITH ELECTRIC GUEST
- NOV.**
- 2 David Bazan
 - 3 Father John Misty

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AUGUST

- 1: THE DANGEROUS SUMMER
- 2: BEARCLAUDE, BONNIE & THE BANG BANG
- 3: HARRY & THE POTTERS, THE POTTER PUPPET PAWS
- 4: JESSICA LEA MAYFIELD, THE WOODEN SKY, TBA
- 6: 'PROTECT THE CANYON LANDS' BENEFIT CONCERT
- 8: MYNABIRDS, DEEP TIME
- 9: ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
- 10: HORSE FEATHERS, JAY WILLIAM HENDERSON
- 11: MILD GREENE, FAMILY OF THE YEAR
- 12: GRIFFIN HOUSE
- 14: KEPI GHOUJIE (FULL BAND), DEAD PETS AND DOG PARTY, PROBLEM DAUGHTER

- 15: PALACE OF BUDDIES, DOPETHOUGHT, ROMANTIC FEELINGS, CURVED GRAVED
- 16: GRIEVES & BUDO (RHYMESAYERS), INTUITION, DOPETHOUGHT
- 17: OY BOMBS (MEMBERS OF KID THEODORE), CHASING KINGS, BIRTHQUAKE
- 18: TBA (CHECK WWW.KILBYCOURT.COM)
- 22: YAZZI, FLEETWOOD, DEF QUO
- 24: THE DIRECTION, TBA
- 28: LIPSTICK HOMICIDE, VENA CAVA, PROBLEM DAUGHTER, BUDNICK
- 29: KING TUFF, AUDACITY, TBA
- 30: DR. SIAK, CERCI
- 31: THE NORTH VALLEY, DESERT NOISES, HOLY WATER BUFFALO

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FRIDAY AUG 10TH



KORPIKLAANI
THURSDAY SEP 6TH



POWERMEN 5000
TUESDAY SEP 11TH



KREATOR WITH ACCEPT
WEDNESDAY SEP 19TH



SAFETYSUIT
TUESDAY SEP 25TH



NIGHTWISH
SATURDAY SEP 29TH



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