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JOHNNY ROUGHNECK

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Soundwaves From The Underground
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About the Cover: When we asked our skate contributors whom they thought should be featured on our third local skate cover in 24 years, the vote was unanimous. Holland Redd's name has been buzzing around the SLUG headquarters for months now, and we're stoked to finally see this local ripper in print. Make sure you flip to page 34 to see even more awesome shots of this up-and-coming Salt Lake skate rat.

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Contributor Limelight

John Ford – Writer, Copy Editor, Distro Driver, Ad Sales Rep



Soundwaves from the Underground, takes on theatre reviews for slugmag.com, and recently directed the first Utah production of *The Mending Monologues* earlier this year. He enjoys the simple pleasures in life—reading a good book and taking it easy at home with his wife, his puppy and his kitten. Ford also gets his hands dirty in just about every protest, rally and march that he can fit into his schedule, and chiefly demonstrates his solidarity with women's and LGBTQ causes. SLUG couldn't be happier to have him on the team.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I work for the company that prints slug every month. The one thing I look forward to every month at work is reading [Mike Brown's] article while I'm printing some worthless dribbly for two hours. Thanks for the break and keep up the good work.

JK

P.S. Drink one of those shots paid with a button for me.

Dear Just Kidding,

Aw, thanks! Normally, we'd respond to comments like these by letting you know that you gave us the "warm fuzzies" inside, but since it has been so damn hot this summer, we'll say you gave us "popsicle fuzzies" instead. Mike Brown has stories up the wazoo, so keep picking us up and we'll keep helping you pass the time. I'm sure Mike Brown has earned a lot of shots by giving people his buttons—once the economy (finally) crashes, let's hope that will be true for all of us.

xoxo,
 SLUG Mag

Dear Dickheads,

I would like to comment on your first story in Dear Dickheads [Issue #281 and #284]. I would like to comment how I use to be thin and the cops made me 300 lbs. And I've been homeless since 3-12-2012. Do to a pig that kicked me out of my home against the law. I didn't threaten anyone again. I didn't have to leave my own property but the bacon eater pigs of Kearns Ut took the law into there own hands and kicked me

out anyway. There the Dickheads Im the Homless Queen of all Queens ... The pigs of Utah almost killed me several times. They ruined my fucking life. So please Mr. Smith Meth Dealer stay away from me forever ... I'm a true believer the cops made me a whore. There use to be a donut shop in South Salt Lake open 24 hrs a day. I use to get hungry after servicing South Salt Lake with my pussy. I waited until the donuts were done and I would buy glazed maplebar and donuts with cream cheese. I am 100% against the law ...

Luv Always,
 Anonamous

P.S. I hate donuts!

Dear "Anonamous,"

Wow. It's no wonder you got thrown out of your house—your disregard of spelling and grammar leads us to believe that your rent checks were probably unintelligible. Not paying rent to the correct people can often result in eviction. Also, the cops didn't make you 300 lbs. We suspect that those who bought you donuts subscribe to the maxim "more cushion for the pushin'." Or maybe you've been doing a lot of bacon-eating yourself, in addition to your donut binges.

We don't exactly "love" cops either, stuffin' muffin, but I think they should give you a new home in the big house for ruining donuts, maple bars and cream cheese for the rest of us with the foul image you put into our heads.

xoxo,
 SLUG Mag

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Mike E. Cline was a really smart, generous and dynamic person. He had a way of making everyone feel good around him, or trying to. He could be incredibly respectful and polite ... and rowdy and fun. Like a lot of people in our scene, he loved music—but Mike was *really* passionate about music, which made him so much fun to go to shows with. Riding in a car, he didn't just listen to music in the background, he played it loud and sang along!

Two separate times, he gave me a music player of some sort so I'd have something to listen to as I went about my day when he knew I'd be otherwise without. I didn't ask, he was just that kind of cat that knew and had it ready for me. He knew I lived for listening to music too—we shared that same passion. I usually wrote to Mike about music, and that's usually what we talked about.

One of my all-time favorite shows—**X** at the DV8 in SLC—Mike and **James (Jimi) Germ** were there, dancing in the pit—that was a truly great show we all enjoyed. After a recent show, Germ and I were catching the FrontRunner back home when Mike called and said he'd been looking for us for half an hour (at the venue) before he saw a missed call from us. I told him that we'd seen we had time to catch the train, so we ran over. Mike said, "I was in the bar—I'd never leave you guys hanging. I'd get you home, I'd never leave you guys." I said, "I know"... Mike left us all way too soon.

—Shelley Sidle-Owens

Mike, you'll never know how much your words of encouragement meant to me as a young musician, 20-odd years ago. You were already rocking—you were so cool. I still remember you coming up to me and telling me I sounded like the guy in **Nirvana**. I valued your opinion so much. Your praise meant so much. I know you had the same impact on so many others, brother. Thank you.

—Richie Rhoads

I first met Mike Cline in 1985 while catching a ride with **Jamie Goble**. I handed Mike a few pills from my pilfered stash recently liberated from various medicine cabinets thanks to all of the Ogden punk rock kids' parents. We drove to SLC to Jamie's apartment up by the Capitol. I never ended up going in with them because I asked to be dropped off at *Raunch* at its first location on 4th St. I heard later that Cline blew some wicked nasty chunks all over Jamie's living room floor—greenish puke. Punk as fuck. Mike Cline became a life-long friend, until his untimely and sad departure from this journey called life.

Mike Cline got me a job in the state pen back in the old days. The job was working at the prison's printing company. We had access to a computer, had a printing press, and with a little help from our friend, Mr. **Brian Mehr**, we managed to smuggle our shit out of prison, not INTO prison. It was a real fuckin' blast while it lasted. After covertly getting our zine *IN STRUGGLE* [felonious punk zine] out of the slammer along with a disc, we were toasting to a job well done. Next thing you know, Cline and I were escorted by the man-in-blue goon squad back to our cells, as was everyone else who was "employed" at the joint's slave-wage printing sweat shop.

Slammed down, locked-up in our concrete boxes, we said "fuck 'em if they can't take a little recreational zine creating." Twenty-seven years later, Mike Cline ends a grueling five-and-a-half-year stint in one of Amerikkka's most brutal and shankiest of United States prisons, the ugly and sordid Florence, Colo. facility. Cline gets a good job, plays in two great punk rock bands, and then becomes another casualty of the All Mighty Dragon. This is all too fuckin' lame, and all too real to lose another brother to the heroin. "Them bone crushers be poppin' vicious with a capital 'V.' I DON'T WANNA BE A CAPITALIST CASUALTY." —Michael Ernesto Cline, 2011.

Jimi Germ signing off for now. Gotta give a raised fist salute to all of the SLC PUNX and peeps out there. In Struggle,

—Jimi Germ

A benefit show for Mike's family featuring **Avon Calling** and **Victims Willing** is happening at *Liquid Joe's* on Sept. 7. Donations can be made at any Mountain America Credit Union, Michael E. Cline Donation Account #9472146. Mike's band, **Salt Lake Spitfires**, recently released their first CD. Pick up a copy at *Raunch*.

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FEVER YEAR (81 min)
with short film:
I Dance U Smile

7:00pm
CARTOON COLLEGE
(78 min)
with short film:
Abandoned in Space

9:30pm
OFF LABEL (80 min)
with short film:
Two Seconds After
Laughter

11:30pm
DEAD DAD (81 min)
with short film:
Opening Day

10:00pm
PIRATE BROTHERS
(96 min)
with short film:
The Lizard and the Ladder

MIDNIGHT
CAT SCRATCH FEVER
(73 min)
with short film: Midwives

7:00pm
DUCK BEACH TO
ETERNITY (80 min)
with short film:
The Procession

2:50pm
CAROLINE & JACKIE
(85 min)
with short film:
New Broken Calculator

4:50pm
CHILDREN OF THE
STARS (77 min)
with short film:
O Olláparo

7:00pm
INTRO (79 min)
with short film: Our
Summer Made Her
Light Escape

9:30pm
DUCK BEACH TO
ETERNITY (80 min)
with short film:
The Dance

11:30pm
COLOR ME OBSESSED
(123 min)
with short film: Affliction

10:00pm
RESOLUTION (93 min)
with short film: We Win
or We Die

MIDNIGHT
BETTER THAN SOME-
THING: JAY REATARD
(88 min)
with short film: Omission

2:50pm
UNFIT: WARD VS.
WARD
(74 min)
with short film:
In Search of Avery
Willard

4:50pm
PUNK'S NOT DEAD
(104 min)
with short film:
G.I.R.L.S.

7:00pm
GLAMOROUS LIE
(94 min)
with short film:
Father of the Year

7:00pm
MUST COME DOWN
(84 min)
with short film: Jean
Lewis

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Danger (L-R): Dreu Hudson (vocals), Jeremy Conder (bass), Taylor Orton (drums), Eric Rose (guitar) and Alex Johnson (vocals) of Settle Down will electrocute you with their pop-influenced heavy rock.

Photo: John Barkipie

SETTLE DOWN

Localized By Megan Kennedy iamnightsky@gmail.com

September's *Localized* brings to the stage two of the hardest-working heavy acts in the valley today: Cornered by Zombies, a thrash metal two-piece that is erupting onto the scene, and Settle Down, the latest hard rock collaboration of veteran musicians you may already know and love. On Sept. 14, *Urban Lounge* (21+) hosts these two badass bands and openers **Gunner**, who will tear up the stage. For a mere five bones at the door, you can't afford to miss it.

Settle Down is sort of a bastard child of a band—a thing created by dudes who love music so much, one band just isn't enough to quiet their creative muses. An endeavor like this takes a special kind of trust between bandmates, both as friends and as musicians, which is rare and wonderful to watch. Most musicians can't juggle a single band with work, family, school and all of the other demands of life. The boys in Settle Down give a hearty "fuck that" to such complications: They all work multiple jobs and contribute to at least one other band, if not more, including **I Am the Ocean**, reggae band **Slow Ride**, pop-rock **Antics** and bluesy **Twist the Bulb**. Vocalist **Dreu Hudson** says, "We don't fuck around."

Hudson highlights an interesting perspective on their music, considering the band more or less started as a joke. "Our friend, **Bacon**, took some acid and decided he wanted to learn how to play drums, so Jeremy and I started this band to teach him, and it kind of turned into something real," says guitarist **Eric Rose**. The percussion student Bacon left the band—which, Rose says, is "a whole other story"—and the group tapped on the shoulder of drummer **Taylor Orton** to replace him on this new, major trajectory. Orton and Rose have played together since their high school days, and he and Hudson also play together in I Am The Ocean, creating a unique and comfortable foundation for this new outfit. Together with bassist **Jeremy Conder** and second vocalist **Alex Johnson**, Settle Down came together, writing

what Rose describes as pop-influenced heavy rock. "We just try to create music that is appealing to us—groovy, but something more," he says. They try to tap into the same vein feeding bands such as **Torche** and **Deftones**—acts that are undeniably heavy, yet appealing to folks who don't normally enjoy the darkness of thicker genres.

Unlike each member's other bands, Settle Down boasts two vocalists—a sight that usually signals one vocalist doing the heavy lifting while the other offers the clean sweetness ... but that's not the case here. Instead, Hudson says he and Johnson only aim to make the best sound they can, with no formula or back-and-forth road map. The vocals are harsh, but not your typical death growl—it's more like the desperate, lung-burning howl of **Touché Amoré**. They accent and strengthen each other and the overall atmosphere of the track, almost chanting over the melodies underneath. "I'm a little more of a passenger. Alex Johnson is the lyrical driver here, and I just come in and add my flavor to it. He's really image-driven and dark, and I just try to get dark with him. We both do all kinds of stuff vocally. Everything we do is super organic," says Hudson.

At least a decade of playing together has bred a unique relationship between these musicians. After all, not many bands can claim to almost never practice and come out with a polished and enjoyable sound at the other end. Yet, this is the

field Settle Down is playing on. "[When] we get together, we just try to kick ass as much as possible. We write and record—we don't practice," says Rose. This devil-may-care method of music-making is unusual, to be sure, but the guys have trust in one another. Especially strong is the intuition between high school buddies Rose and Orton. "Eric and I have been jamming forever. Anything that's coming up from him, I can already feel it," says Orton. As a full group, they are supportive of the music at large, and check any needless vanity at the door—nothing is held back, and the music is built with open minds and mutual respect, or, as Hudson puts it: "No egos, just tall boys."

The comfortable vibe woven throughout has certainly translated into some real-world successes since the decision to turn the band into a serious project. In a year's time, they've not only played a smattering of smaller gigs throughout the valley and Provo, but they were also a part of both *Crucial Fest* and *Doom and Gloom Fest* this year, two of the biggest festival-style showcases for heavier music in Utah. Settle Down see the local metal scene being in somewhat of a downturn at the present moment, but have lost no love for the bands or fans still keeping the faith. "I wish kids responded more the way they used to, like five years ago, but the people that appreciate it will always be there," says Rose.

A big first year is only getting bigger with the band's first release, a split 7" with **Sure Sign Of The Nail**, booked tentatively to coincide with their Sept. 8 show at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* alongside **Yob** and **Norska**. While they have no concrete plans for a tour, the band has already recorded enough material to fill three more records, which means the Salt Lake Valley is going to get a lot more sweet tunes in the near future.

"No egos,
just tall boys."

"There's no such thing as a day off."

Drummer **Jason Denney** sums up the lifeblood of his band, Cornered By Zombies, in that single sentence. He and guitarist **Basil Eisenman** work two jobs each, including shifts at the *Blue Plate Diner* and *Coffee Garden*, respectively. On top of that, the two help run a small, self-made T-shirt business, *The Paper Street Shirt Company*, from Denney's basement, and hold two lengthy jam sessions a week. As busy as they are, the music is never neglected. After a prolific year playing shows in the Salt Lake area, rather than feeling the burnout approaching, both dudes are salivating at the chance to expand outside of Utah on a tour run. "It's not out of the realm of ideas—everything just takes forever," says Eisenman. Luckily, patience is a virtue Cornered by Zombies has in spades.

The band is a two-piece, instrumental outfit—a rare happening in any genre, but especially in metal. Before they'd coined their apocalyptic band name, they were three dudes jamming and writing simply for the love of the music. "We all knew each other from the same small town, growing up in Moab," says Eisenman. "We all bought and sold equipment to each other and played together, so we were really good friends." Denney was already up in Salt Lake jamming when Eisenman made his way up from Moab and found himself inbetween projects—or as he calls it, "band single." Eisenman found his old friends, Denney and ex-guitarist **Derek Nielsen**, and joined their jam sessions, adding a more traditional **Maiden**- and **Metallica**-inspired thrash to the band's sound. When Nielsen joined the Air Force, Denney and Eisenman decided to continue on without him and focus on building a musically acrobatic, two-piece act.

Instrumental bands aren't totally uncommon in metal, though they do tend to have a more atmospheric, ethereal vibe along the lines of **Pelican**. But Eisenman and Denney wanted to bring that philosophy to their thrash-based sound. "I've been listening to metal forever. One constant is the deep, grating "Cookie Monster" growl, and people either love or hate that. So, we wanted to try the music without someone screaming at the audience the whole time. Now I don't have to wait for a breakdown to rip out a cool riff—I can just do it whenever I want. The biggest compliment we get is, 'I hate metal, and that was awesome,'" says Eisenman. Adding a vocalist now, both agree, would be a tricky endeavor. Their speedy song structures leave little room for vocals in any case: Denney says, some days, it's hard for them to even play their own tracks, despite their decades of experience. "We probably couldn't sing or scream anyway, even if we wanted to."

As far as adding members to the Cornered By Zombies family, neither member is against the idea outright, but they are definitely not looking for anyone. "I think if we added someone now, everyone would bitch that we were better as a two-piece, and it's not exactly easy material to teach someone," says

Metal duo Basil Eisenman and Jason Denney of Cornered By Zombies stand poised to fight the undead with vicious, instrumental thrash.



Photo: John Barkipie

Eisenman. Another bonus to their small group is how much easier it is for them to jump the sometimes-band-ending hurdles of band-member drama and finding practice time. Cornered By Zombies have "never argued about anything," and having only two members to set up for shows—both well versed in the art of drumkit arrangement—makes for a speedy transition both on and off the stage. "Only two of us need to show up, only two of us need to set up, and we can Tetris all of our equipment into one 4-Runner. It's much easier," says Denney. The same ease holds true for practice, which takes place at Denney's home, meaning Eisenman only needs to head over to commence jamming. "There's no waiting for a third or fourth guy to show up. I just go to Jason's house, and he's there, so we get in a lot more practice time," says Eisenman.

The perfection of their sound and live act has helped the band have a successful year. They've been playing at venues all over the valley, and were a part of *Crucial Fest*, playing at *Kilby Court*, and the *Doom and Gloom Fest*, hosted at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*. They were also the openers when stoner rock lords **Red Fang** dropped by *Bar Deluxe* on June 13, and made huge fans out of the band, who wore Cornered By Zombies shirts during their set that night. Overall, the future is looking very bright for the dynamic duo, who have also planned the release of a 2" analog EP in the near future. "We were actually recording our album a year ago with a producer friend of ours, but there were some technical problems with the board mid-production, so he had to revamp it. It will be [released] relatively soon—we just don't have a date for it yet," says Eisenman.

Despite the hectic demands of both members' schedules, they are ambitious, and want very much to tour outside of Utah. It will take planning and work, but they are optimistic for a 2013 run. "We're definitely going to be the post-apocalyptic tour band," says Eisenman. "I'll just switch from a guitar to a rifle."

CORNERED BY ZOMBIES

Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

The Origins of a Fucktard
By Mike Brown
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My band, The Fucktards, is nearing 13 years old. Like most bands that have been around over 10 years or so, we've changed. Dare I say, "progress"? In the case of The Fucktards, I realize that's pushing it. These days, a Fucktards show consists of us dressing up stupid, getting beer and other random objects thrown at us and playing the same seven songs over and over again, until we are asked to stop. So, I want this article to give you lucky readers the origins and beginnings of The Fucktards.

The original members were **Dan Rose** on guitar, **Joe Guile** on drums, **Paul Callis** on bass and me as the frontman. Joe and Dan were seasoned musicians, even at that time. They played in this rad hardcore band called **The Crohnies**, and, embarrassingly enough, before that, they were in a Provo ska band called **The Pastry Bandits**, who would open up for even shittier ska bands, like **The Aquabats** and **Goldfinger**.

My best friend, **Tim Ekeren**, was in the original Fucktards lineup as well, as our accordion player, but he showed up to our first show without a squeeze-

box. At the time, it sounded fun to have my best friend in my band, but looking back, I'm glad the accordion thing didn't happen. As far as how our music sounded, we were already the living, aborted-fetus love child of **Dee Dee Ramone** if he fucked **"Weird Al" Yankovic**. The overall sound hasn't changed that much.

The band was formed one night when me, Paul, Joe and Dan were at a show at *Kilby Court*. They said to me, "Hey, us three are gonna start a band." I said, "Yeah, why don't you have me sing and we can call it The Fucktards?" I was totally kidding. They all lived in Provo at the time, and I got a call from Paul the next week, telling me to get my ass down to Joe's house for our first band practice. Thus, The Fucktards were born.

I went down to Provo because I thought Paul was bluffing. I considered Joe and Dan real musicians, but Paul had no idea how to play bass or even owned one, which turned out not to be a problem because, well, it's just a bass. I think that Paul knowing nothing about playing the bass made him a natural bass player. He picked it up quickly, and in all fairness, I had no idea how to be a lead singer.

There were definitely some ulterior motives to starting a punk band with my best friends. I was barely 21 and just learning to navigate the turbulent waters of

the bar life. Paul was only 19, though, and going to the bar to troll for babes without my best wingman was getting old. So, we figured that if we could get shows at bars, they would have to let Paul in. And by golly, it worked back then.

Another ulterior motive for starting the band was that we heard from Joe and Dan that, when you play a show in a bar, they sometimes give you free beer. As a broke 21-year-old, free beer is right up there with pussy as far as importance in life goes. As far as getting pussy goes, I learned to scratch that off of the checklist right away. When you tell all the girls in the audience that you have AIDS and then sing a song about it, you pretty much kill your chances of pulling any babes. To this day, being the lead singer of The Fucktards has never gotten me laid.

The songwriting process back in those days was a simple formula. We usually came up with the song titles before we would come up with anything else—"I Popped Mother Mary's Cherry," for example, was coined by Paul's friend, **Ammon**, who came up with it one night while stoned on my couch. Dan is the genius behind the wonderful title, "Up Your Butt and Round the Corner's Where I'm Gonna Stick My Boner." I get to take credit for "Fagatron the Robo Slut" and "I Stuck My Dick in a Fan," and I think Joe came up with "Christ Punchers."

Our first, actual show was in the basement of a house party at **David Berg's** house. He ended up going to jail that night after talking shit to the cops when they showed up for a noise complaint created by yours truly. That paved the way for our first show at *Kilby* with some crappy punk band called **Pezz**. From there, we had paid our dues and would frequently wreck the stage at *Todd's Bar and Grill*.

The Fucktards still play shows these days, with the same enthusiasm and lack of fucks given that we had in my early 20s. The only original members are me and Dan Rose. **Lance Saunders** was instrumental in getting the band back when we broke up in 2005. He now plays bass, but we aren't afraid to play a show without him. **Dave McCall** is our current drummer and definitely has what it takes to be a Fucktard. He's been keeping beats for punk bands in this town for years and gets pissed-off real easy.

Looking back, I wonder why more stupid, early-20s drunk kids don't start punk bands now. Or maybe they do and I'm just too old to notice. Either way, starting a band with your best friends will always rule. To see what I'm talking about, come check us out with **The Sunset Sisters** on Sept. 15 at *Bar Deluxe*. When I see The Sunset Sisters play, it's like looking into a Fucktarded time machine. Oh, there will be half-naked chicks at *Bar Deluxe* that night, too—we are opening up for a burlesque show.



The original Fucktards lineup circa 2000 (L-R): Dan Rose, Mike Brown, Joe Guile and Paul Callis.

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By Princess Kennedy • theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

Yeah, you totally read the title right. I heard a rumor that Brigham Young, the HBIC back in the day, allegedly had a son who donned a dress and matching falsetto voice. "What's that?" I ask myself. "Could it be true that mine is not the only Mormon family with dirty secrets?" Imagine!

I began my investigative journey delving into the dark and forbidden depths of Google, entering the above title. Sure enough, not only does a photo of the Mormon pioneer dandy pop up in my browser, but with all the pomp and circumstance that went with the operatic role of Madame Patrini. He played the title role with a falsetto voice so convincingly that it was said people were none-the-wiser to the true identity of the Prophet's offspring.

At the end of the article I was reading, I came to the name of its author. I was hardly shocked, yet pleasantly surprised to find it had been written by a longtime friend and famous gay historian, **Connell O'Donovan**. This once-leading activist in the Queer Nation movement also had a drive for history and the truth. Raised LDS, he turned his passion to the familiar, and set on a life's work of studying and teaching subjects that centered to the left, such as Mormon feminists, homosexuals and racially diverse peoples.

You must visit connelldonovan.com and read about our crazy history—stuff like the tattoo the early gay pioneers had to identify themselves, that gay couple who came across the plains, and a certain patriarch with the last name of Snow who was busted in a gay relationship and banished to Hawaii in the 1940s.

It's crazy shit, and, gay or straight, it's great knowledge to have, so when Brother and Sister Fingerwag are judging, you can be armed. O'Donovan has recently relocated back to the 801 after a long stint as an administrator at UC Santa Cruz, and has been seen about town, giving speeches on his many essays and upcoming book—fabulously fascinating—you must attend one!

I love/hate the missing info concerning the fruit of Young's loins (who incidentally shares his name)—so many unanswered questions. Was he gay? Who knows—he was married with 10 children. Was he trans identified? Probably not—a story of him dressing as and fooling the Prophet into thinking he was the emperor of China on a political pass-through makes me think he was just more of a theater queen.

What I love is that the art of gender illusion is alive and well, and evolving behind the Zion Curtain.

When people think of drag, they automatically think of some queen "lip syncing for her life," feathers,

jewels, boobs and Lee Press Ons—a girl with a gown, an attitude and eight hands. Nothing wrong with that, but those antics were opening up for Mme. Patrini back in 1890. There is a new school of drag in the city, a "movement," if you will, which began with the '80s-London underground's **Leigh Bowery**, but has found its fashion within the past 10 years on the mean streets of Los Angeles. Tranimals have been stalking the stages, night clubs, and separating the herds to attack and kill with their powers of glamour, edginess and ferocity. Across the country, these walking freak shows have names like **Fatima**, **Squeaky Blonde** and, more famously, **RuPaul's Drag Race** winner, **Sharon Needles**. This segment of the life-fierce-tastic spans from anti-glamour to the macabre. They take an extreme approach to their craft, blurring the lines of gender and reality, proving, yet again, that drag has nothing to do with pretty, and everything to do with art.

The SLC version of Tranimal is largely inspired by the wacky antics and

styles of the gorgeous **Jared Gomez** and **Drew Landerman**, but has morphed and grown even larger than them in the characters of the *Bad Kid Brawl*, a show that is the third Friday of every month at SLC lesbian honey-trap, *The Paper Moon*. Created and hosted by the multi-talented **Cartel Fenice**, the show features a range of super spot-on glamazons. If you want to experience an amaze-balls drag/performance-art show, run, do not walk. The most recognizable of them simply goes by its X-tian name, **Willard**. Winning this year's coveted and life-altering title of Miss City Weekly (in its first attempt at performing), this 6-foot-7-inch-tall tranny, who wears platforms, singlets and colorful African weaves on its head, has probably done the most for this Tranimal movement in our state in the few months since coming on the scene. Spindly yet graceful for its stature, Willard has recently guest-performed its magic on the discriminating San Francisco stage to great reception, letting the rest of the world know that, 100 years later, Salt Lake is still turning a mutha fucker out.



Photo © Chad Kirkland

Old-school animal meets new school Tranimal—Kennedy and Willard—fierce.



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WHAT AWESOME TASTES LIKE

By Heck Fork Grief

info@slugmag.com

What do superheroes eat after a hard day of do-gooding? Shawarma, of course. If you saw **Joss Whedon's** latest movie, *The Avengers*, and you stayed for the second, post-credit end scene (it's on YouTube), you know what I'm talking about. Where do the local superheroes get a genuine shawarma in our little home of vice and virtue? Well, there is only one answer: the new shawarma joint called *Curry Fried Chicken*.

Of course, they make curry fried chicken, too, which is a great public service in itself. If the world has to be divided between Chick-Fil-A and Kentucky Fried Chicken, then I just don't want to get my chicken fried anymore.

Housed in a smallish building on State Street next to *Big Deluxe Tattoo*, you can sit inside at the counter and watch while your food is being prepared, or at the window and see the traffic rolling down State Street, or outdoors on a pleasant, little patio. *Curry Fried Chicken* is a cousin, I suppose, of the fine *Curry In A Hurry* family. The place is a real ma n' pa business run by a young couple. They are both very nice and take alternate shifts providing fine food and a clean kitchen. Their young daughter was at the counter, studying, several of the times I dropped by.

The reason I came to eat here in the first place was because of some shawarma advice from **Jeff Vice**, the do-gooder, film critic and premier of that local cult, *The Geek Show* podcast. It was a favorite new place of his because the curry fried chicken was really good. Call me suggestible, but after seeing *The Avengers*, I realized the only thing in the film I could do like those guys was eat a pita sandwich (and I wanted one).

So, throw in the fact that *Curry Fried Chicken* makes a shawarma (\$6.49), the deal was sealed. So, what is shawarma, you say? Here, it is as big a pita as I have ever seen, sauced generously with a tzatziki-style yogurt and spicy pepper, filled with lettuce, cucumbers and a changing cast of the other, usual vegetable suspects. All of these are arranged to celebrate strips of juicy roast chicken. The flavors are good, light summer fare. Yogurt, like vinegar, is a bracing flavor. Used with skill, it can create a first-food-experience you never forget. I grew up an average American kid, and the first few times I got a mouthful of flavor from a messy gyro or cool Indian raita on a hot curry, my head turned clean around.

The Fish Wrap (\$6.49) is a variation for you pescatarian friends, or for you Friday Catholics (you know who you are). With this fried white fish, you get the same



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broad, tasty pita and similar sauces, and it is every bit as fine a dine as the shawarma. The fish is deep oil-fried in a light layer of lentil flour in a separate pan from the chicken, which is cooked up in a drop fryer. This segregation keeps those with food rules happy, and, importantly, keeps the fried chicken un-fished.

The highlight of the menu is the Curry Fried Chicken (Plate, \$9.99, Piece, \$1.49), which is simply unique. It takes more than a few minutes to make, so don't wear your "where's the fast food, I gotta go now" pants, or you'll get them in a knot. Even though the fried chicken is available in individual pieces, it is better as one of the dinner options. It's a whole meal, unlike the wraps, which are à la carte. The chicken is tender and flavorful, and when you finish, you suddenly notice that your mouth is quite hot—but you don't notice while eating it. Neat trick. I don't eat fried chicken very often, but this is pretty awesome. Chicken fingers don't compare. This is fried chicken you haven't had before. The spices are romantic and old-world.

The dinners come with a side of what the menu calls Super Basmati Rice (a side, \$1.99), which isn't too misleading. Sharing the plate is a chopped vegetable salad beside some light curry of potato or other carb. The sides are worth the time to savor. Each time I got a dinner here, I looked forward to seeing what extras would be on the plate that day. They were always different, and always considerable.

Hummus (\$1.99) is a barometer for the sensibility of any kitchen that takes the trouble to make it. The hummus here is sharply flavored, but not garlicky. It appeared at the table as an island of sunbleached yellow with a generous drizzle of leaf-colored oil. A bit more pita would be nice, though, because I hate to have to ask for more bread.

Of all the items on the menu, only the Chicken Keema Kabob plate (\$9.99) didn't beat my expectations. A service of minced chicken and spice made into patties, fried and served with pita, it passed me by, like *Stallone*, or *Scrubs*.

Curry Fried Chicken. Call it an oasis in this hamburger and french-fry desert state, or a phone booth for your foodie superhero. Just know, when you need it, you can get there. Be ready to come away topped up with good food, wholesome and handmade. Renewed, you may continue now, on your journey to greatness.

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⁹ Jen Hajj Going Away Party with LAB DOGS 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	¹⁰	¹¹ TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS PATRIOT DAY	¹²	¹³ Brad Parsons Band GIRAFFE DODGERS \$5 SHOW	¹⁴ BRONCO Eric the Red CALLOW \$5 SHOW	¹⁵ Continental \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
¹⁶ Brunch 11-3p	¹⁷	¹⁸ TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS	¹⁹	²⁰	²¹ MidNight Thunder Free Show 6-8p hillfolk Noir HECTIC HODO \$5 SHOW	²² Sam Smith Band \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
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³⁰ Brunch 11-3p						

DANCE DANCE EVOLUTION: MUDSON'S DIY CHOREOGRAPHY

By Alexander Ortega
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The term "modern dance," for some, may bring to mind the scene in *Donnie Darko* where Cherita performs arabesques in a sparkling costume on a lavish stage, which may appease their sense of what dance is in an almost farcical way. Subtracting the excessive stage setup and costuming expected from dance, however, transforms its form. Two dancers in blindfolds—unsure of whom the other is—take improvisational direction from an unseen choreographer via microphone as they balance their situational discomfort with their eagerness to perform; or, two women jump up and down from across the basement floor of the *Masonic Temple*, eerily in sync, as they strip to their underwear to exchange clothes—later, one pushes the other, who sits stubbornly on the floor, in a full circle around the room. Works in progress from local choreographers, such as these, challenge the canon of what dance can be, and underpin risk-taking in choreography.

In a world where the dance company model is dying and dancing in academia becomes increasingly cutthroat, **Ashley Anderson's** *Mudson* stands as a beacon for local choreographers to show their own work. Anderson says, "I think it is one of few starting points. I don't think there are a lot of options for people to present their work. Maybe you, offhand, get to show at a gallery, but the reality is: None of us are being asked ... to be a resident artist." According to Anderson, the options for exhibiting work through dance companies dwindle. The major companies, like those of **John Jasperse** and **Trisha Brown**, may hire dancers, but only on a short-term basis, and there simply isn't enough money to pay dancers a living wage. Additionally, university jobs providing free rehearsal space, rehearsal time and a wage are quickly disappearing, which often generates competition between dancers who all aspire to make and show work. Anderson has given choreographers the opportunity to show works in progress in the bi-seasonal *Mudson* series. In 2010, Anderson started a 501(c)(3), *Ashley Anderson Dances*, in order to acquire funding for her work, and included the community-events branch, *loveDANCEmore*, which exhibits other artists' work. *Mudson* is the flagship *loveDANCEmore* event, which strictly features works in progress from independent choreographers in the basement of the *Masonic Temple*, and will begin its third

Mudson transcends the iniquity of the company model and academia: Rather than cloying for a long-term spot in a company by performing one choreographer's work, or continuously justifying one's work for the lofty standards of academia, *Mudson* applicants put their work on display in a way akin to a song in a rock band's set—by just performing it. Instead of rigorously rehearsing a dance, then performing it once for scant reviews, *Mudson* lets artists test how their piece functions before a casual audience to glean how it works, which informs choreographers as to where to take the piece next—whether it be a large theatre or a coffee shop. In their presentations of these pieces, choreographers are challenged by the DIY nature of *Mudson*. "It's bare bones. You have to design it yourself," says Anderson. Choreographers make artistic decisions using only four lights on a floor that's atypical for dancing and must bring any additional equipment. Where universities have previously provided these amenities, *Mudson* compels artists to think critically as to how to present their choreography, which often leads to diversified outcomes. From the four pieces in a *Mudson* showcase, dances vary radically from each other, which allows the audience to explore what dance can be. Seeing as how *Mudson* is free to attend, *loveDANCEmore* vies to let the audience make their own aesthetic judgment without having to discover their personal sense of what they like or what's hip about dance through the façade of a ticket price. "You get to watch this great range of experiments happen, and whether they're awesome or terrible, in your opinion, you

get to see those aesthetics play out in a nuanced way," says Anderson. With the otherworldly *Masonic Temple* basement—and its mysterious adornment and sigils of the masons—as *Mudson's* venue, dance audiences can reformulate what they've come to expect from a formal stage setting and view dance through an altogether different frame.

By giving dance a second, alternative space, *loveDANCEmore* also provides outlets for choreographers to eventually show their finished work. For instance, *Ashley Anderson Dances* board president and New York choreographer **Ishmael Houston-Jones** curated and chose pieces for *Daughters of Mudson*, which showcased the finished work from five, female choreographers on June 16 and 17 in the Black Box at *Rose Wagner*—it sold out both nights. Anderson constantly seeks new spaces as well, such as *UMOCA*, *Nox* and the *Main Library*, which keeps *loveDANCEmore* productions fresh throughout the year.

Anybody can apply for *Mudson*—for more information on applications, the bi-seasonal journal (which comes out in October) or to give criticism for the online blog, visit lovedancemore.org. For this season, *Mudson* happens the third Monday of the month, Sept.–Nov., so make sure to catch these free performances: "I think that having someone perform before you is different than looking at a photograph of someone doing it or looking at a video of them doing it," says Anderson. "Watching a real-life person enact these different, physical feats—it can change the way you see people and the world."



Photo: Drew Martin Photography



Photo: Emily Temdrup

Ashley Anderson's performance of "The Windy Gap" allowed her to hone a piece that integrates projected photos.

Choreographer Juan Aldape performed his Mexican-American identity piece, "Future Step," in homemade Mexican pointy boots in the basement of the *Masonic Temple* for *Mudson* on April 18, 2011.

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Salt Lake Americana songwriter David Williams will find himself in a different spotlight this month as the star of the dramatic film, *Intro*. The latest cinematic creation from director **Brandon Cahoon** will be one of the featured films heading into the 2012 *Salt Lake City Film Festival*.

Intro has been about a year in the making, stemming back to when the two men first met in 2010, while Cahoon was in post-production on his first feature-length film, *Parade*. When looking for music to fill his soundtrack, he visited the *Tin Angel Cafe* on recommendation to see Williams perform live for the restaurant's patrons. After watching his set and having a short conversation, Williams took a DVD copy home and created the soundtrack with little direction beyond having viewed the film with Cahoon a few times.

"I'd never met anyone like David before, not just in his personality, but in his very guarded world view, and his process in making music was very mysterious to me," says Cahoon on his experience with Williams.

Still working on *Parade* at the time, an opportunity arose for Williams to play the *Huichica Music Festival* in Sonoma, Calif., prompting him to ask Cahoon to come film it for him. When Cahoon started researching the festival and sought permission to shoot the show, the idea came to him to make a film based around Williams' performances and touring.

A fan of **D.A. Pennebaker's** work (*Don't Look Back*, *Monterey Pop*), Cahoon had fallen in love with the idea of living with a musician and figuring out what makes them tick. He got to work storyboarding narrative pieces that would help tie the performances together. Cahoon approached him

with the idea just days before Williams was due to head to California for the fest, but rather than do the traditional documentary style, he envisioned creating a dramatic film with Williams as the musical star.

"He said, 'Look, we could totally do this documentary-style and it would be cool, or we could do a feature film and make it epic,'" says Williams. "I said I'd rather err on the side of epic."

The short tour in early 2011 took the duo to San Francisco, Oakland and Reno, with small stops along the way, ending in Salt Lake City with a performance at *The State Room*. Cahoon spent most of the trip with a camera in hand, letting Williams know he was ready to go at a moment's notice. The only footage not shot on the road was at a private location over several days in Southeastern Utah where Williams loves to vanish for writing and getaway purposes.

Over the course of the trip, Cahoon was able to film Williams in very picturesque and candid moments, traveling on the road and even developing songs before they hit the stage. However, some of the best footage comes from his performances with **Jeremi Hanson**, the former **Band Of Annuals** singer/keyboardist who relocated to San Francisco two years ago.

"She just has a golden voice and she's brilliant with the harmonies. It's just a pleasure to sing and tour with her. I consider her a great friend of mine. It was wonderful," says Williams of their performances.

During the editing process, Cahoon had already figured out all the footage he wanted to use, and



was able to put the film together rather quickly. When it came to the performances, Williams was able to guide him to the best pieces that best complemented the footage shot and made for a better live soundtrack.

"Before we had a final cut that we took to the [*Torino*] Festival, I'd given him two cuts that were really too long, and he was able to help me shape a better cut. He remembered when he was the most 'on.' He very specifically remembered certain songs in certain shows where he felt the singing or the guitar or the harmony was very good," says Cahoon.

The film itself catches Williams at his best, and, at times, his most vulnerable—moments like standing barefoot in the water, looking out at the Pacific Ocean, busking in a subway tunnel for the people on their commute, or simply laying out in the desert at night, staring at the sky. But the moments that truly shine are those of Williams onstage, performing his heart out to the crowd, whether it be for 20 or 200 patrons at a small cafe or desert festival. Watching him pluck away quietly or strum vigorously on his weathered acoustic guitar, often with a smile on his face and a humble appreciation for those who came to watch, the film shows Williams is most at home onstage.

Prior to coming to SLC, the film's official world premiere took place at the *Torino Film Festival* in Turin, Italy in November 2011, earning a nomination for Best International Documentary in the process. *Intro* was also selected to play at the 2012 *Bradford International Film Festival* in the U.K. The *Salt Lake City Film Festival* (Sept. 22 at The Tower Theater at 7 p.m.) will mark the film's official debut in the States and the first time being shown in Williams' home city—a fitting intro to those who haven't seen Williams live, and a great compliment to one of Utah's finest musicians.



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You Are What You Do: 10 years of

Boing!

By Nate Perkins

perkins.nate@gmail.com

and have rules. Our house is a sober space, and that's probably the number one line that people cross over. We have to tell people that if they want to drink, just go somewhere else. People get aggressive sometimes, and it really sucks because we try to provide a place for free shows and free radical information, and it gets abused."

On the other end of the spectrum, Crowley says there was a time when a straight edge group was angry and confrontational toward the collective. "[The straight edge group] thought that we were just hippies and loved peace, and so we were not the cool kids," she says. "Within similar circles, there will be weird triangulation around us and creation of some really strange rumors. What I would say to anyone like that is 'just come over and hang out with us. We're cool.'"

Despite these occasional setbacks, *Boing!* is as strong and productive as ever. Crowley attributes the collective's longevity to the dedication of the inhabitants of the house, a group that she estimates to have included a total of over 100 people throughout the years.

"One of the perks of having the space being residential in addition to being an infoshop is that the people here split all the costs of living, and that includes the infoshop," she says. "Even when people lose some interest in maintaining the library, it's able to stay here and stay open, whereas if it was outside of a residential space, it would probably get shut down because we wouldn't be able to continue to pay for the space. Because we live here, it stays open."

For more information and a calendar of events, visit boingcollective.org. Be sure to check out the hilarious collection of photos of naked anarchists hung on the walls of the upstairs kitchen, if you ever drop by.

There's one in every neighborhood: a house that young, wild-looking people wander in and out of at all hours of the day and night. *Boing!*, an anarchist collective house located at 608 S. 500 E. in Salt Lake City, is one of these to be sure. Unlike my neighbors' place that exists exclusively as an unvacuumed, dimly lit diazepam den, the folks at *Boing!* (with the requisite exclamation point) are busy making shit happen—real positive, feel-good shit—and they want to change your life.

The collective, which celebrated its 10th anniversary earlier this year, is home to an ever-shifting, autonomous army of practical anarchists who use the house as a music venue, a youth hostel, a classroom, a Food Not Bombs kitchen, a computer lab, a free library and a radical infoshop.

Eric Rich, a street musician whose buffalo-heavy beard hangs to his chest, has lived in the collective house for the past seven years. He and the other seven or eight-ish (Rich is reluctant to spit out a hard number) current inhabitants work to create a safe community space where anyone can feel at home.

"We want everyone to have an enriching, full life," he says, "and that's what we promote."

Etta Crowley, another roommate and a spokesperson for *Boing!*, has lived on and off at the house since its inception. She has seen enthusiasm for the project wax and wane over the years. Having learned that a narrow focus on specific goals is the only way for the collective to accomplish what it wants while maintaining a high level of excitement, this year, the *Boing!* folks are focusing on perfecting the library and infoshop.

"We're about to revamp the library a lot," Crowley says. "We're having meetings about it, and we're going to rebuild shelves and create a catalog, one that will work for a long time, and really provide the structure for anyone to plug into. I'm really stoked about that."

The library, located in the living room of the house, is currently home to over 1,000 books and zines, many of which are not available at the City Library. Guests can check out books for up to a month at a time, without having to show any sort of government-issued identification. Ensuring that the resources continue to expand, the members of the collective also split the cost of monthly subscriptions to *PM Press* and *AK Press*, both purveyors of radical reading material.

"If anybody sees something on [the AK and PM websites] that's coming out that they're interested in, they can come here and check it out," says Rich.

At the time of the interview, official hours for the infoshop had not been established, but Rich and Crowley don't want that to deter people who are interested in the project from stopping by.

"People can just walk right into our living room," says Rich. "Except we don't want it to be our living room. It's an info shop. I encourage people who are interested to just come right in."

Over the years, *Boing!* has had a variety of obstacles to overcome, including travelers who outstay their welcome, belligerent drunks and a widespread public misconception about what anarchism actually stands for.

Rich explains, "People abuse the space, and we just have to be positively confrontational. Yes, you can have an anarchist house



Photos: John Barkdipple

(L-R) *Boing!* residents Jacob Barta, Zed Bailey, Eric Rich and Etta Crowley bring it in before the collective's unique library of anarchist and radical literature.

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Formed by bassist **Jared Warren** and drummer **Coady Willis**, Big Business has been deafening fans of all things heavy with their brand of thick, freaky rock n' roll for nearly a decade. The duo so impressed legendary sludge purveyors **The Melvins** that the mightily afro-ed **Buzz Osborne** invited them into the ranks of the band, where they have been serving as part of the rhythm section since 2006. Fresh off a tour of Europe with **Unsane** and now featuring three members, Big Business will be embarking on a US tour this fall. They also recently recorded a 7" featuring the original song "Wild Kingdom" and a cover of **Siouxsie & The Banshees'** "Into the Light," which is only available on their current tour. Before their stop in Salt Lake, **SLUG** spoke with Willis about the band's current state of affairs.

SLUG: You and Jared are also members of The Melvins, who are a full-time touring and recording band. How does your time in The Melvins affect how active you can be with Big Business?
Willis: It does make it a little harder to write new stuff. Jared and I are definitely into making it a priority to make Big Business our main thing. We're still doing The Melvins, but they also have their new project, Melvins Lite, going on, so we're hoping that with all of these projects everyone is gonna be able to do all that they wanna do. We're also super excited about our new guitar player, **Scott Martin**. The new songs we've been writing are really exciting—we're on a new level.

SLUG: How did Scott come to be a member of Big Business?
Willis: We brought him in right before we recorded the *Quadruple Single EP*, mostly because our previous guitarist, **Toshi Kasai**, who is a recording engineer, was getting busier. It

Big Business

Loud, Weird Rock

By Ricky Vigil ricky@slugmag.com

got to a point where Toshi had to step down and focus on his recording career. Scott has a really good sensibility that fits with Big Business. His background and the kind of music he likes is really copacetic with Jared and myself, so he took right to it. I don't wanna say that it's "effortless," but everything is coming very naturally right now.

SLUG: Now that Big Business has been around for almost 10 years and you've incorporated some new members, how do you think your songwriting has changed?
Willis: Scott is actually doing some singing as well—we're trying to leave more room in the songs to make singing more fun. When we first started the band, it was just Jared and I, so we had to cover a lot of ground with our instruments. We never really got to sit with a guitar player for too long. Every time you bring someone new in, it takes a while to figure out how they fit into the band and to write songs where they're fully included in the process. Now, the songwriting is coming more fluidly. We're trying to write songs that are fun to listen to, but more importantly, are fun to play live. Jared's vocals and Scott's are a strong point in our band ... We're not trying to shoehorn that stuff into the arrangements, but rather [to build] songs around them.

It is extra work and everything, but it has been really fun. Scott is a very gifted graphic design artist, and he's designed both of the Gold Metal releases so far and has been helping a lot with our imagery, so we're lucky to be able to incorporate his skillset in that way as well.

SLUG: You guys are often lumped into various genres and sub-genres of heavy or aggressive music, but I've read in previous interviews that you don't typically like to be classified. How would you describe the kind of music that Big Business make?
Willis: Really loud, weird rock. For us, there aren't really any rules about where we fit. We like a lot of that stoner rock stuff, but we also have a lot of pop sensibility—there's room for all of that in our sound. That's one thing I've learned from The Melvins: You can cut and paste from so many different styles to create something new. It's still loud, crazy, distorted rock music, but I don't think anybody likes being pigeonholed as a person or as an artist—you like to think that what you do is unique and special. I guess time will tell.

Big Business will bring their dense, delirious rock to SLC on Sept. 9 at Urban Lounge with locals **Cornered By Zombies** and **Worst Friends**. Bring your earplugs.



Photo: Scott Martin

SLUG: The *Quadruple Single EP* and the *Wild Kingdom 7"* have both been released on the band's own label, **Gold Metal Records**. Why did you guys decide to start a label?
Willis: It just made sense. Sometimes labels try to market your band in a way you don't agree with or spend money to promote the band in ways that don't make sense. We've been around the block enough times to know what works for us and how we want to promote ourselves. We just wanna make

the records we want our own way.

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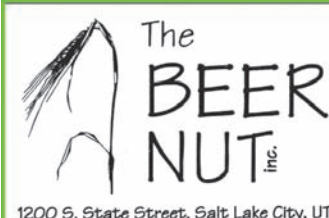
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All multi-instrumentalists (L-R): Eric Chipman sits with the guzheng, Jordan Riley holds the zhongruan, Luke Williams hugs the liuquin and Brinn Chipman cradles the erhu (Chinese violin) in front of the Main Library.

When a band says they play “folk” music, you probably imagine them sitting around in a circle playing banjos, acoustic guitars and violins. For local band Matteo, though, their foreign-sounding name hints that something is different about the instruments they use. The four-piece group—made up of husband and wife **Eric and Brinn Chipman**, **Jordan Riley** and **Luke Williams**—blends traditional Asian instruments, such as the zither, horse-headed fiddle and Chinese violin, with more common, American folk instruments, like the standup bass and violin. Throw in some nice vocal harmonies, and you get Matteo’s unique sound, which is unlike anything else coming from other local bands.

Wanting to record an album, sightsee and get some in-depth lessons on their foreign instruments, the band recently took a six-week trip to the Sichuan province, which is located in the southwestern part of China. Thanks to a *Kickstarter* campaign, the band raised enough money (\$6,434) to also bring over two videographers to document a portion of the trip. Now back home in Salt Lake, the band plans on releasing an eight-song EP they recorded in China, along with some accompanying

videos shot by **Matt and Julie Walker**, a husband-and-wife team that runs a local company called *Tiger in a Jar*.

It wasn’t too long ago that those same Chinese instruments Matteo now play were just sitting around the Chipmans’ house for aesthetic purposes, not intended for playing. Brinn says, “[The Chinese instruments] weren’t bought with the idea to be played in a band, but more just for novelty, and to hang on the wall. I kind of gave up on the Chinese violin because it sounded really bad, and I just felt like I wasn’t going to take it seriously enough.”

Eric—who is a full-time graduate student and could not make this interview—and Brinn both served LDS missions in China, where they learned to speak Mandarin Chinese fluently, as well as make connections with the local people—something that would come in handy during their recent travels. Similar to the Chipmans, Riley served a mission in Taiwan, where he also found traditional Eastern instruments highly appealing. “I went to Taiwan and picked up a Chinese violin, and I took lessons with elementary school kids—like a bunch of seven years olds and I was 21. When I came back, I met Eric, and [we] became roommates [at Utah

State University],” Riley says. “I had collected a few different [Chinese] instruments, so Eric told me, when I move back to Salt Lake, ‘You should join our little band.’ He said, ‘You’ll just sit in the corner with Chinese instruments and just add Chinese [parts] to all of the songs.’ And so far, as it turns out, I don’t play any Western instruments in the band.”

Then there’s Matteo’s bass player, Williams, who utters the following statement when describing himself: “I’m recently completely unemployed and, like, homeless and stuff.” In his defense, however, Williams just graduated from the University of Utah in May, and he also had to quit his job in order to go on the China trip. Even though he mostly plays the upright bass, Williams is a multi-instrumentalist, just like the other band members, and he has adapted to playing the Eastern instruments. “I think, in the back of [Eric’s] head, he did imagine that I might learn the zither. But when I showed up, I brought a banjo, a mandolin and a drum and bass. I learned a bunch of his songs, and, at first, I thought I would just be backing up this singer-songwriter as a bass player, because I was doing that a lot. I knew he was married, but I didn’t know that [Brinn] played violin,” he says.

With a solid quartet of musicians playing together, the group came up with a plan last year to trek overseas to China and record an album. However, the Chipmans learned they were expecting their first child, and therefore put the road trip on hold until this summer. “We didn’t end up going last year, which for all sorts of reasons ended up being better that we went [this year]. We had lots more experience playing together. We kind of just made up what we wanted to have happen, and then just made it happen. There were lots of amazing things that ended up coming together,” Brinn says.

When the full band finally convened in China on May 22, the group spent around four weeks at Sichuan University, where they worked around a schedule that consisted of music lessons in the morning and afternoons spent rehearsing and recording. “We sort of had two weeks [to record], and we had nothing at that point. Writing it surprised me how fast it came, but even more so how good it sounded. I didn’t have a bass over there, so we couldn’t write the way we usually do. This was a much more collaborative process,” Williams says. “We knew [the recordings] were going to be looser. There’s some background noise, because we were just recording in a dorm room, so there’s some footsteps and door slams.”

Aside from their four-week stay at the university, the group also spent some time traveling around the Chinese countryside, where they picked up some memorable stories to tell. “During our road trip, about two or three days in, it was starting to get dark and we weren’t really close to a big city,” Brinn says. “This guy showed up on a motorcycle saying, ‘You need to come stay at this house.’ We obviously didn’t know him, but he talked to our driver and we ended up going to his place. It was raining and it was dark and we couldn’t really see, but it ended up being this really cool house. When we woke up, we went downstairs and all the townspeople were just sitting out on the sidewalk talking, and we played a little show for them, but we didn’t play extremely well.” Or as Williams delicately puts it, “Worst Matteo show ever.” Brinn continues, “It was just one of those moments where you felt like ‘Wow, I could never have imagined that I would be here doing this right now.’”

Those kinds of moments, however, would not have been possible if it wasn’t for the band being smart with their money and launching a *Kickstarter* campaign. “When we get paid to do things, we don’t take it for ourselves, we just put it in this box with the idea that we’re going to do something really cool with it. We wanted to learn about the instruments, but we also wanted to put ourselves somewhere where we were going to have a really interesting experience writing music. We had a goal of recording an EP there, which we did, and we wanted to play in China, which we had never done before,” Brinn says. One of the main goals of their *Kickstarter* was to hire professional videographers, *Tiger in a Jar*, to capture a few weeks of their trip. “We all understood that this is a big, fun, amazing thing that we’re doing, and we wanted it to be recorded in as many ways as we could. Just taking pictures, we knew we weren’t going to do it justice,” Brinn says. “We had this idea that we wanted to bring videographers, but it wasn’t until we actually saw what *Tiger in a Jar* does, and how good they are, that we all got really excited about giving them plane tickets to China and bringing them over. Once we found them, we were like, ‘Oh, they have to come.’”

At the time of this interview, the group is planning to release the videos by the end of August, around the same time as their EP. “Pairing the music we made with the films that they’re going to make, I’m as excited to see it as anybody. We feel like the more they can do their thing, and we can stay out of it, is probably better. They want our input and they want to make something we like, but we trust them a lot,” Williams says.

Although the unique sound of Matteo, with its mixture of Eastern and Western folk instruments, may seem like an odd concept at first, once you hear them play, you suddenly realize how well they blend all the different sounds together. With their recent trip to China, which resulted in an eight-song EP, it appears Matteo has nowhere to go but up. To find out the latest news about the band, check out their website, matteomusic.com.

Jordan Riley plucks a zhongruan as he adds the sonically Chinese character to Matteo’s compositions.

Brinn Chipman weaves the Western violin within Matteo’s blended, Chinese-American sound.

Standup bassist Luke Williams provides an American, rhythmic backbone to congeal the East and the West.

Eric Chipman strums a guitar as he sings in English over a blend of zhongruan, standup bass, guzheng, liuquin and erhu.

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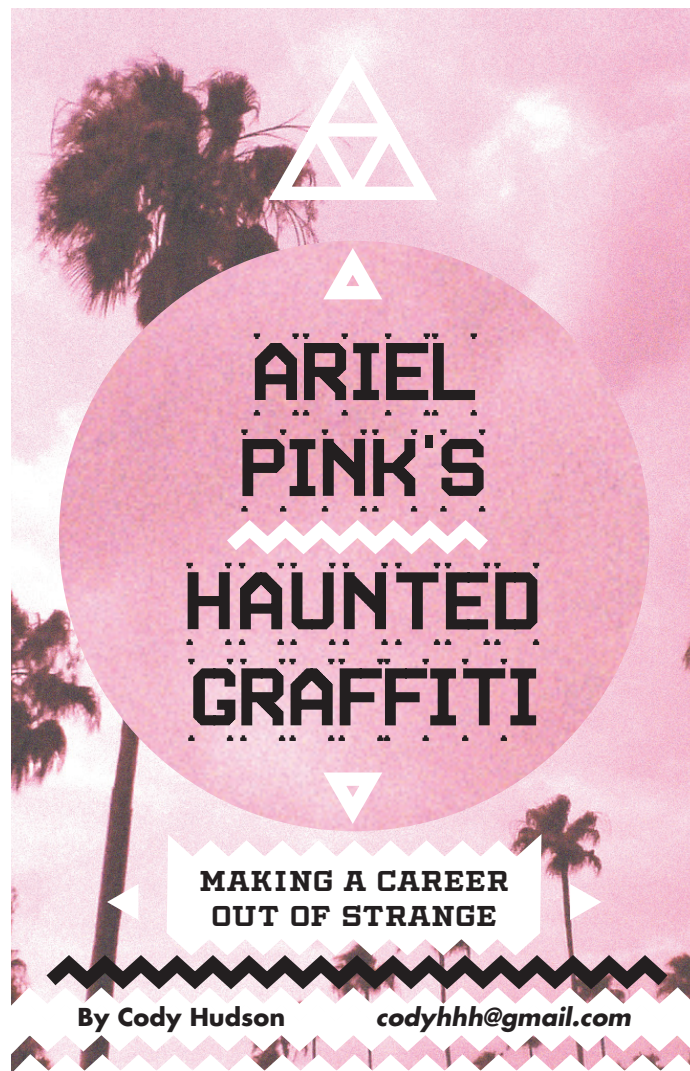
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ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI

MAKING A CAREER OUT OF STRANGE

By Cody Hudson codyhhh@gmail.com

“Uncomfortable”

is probably one of the best words to describe the early Ariel Pink albums, as well as the majority of interviews and a great deal of the performances. His eccentricities and diamond-in-the-rough garage pop drew people in initially, built him a fanbase of loyal, lo-fi cassette hounds, and did wonders for the beginning of the new chillwave genre. Released in August on **4AD**, APHG's newest album, *Mature Themes*, is a return to weird.

My first introduction to Ariel Pink (and probably for many others as well) was the video for “For Kate I Wait,” a song off his sophomore release, *The Doldrums*, in which Pink dons a sequin dress and danced around awkwardly like a fusion of Buffalo Bill (*Silence of the Lambs*) and **Tonetta** (Google him). It is the perfect initiation to Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti, because, from that point forth, you know exactly what kind of guy you are dealing with. *The Doldrums* was an important record for Pink—its rerelease on **Animal Collective's** label, **Paw Tracks**, introduced him to a much larger audience and garnered the music a great deal of attention.

In 2008, after growing tired of touring with an ever-changing lineup and dealing with an inconsistent live show, Ariel formed a more permanent band. The lineup has since changed, but still includes bassist **Tim Koh**, and keyboardist **Kenny Gilmore**. The release of *Mature Themes* brings another lineup change, with former drummer **Aaron Sperske** no longer involved, but the change isn't without its issues, as Sperske has filed a

Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti is currently comprised of (L-R) Tim Koh on bass, Kenny Gilmore on backup vocals/keys and, of course, Ariel Pink himself.

lawsuit seeking \$1 million. According to *Entertainment Law Digest* (where you can find the text of the lawsuit in its entirety), Sperske claims to have entered an oral agreement with Pink concerning monetary compensation. He also claims that he and the other band members wrote *Mature Themes* together, after which he was removed from the band despite performing “diligently.” “We all contribute little parts, but Ariel usually has a pretty specific idea for a song ... For the most part, he has ideas and he tells us what to play,” says Gilmore in regard to the songwriting process.

Two years ago, Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti released *Before Today*, Pink's first professionally recorded album as well as the first release featuring a full band. The album was quite successful, as it retained the nostalgic feel (for an unknown era), pop hooks and a great deal of that charming eccentricity, all while eliminating the awkwardness. It was well received by critics and has changed Pink's core audience from the dedicated lo-fi legion it once was into an army of *Pitchfork* readers and festivalgoers. “It's a newer audience that only knows the newer songs. When we play older songs, they just sort of stand there and don't know what is going on. More people who are just into the singles—it's a bit more removed,” says Gilmore.

Despite the new fanbase and more listenable tunes, Pink has maintained his eccentricities through live performances and interviews (which range from intriguing to hard-to-watch). An infamous performance at last year's *Coachella Festival* had Pink facing away from the crowd and refusing to sing any of his songs before storming offstage. “Frustration ... might as well just keep going or ‘uh ... Aww man, not again,’” Gilmore says about what goes through his mind during such shows. The event was likely disappointing for the newer fans looking to hear their favorite new songs, but expected and possibly entertaining for the older fans more familiar with Pink's unpredictable personality. That disastrous *Coachella* performance paired with a recent interview on *Pitchfork.tv*, in which Pink made statements likening homosexuality to necrophilia and pedophilia, are recent examples of Pink's eccentricities and seemingly odd relationship with his growing fanbase.

Mature Themes is the perfect middle ground between the polished sounds of *Before Today* and the armpit-made percussion of earlier works. “It could confuse people more—it's hard to say. I think it might take a second for people to get into,” says Gilmore. The album adds humor and silliness that were absent in *Before Today*. It is comprised entirely of newly written songs, as opposed to *Before Today*, in which the majority of the content was reworked, older material. Despite the strangeness, it has already received positive reviews, and the fanbase isn't likely to shrink despite Pink's best efforts.

Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti will be playing *Urban Lounge* on Sept. 25. This is their first tour with an actual crew, which means higher production values and a more consistent show. Come check them out and watch Ariel Pink command the stage like a drugged-out lounge singer in drag—and try to listen to some of the older records beforehand!



Photo: Piper Ferguson



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HOLLAND REDD

A Man,
a Van
and no
Plan.

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com



Holland Redd, feeble.

Photo: Bob Plumb



Holland Redd, boardslide.

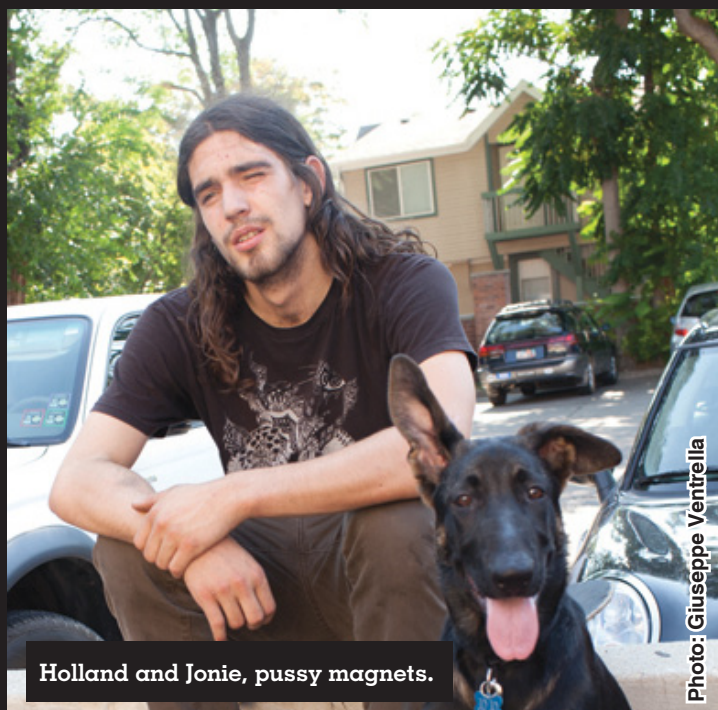
Photo: Bob Plumb

would routinely terrorize their 9th and 9th neighborhood on their shred sleds. About the same time, they were able to sponge rides to *Connection Skate Park*, which was the hub of the Salt Lake skate scene from 1999-2002, tucked away inside a warehouse on 39th South and State Street. **Mike Murdock** and his mom, **Paula**, started the place, and to this day, it remains one of the funnest street setups I've ever skated. The Mormons have Temple Square, we had *Connection*. This is where Holland met up with the likes of **Andy Pitts** and **Mark White**.

Back then, Andy and Mark were like the glue that pasted together the Salt Lake skateboard scene. They were always doing something positive, whether it was building spots, de-nobbing rails, filming videos or looking out for young guns like Holland. It didn't take long for Mark and Andy to recognize the natural talent Holland possessed. Andy would float him decks from time to time and he started filming with Mark for *Random Lurkurz* videos.

At about the same time in 2003, Holland was working on his own sponsor-me tape. He was trying to edit and put the video together himself based off of about eight different VHS tapes—a daunting task for an 11-year-old, but also a sign of passion.

When he presented it to **Andy Wise** and



Holland and Jonie, pussy magnets.

Photo: Giuseppe Ventrella

I remember the first time I met Holland back in 2001. I got picked up to go on a usual skate mission with some of the **Dirty 48** homies. **Biggie Hall** was driving and **Bryce Ashton** was riding shotgun because he was the tallest. Me and **Vaughn Perry** were riding in the back on the way to swoop up **Cody Noble**.

When we picked up Cody, he had a little dark-haired child with him. My first thought was that the rumors of Cody potentially being a dad were true. He sure as fuck wasn't part of some Big Brothers or Big Sisters program. My second thought was, "Great, a little kid's tagging along, how are we supposed to smoke weed and drink beer today?"

Cody introduced us all to Holland Redd, who was nine years old at the time, and assured us that Holland wasn't a result of his sperm, and that he was cool. We all crammed into the car

and drove to the skate park, all the while teaching Holland new swearwords and making him yell them at the drivers of the other cars we passed.

Why Holland's mom would let a bunch of scumbags take him on skate missions came down to two reasons, as far as I could tell. She was either too cheap to hire a real babysitter, or she was ridiculously cool. After partying with her a few times, it proved to be the latter.

When we got to the skate park, it was evident that Holland wasn't your typical lil' buddy with a Wal-Mart board. He was already a full-fledged ripper. I've never been particularly good at skateboarding, but there is something humbling about skating with a 9-year-old who is better than you, and just about everyone else in the park.

As Holland got a little older, he and his buddy, **Ashton Eichers**,



Holland Redd, wallie.

Photo: Giuseppe Ventrella



(L-R): Joey Sandoval, Holland Redd, Jeff Delbert and the infamous VW Bus

Photo: Giuseppe Ventrella



Holland Redd, ollie.

Photo: Giuseppe Ventrella



Holland Redd, backside 50-50.

Photo: Giuseppe Ventrella



Photo: Giuseppe Ventrella

Jonie's bummed she can't ollie.

Matt Schrier at *Milo Sport*, he got the thumbs down for team status.

If you know Matt or Andy from *Milo*, then you know how down they are to support the scene and local rippers in general. I'm sure if they could time warp back to when Holland dropped off his Frankenstein-ed VHS of a sponsor-me tape, they would have picked him up in a second. Holland would eventually hang out at the shop and learn how to grip his own decks there with **Lizard King** looking on and making fun of him for almost cutting off his thumbs in the process.

Like any other skater with ridiculous talent, as Holland got older, his skating got better. When I asked him what goals he had with skateboarding, his answer was as refreshing as that first cold beer that hits your mouth when you get out of jail.

He brought up the fact that kids who grow up skating in California get to see all the pros, and get hungry to make something of themselves, constantly striving to one-up their heroes, sucking some of the fun out of what skating is supposed to be. Holland would rather be here skating with his friends. "I definitely focus when I'm filming, but if it works out, it works out. I've known that since I was a little kid. I'm skating more for the fun reasons than anything else," he says.

It's not to say he doesn't go balls-out when he rips a spot.

Anyone who skates with Holland knows that. His attitude shows a passion that's sometimes missing these days. In part, it transfers into his effortless style. He makes every trick he does look easy, and you can tell he's having just as much fun, whether he's skating a gnarly 12-stair or doing slappies on a parking block.

A lot of skate missions these days start and end with Holland's now-infamous, orange VW Bus. It was kind of a touchy subject when I brought up the bus, as it's currently in the shop, but this wasn't the first van. Previous to the orange bus, Holland's mom had another VW that Holland fixed up and that was promptly T-boned.

When Holland took the totaled piece of shit to the auto shop, the mechanic there felt sorry for him and sold him the orange mobile party machine. When I asked him to tell me some of the best party stories about the orange VW, he was a little hesitant. When that van's a-rockin', you don't go a-knockin'—and that bus is pretty much constantly rocking.

When Holland isn't skating or sleeping in his van, you can usually find him slaving away at the *Blue Plate Diner*, which has employed many skaters and scumbags over the years. He is currently in fierce competition with **Sean Hadley** to see who Vaughn Perry deems the best bus boy, keeping the tables nice and shiny and your water cup full.

I asked Holland what it was like to have Vaughn be his boss, to

which he quickly replied, "Vaughn is the man!" and wouldn't really say much more. This leads me to believe Holland is probably plugging Vaughn in this article to get a raise or something, but the kid does bus tables like he skates: fast, natural and clean.

Other than skateboarding, the topic of aliens arose in our conversation. Holland definitely believes in ETs and even said he and his buddies got footage of some one night, but the supreme alien technology blurred the images. He can 100-percent confirm that he has never been anally probed.

Holland can also rip up a guitar, most recently playing with the now broken-up **Dark Seas**, who were a musical favorite of dirty skateboard boys across the Salt Lake Valley. Since Dark Seas broke up, Holland is still jamming and wouldn't mind putting a band together. He's already got the van and the skateboard skills. If this kid starts his own band, all the ladies better watch out—he's gonna be a full-fledged pussy magnet.

As far as hookups go, the Lizard King is taking care of Holland

these days, hooking him up with Deathwish boards and Supra shoes, and filming and destroying shit with Holland whenever Lizard slithers back into town.

When it comes to thank yous, there's just too many people on the list. "Definitely all my homies and my mom," he says. Also, Holland would like to issue a challenge to get his homie **Colton Naffziger** to answer his phone. Anyone who can get Colton to call back will get a free deck from Holland.

Needless to say, Holland has been molded from the best aspects of the Salt Lake skate scene. Not to take away anything from his mom, but in a fucked-up way, the scene and skaters raised this kid into what he is today: full-fledged ripper man status. When I asked Holland what he thinks of the Salt Lake skate scene, his answer was simple and pretty much explains it all: "I love Salt Lake City."

See what Holland's all about for yourself in his upcoming part in **Joey Sandoval's** skate film, *Call It Venting*, out in early October.

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ROUGHNECK, OLLIE STUMP MANUAL.



Photos: David Franklin

Season 2, Episode 1 of “It’s a Rough Life” opens up with **Johnny Roughneck**, chief and commander of Roughneck Hardware, arguing with his “art director,” **Jimmy Nelson**. Flustered and in a sort of panic, Roughneck explains that the tour is a few days away, and they don’t even have any fucking flyers designed or printed. Nelson calmly assures him that the flyers and new T-shirt designs will be done next week. With no time in between business calls, event planning, parenting and overall chaos, Roughneck cranks out a piece-of-shit notice that looks like it belongs in a DIY zine. He knows he can’t do it all, but he feels the need to, sometimes—well, most of the time. He’s high-strung, opinionated, passionate and determined. Why is the flyer so damn important, what is this tour, what is Roughneck Hardware and, most importantly, who the fuck is this guy?

John Griffin, aka Roughneck, was just another white-bread, working class Baltimorian, jacking cars and disrespecting “your momma” in his early teens, when he discovered skateboarding. One day, a bunch of metalheads rolled through his hood, headbanging and weaving through traffic on wood and wheels. Griffin’s life was changed that instant. With a way out “da hood,” Griffin literally rolled his way out of the prison-bound lifestyle he was leading into an early adulthood filled with Cali dreams and college aspirations. Griffin packed up and moved to San Francisco, where he enrolled at San Francisco State University. When not enriching his mind, Griffin enhanced his skating skills, and eventually started to receive flow from the now-defunct Chaos Skateboards, among others. Just as things started to look bright, an injury showed the dark side of the skate industry. “Once I hurt my knee, my sponsors started acting funny. It was then I realized I had to look into something else,” he says. Knowing he wanted to make skating a part of his life forever, Griffin set out to discover his next stroke of good/bad luck.

“I took the day off from school and drove over to Oakland, and was looking around at the buildings and saw a metal manufacturer and I thought, ‘Bolts. I can start a bolt company.’” With a low start-up and product cost, this seemed like the perfect fit for a struggling student, not to mention the lack of competition being just a hardware company (metal’s metal, no matter who’s selling it). With his pockets empty and a car full of nuts and screws, Griffin drove back across the Bay Bridge and thought to himself, “This has got to be the most roughneck thing ever. I just spent all my money and quit school. This is some roughneck shit. Fuck it, that’s it!”

Roughneck Hardware became a “for the homies” company during the mid-’90s. With no packaging, Griffin began handing out samples to the local skate community. Being just another johnny from the block, he soon became known as “Johnny Roughneck,” the hardware guy. The nickname stuck, and, over time, would cause and/or resolve several altercations. With his new persona backing the brand, Roughneck began to gain recognition. “We started [assembling] a solid team that’s roughneck for life. Once you’re in, you’re in—kind of like the mob,” he says. With the sting of company betrayal still in his blood, this credo set Roughneck apart from other brands. Skaters would have to personally call Roughneck to be removed from the team—even if they stopped skating, they would still receive a box of product unless they officially quit. This loyalty would eventually lead to one of the most diverse and largest teams on record. Unfortunately, Roughneck was giving away the majority of his product, and it wasn’t till the ARS Tradeshow in 1997 that Roughneck would officially become a business.

While attending the show, Roughneck was approached by a shop buyer to ask about selling Roughneck Hardware. He hadn’t even established a selling price, but his brand was generating solid buzz. It was time to branch out. Luckily, an éS drawing for a year’s supply of shoes would be just enough funding for the road trip—legitimately, a shoestring budget. After demanding all 12 pairs of sneakers at once, Johnny was sent to the warehouse, where he picked up six pairs of Kostons and six Muskas, all size 9.5 (the most popular models and size). Over the next few weeks, these kicks would be bartered for a place to crash or fuel. What started as a short trip to Arizona turned into a country-wide promotional tour. Once the last pair of shoes were exchanged for a pillow in New York, Roughneck returned to San Fran and began fulfilling orders.

Over the next three years, the business provided enough party funds for Roughneck himself, but the start of his family and financial need took precedence. With the money he made, Roughneck started a valet parking service that would provide enough dough to feed the kids and support a wife, but skating was never far from his mind. He decided to stay involved by only employing skaters. This way, he could keep his hardware company alive in spirit, even though the priority had changed. As his kids grew older and his marriage began to hit the skids, it was time to choose. “What do I want to do the next 10 to 20 years of my life? So, I decided to refocus on the hardware company. Maybe it’s actually something I can leave my kids down the line,” he says.

By 2006, Roughneck Hardware had been around for a decade and held the support of skaters and other industry vets. Based in San Fran, Roughneck had the likes of *Thrasher* and *Deluxe* as business models. “I saw them going to trade shows and setting up booths, or they would go on tour and tell me to grab my stickers and bolts and hop in the van. But they were never on my terms.” Roughneck needed his own way of branding his company, and getting the word out to skaters. “We were riding the train to the skatepark, and my friend **Elias Bingup** was like, ‘This is ingenious! The BART Tour. Bay Area Rapid Transit. Bay Area Roughneck Tour!’” By utilizing public transit, Roughneck assembled a tour of the nearest skateparks. For the first couple years, it was mayhem: a bunch of older dudes swilling tallboys on the train as they hopped from park to park. As the event grew, though, more and more kids became interested. What set this tour apart from the old-fashioned skate demos was the sense of camaraderie and community it created. By riding public transit from spot to spot, every kid was welcome, whether you were from the hood or the suburbs, whether you had a skateboard or not, and together they cruised the city’s streets and skateparks.

Panda, an SLC local (if you didn’t know), had been working with Roughneck out in Cali. After seeing the BART Tour, he mentioned that Utah had a similar transit system, Trax. With a few outside connections through business affiliates, Roughneck was introduced to *SLUG Mag*. “My buddy, **[Hondo]**, had just opened *Brick & Mortar*, my art director knew **Angela [Brown]** through some business connection and sent [SLUG] some links to the BART Tour. We saw the name Trax and were like, ‘Wow, Roughside of the Trax,’” he says. With the *Summer of Death* skate series already in existence, the fit seemed logical. “Let’s not worry about the details—let’s get out there and get this first one over with. There were a lot of spots and cool things to skate. Mobs of diverse kids showed up—it was great,” he says.

As a way to market the brand, these tours were filmed and posted online. This would lay the foundation for “It’s a Rough Life,” a reality show based on Roughneck’s personal life and company dealings. “The guys that were filming it all, **Team Jaded**, had been working with Current TV. They wanted to produce a couple shows. We received a really low budget and put a couple of the guys in the van and went somewhere,” says Roughneck. Current TV went belly-up soon after a few of these videos were released. The shorts generated some attention, but it wasn’t till the reality show invasion that the show would become what it is today. “At that time, I was going through a lot of personal issues: the kids, going through my divorce, and the [Team Jaded] guys were like, ‘We got to film a show.’” Calls started coming in from Discovery Channel, MTV and a few other interested parties who had seen the BART Tour posts and the pilot. While negotiations are currently ongoing, they decided to release the videos online. That way, the footage doesn’t get stagnant or go unseen.

As Roughneck awaits his chance at fame and fortune through reality stardom, he works part-time at, ironically, Hotel Utah in San Fran. His company is on the border between viable business and underground street credit. As Roughneck put it, “We’ve graduated high school and we’re ready to go to college.” With the help of the web series, Roughneck is starting to gain recognition outside of the skateboard world. “People can’t fathom I’m not rich. Same with Roughneck [Hardware], since we’ve been around so long,” he says. But, as Johnny says, “Who needs luck when you’re a Roughneck? Meaning that, whatever happens, it’ll always work out.” So far, so good.

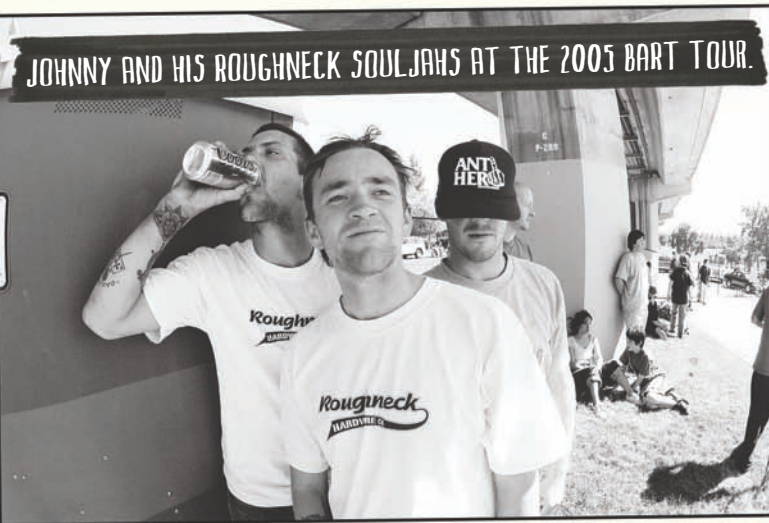
Johnny and the Roughneck Souljahs will be hosting Roughside in Utah on Sept. 8 at *Fairmont Park* as the final stop of this year’s *Summer of Death* series. Go to summerofdeath.com to pre-register for the event. Visit roughneckhardware.bigcartel.com to purchase Roughneck products and stay current on the team, and view Roughneck’s show at itaroughlife.com.



JOHNNY ROUGHNECK'S CHARISMATIC CHARACTER SHINES THROUGH IN HIS REALITY SERIES. 'IT'S A ROUGH LIFE.'

JOHNNY ROUGHNECK BOMBS DOWN THE STREETS OF HIS HOOD IN THE BAY AREA.

Photos: David Franklin



JOHNNY AND HIS ROUGHNECK SOULJAHS AT THE 2005 BART TOUR.



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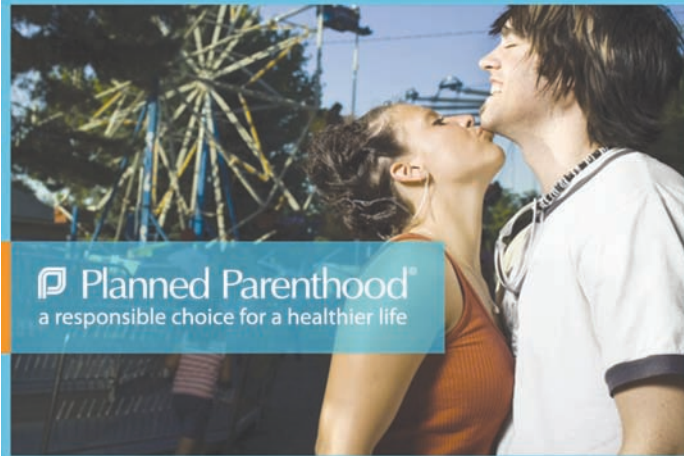
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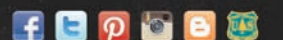
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Photos: FloFoto

By Nate Housley
natehousley@yahoo.com

The slip n' slide is the final "obstacle" for Dirty Dash participants, and their last opportunity to get soaked in mud, head-to-toe.



Participants of the Dirty Dash include everyone from hardcore runners to newbies to ... robots.

eager to get sloppy—many clad in themed costumes. This year, each of their 10 races, from Albuquerque to Seattle, has sold out.

Despite their runaway success, **Matt Ward**, co-founder, sounds unusually casual about it all. "We're the surfer dude of mud runs," he says. The idea for the *Dirty Dash* came when Ward and **John Malfatto**, another of the founders, ran a similar race at Camp Pendleton, a Marine Corps base near San Diego. "We thought, 'This is ridiculous and stupid, and Utah needs it.' In a good way of course," he says. "Utah's uptight, and we thought it needed a mud run." The *Dirty Dash* organizers don't think that it's just Utah culture that needs to lighten up, but also other races. "Mud runs have been around for 30 years," Ward says. "There are the big players like *Warrior Dash* and *Tough Mudder*, but they market themselves like this super badass race with fire and horns and barbed wire and it's Affliction-style: 'Be a man, eat this huge hambone afterwards.' We're just like, 'Come up here and hang out with your friends and have fun.'" The casual attitude isn't just a marketing strategy; the company's tone partly comes from the founders' desires for a more relaxed, fun career. They all come from typically white-collar environments. "John worked for Ragnar, a pretty corporate company," he says. "I worked in voice-over IP. I worked with spreadsheets and quotas. Our third partner, **Scott Crandall**, was in private equity. We wanted to make people happy for a living, and that's really what we do."

The founders are no slouches, though, when it comes to their own level of fitness. Malfatto swam competitively in college, and Ward is an ultra-runner, running 100-mile races. While they obviously see a place for more competitive activities, the *Dirty Dash* is decidedly not such a place. "Every now and again, we'll get a random email of 'I didn't get a finisher medal' or 'I didn't get my timing chip,'" Ward says. "That's because it doesn't exist. You have 51 other weekends out of the year where you can run competitively ... This is the one weekend where you don't bring those to our table. If people ask me, 'How fast did I go?' my response is a swift punch in the face, because we don't care."

Ward sees this as a way to appeal to those who don't normally run, even calling the *Dirty Dash* the "gateway drug to running." "Mostly we get people who want to have a good time, mostly people who want good pictures for Facebook," he says. "I'm on the microphone for every race, and I ask 'For how many of you is this your first 5k ever?' By a show of hands, it's roughly half," he says. When asked if it's satisfying to know that they're bringing people out to do something active, Ward assents: "There has to be something that starts people. We get a lot of happiness from exercise and being outside, and the cool thing is that our business gives people that experience. Treadmills and gyms, stuff like that, sure, they make you look hot, but they're not fun."

Ward even makes putting on the race seem fun. He describes their signature obstacle, a custom, inflatable slip-and-slide with five lanes that is 30 feet wide and 150 feet long. "Once we saw how successful registration was going, we wanted to give back to the athletes, so we made this slip-and-slide." They aren't resting on their laurels when it comes to obstacles. "Every year, we add two or three more. We're constantly trying to make it more fun," he says. The newest obstacle this year is called the

Mud Mine. "We got air compressors that are buried in the mud, and, as people run through it, it shoots mud into the air all over you," he says. Despite the push for innovation, Ward's favorite obstacle is a natural one. "At the Utah race, Deer Creek is by far my favorite obstacle because it's knee-deep mud that sucks your shoes off. It's soggy and gross. It's stinky, beautiful mud. It's virtually impossible to run through. It's hard to recreate that anywhere else."

While the *Dirty Dash*'s popularity continues to grow across the West, with new races planned for northern California and Colorado next year, the Utah races remain the most popular, with 7,500 participants racing twice a year. "There's a chance for people to be dirty and not feel guilty about it," he explains. "We actually did a BYU ad campaign last year that was like, 'Get dirty and not have to talk to your bishop about it.' We did that in the BYU paper." Despite their mischief, Ward attributes part of their success to good relationships. "We have great relationships with running stores and gyms. How does the saying go, 'Scratch my back, and I'll throw mud in your face?'"

You can register at thedirtydash.com for the next race, Sept. 22 at Soldier Hollow. Registration ends Sept. 19, or when the race fills up.



The Dirty Dash stays fun by encouraging group-themed costumes and setting up photo booths for participants at the end to capture all the mud.

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Rebel Grrrls: LA's Ovarian Psycos

By Esther Meroño • esther@slugmag.com

Ovarian Psycos' **Maryann Aguirre**, aka **La Fingers**, answers a phone somewhere in East LA with unrestrained enthusiasm as I state my name on the other end at the *SLUG Headquarters* in Salt Lake. My own excitement is muted by slight intimidation and the natural awkwardness that accompanies my introduction to any stranger, but something about her voice is familiar, and it greases the stiffness I'm feeling. She's just arrived at her home after biking from work in the heat, and, having ridden to the office during pit-staining temperatures earlier that day myself, it's easy to lament her discomfort. As we discuss her bicycle, a Raleigh hybrid she's pretty fond of, Aguirre speaks rapidly in Spanish-speckled English, her pitch inflecting upwards at the end of each sentence, giving my inquiries a boomerang effect. As she explains her nickname, La Fingers, a result of being caught wagging her middle-finger on more than one occasion, I know I'm talking to the right person. **Bikini Kill's** "Rebel Girl" lyrics pop into my head as I listen—"That girl thinks she's the queen of the neighborhood. She's got the hottest trike in town. That girl holds her up so high. I think I wanna be her best friend, yeah!"—and I quietly make the (creepy) decision to friend request her later. Feeling conversational, I stray from the long list of chronological questions I've typed up, but Aguirre wants to stick to the plan—she's been chosen to represent the Ovas in this particular interview, and she's gonna do it right.

Though Aguirre tells me she has only been a part of the "womyn and womyn identified" Los Angeles bike crew for about a year, the Ovarian Psycos celebrated two years of female empowered thuggery over the summer. The group was founded by **Xela de la X**, aka **Cihuatl Ce**, for similar reasons as many other female organizers, including myself: to provide a safe space for women within a very male-dominated community. Of course, their mission statement, goals and organization are much more ambitious and resourceful than my attempts have ever been, but I'll get to the deep stuff in a moment. What



initially attracted me to the Ovas, after the lovely **Elizabeth Lopez Medina** linked me to their merch page, was their deliciously deviant slogan: "Ovaries so big, we don't need no fucking balls."

Yeah, yeah, feminism is about equality, yadda yadda—but the Ovarian Psycos are far from being the he-man haterz hypocritically correct ding-dongs are gonna make them out to be. Aguirre tells me the slogan came about organically and conscientiously, and was met with mostly positive feedback. "We're not gonna have a fuckin' 'ride my bike and I feel so free!' kind of slogan," she says. "No—ovaries so big, we don't need no fuckin' balls!" Aguirre's voice gets louder and she loses the questioning inflection as she explains the group's target demographic. "We try to be particular with the words that we choose to use because we're trying to hit certain kinds of women," she says. "Not just women who are just like 'oh yeah, cool, I like to ride my bike,' [but] women who need the sisterhood and the bonding ... 'at-risk' society." Aguirre drops down an octave as she opens up about her own background, laying it out for me in a matter-of-fact kind of list. She's 22-years-old, Chicana, and a mother of a 4-and-a-half-year-old, working full time. She's had a rough life, growing up in the hood with an

abusive parent, pregnant at 16. "It's not just to go and ride our bikes," she continues. "It's much deeper than that. We're trying to outreach to women [whom] society has decided are not the fucking top girl—they're the fuck-ups."

Ovarian Psycos' mission statement shakes any doubts that this group of ladies doesn't mean business. They claim to organize and cycle "for the purpose of healing our communities physically, emotionally and spiritually, by addressing pertinent issues through cycling," and they have every aspect of this statement covered in just one of their many events—the *Luna Ride*. Surprisingly their only monthly "womyn and womyn-identified only" ride, the *Luna Ride* happens every full moon at sundown and promotes what Aguirre calls "wrap-around therapy." "We bring in the physical, which is writing down miles and bike-riding and stuff, but at the end, we bring in a different level, which is why we're different from other groups," she says. This includes anything from talks on domestic violence and breast cancer, to special, indigenous ceremonies celebrating the Mayan Moon Goddess, Ix Chel. Aguirre senses my surprise and hesitation at her admittance to worshipping anything other than the two-wheeled whip between her legs, and explains that the ceremony is completely secular and rooted in culture, not theology. "We have our ancestral background, so we feel the need to bring in these ceremonies because this is something that some of us have recently found," she says. "For myself, I recently started being a little more spiritual." My reflex to recoil at the mention of spirituality is a personal flaw stemming from experiences inside the polarizing atmosphere created by Utah's dominant religion, but Aguirre's somewhat vague descriptions of the ceremony sound inviting. She's hesitant to give me details, as it seems to be a personal and sacred experience, but explains it as a talking circle of introspection and celebration of the feminine—emotional and beautiful.

In addition to the *Luna Rides*, the Ovas also organize a variety of fun, sometimes-themed,

co-ed rides, coordinate ladies and trans shop nights similar to Salt Lake's own ladies nights at the *Bicycle Collective*, and table at a variety of community events. The Ovas are also currently seeking out their own space, a "bicycle womb" of sorts, Aguirre says, collaborating with the **Boyle Heights Collaborative**, funded through the California Endowment. All of this requires a lot of structure and organizing, and as Aguirre explains their leadership hierarchy, I can't believe these women aren't running the country yet—seriously, if this nation has any hope of surviving the next 50 years, it's in the Ovarian Psycos. The Ovas operate successfully as a decentralized form of government that changes seasonally. The group as a whole is called the Ovarian Psycos Cycle Brigade, and it includes every man and woman who shows up to the rides and events. Group decisions are monitored by a Core Collective, made up of seven central figures and six SLITS (Sister Leaders In Training), who attend meetings every other week. The leadership heads, dubbed the Left and Right Ovaries (LRO), serve as co-chairs for the group and change with the seasons. One is a self-appointed volunteer, the other is chosen randomly from a hat, and their main purpose is to host the bi-weekly meetings. At these meetings, the Ovas discuss events, create agendas, decide how they want to be portrayed (pick someone to respond to that annoying Utah girl who keeps hassling them about an interview), and do "clit checks"—making sure everyone's doing their fair share and getting shit done. The Ovas also have committees responsible for different aspects of the group, and Aguirre is currently part of the Outreach Committee as well as the Core Collective, handling much of the tabling, social media and, thankfully, interviews. What truly brings success to the group is their dedication to a worthwhile cause. "I don't get paid for this, this is from the heart. As much stress as it might be, at the end of the day, none of us would be doing this if we weren't getting our energy and our strength through our hearts and what we believe in," says Aguirre. "It's much deeper than how many likes we can get on Facebook."



Celebrating two years of pedalin' female empowerment, the Ovarian Psycos don't need no fuckin' balls to ride in LA.



Photos: Rafael Cardenas

Aguirre shows more and more enthusiasm as we talk about events, and when I finally bring up *Clitoral Mass*, she nearly reaches through the phone and excitedly shakes my shoulders, telling me how amazing the event's gonna be. Though *Clitoral Mass*, the female empowered version of *Critical Mass*, is a long-established, international event, (at the time of this interview) the Ovarian Psycos are organizing LA's first-ever to coincide with the blue moon on August 31. "We just thought it was perfect!" says Aguirre, as the blue moon only happens every two to three years, and is surrounded by much of the folklore the Ovas subscribe to. I nearly fall off my chair when she gives me the date, as it happens alongside a previously planned trip to LA. Aguirre immediately exclaims that I HAVE to come, and asks if I need somewhere to stay, or if I'll need a bike, explaining that they've set up a registry on their website for those coming into town for the big event. By the time this issue hits stands, I'll have

been a part of LA's first *Clitoral Mass*, riding alongside a group of women who share my love of cycling and sisterhood.

I've been on the phone with Aguirre for over an hour as the interview begins to wrap up, and she feels like an old friend. I'm completely charmed by her attitude and sincerity: "I just gotta go where I gotta go, and I gotta do what I gotta do, and no man's gonna fuckin' stop me," she says at one point in our discussion, completely sealing the deal on that friend request, which I now get to make in person. I ask her one last, heavy hitting question: "What does it mean to be an Ovarian Psycos?" Aguirre goes quiet for a moment. "Being an Ovarian Psycos is not necessary just for women, anyone can be an Ova," she begins slowly. "Someone who's proud of themselves and proud of who they are. Being an Ovarian Psycos doesn't mean that you ride a bike or that you're a mad cyclist, that you can write down miles. Being an Ovarian Psycos is more of a state of mind—it's an identity. It's the way I identify myself, just like I choose to identify myself as a Chicana. It's not hating men, it's being proud of who you are, taking charge of yourself, your body, your surroundings and loving your community and giving back."

At the end, as I describe my own bicycle group, **Salty Spokes**, and complain to Aguirre how difficult and frustrating it is to organize events sometimes, she gives me exactly what I need to hear. "One person didn't make Ovarian Psycos what it is. It took time and it took the heart of different women to start structuring it to what you see and what we do."

Bikini Kill said it best: "That girl thinks she's the queen of the neighborhood. I got news for you—she is!"

Make sure you check out the online version of this article at slugmag.com for some photos of *Clitoral Mass*, and find the Ovarian Psycos on the web at ovarianpsycos.com.

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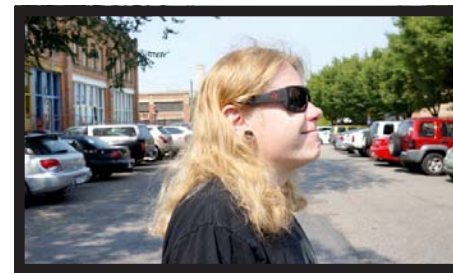
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PRODUCT REVIEWS

Converse

Turnover and Overtime "Caution Tape" Sunglasses
 converse.com



Everyone knows Converse shells out the best gear around, and their sunglasses are no exception. I have been rocking the Turnovers for the last few months, which are my favorite in my optical arsenal. They not only have killer style, but great functionality, with rubberized matte black frames and polarized lenses. The Converse branding is minimal—there is a small red Converse Star/Chevron icon on each earpiece. The Turnovers are reminiscent of the Locs that **Eazy-E** always had on in the **NWA** days, but these will last you longer than two weeks. Most sunglasses tend to be loose on my head, but these gems hold on just right when I have them up on top of my head to hold my hair back. I can look up at whatever I am working on without the fear of them falling off and hitting the pavement. Converse is also putting out a similar pair of shades in September dubbed the Overtime "Caution Tape." They have a gloss-black finish with a diagonal, yellow stripe design on the earpieces, resembling caution tape. The Overtimes share almost all of the same features as the Turnovers, and they look really good on my friend **Melissa**, but not so much on myself. Price-wise, a pair of each won't drain your wallet—the Turnovers are a steal at \$59 and Overtimes are just \$65. Protect your peepers in style, kids. —Eric Granato

Denik

So Bearded Journal
 shopdenik.com

Aside from my journalistic musings in *SLUG*, I have been known to write some crappy song lyrics that I scream at people at *Burt's*. It's hard for me to write things like this on good ol' college notebooks, though, because I feel like it's some sort of assignment when I'm writing in the lines, so I opt for my word processor, which makes me feel removed from the "organic" process of "writing." Denik, however, has got the pen back in my hand as I delve into the pre-mechanical stage of making "work." The pages in my journal almost shine in their blank whiteness, which entices



me to externalize whatever it is in my head, whether it be a laundry list or writing down the dream I had about the ghosts. My particular notebook includes a black-and-white illustration of a bearded sea god by artist **McKay Felt**, where the deity's hair and beard flows along the spine and to the back of the notebook. The book is also flexible enough that you can fold it and put it in a narrow(er) pocket, but the notebook won't crease. To put the cherry on top, a percentage of every sale goes to a worthy cause, mine being **Mali Rising**, which goes to build a school in Mali. Hit up their site to see which art options fit your taste, and to check out their notebooks, too! —Alexander Ortega

Etnies

Bledsoe Low
 etnies.com



I've usually associated Etnies with really lame things like frat boys, jocks, bros, ravers and **Sheckler**—I could have just said Sheckler, since he embodies all of the above. This shoe, on the other hand, has warped my perception of the brand entirely. The Bledsoe Low is **Tyler Bledsoe's** pro model shoe, and is pretty on point. It offers a very minimalistic outward appearance, but camouflaged within its green suede are a number of functional bells and whistles. The grippy sole has an extension that blends into the suede to create an extra barrier against long days of repeated flip wizardry. The interior offers extra support to the heel by using a drawstring that is as easily hidden as is put to use. It is concealed underneath a flap on the tongue that is virtually undiscoverable to the uninformed or nonpurchaser. If the shoe already has enough support for your standards, you can always pull it out and use it to tie open a gate that's harassing your shred. These shoes skate awesome. Good shape on the toe for showing your tricks who's **Tony Danza**, and a thin sole for great board feel. The mesh lining makes your feet feel like they are getting chauffeured in a Beamer, Benz or Bentley, and also dries quickly after the inside of your shoe is turned into the Everglades after a day of getting awesome. You should consider getting wicked in a pair of these. —Dirk Hogan

Kisstixx

Raspberry & Lemonade Lip Balm
 kisstixx.com

"It's all about making your next kiss into an EXPERIENCE!" exclaims the Kisstixx Facebook page. The idea (and grammatical incorrectness) was birthed by two "chemists" from none other than Orem's prestigious Utah Valley University. Basically, they wanted to take smooching to the "next level" by providing those gullible enough with combos of complementary lip balm flavors that allow you and your tonsil-hockey opponent to "simply lock lips" to mix the flavors and get a refreshing gulp of raspberry lemonade, strawberries and chocolate, sweet and sour, even fire and ice! I gave my BF lemonade and smeared



on the oily raspberry before our short-lived make-out sesh. The result: Not only did the two flavors taste almost exactly the same (straight sugar), kissing with all that gunk on our lips desensitized them, and the sugary sweetness of the flavor was making us gag. Plus, my BF would never put on flavored lip balm because he's a real fucking man. Hey, Utah Valley, wanna take kissing to the next level? It's called oral sex, and it also cums in a variety of flavors. —Esther Meroño

Mojo

Mr. Peterson
 mojobackpacks.com

When somebody told me this backpack had a skull on it, I didn't think the entire backpack would actually bear the bony visage of death's head. Not that I'm complaining or anything—the art looks appropriately menacing and detailed, and it's definitely drawing a few second glances from people on the street. The cushioned straps feel comfortable, even on sunburnt shoulders, and its slight profile hides enough storage to easily lug around several textbooks, some hiking supplies and whatever else you need to have on your trip. The skull even has a clever little pouch for a mouth, where you can stick your wallet and keys for easy access. All told, this is a sturdy, stylish backpack with an emphasis on utility. After all, what good is a backpack that can't hold all your stuff? A slight sticking point, however, is the oversized zipper for the main compartment. While it looks really cool, it gets stuck almost every single time I try to close it. Granted, all it takes is a couple of hard tugs to coax it along the track, but this minor inconvenience hinders you virtually every time you're on your way out the door, which is pretty annoying. Otherwise, this is a great backpack for the upcoming school year, or for those looking to fix a hollow, bony gaze on everyone walking behind them. —Henry Glasheen



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GALLERY STROLL

Where Art is Born
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Gallery Stroll has two sides: that of the formal gallery setting with hardwood floors, track lighting and beautifully polished, hand-selected bodies of work; the other takes us down a dimly lit alleyway to a door with no sign. Inside, you find an artist hard at work—paint splattered on the floor, a faint smell of turpentine, sweat and whiskey lingering—even after the humble incense's valiant effort to cover it up. The latter is where art is born, the first is where art goes to die. I mean no disrespect to gallery owners and operators, and many art careers have been launched

the ideas. Creative energy bounces like light around the room, where anything and everything is possible.

It's not often you get to see an artist's workplace, mostly due to the aforementioned sights and smells, but Salt Lake is fortunate to have a few artist studios/warehouses that understand the public need to meet the artists and see the so-called method behind the madness.

Poor Yorick Studios' semiannual open house takes place on Sept. 28 from 6 to 10 p.m. Located at 126 W. Crystal Avenue (2590 S.), these studios house over 50 artists, making this a breeding ground for creativity. Emerging artists, established artists, fine art, printmaking, woodworking, photography—it's all housed in the maze of studios that make up Poor Yorick. This rare glimpse into an artist's workshop not only divulges the process by which they make art, but reveals mediums you might not otherwise associate with this artist. A great example is artist **Grant Fuhst** and his gargoyles. The mechanics are so detailed, futuristic yet antique, with fat, baby heads—fabulous components for a coffee table centerpiece. Yet, I had no idea he had such a collection of illustrations, or that he and his wife have a whole series of photographs featuring historical places and architecture in Utah.



Poor Yorick artist Grant Fuhst's baby-faced sculpture, "Videns."

by a gallery, but the art itself is conceived many months, if not years before it ever makes it into a gallery. This creation process is very personal to the artist. It's rarely formulaic, often messy, and doesn't always come out looking or smelling pretty. An art piece begins its slow death at the gallery. Art patrons scrutinize—they critique and either accept the work and take it home to live out its days on a wall, or it is rejected and goes back to the studio to sit in the canvas graveyard, piled up like reference material in the corner of the studio, or worse, the garage. That is precisely why I like to see artists at work—the paint is fresh and so are

Hopefully, you've been enjoying **Issac Hastings'** *Celebration of the Hand* exhibit as part of the *Museum of Permanent Change*—those plakat installations all down Broadway. Hastings is also known as *IHSquared*, and is an amazing wood worker, creating "knot art" and handcrafted belt buckles.

Over the last 10 years, visitors to the open house have been treated to a gamut of liveliness—everything from authors, films and live bands to light shows, fire dancers, and, my favorite, the *Burning Man* transport vehicles—which are more like interactive parade floats. What will you see when you stop by Poor Yorick's open studio this year? I can't tell you—it's still being created.

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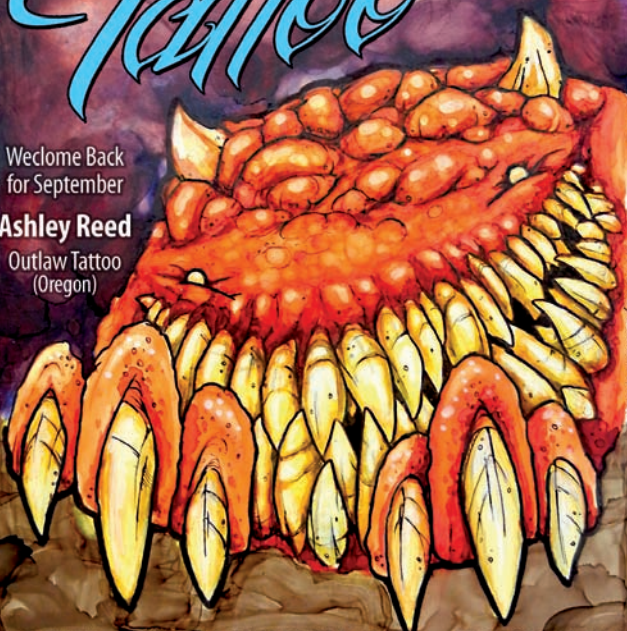
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GAME REVIEWS



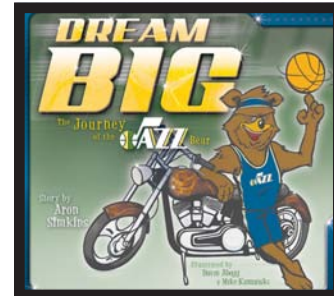
Blacklight: Retribution
Zombie Inc./Perfect World
Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive)
Street: 04.03/07.02 (Steam)
Free-to-play games have a pretty terrible reputation—one that they've earned with often-shitty cover-ups that take your money and keep you playing—but recent games are changing that. Sequel to the multiplatform and not-free *Blacklight: Tango Down*, *Blacklight: Retribution* is neither shitty nor out to steal your wallet. Fairly traditional for an online multiplayer, first-person shooter, *Blacklight* includes all the standard game modes such as Deathmatch, King of the Hill, Capture the Flag, etc. Combat is highly polished—gunfights are sudden and brutal, with plenty of explosive headshots, and matches are short enough to drop in for a quick scrap without a major commitment. Where the game distinguishes itself, past the price-point, is an intense level of customization. An experience system lets the player level up to unlock parts to modify the appearance and statistics of their weapons, essentially giving every player their own, unique, customized rifle. Another classy touch is the ability to choose a Weapon Tag that literally hangs from your rifle by a lanyard, and choices provided are as varied as an 8-Ball that gives your weapon extra accuracy to a Devil Girl that makes weapon-switching faster, or a Zombie Head that reduces damage from a head shot. Still, a free game has to find ways to make money somehow. Once equipment is unlocked, it has to be purchased or rented before it can be used. Fortunately, this can all be done with "Game Points" earned by playing matches or purchasing "Zen Points" to unlock items without the hard work. Either way, any premium upgrades aren't essential to stay competitive, and any player can kick plenty of ass without spending anything. *Blacklight: Retribution* is fun as hell, and completely free. There's no downside here. —Matt Brunk

Darksiders II
Vigil Games/ THQ Interactive
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, Wii U, Windows, Cloud
Street 08.14

I put *Darksiders II* into my Xbox with great trepidation—not because I'm afraid of the main character (even though his mask is kind of intimidating). If you've never played *Darksiders*, the brief summary goes as follows: War, one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, thinks the apocalypse has started and rides to Earth to find angels and demons battling, but the other horsemen missing. He is accused by the Charred Council of starting the party early, and is sentenced to imprisonment. In this latest entry, Death is out to save his brother at any cost. Stepping into *Darksiders II* is easy for anyone whether or not they have played the series. You are given the quick fill-in before the opening cinematic—just as with any time you load your save—in case you've forgotten previous progress. The amount of content loaded into a seemingly basic hack-and-slash experience is truly stunning. Forget what you know about the previous game, and imagine an epic main storyline with plenty of side quests to fill your time during or after the first play through. Finishing the game on normal took roughly 24 hours, and I didn't stop to finish any side quests, collect the ever-so-tempting boatman coins or find all of the artifacts from lost worlds. If side quests aren't your thing, you can still spend your time collecting and upgrading your armor, weapons and Death's skill set. This game won't be winning Game of the Year, but it does fit perfectly in its pre-planned part of an epic tetralogy. Finishing the game made me itch to step right into the next sequel. Too bad we'll have to wait a few years. —Thomas Winkley

BOOK REVIEWS

Dream Big: The Journey of the Jazz Bear
Aron Simkins
Sweetwater Books
Street: 09.11



This book is either a children's book or written for really, really dumb adults—or really drunk adults who don't read so good, such as myself. It's a compelling story of the journey of the Jazz Bear, and how he got the job that includes hyping up the Jazz crowd, fucking with the refs, silly-stringing Lakers fans and risking racking his nuts on a nightly basis. It's a touching story, but lacks credibility. One of the biggest flaws of the book is that the Jazz Bear talks. Another huge flaw in this book is that it encourages children to reach their dreams by working hard. So let me just break it down to the kids right now and save their parents the hassle of reading this cute little book to them at night: Sure, you can dream big, but some folks is lucky and some ain't. When you are old enough, drop out of high school and fuck as many sluts as you can, because there is only one Jazz Bear and you will never be him. —Mike Brown

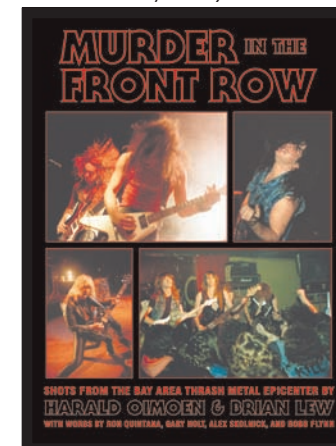
Instrument
Pat Graham
Chronicle Books
Street Date: 10.05.11

This book is basically pornography for musicians. If you like guitars, basses, vintage keyboards and percussion instruments, this book has more photos than a *Musician's Friend* catalog. Photographer Pat Graham has spent years on tour photographing bands over his ten-plus-year career. For his most recent endeavor, he chose to focus his photographs not on the live shows and lifestyles of the musicians themselves, but on the instruments that they play. The book is composed of portraits of these instruments, including gems such as **Joy Division** frontman **Ian Curtis'** Vox Phantom VI and the vintage Fender Jazzmasters of **Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore** and **Kim Gordon**. A nice addition to the photographs in this book is the text, primarily culled from narratives that the musicians shared regarding the personal connections they have made with many of the instruments

over the years. The book contains mostly guitars, but there are a few photographs of keyboards and percussion instruments as well. If you enjoy looking at instruments in catalogs, but always wish you could see what they look like after they have been beat to hell for ten years by someone who plays noisy rock music, this book would be a nice addition to your personal library. —Giuseppe Ventrella

Murder in the Front Row
Harald Oimoen and Brian Lew
Bazillion Points
Street: 01.24

Before **Korn** blew the doors off the Bakersfield trailer park, and before San Diego housed a trillion boring mathcore bands and South-Central Los Angeles degenerated into the gilded palace of gangsta rap, California bred a metal movement so fierce, vital and exuberant, it took the unsuspecting genius of zitty, tape-trading heshers to unlock its prowess: Bay Area thrash. Home to some of the scene's most influential bands (**Exodus**, **Forbidden**, **Testament** and a transplanted **Metallica**), the Bay is still a holy land for cranium crushers the world over, and this extensive tome does it plenty of justice. Having meticulously documented their own experiences through photo and anecdote, longtime metal historians Harald Oimoen and Brian Lew piece together their experiences in watching the scene come to fruition with exclusive shots and write-ups by key players (**Holt**, **Quintana**, **Skolnick**). *Murder* is the standing, definitive document of one of metal's most creative and prolific periods and comes highly recommended for the **Cliff Burton** (RIP) content alone. If you've ever screamed yourself silly over who was the better Exodus vocalist, dubbed a third generation *No Life 'Til Leather* cassette or paid upwards of \$50 for a back-issue of *Metal Maniacs* magazine ... this one's for you. —Dylan Chadwick



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BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Summer is roaring to an end, and if you're still reading this, your liver, or at least some motor functions, are still intact. That deserves a "cheers" and probably a slap on the wrist for not drinking hard enough to support our local brewers. Nonetheless, this month we have a stellar lineup of some hop-emphasized beers, and a newer stylization of beer to impress any Belgian connoisseur. So sit back, enjoy, and for god's sake, please step up your game.

Squatters
Monsoon Monster
Brewery: Squatters Pub
ABV: 7.3%
Serving: 25 oz bottle



Description: This American IPA pours a deep, clear orange/amber color with a nice, fluffy, white head. The aroma is floral off the initial sniff and then leads into lemon zest and delicate citrus. Off the sip, the citrus character pulls through as the dominant flavor with decent amounts of oranges and earthy characters, and finishes off dry.

Overview: The newest of their Small Batch Series, the Monsoon Monster is a collaborative effort between **John Harris** (formerly Full Sail), **Dan Buirk** (Utah Brewers Co-Op) and **Jason Stock** (Squatters). Made with Falconer's Flight hops (a varietal blend with heavy notes of lemon, grapefruit and other citrus), this beer packs quite a bit of bitterness, and a balance to make a

sessionable IPA to enjoy.

Citra in Red
Brewery: Desert Edge
ABV: 4.0%

Serving: On Tap
Description: This new release from the brewhouse of Desert Edge is served clear and amber in color with an off-white, frothy head. The nose is a balanced blend of caramel and a soft, fruity citrus. The taste is malt-forward, with a definite presence of malt and an earthy graininess, followed up by piney hop citrus in the finish.

Overview: From one of my favorite places to see a new release comes this single-hopped red ale. Using only Citra hops, a variety of hops that are citrus dominant with some spice worked in (imagine your favorite American hop on crack), this beer is well put together with the hop character kicking some ass on the palate, and the solid malt character making this an easy drinker. I'm not ashamed to say I did some irreparable liver damage with this guy. I highly recommend it.

Chocolate Saison
Brewer/Brand: RedRock
ABV: 4.0%

Serving: On Tap
Description: This darker take on a French/Belgian style opens with a clean malt aroma, a hint of roast, and maybe a bit of black pepper. The color is a rich brown, similar to a porter, but not as black as a stout. The head is a dark, tannish lace that's thin, but persistent. The taste is close to a porter as well, but with a subtle difference that becomes more distinct as the beer warms. Suddenly, spicy notes and some more complex saison character come out.

Overview: It's more like a stout or porter than most saisons, but it's nice to see brewers varying the profile of this versatile style. The yeast is what does the work, adding complexity to a solid base. Definitely worth a couple of pints to really discover its wealth of flavor, this brew will cross boundaries. Whether it's a porter for Belgian-beer nerds or a Belgian for stout-drinkers, the result is delicious. —Rio Connelly

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MOVIE REVIEWS

The Imposter
Indomina Releasing
In Theaters: 09.21

Almost 20 years ago, **Nicholas Barclay**, a 13-year-old from San Antonio, Texas, got into an argument with his family, ran away from home and disappeared. For three years, the Barclay family thought the worst had happened, but when a phone call from authorities in Spain claiming to have found Nicholas reignited their hope, that's the moment when **Bart Layton's** documentary really enters the world of the bizarre. The individual claiming to be "Nicholas" was actually **Frédéric Bourdin**, a twenty-something con artist whose list of criminal actions would shock the majority of most outlaws. While Bourdin has his reasoning for attempting to portray a missing child to escape his past, the darker question resides with the Barclay family and why they went along with such a strange story when so many elements and characteristics were too farfetched to believe. Bourdin is seven years senior to the real Nicholas and speaks with a strong European accent, both characteristics which should have easily been caught by the Barclays, but were not. Why? Were they too enamored with the idea of locating their lost son/brother, or was there something else much more horrific they were trying to conceal? Layton explores both possibilities and unravels the story with precision in timing and key plot twists, keeping the audience members guessing every step of the way. For a story that's too wacky to be true, Layton offers well crafted dramatizations and candid one-on-one interviews with both sides of the tale that will make you question who's telling the truth. Choose your side however you will, but no one can deny the entertaining quality of Bourdin, who comes across as a smarmy felon, too satisfied with his terrible actions. —*Jimmy Martin*

Lawless
The Weinstein Company
In Theaters: 08.29

Adapted for the screen from **Matt Bondurant's** novel, *The Wettest County in the World*, by **Nick Cave** (who also co-wrote the soundtrack with **Warren Ellis**), director **John Hillcoat** (*The Proposition*, *The Road*) sets his sights on the brutally violent days of Prohibition and the true story of the Bondurant brothers, a trio of siblings who found underground fame and fortune in the bootlegging business in the backwoods of Franklin, Va. While Forrest (**Tom Hardy**) and Howard (**Jason Clarke**) simply focus on the setup's current operations and act



as the group's enforcers, the youngest of the pack, Jack (**Shia LaBeouf**), yearns to expand the family business. In order to do so, he must expose their system to some unruly gangsters, including the notorious Floyd Banner (**Gary Oldman**) and avoid arrest from Special Agent Charlie Rakes (**Guy Pierce**), a psychotic police officer, hell-bent on shutting down the rural regime. Hillcoat's period piece reiterates the basic elements of many of the genre's creations before it, and the filmmaking style is reminiscent of the **Coen Brothers' Miller's Crossing**, but it's the acting that separates itself from the herd. It's been a long time since LaBeouf was allowed the opportunity to shine rather than scream "Optimus" repeatedly. However, it's Hardy and Pierce who carry the majority of the film's appealing moments. Hardy replaces his mask from *The Dark Knight Rises* with a pair of brass knuckles and unleashes blow after jaw-crushing blow to justify the indestructible mythos behind his character. An unnatural-looking Pierce, on the other hand, is perfect as the slimy lawman who, while only performing his occupational duties, makes viewers want to cheer for the lawbreakers' illegal actions. Now, that's a villain! —*Jimmy Martin*

Rose Tattoo: Live in 1993
from Boggo Road Jail
MVD/Umbrella
Street: 05.22

Rose Tattoo is one of those few Australian bands that have managed to define Oz rock for the rest of the world. Their hard-working, sweaty and venomous take on heavy blues rock brings the entire sunburnt continent into focus. If you know them at all, it is most likely due to one of their Aussie hits like "Bad Boy for Love," "Rock'n'Roll Outlaw" or "We Can't Be Beaten." All of these songs

were chart-toppers down under, and all of them made it onto this live DVD. This performance was recorded by a reunited Rose Tattoo in the early '90s (they had broken up in the 1980s) at a notorious Australian prison. The concert is typical Rose Tattoo: heavy on the slide guitar, thumping drums and bass, and searing vocals courtesy of **Angry Anderson**. The crowd loves them, and the energy they bring helps the band realize their full potential. They blow through about a dozen songs, including a cover of **The Rolling Stones' "Street Fighting Man."** In all, it's a good concert film, an hour of solid blues rock in front of a nostalgic crowd. Although I'm not entirely sure what appeal there is for a stateside release of a 20-year-old performance of a moderately popular Australian band, I can say that, if you're into hard-hitting outlaw rock, then this is probably for you. —*James Bennett*

Sleepwalk With Me
IFC Films
In Theaters: 09.07

Hearing **Ira Glass** introduce **Mike Birbiglia** on the radio show, *This American Life*, has always brought an anticipatory grin to my face. Birbiglia is a master storyteller, telling confessional tales about his life that are guaranteed to both make you laugh and squirm uncomfortably in your seat from the awkward situations he's always getting into. First spawned as an off-Broadway, one-man show, *Sleepwalk With Me* is a translation of Birbiglia's comedy act adapted for the silver screen, polished to perfection with the help of **Ira Glass**. Like it should, *Sleepwalk With Me* begins with Birbiglia's character, Matt Pandamiglio, driving in a car and speaking directly to the camera, starting with his classic opener, "I'm going to tell you a story ... and it's true." The overall



plot is a collection of the stories from his act, pieced together into a narrative about a self-deprecating bartender who's trying to balance his rising career as a comedian and his increasingly more serious relationship with his girlfriend, Abby (**Lauren Ambrose**), all while struggling with a sleeping disorder that causes him to act out his dreams. Birbiglia's character interrupts here and there to continue narrating the story and go on a few tangents, and the film is intertwined with hilarious clips of his stand-up act—well, "Matt Pandamiglio's" stand-up. Birbiglia fans will recognize all the material from his various media outlets, but don't let this keep you from watching—the film interpretation gives a fresh perspective on the content that I guarantee will leave you laughing, no matter how many times you've heard the jokes. —*Esther Meroño*

The Words
CBS Films
In Theaters: 09.07

The Words is a fascinating, multi-layered drama that sets one story upon another, forcing viewers to question their own morals and the amount of compassion we can share with those who have made terrible mistakes. Clay Hammond (**Dennis Quaid**) stands before a captivated audience as he begins to read excerpts from his latest novel. As he speaks, the world of Rory (**Bradley Cooper**) and Dora (**Zoe Saldana**) comes to life. As a struggling writer still asking for financial relief from his father, Rory idolizes those who lived the same life before him and never dares to forsake his dreams, but after countless rejections, the end of the dream is near. While searching through an antique briefcase his wife purchased as a wedding present, Rory discovers a beautifully written masterpiece and subsequently submits the manuscript as his own, which, in turn, transforms the aspiring author into the biggest name in the world of publishing. As his monetary status skyrockets and his fears are laid to rest, all would seem perfect for Rory, until an old man (**Jeremy Irons**) surfaces, claiming to know the origins of the text. Directors **Brian Klugman** and **Lee Sternthal** have crafted an *Inception*-like, multi-tiered storyline that stays enchanting on every level. Every actor delivers strong, solid performances, but it's Irons who stands out with a role that's powerfully assertive with an underlying source of benevolence and heartbreak. It may be a tad early to say, but it wouldn't be surprising to see Irons receiving accolades once award season is upon us for his achievement in the Supporting Actor category. —*Jimmy Martin*

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Brad Stock
The Atomic Clock
Secret Sidewalk Studios
Street: 07.22
Brad Stock = Steely Dan + terrible rhyming couplets + diet Genesis

The Atomic Clock promised a “rare mixing of genres” and life-changing songs that would send my mind reeling into unknown space, but the whole thing plays like generic radio rock you’d hear at the mall. His lyrics are (occasionally laughable) elementary rhymes—“Watch out, this is mace/pointed straight at your face”—and, on track “Conspiracy of 2,” he even rips off **George Carlin’s** *Napalm and Silly Putty* book title. There is nothing spiritual or groundbreaking about the music on this album, though it is well played by seasoned musicians. I suppose it’s edgy, if you’re in the Park City crowd that considers driving through South Salt Lake slumming. For the rest of us, this is less “magnum opus” and more straight adult contemporary, competently performed, if uninspired. —Megan Kennedy

Daisy & The Moonshines

Moonshine EP
Self-Released
Street: 08.18
Daisy & The Moonshines = Max Pain and the Groovies + Dark Seas + Spell Talk

Daisy & The Moonshines’ second release is six tracks of mediocre garage rock. It’s not bad rock music, but it is forgettable. The rhythm guitar feels like it’s mindlessly picked along with the drums, as if someone who didn’t know the music was playing along with a chord chart. There isn’t much diversity between the tracks on the EP, which causes the songs to blend together. **Jacob Hall** has a decent rock croon, but needs to find a way to project his voice better and give it more substance. There are a number of times where he misses notes, which isn’t necessarily a negative with this genre. The chorus on “See That Light” features some good vocal harmony and is one of the bright sides. The guitar solos at the end of “Leavin’ Town” and “The Architect” are well played and probably the best part of the EP. The songwriting on this EP is base, but I did enjoy their live show last time I saw them play. —Gordon Wallin

Def Letter
Social Introduction
Self-Released
Street: 05.01
Def Letter = Atmosphere + Brother Ali + Pat Maine

Def Letter is Salt Lake’s own **MC Dumb Luck** and veteran DJ **Linus Stubbs**. *Social Introduction* is a very literal title for this album, as it is Dumb Luck’s premiere headliner. The album screams the white-boy angst of early **Slim Shady** with 20 tracks of high-speed life-struggle raps. Dumb Luck’s lines read like a well written poem: “You might look at me and think you see a sad man/but you’re wrong, I’m just a person with passion who’s on his last stand.” Linus Stubbs is at his best with larger-than-life beats to match the level of Dumb Luck’s swagger and confidence. The man can cut up a track in his sleep better than most of the producers I’ve heard out of Salt Lake. If you like hip hop, then you need to buy this album. —Chris Proctor

The Dhoon
Bright in No Light
Self-Released
Street: 05.01
The Dhoon = New Order + Suicide + Faith-era The Cure

I appreciated *Bright in No Light* after my second listen quite a bit more than the first—which was on a sunny day in busy traffic. Listening while outdoors at night happens to be the better way to get into this music. Crickets providing an additional sonic ladder, outside of my headphones, might have helped as well. Lyrically, there are moments on *Bright in No Light* that create a mental image of a goth coal miner laboring over his final work. If this, **Poe** references or the occasionally whispered lyric are your kind of thing, check out The Dhoon. If not, but you enjoy well constructed bass lines, baritone vocals, warm synths and tasteful use of echo, all of those things are abundant on *Bright in No Light*. —T.H.

Eagle Twin
The Feather Tipped the Serpent’s Scale
Southern Lord
Street: 08.28
Eagle Twin = Pentemple + Bloody Panda + Corrupted
If you live in Salt Lake City and you are even *remotely* into heavy music, you, at the very least, have *heard* of Eagle Twin. Master craftsmen **Gentry Densley** and **Tyler Smith** return with their highly anticipated follow-up to 2009’s



epic, *The Unkindness of Crows*, and the anticipation is far from unwarranted. This fucker is heavy, and I don’t mean just a little. This is the kind of heavy that can quite literally turn one’s brain to soup, which is a welcome listen. From beginning to end, *The Feather Tipped the Serpent’s Scale* simply doesn’t let up—the drums revolve hypnotically from frenzied **Bonham**-beats to almost over-the-top tribalism, and Densley’s guitar work and Tibetan chant-esque vocal assault are simply incredible. Eagle Twin have offered up what will surely end up on many writers’ “Best of 2012” lists, and with good fucking reason. Recognize, Salt Lake City. (Urban: 09.22) —Gavin Hoffman

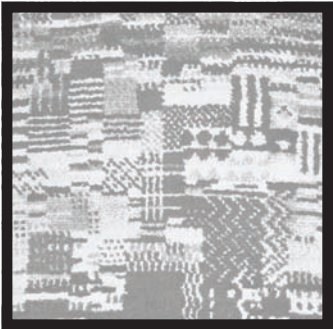
Esther
Common Choirs
Self-Released
06.21
Esther = Touche Amore + La Dispute + End of a Year
Esther’s self-released EP, *Common Choirs*, finds its groove in the post-hardcore/screamo realm—it would sit well on the shelf next to late ’90s/early ’00s genre releases. The hallmark heart-on-your-sleeve, metaphorical lyrics are abundant, just waiting to be turned into tattoos/T-shirts/Facebook status updates, and are backed by emotive guitar lines that dip into heavier territory than others of this genre might. The only real complaint about the album is the inclusion of double bass drum kicks. For some reason, it doesn’t fit the style, but they occur infrequently enough as to not be a deal breaker. The guitar tones that appear halfway through “Exotically Common” are reminiscent of the bluesy tones of the **White Stripes**—a welcome departure. The album is a free download on bandcamp, and has enough for fans of this genre to warrant a download. —Peter Fryer

Jake Burch
War
Self-Released
Street: 06.27
Jake Burch = Bright Eyes + Rocky Votolato



The local scene has been graced by the presence of the eclectic folk band **L’anarchiste**. Now the band’s influence is growing as one of its members, Jake Burch, has gone solo. He offers jazz-influenced folk in his debut, *War*. I want to like the album, but it just rubs me the wrong way a few times. Almost every song highlights a new instrument and different vocal style. While this in itself isn’t bad, it added to the overall disconnect of *War*. While there are a couple good singles (“Ghosts” and “Meet Me by the Lake”), the album has a hard time staying together, and for that, left me dissatisfied. Despite my lukewarm impressions, know that it’s free for download at Burch’s bandcamp. If you’re an SLC scene junkie, it’s worth a listen. (Kilby Court: 10.04) —Jesse Thomas

JP Haynie
The Sand
ALFS LBL
Street: 07.16
JP Haynie = Low + Mount Eerie
Jordan Haynie created this album with purpose. He wanted to make a



soundtrack for the drive from Utah to California, so he played what he calls “desert music.” He wanted to give people deeper access to his creativity, so he included a 24-page book with drawing and recording notes. But I would guess that his primary purpose was self-expression. The album drips of his nostalgia and yearning for home and solitude. These are complemented nicely by the minimalist, lo-fi aesthetic and a Mexican ranchera style. And the recording is truly lo-fi, as it was done on an eight-track recorder. Haynie’s vocals sound strikingly similar to **Doug Martsch** of **Built to Spill**, which means his lyrics are about as hard to get out of your head as Martsch’s. *The Sand* is a winner in the book of local lo-fi. (House at 929 Princeton Ave: 09.19) —Jesse Thomas

Juana Ghani
Shall We Live Forever
Man vs Music Studio
Street: 06.20
Juana Ghani = Norig + NADARA Gypsy Band



If you enjoy a good tale, then you will definitely enjoy what Juana Ghani has done with their release, *Shall We Live Forever*. I found the CD best listened to after I read the accompanying novella, *Kasojeni Bay*, by frontman **Brian Bonell**. The songs, like the book, follow a narrative with themes of following the music of your soul and allowing that journey to lead you to unexpected places. This is most explicitly referenced during the song of the same title, “Kasojeni Bay,” yet references are found throughout. With 13-plus musicians and dancers in the group, this band does a solid job at performing with worldwide influences and unique sounds to create an inebriating listening experience. —Brinley Froelich

Pour Horse
Flood Lake City
Self-Released
Street: 06.29
Pour Horse = Fiona Apple + Joe Bonamassa

Listed as alternative, a spin of Pour Horse’s recent release raises the question: Alternative to what? Hearing the tight knit of funk, R&B, rock, blues and jazz, one must answer: an alternative to “alternative.” Pour Horse is a standing retort to whatever buttless musical twaddle has made alternative synonymous with “generic.” Keyboard-



ist **Nik Grainger** sings actual soulful melodies—something woefully lacking among male-fronted acts—which he inflects with dark chord voicings. Further, the band arranges keys and guitar (**Jeremy Whitesides**) as complements rather than mere doubles of one another. Performances of such finesse are only possible from musician’s musicians, and, indeed, other bands comprise the better part of Pour Horse’s audience. More should lend an ear. —Brian Kubarycz

The Rose Phantom
Picking Up the Pieces
Self-Released
Street: 06.30
The Rose Phantom = Alphaville + Clan of Xymox + Wendy Carlos

Written for *Picking up the Pieces*, a documentary film about child prostitution shot in Cambodia, the two tracks crafted by **Ted Newsom** (**Sleep Slid iN, revidoolized**) under his moniker The Rose Phantom are ambient instrumental tracks, each running just under 17 minutes in length. While my burned copy has some mastering issues, probably related to the fact that the music is a digital release only, the tracks zoom from beautiful psychedelia to glitchy electronic in a breathless rush. Layers of sound, from animal noises to high-pitched wails (I almost drove off the road at the first one of those!) blend with gorgeous piano and synthesized strings. The darkness and gloom are tangible on this release. Perfect for a late-night drive alone, or haunting a forested glade. Purchase the digital-only release at *therosephantom.com*. —Madelyn Boudreaux

Shrink the Giant
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 05.15
Shrink the Giant = Avril Lavigne + Paramore + CocoRosie

Shrink the Giant’s first release is a quality piece of work. It’s pop, it’s polished and it’s positively charming. Singer **Stefania Barr** has a great voice, all of the instrumentation is tight and mixed well, the songs are well written, age-appropriate and radio-friendly. I think that Utah’s sweet and innocent, mainstream young ’uns would eat this shit up. It’s modern and ready for the masses, even mimicking relative newcomers **Karmin** in their presentation and even some lyrical phrasing. It’s a pop album, so if you like the sweet, sugary goodness all stuck up in your teeth, this one’s for you. —Ischa B.

Shrugboat
Sea Ghosts
Self-Released
Street: 07.17
Shrugboat = Boards of Canada + Lymbyc Systym + 2Muchachos

It is hard not to love an album like *Sea Ghosts*, an airy collection of wistful and playful melodies played on acoustic instruments over an electronic beat pallet. *Sea Ghosts* is sturdy, unassuming and non-intrusive, like a good college roommate, but there are a few precious moments of perfection on this album. Whoever decided to multi-track that violin on “The 3D Islands” should be hugged, and whoever buried that steel drum under the reverb-heavy “Polku” should be similarly thanked. *Sea Ghosts* creates a shimmering aural blanket that breaks up any sort of manual drudgery. That is not to say that Shrugboat is background music. Like any good band that doesn’t make a fuss about making its presence felt (**The Sea and Cake** comes to mind), *Sea Ghosts* brightens the corners every time it is on. —Ryan Hall

Timmy the Teeth
White Horse
Northplatte
Street: 07.10
Timmy the Teeth = Conor Oberst + Joshua James



If you dig the opening track “We Are Many,” chances are you’ll enjoy the other eight tunes on this album from the Provo band led by musician **Timothy George**. One of the first things that becomes clear while listening is that the band’s minimalist approach, using only a few acoustic instruments, keeps the focus on George’s vocals. Although it’s clear that George is a capable musician, nearly every song tends to follow the same formula, which consists of a quiet start, then the music crescendos to a peak a few minutes in and fades away. One advantage of the minimalist approach, however, is that instruments such as the violin and pedal steel guitar are easily able to stand out, which creates some nice soundscapes and brings much needed energy to the album. Despite the repetitive nature of the songs, *White Horse* is a solid debut effort. —Jory Carroll

Triggers & Slips
Self-Titled
Self-Released

Street: 05.11
Triggers & Slips = Justin Townes Earle + Merle Haggard + John Doe
First off, I’d just like to say that I’ve never heard a bad record that had traditional tattoo artwork on the cover—this record being no exception. With their easygoing sound, Triggers & Slips grab a handful of honky tonk, a bit of alt country and just enough of Southern rock to not be annoying about it. Nothing is forced, but, at the same time, there are so many great elements to this record. The playful country-style of piano, harmonica that springs up just when I need it, and the gentle vocal approach bring me into a room where the band’s jamming over some beers. If songs like “Old Friends” were getting played on country radio stations, you couldn’t stop me from tuning in, but alas, delightful tunes that reach out and grab me like this one rarely get that recognition. I can’t say enough about how impressed I am with the level of songwriting and execution these boys have pulled off on this record, like how “Too Good to Be True” is soulful and poignant while, at the same time, well crafted instrumentally from top to bottom. If you’re even a little bit interested in hearing some very satisfying country and Americana music, please check out Triggers & Slips. You won’t regret it. —James Orme

The Weekenders
Don’t Plan On
Self-Released
Street: 06.26
The Weekenders = Jack White + Kyuss + Wolfmother

The Weekenders have presented a debut album with a great classic appeal—a re-imagining of epic music past, when the likes of **Jimi** and **Deep Purple** reigned supreme. The engineering and production are excellent, which gives just that much more edge to this style of music that never had the chance to enjoy the sound quality now provided through technological advances. Bluesy and riffy, it’s straight up rock n’ roll with just enough weirdness to keep it interesting (Song Nine even has a **Mars Volta** vibe, which is sweet). Parts even remind me of SLC long time favorites, **Red Bennies**, which may be a weird correlation, but still, a huge compliment coming from me, since I love them. If you like rock, you’re gonna like this—worth a listen for sure. —Ischa B.



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MUSIC REVIEWS

Aesop Rock
Skelethon
 Rhymesayers Entertainment
 Street: 07.10
Aesop Rock = Del The Funky Homosapien + Atmosphere



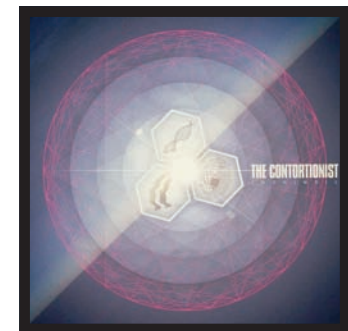
Aesop said it best himself in a May 2012 interview with *Pitchfork*: “While making this album, it felt like everything around me was dying: people, relationships, all plant life in my apartment.” It’s been five years since *None Shall Pass*, but Aesop is back with fervent darkness. With the loss of his friend and fellow rapper **Eyedea** serving as coal for a morbidly poetic fire, each word on *Skelethon* demands attention. Even as he addresses things like eating habits (“Grace”) and haircuts (“Racing Stripes”), Aesop is relentlessly honest—“Can I get a fucking amen?” *Skelethon* is the first of his albums to not feature a co-rapper. Instead, we get a cameo from **Kimya Dawson** in “Crows 1,” in which she chants about a casket. As grim as the content is, the raps are accessible and yield easily to listeners. Aesop seems to have moved in a new direction, with less melodic flow and more eccentric samples. You’ll find everything from fresh switchboard sounds to cat meows on *Skelethon*, along with eerie interludes and thrashy beats. Aesop’s got a lot to dish out this time around, so make sure you fill your damn plate up—and come back for seconds. —Kia McGinnis

Callow
 Orb Weaver
 NXNW Records
 Street: 05.03
Callow = Band of Horses + Roky

Erickson + Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds

Callow take an alternative historical sonic route of what punk rock would have been had it evolved from **The Velvet Underground**’s airy slowness rather than their minimalism. Callow’s instrumentation is sparse, though, with chords that ring out on the piano and guitar-picking patterns that walk in single file, culminating in darkly beautiful compositions. Opener “Walls” strides with a gait similar to the beginning of *The Wonder Years* theme with singer **Gared Moses**’ high, Winnie-ing voice—of course, the song comes without the same teenage-angst connotations of the TV theme and, rather, intercalates the stomach with the butterflies of apprehension. My favorite track, “Come Alive,” features a deep, hollow kick drum that pumps like a heroin-ridden heart as the piano strolls along an Aeolian line akin to “Moonlight Sonata,” then picks up with subdued guitar strums and female vocals that accompany Moses’ **Ben Bridwell**-like wails. *Orb Weaver* is simply beautiful in its melancholic woolgathering, and you can hear/purchase it at callow.bandcamp.com (09.14: *The Garage*). —Alexander Ortega

The Contortionist
Intrinsic
 eOne/Good Fight Music
 Street: 07.17
The Contortionist = Textures + sci-fi + Between the Buried and Me



This band is one of the most exciting things to happen to prog metal in a while. Their 2010 debut effort, *Exoplanet*, was a masterpiece and one of my all-time favorite albums. The ambitious group returns with

sophomore effort *Intrinsic*, and while the album is excellent in and of itself, the loss of some unnamed heaviness in the sound since *Exoplanet* is unfortunate. The band has wrapped itself firmly around its progressive roots and introduced more synth-based traditional elements reminiscent of **Dream Theater**. The harsh screams of **Jonathan Carpenter** are fewer, dominated instead by clean but digitally enhanced vocals on most tracks. Songs are beautiful, soft trips of well-thought-out lyrics and fully realized structure. It’s only personal taste that makes me miss the intense, raw soundtrack to a sci-fi daydream rather than to this closer-to-earth flight. Nonetheless, this is a superior album that prog metal fans should not miss. —Megan Kennedy

Dan Le Sac
Space Between The Words
 Sunday Best Recording
 Street: 07.09

Dan Le Sac = U.N.K.L.E. + Caribou + Nightmares on Wax + Gorillaz on crank
 Dudes, this guy is the shit. As half of the critically acclaimed UK electronic/hip-hop outfit, **Dan Le Sac vs. Scroobius Pip**, he is proving his mettle and flexing his talented muscle by showing what he can do as an all-around frontman, as opposed to the producer/DJ/back-up vocalist. This debut release is as versatile and fitting as it is thoughtful and well orchestrated. It seems that most of the parts are carefully crafted, from accents of the drum-synths to the tweaking of the melodies. You can tell that no stone has been unturned in the attention to detail to make everything perfect. For example, “Play Along” has some dark steel drum accents while **Sarah Williams White** sings come-hither honey vocals over the top. It’s white-hot as a sultry pop track, but “Good Time Gang War” is a dance-clubber’s wet dream. The album is full of exciting directions, and I could tell you about the guests, but really, it’s all about the talents of Dan Le Sac. This album kicks ass. —Mary Houdini

Fang Island
Major
 Sargent House

Street: 07.24
Fang Island = The Fucking Champs + Apes & Androids + Cougar



There’s a dream you have where all your best friends are 12-years-old again and live in a world without adults. On top of that, you all have mustaches, headbands, aviator glasses and are all playing awesome guitar riffs with three hands while fist-pumping with the other three and standing atop conquered playground equipment. You can never remember the songs when you wake up, but now Fang Island have used some incredible apparatus to transcribe them onto their new album, *Major*. Hooray! Seriously, though. Fang Island is three guitars flying a triumphant air-show over amazingly solid drums and bass. As on previous releases, there aren’t vocals on every song, but where they are used, they are choral and huge, complementing the grandiose riffs. The whole release is good, but favorites include “Seek It Out,” “Never Understand” and “Regalia.” If this overwhelmingly positive indie metal has you salivating, your next step is to air-high-five me (I’m waiting, hand at the ready) and go check this out. —Rio Connelly

Gallows
Self-Titled
 Bridge 9
 Street: 09.11
Gallows = Cancer Bats + The Bronx + Every Time I Die
 Changing vocalists is a tricky fucking prospect, especially when the replacement has a different nationality’s accent. Gallows have pulled it off with aplomb, though, as the growls of former **Alexisonfire**



guitarist/vocalist **Wade MacNeil** have been subbed in for the snarly, noticeably British voice of **Frank Carter**. The third album from these pissed-off Brits doesn't quite match the scope of their previous album, *Grey Britain*, but it finds them honing in on their sound with a rollicking rock n' roll swagger, gang vocals aplenty and guitars that aptly switch from sharp, cutting riffs to moody, atmospheric passages. MacNeil is in amazing form on "Everybody Loves You (When You're Dead)," as he rattles off the names of dead punk rockers before screaming "WE NEED YOU NOW!" at the song's conclusion. "Outsider Art" and "Odessa" are also highlights, showcasing the band's driving sense of fury over a surprising amount of melody. Fully confident and fully pissed, Gallows have delivered one of the most surprisingly satisfying albums of the year. *—Ricky Vigil*

Gobby
New Hat EP
UNO NYC
Street: 06.26
Gobby = Jacques Greene + FaltyDL + Matthew Dear
UNO NYC has been releasing some great albums since it popped onto the scene not too long ago, and Gobby's debut EP is no exception. It's a hypnotic, minimal breed of techno—focused, intricate and wild, yet precisely controlled. The album tips and tinkers along with a pleasant urgency, slowly building on itself, like a tin soldier army slowly but surely coming to life. Each track is a study in productive repetition. The repetitiveness draws the focus to the slight variations, a classic feature of techno, and Gobby takes this to the extreme. The influence ranges from late '80s techno to current, more innovative experimental music, creating a sound that is familiar yet still interesting, still heading in a new direction. The drums rumble along like a deep tribal beat, a sharp contrast to the angular, clinical mids and highs. This is crazy shit, and packs quite a punch for only four tracks. *—Jessie Wood*

Height With Friends

Rock and Roll
Friends/Cold Rhymes
Street: 08.14
Height With Friends = WHY? + Faith No More + Bloodhound Gang

This is a weird record. Purportedly hip hop (even though it's played by a live band and called *Rock and Roll*), any actual funky sensibility gets absorbed into the singer Height's sluggish and uniformly dreary delivery. The band behind him is tight, but they don't have anything interesting to play. They are, after all, supposed to be playing hip hop beats, so the drums and bass stay steady while guitar or keys carry the simple melodies into loops. Height says every phrase the same way: a little too much enunciation with a descending finish, and always so slow. As a result, every song sounds the same, and nothing is that great. One song that came close to good is called "Hard Work" and has Height being joined in a few vocals from his friends in an anthem to late-night work ethics, but it still isn't enough to emerge from the overall torpor the rest of the record maintains. Check it out if you're looking for alternative hip hop, but don't go out of your way. *—Rio Connelly*

Hooded Menace

Effigies of Evil
Relapse
Street: 09.11
Hooded Menace = Coffins + Asphyx + Claws



Pushing play on this bad boy instantaneously released every dark and nightmarish thing that festers in my brain. Seriously, I'm hearing noises in my home and looking over my shoulder—it's great! This is eight tracks of crushing death/doom, and "crushing" is an understatement—it feels like the immensity is being unleashed on your skull. Heavy on the bass, heavy on the guitar—hell, *Effigies of Evil* is just heavy all over. The vocals seem like they're being growled from some beast at the bottom of an abyss. It's not just all crush and growl, as the record is full of grooves and maddening atmospheres. The guitars meander

into fantastic doom soloing, like some terrible beast swallowed **Black Sabbath** and **Saint Vitus** and spit them out covered in tar. For death/doom/horror, it's really hard to get better than this—just listen to "Evoken Vulgarly." *—Bryer Wharton*

Hot Chip

In Our Heads
Domino
Street: 06.12
Hot Chip = Metronomy + Cut Copy + M83



Hot Chip is churning out more thoughtful music than ever. Having come with more song-oriented tracks this time around, they're making music less like **Animal Collective** and more like the electronic mastermind **James Murphy**. They're still providing all the obscure sounds of the '80s, and electronics in general, but allowing their harmonies and rhythms to be more danceable and definitely singable. If you've heard Hot Chip's cover of "Sexual Healing," then you're well aware they can handle R&B tracks with finesse. "Look At Where We Are" has frontman **Alexis Taylor**'s vocal delivery resembling **Ron Isley**'s and easily melting hearts again. While celebrating life and love, as well as paying homage to predecessors such as **Prince** and even **Rod Stewart**, Hot Chip has produced one of my favorite albums of the year. *—Justin Gallegos*

Katatonia

Dead End Kings
Peaceville
Street: 08.28
Katatonia = Daylight Dies + October Tide + Opeth



The kings of melancholy metal are back with a new record, and it's sort of a return to form from the highly mellow and subdued 2009 album *Night is the New Day*. Fans of Katatonia's more modern era will have to struggle hard to find fault in *Dead End Kings*. Eleven bustling songs keep listeners wanting to hear more or just go back and catch nuances they missed before. "Buildings" and "Hypnone" are beyond magnificent, built up with all of the Swedish band's trademarks: big riffs in juxtaposition with extreme melancholy, even touches of anger that have been absent from the band for years. The songwriting displayed here works as good albums should: everything comprised in harmony, packed with flow in mind, catchy song after catchy song. "Dead Letters" is already poised to be a future must-hear from the band you love to be depressed by. This is easily Katatonia's best since *Viva Emptiness*. *—Bryer Wharton*

Koko Beware

Something About the Summer
Self-Released
Street: 08.07
Koko Beware = The Beach Boys + (Bratmobile – riot grrrlishness)

Athens, Ga.'s Koko Beware play simple and too-cute surf rock about summer and love and stuff. One can get a good idea of the lyrical content of *Something About the Summer* by the song titles, such as "Beach Babe," "I Miss You" and "All I Think Of." In case you don't get it, here is an example from "I Just Wanna Dance": "I don't wanna go to dinner/I don't wanna go to the movies/I don't wanna meet your parents/I don't wanna meet your friends/I just wanna dance with you." The songs on the album all blend into each other, and the lazy, off-key singing becomes unbearable after a few tracks. I might have put this record on at a summertime party if I had the will to listen to it again. *—Cody Kirkland*

Los Straitjackets

Jet Set
Yep Roc
Street: 08.07
Los Straitjackets = The Ventures + Duane Eddy + Santo & Johnny

If you're not familiar with Los Straitjackets, picture four amazing musicians wearing colorful luchador wrestling masks, ripping some of the world's best instrumental surf rock. Guitarists **Eddie Angel** and **Danny Amis** are so great at grabbing listeners' attention that they don't allow this record near any of the usual, boring pitfalls instrumental records are known for. "Brooklyn Slide" has a groove that is so easy to slip into that if it weren't for the



stylishly recognizable guitar work, I could've sworn this was a '70s **Stax Records** cut. Every guitar nerd out there is going to freak when they wrap their ears around the three-and-a-half minutes of echo-soaked "Flight-of-the-Bumblebee"-esque soloing of "New Siberia." *Jet Set* is the perfect title for this incredibly well crafted album and a perfect example of a band who embraces their signature surf sound, but are not willing to let it ground them at all—instead, they pack it up with them and take it along for the flight. *—James Orme*

Lost Sounds

Lost Lost
Goner Records
Street: 07.17
Lost Sounds = The Screamers + The Strokes + Iron Maiden



This is another band that I should have listened to when they existed, rather than years after their demise. Lost Sounds, the brainchild of the late garage king **Jay Reatard** and synth-punker **Alicja Trout**, posthumously release a 23-track collection of discarded and demo versions of songs from studio albums, plus previously unreleased material spanning the band's career. *Lost Lost*, subtitled "Demos, Sounds, Alternate Takes & Unused Songs 1999-2004," is a time capsule of upbeat garage-pop covers such as "I Cannot Lie" and "Frankenstein Twist" and depressing synth-punk originals like "No Count" and "Throw Away." Drum machines and power metal guitar riffs surface as Reatard and Trout take turns singing about how much life sucks. Listen to "Die Alone (Promise Me)" and "I Get Nervous Pt. 1" to get a feel for the band's pent-up nervous sound.

Elements of garage rock, punk, metal, electro-rock and skuzzy pop make this lo-fi time capsule delightfully diverse and addictive. *—Cody Kirkland*

Mad Planet

Ghost Notes
Self-Released
Street: 08.28
Mad Planet = Metric/ Bat For Lashes

This has all the elements of an '80s hit: dreamy, **Blondie**-esque vocals, hazy synth sounds and a creepy, male backup singer. *Ghost Notes* is a slower-paced, cloudy album made by a soon-to-be-wed couple. The drums and bass maintain consistency throughout, with slight guitar developments and definite emphasis on **Cooper Gillespie**'s gentle alto voice. The final track, "Slowly I Turn," offers a nice dark/light duality, but the rest of the album floats on what seems like a single wave of sound. "Pieces of You" has the most edge to it, with a heavy drum intro and some loud, distorted guitar. Fans of **Beach House** would probably dig this music, as it has a similar sound on a lesser scale—don't count on it to be anywhere near as awesome, but give it a fair listen. *—Kia McGinnis*

Malka Spigel

Every Day Is Like The First Day
Swim
Street: 09.04

Malka Spigel = Terri Tarantula + Abandoned Pools
Malka Spigel hails from a special school of European rock that simultaneously calms and enchants. Like one of my favorite groups in the same vein, **Air**, the vocals are wispy thoughts laid delicately over sound waves in what is sometimes referred to as "ambient" or "space rock." Sometimes you want to go to sleep and not rage 24/8, and that is where this type of interlude can fit into a life. And sometimes, sure, you want to make love, a special kind of love where there are songs about surfing on rockets (Air's *Talkie Walkie*) or "European Weather" (track five on this album) and then you can fit a mad cuddle sesh in after. I'm not going to tell you how to have sex or anything, but this album is equally good-mood-inducing for a snuggle or an R&B-music-video-visually inspired (soft light, doves, cotton blowing in the wind) fuckfest. *—JP*

New War

Self-Titled
Fast Weapons
Street: 09.18
New War = Bauhaus + Swans

Melbourne's *New War* mine post-punk and no wave to create angular, threatening textures. The

instrumentals are compelling and unique, even if the band loses itself in the moodiness a couple times over the album's length. The main sticking point is **Chris Pugmire**'s dry, up-front vocals, which don't match the menace of the tribal, propulsive drums and diabolical tonality. The exception is on closer "Josef's Hands," when the vocals are strident, drenched in echo, and closer to his natural register. If that track is an indication of where they're headed, I'm inclined to follow. *—Nate Housley*

Om

Advaitic Songs
Drag City
Street: 07.24
Om = Motörhead + Earth



You don't scoff at mingling rock and religion? Then perhaps **Om** will come as a revelation. Not just Jesus strumming, but religion as carving sense into a meaningless world, or blasting out of a world where good sense has become intolerably oppressive. Salvation through bombast is the way of Om. Not simply a band stripped down, in Om bass and drums—twin posts of the gates of Hell—announce themselves as ontological givens: Without us, nothing. Evoking **Motörhead**'s **Lemmy**, **Al Cisneros** on Rickenbacker turns prop planes to trumpets of doom. Noteworthy on this album is the band's use of classical and exotic instruments—cellos and harp-sichords on "State of Non-Return," hand drums and zithers on "Sinai" or harmonium on "Haqq al-Yaqin"—all of which lend Om a richer and more solemn sound. Add to this lyrics dank with esoteric pseudo-profundities, and you have rock ready for poet **Samuel Taylor Coleridge**—"Ancestral voices prophesying war!" *—Brian Kubarycz*

Ormonde

Machine
Hometapes
Street: 08.07
Ormonde = Laura Gibson + Bowerbirds

It's worth mentioning that the cover art of *Machine* features vocalist



Anna-Lynne Williams naked on a horse with a majestic landscape background, which made me nervous about what the music would be like. As it turns out, Ormonde is a singer-songwriter duo that moved to a tiny house in Texas and lived together platonically while writing the 10 songs that make up *Machine*. The result is lonesome, luscious and full of longing. Fingerpicked guitar anchors Williams' hauntingly alluring lyrics: "Unfold your body, the day has left to end/ I'll match your beating and join your breathing." Drawing inspiration from first-hand tragedies and dark stories make these songs echo with substantiality. "Cherry Blossom" introduces the vocals of **Robert Gomez**, which thread flawlessly with Williams and have a subtle, shadowy effect. *Machine* is a thoroughly beautiful piece of musical artwork, despite its unappealing cover. *—Kia McGinnis*

Pressed And

Hyper Thistle EP
Mush Records
Street: 07.24
Pressed And = West in Dust
Compilation + CHLLNGR + Blawan

Hyper Thistle is a tantalizingly short collection of a thousand musical voices chopped and screwed and ping-ponging into every emotional landscape possible. A Pressed And song usually starts with a forlorn instrumental loop (such as a guitar or piano) in simple musical phrases, before a legion of voices pitch-shifted up and down to great effect are dropped in the middle of a musical phrase and snappy, high-BPM rides ramshackle through its splayed-open middle. Bucking the trend of downer R&B samples, Pressed And is never maudlin, and on this four-song EP, they tackle some pretty ambitious musical territory. It will be interesting to see what comes next from Pressed And. *—Ryan Hall*

Propagandhi

Failed States
Epitaph
Street: 09.04
Propagandhi = Rush + Bad Religion + heavy metal guitar licks



On *Failed States*, the anger is so laser focused, the songs trimmed of all fat, the buildup and release so complete, it's hard to imagine another punk rock album coming along this year to top it. Never ones to shy away from political matters (or humor), Propagandhi managed to straddle the line between being intensely serious and slapstick, all the while making odd time signatures and complex guitar flourishes sound as visceral and immediate as **Minor Threat**. On album opener "Note to Self," **Chris Hannah** sings, "So much for your hopes and your dreams and your children/You just sat there believing in this bullshit system," efficiently distilling and revealing the ultimate political catastrophe of our times so clearly—it's impressive how simply it's done. The song culminates in an ass-kicking final act, which sets the tone for the rest of this monster of a release that deserves many listens and listeners. —Peter Fryer

Purity Ring
Shrines
4AD
Street: 07.24
Purity Ring = High Places + Grimes



Been on indie music blogs lately? If so, Purity Ring should sound familiar. The Canadian duo consisting of **Megan James** (vocals) and **Corin Roddick** (synth) have been dropping hyped-up singles for over a year now and released *Shrines* as their debut full-length. Upon first listen, it won't take long to realize that they are worth the hype. Their brand of synthpop is unique enough to keep listeners interested, and it still has a good kind of predictability to it. Where the album really excels is

in the way that it throws listeners into James' dreams. Her poignant and sometimes cryptic lyrics shed light on her deepest fantasies and fears. They are appropriately backed by washed-out synths and throbbing basslines that, depending on your mood, could swoon you to sleep or sway you to dance. Notable tracks include the dark and dreamy "Obed-ear," the pulsating "Lofticries" and the standout, "Fineshrine." —Jesse Thomas

ShadowBox
Haunted By Colors
Pictures Music
Street: 07.24
ShadowBox = Radiohead's Kid A + Lykke Li + Courtney Tidwell
This is interesting enough. It's not a game changer or mind-blowing in any new definition of genre, but **Bonnie Baxter** is doing something subtle enough to catch one's attention. It's very light electronica, with dreamy, sunlit beats and airy vocals that are very reminiscent of **Yukimi Nagano** from **Little Dragon**, until she throws the weird minor-chord arrangement in there, or punctuates with an angelic squall. It's background enough to make one pay attention, in a way that makes you tilt your head, forgetting that you were doing something else. And in a powerful way, that subtlety is what gives us the greatest pause. It's almost confusing in its goodness, with production that is unremarkably good by today's standards, until you unwillingly perk up and ask yourself, "What the fuck is this? It's really, pretty good," which is such a high compliment as a reviewer and by the standards of today's shit. —Mary Houdini

Special People
Advertise b/w Eye Movement 7"
Self-Released
Street: 08.11
Special People = Sonic Youth + War on Drugs
This debut release from the Baltimore quartet features two lo-fi tracks, both of which show off their unique sound that is kind of a mix between grunge and metal. The opening song, "Advertise," resembles a Sonic Youth tune, with guitar-noodling similar to that of **Thurston Moore** and **Lee Rinaldo**, but the aggressive vocals of Special People give them more of a metal/punk sound overall. The other track, "Eye Movement," shares a similar sound, but leans even more toward the metal sound, as the band utilizes some heavy guitar chords along with louder vocals. This record is pretty straightforward with no real surprises, but the two tracks are nonetheless a good debut from Special People. —Jory Carroll



Swans
The Seer
Young God Records
Street: 08.28
Swans = Swans
Holy Mother of Fuck, it's tough to review a Swans release. It's even more daunting to review a double CD/triple LP Swans release, but I'll give it a go. Since returning from a 14-year hiatus with 2010's insanely great *My Father Will Guide Me Up a Rope to the Sky*, Swans have been busy writing and touring, and have now unleashed the brain-melting *The Seer*. This is the perfect culmination of all Swans records to date, featuring heavier-than-God guitars, stroke-inducing passages of droning melody and a combination of songwriting and musicianship that simply blows all pretenders out of the water. The 32-minute title track alone is every Swans fan's wet dream, and just goes to show that the masters never die. Yes, *The Seer* requires an immense amount of patience from the listener, but once it's taken in and digested, there is simply no choice but to admit that Swans remain one of the top bands to ever spawn genres and destroy hearing. —Gavin Hoffman

Videoing
Reader LP
Slack Electric
Street: 07.10
Videoing = Former Ghosts + Interpol
This fuzzy post-punk album is, like, 75 percent there. The dark pop melodies and **Ian Curtis**-esque vocals are complemented (and not ruined) by the low production values and poorly recorded drums. The album comes off as unforced, charming and almost coy ... until the drum machine kicks in, followed by a shitty synth line and a girl talk-singing very forced-sounding poetry. Thankfully, those songs are in the minority. The album almost sounds like a split EP, with one band clearly being better than the other. I think Videoing shows promise, and is definitely worth checking out—if you skip all the songs with a drum machine. —Cody Hudson

Xibalba
Hasta La Muerte



Southern Lord
Street: 08.14
Xibalba = Disembodied + Merauder + Obituary
Though Southern Lord initially seemed like a weird fit for the mass of hardcore they've been signing, Xibalba's newest outing (with **Dan Seagrave** artwork to boot) seems the least alien of all. Their foreboding, low-register squall, apocalyptic lyrics (many taken from the Popol Vuh) and extended mosh parts—à la metalcore played at 33 RPM—render *Hasta La Muerte* a slab of sludge-drenched hardcore, hoarse and unrelenting to a fault. Rhythmically phenomenal cuts like "Burn" and "Sentenced" brood like **Madball** playing at **Cathedral**'s tempo, and creative flourishes like the female vocals on "Mala Mujer" help break up the monotony a little, but the album's last trio of songs ("Stoneheart," "Lujuria" and "Cold") practically agonize in their stubborn samey-ness, rolling over the listener without much distinction. *Hasta La Muerte* could make a bitchin' EP, and it's not without its isolated snippets of greatness, but it's far from flawless and is a tad cumbersome. —Dylan Chadwick

Yeastayer
Fragrant World
Secretly Canadian
Street: 08.21
Yeastayer = Prince + Brian Eno
Not out of wile, but out of native tact and cultural breeding, Yeastayer's new album refrains from flaunting its origins. Nevertheless, *Fragrant World* wafts of sundry identifiable musical essences, all surely selected and meticulously blended into one lovely potion. Opening strains of glitch soon transition into the best of '80s funk and techno, though mellowed after a generation of cel-laring. Mariachi horns and Farfisa organs, which years ago lent camp maquillage to bands such as **Roxy Music**, here figure not as coy accents, but fully and sincerely integrated elements of the band's palette of tints and tones. Serene among the meta-quoters and curators thrice-removed, Yeastayer speaks the post-punk pop idiom effortlessly, as its mother tongue. —Brian Kubarycz

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KONSICKWENCE, NEW TRUTH, DAVIDOLOGY

9/8 - GYSKLAR, THE RED ON BLACK, ROOFTOP BANDITS,
THE WRECK CHORDS

9/10 - LIGHTNING BOLT, BIRTHQUAKE, FOSSIL ARMS

9/11 - THESE UNITED STATES, THE KNEW, DAVID WILLIAMS

9/12 - LAUREN MANN AND THE FAIRLY ODD FOLK, EUPHORIA AGAIN, TBA

9/13 - THE WATCHES, TEDDY BANGS, TBA

9/14 - DAISY & THE MOONSHINES, MERCIES, GOLDEN SUN, ARTESIA

9/15 - REPTAR, RUBBLEBUCKET, ICKY BLOSSOMS

9/16 - PICKWICK, TBA

9/17 - BEACHMEN, KOKO BEWARE, KOALA TEMPLE

9/19 - THE BALKEN, BENEFIT OF A DOUBT, TBA

9/20 - THE JEALOUS SOUND, DAYTRADER, ANTICS

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9/24 - HUME, YOUR METEOR, CREATURE DOUBLE FEATURE, TBA

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9/27 - ASTRONAUTALIS, PHIL MAGGIO, TBA

9/28 - SECRET ABILITIES, BABY GHOSTS, JAWWZZ, SHIT SHAMMERS

OTHER S&S PRESENTS EVENTS:

9/4 - WHY? @ IN THE VENUE

9/19 - ATMOSPHERE @ IN THE VENUE

9/21 - THE HEAD & THE HEART
& BLITZEN TRAPPER @ THE DEPOT

THE URBAN LOUNGE

SEPTEMBER

SEP 01: SCHOOL OF SEVEN BELLS, BEACHMEN

SEP 02: FAUN FABLES, LINDSAY HEATH, ST. BOHEME

SEP 03: LANGHORNE SLIM & THE LAW, HOOTS & HELLMOUTH, THE AWFUL TRUTH

SEP 04: MOONFACE (SPENCER KRUG OF WOLF PARADE & SUNSET RUBDOWN), SAD BABY WOLF

SEP 05: COLOR ANIMAL, PENTAGRAHAM CRACKERS, ALBINO FATHER

SEP 06: SAMBA FOGO, MARINADE

SEP 07: GIRAFFULA, GREEN ARROW, BIRTHQUAKE, AMAZING MASSIVE MASS

SEP 08: OLD 97S, THOSE DARLINS, RHETT MILLER

SEP 09: BIG BUSINESS, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES, WORST FRIENDS

SEP 10: SHABAZZ PALACES, DUMB LUCK, RUDDY CARPEL

SEP 11: SUPERHUMANIDS, JJAMZ, SEVEN FEATHERS RAINWATER

SEP 12: BRONCHO, BAD WEATHER CALIFORNIA, THE LOVELY BAD THINGS

SEP 13: THE WILD ONES, GENRE O, CANDY'S RIVERHOUSE BAND

SEP 14: SLUG LOCALIZED: SETTLE DOWN, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES, GUNNER

SEP 15: DUBWISE

SEP 16: EASY STAR ALL-STARS, PASSAFIRE, ROOTS RAWKA

SEP 18: REHAB, MOONSHINE BANDITS

SEP 19: BIG FREEDIA

SEP 20: WASHED OUT

SEP 21: THE GROWLERS, FL KILOS, SPELL TALK

SEP 22: EAGLE TWIN ALBUM RELEASE, OX CROSS, DAY HYMNS

SEP 24: SCOTT H BIRAM, RESTAVRANT

SEP 25: ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI, DAM FUNK, FERRARO

SEP 26: FIREWATER, JUANA GHANI

SEP 27: DEAD PREZ, BURNELL WASHBURN, DOPETHOUGHT, DJ JUGGY

SEP 28: MONO, CHRIS BROKAW

SEP 29: MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES

SEP 30: DUDE CITY, THE RUGS, 90S TELEVISION

COMING SOON

OCT 01: THE HELIQUATS	OCT 08: ASH REITER	OCT 14: DINOSAUR JR. - SHEARWATER	OCT 21: MARK MALMAN	OCT 30: STAG HARE	NOV 16: THE OCTOPUS PROJECT
OCT 02: B. DOLAN	OCT 09: TWO GALLANTS	OCT 15: BROTHER ALI	OCT 23: ZION I & MINNESOTA	OCT 31: ELECTRIC GUEST	NOV 17: JAPANDROIDS
OCT 03: MIKE WATT	OCT 10: WOLF GANG	OCT 17: SSION	OCT 24: BUNTON	NOV 02: DAVID BAZAN PLAYS PEDRO THE LION'S CONTROL	
OCT 04: SAINT YITUS	OCT 11: THE HOOD INTERNET & NASTYNASTY PRESENTED BY REUP		OCT 25: STARKUCKER	NOV 03: FATHER JOHN MISTY	
OCT 05: DUBWISE	OCT 12: THE HELLO SEQUENCE OCT 19: FLYING LOTUS		OCT 26: THE WINGS	NOV 05: SMOKING POPIES	
OCT 06: FOXV SHAZAM	OCT 13: THE FOLKA DOTS	OCT 20: OTHER LIVES	OCT 27: HALLOWEEN COVER BANDS	NOV 07: GENERATIONALS	
OCT 07: THE CORIN TUCKER BAND (SLATER-KINNEY-FOUNDING MEMBER)			OCT 29: SEA WOLF	NOV 13: EL TEN ELEVEN	

21+

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<p>KORPIKLAANI THURSDAY SEP 6TH</p>	<p>POWERMAN 5000 TUESDAY SEP 11TH</p>	<p>KREATOR WITH ACCEPT WEDNESDAY SEP 19TH</p>	<p>SAFETYSUIT TUESDAY SEP 25TH</p>
<p>NIGHTWISH SATURDAY SEP 29TH</p>	<p>MORBID ANGEL MONDAY OCT 8TH</p>	<p>A\$AP ROCKY WEDNESDAY OCT 17TH</p>	<p>INKED MUSIC TOUR FEAT SATURDAY OCT 20TH</p>

COMING SOON

10/16 - THE XX	10/30 - ALLEN STONE
10/17 - FALLING IN REVERSE	11/02 - LIGHTS
10/24 EMILIE AUTUMN	11/08 - EPICA
10/26 - WAKA FLOCKA FLAME	11/09 - D.R.I.
10/27 - BROTHA LYNCH W ANDRE NIKATINA	11/28 - YELLOWCARD

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