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About the Cover: SLUG Lead Designer **Joshua Joye** looked to the roof of punk band **White Lung's** name and arranged flour on top of iridescent skateboard grip tape. With a bit of his design prowess, Joye has captured the gritty, moody brooding of White Lung. Read more about White Lung on pages 36-37.
DISCLAIMER: SLUG Magazine does not necessarily maintain the same opinions as those found in our articles, interviews or advertisements. If you are easily offended, please do not blame us. We are a carrier for the voice of the people and it is not our fault if you don't like people. Content is property of SLUG Magazine. Please do not use without permission, or we will hunt you down and make you pay for your sins. Now that's a promise.

Contributor Limelight: Catie Weimer – Social Media Coordinator



wit for days. Little does she know how happy she keeps us with her snarky social-media comments about things such as the weather, not wearing pants, refusing to be an adult and more. Without Catie, our social sites wouldn't be nearly as charming. During the day, you can find Catie working at *Graywhale*, giving dirty looks to little tweens or ranting and raving about something worth ranting and raving about on the Internet. She's our dream girl, really. She's also from Montana. Not sure what that has to do with anything, but we like the way it sounds.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I'd like to comment on your column for last month's Beautiful Godzilla. I find it kind of sad and pathetic that you're so judgmental of cyclists whom you consider "granola." I mean, you may not have had to duck and binge so hard if you just open up to different types of people and enjoy yourself in the company of somebody showing you something that might be new. And really, I'm sure that you would appreciate the air in the mountains as opposed to inhaling smog when you get on your bike. Even though SLUG stands for "Salt Lake" Underground, Salt Lake is still a part of Utah, and Utah has a lot to offer when it comes to experiencing the outdoors. Also, SLUG is supposed to be local-centric and anti-corporate. There's nothing more local than our wild surroundings and disengaging from the constructs that society subjects us to. People who like to be outside and experience the beauties that our fair state has to offer shouldn't necessarily be labeled as "granola," either—there are plenty of people who commune with the earth whom I'm sure you'd call "granola," like burners, who don't even partake in activities that people do outside. And what's so self-righteous about hiking or climbing a rock? Like ... It's just walking, but away from civilization. I will agree that you're probably not an athlete, though—most urban cyclists are just a glorified set of calves.

Oh yeah, and stop killing trees, SLUG.

-A hiker against haterade

Dear Walt Whitman,

We get it. You asked Beautiful Godzilla out on a date, saw her glorified set of calves, and thought she'd make a great hiking partner. Now you're writing in 'cause she had a horrible time listening to you go on and on about how the "divine soil" is the only truth on this earth, won't call you back and made fun of you in her column. Walt, there's absolutely nothing wrong with enjoying the outdoors. Even B.G. likes the way the mountains look as a background in all her selfies. There's just a fine line between Nature appreciation and ... well, what you're all about. All this talk about "communing with the earth" ... It's a little creepy. So is your beard. You may want to consider getting a trim and toning down the erotica a bit so your next OKCupid date doesn't think you're a homeless serial killer. As for the killing trees jab, all we have to say is LEAVES OF FUCKING GRASS.

Take a hike, Walt.

xoxo,
 SLUG Mag

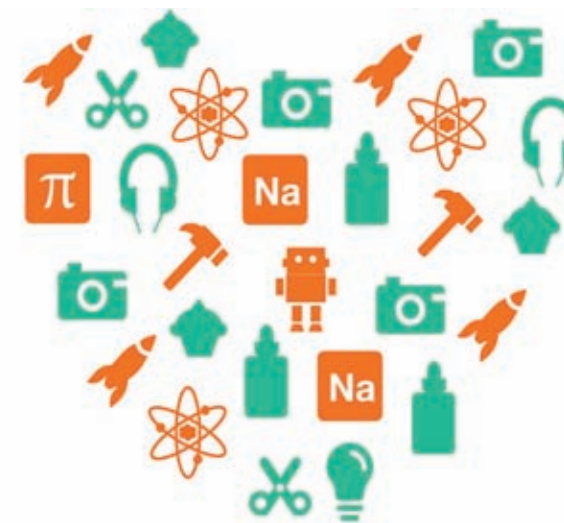
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FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS



Directed by Matthew Akers
Not Rated / 105 min / 2011 / USA

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TUESDAY, MARCH 5 @ 7PM

MARINA ABRAMOVIC: The Artist is Present

Seductive, fearless, and outrageous, Marina Abramovic has been redefining what art is for nearly forty years. Using her own body as a vehicle, she creates performances that challenge, shock, and move us. Through her and with her, boundaries are crossed, consciousness expanded, and art as we know it is reborn. She is, quite simply, one of the most compelling artists of our time.

NHMC SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT



Directed by Jake Schreier
Rated PG-13 / 89 min / 2011 / USA

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TUESDAY, MARCH 12 @ 7PM

ROBOT + FRANK

Set in the near future, Frank, an ex-jewel thief, has two grown kids who are concerned he can no longer live alone. Against his wishes, Frank's son buys him a humanoid robot programmed to improve his physical and mental health. The two companions soon try their luck as a heist team in a heartwarming story about finding friends in the most unexpected places.

THROUGH THE LENS



Directed by Lucy Walker
Not Rated / 90 min / 2013 / USA
Post-screening Q+A with director Lucy Walker

 **ROSE WAGNER CENTER**
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13 @ 7PM

THE CRASH REEL

This eye-popping, yet intimate, story of U.S. champion snowboarder Kevin Pearce uses years of vérité footage to expose the excitement and appeal, as well as the high stakes, of participating in extreme-action sports. Training to compete against longtime rival Shaun White at the 2010 Winter Olympics, Kevin suffered severe traumatic brain injury from a 2009 accident in Park City, Ut.

FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS



Directed by Yi Seungjun
Not rated / 87 min / South Korea / 2011
Korean with English Subtitles

 **THE CITY LIBRARY**
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TUESDAY, MARCH 19 @ 7PM

PLANET OF SNAIL

Young-Chan is an accomplished poet who can no longer hear or see. He communicates with his wife Soon-Ho through finger braille, a unique form of communication where words are tapped on each other's hands. Combining breathtaking imagery with Young-Chan's personal writings, the film becomes a transfixing portrait of life on what seems like another planet, where touch communicates everything and love conquers all.

DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR ROUND



Director: Alexandra-Therese Keining
Not rated / 105 min / Sweden / 2011
Swedish with English Subtitles

 **BREWVIES**
677 S. 200 W.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21 @ 7PM

KISS ME

Mia and Frida meet each other for the first time at their parents' engagement party—Mia's father is about to get married to Frida's mother, which will make Mia and Frida stepsisters. As Mia and Frida get to know one another, strong emotions begin to stir between them. Their relationship will turn everything upside down for everyone close to them with dramatic consequences.

FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS



Directed by Keiichi Kobayashi
Not Rated / 113 min / Japan / 2011
Japanese with English subtitles

 **THE CITY LIBRARY**
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TUESDAY, MARCH 26 @ 7PM

ABOUT THE PINK SKY

High school student Izumi, finds a wallet containing a large sum of cash. Instead of returning the wallet to its owner, Izumi decides to lend a substantial portion of the money to an acquaintance to launch a business venture. She then decides to return the wallet to its owner, a wealthy high-school boy named Koki, who notices the missing money. In turn Izumi is blackmailed by Koki to produce a newspaper for a local hospital containing only good news.

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Tue 5 **ADRIAN LEGG**

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with Holy Water Buffalo





Localized

By Justin Gallegos
cknowledge@live.com

If you haven't experienced *Localized* yet, now is the time to start. March 8 at *Urban Lounge* welcomes the genre-bending **Lady Murasaki** and the playful **Secret Abilities**. There won't be any similarities in sound between the sets, but both these bands will make you want to move your body. If that's not enough to spark your interest, consider this: Strange rockers **90s Television** will be opening, and it's only \$5, 21+ to get in the door.

Lady Murasaki, which means "lady purple" in Japanese, has a great thing going for them: They have the real-life version of Cassandra from *Wayne's World*. "Actually, I get that a lot," says frontwoman **Amber Taniuchi**. Of course, they have many other things going for them, namely talented musicians who care about the quality of their music as much as they want people to enjoy it. But Taniuchi truly is a babe who can sing, play keyboard and guitar. She's the catalyst behind this fusion of smooth jazz-rock called Lady Murasaki.

Taniuchi formed the band in May of 2011 with four others. **Steve McSweeney**, who plays lead guitar, is the only other surviving member from the original, five-piece lineup. The band is now a four-piece, with **Jonathan Baez** on drums and **Tyler Morris**—who joined the band in May of last year—on bass. "Our sound is now a lot tighter as a result," says McSweeney. He and

(L-R) Steve McSweeney, Amber Taniuchi, Jonathan Baez and Tyler Morris make up Lady Murasaki.

Taniuchi met working as IT specialists (aside from Baez, all members of the band are computer geeks with saucy musical skills). "I played (bass) in bands back home [in Ireland] between the ages of 18 and 20. Then I started chasing snow all over the world," says McSweeney. "I came down here for a couple of weeks in 2005. I'm a snow junkie, basically." Once friends, the two began to jam, and when Taniuchi decided to form a band, she went to McSweeney first. Lead guitar wasn't his forte, originally, but he studied hard, and now croons out riffs that take the songs to their greatest heights. "He [is] one of the best lead guitarists I've ever had the fortune of playing with. He's the wizard," says Morris.

Morris had played with a band named **Salt Insurgence** from 2008 to 2009 before finding himself bandless. "I was in between bands and I tried out for **The Suicycles**," he says. They didn't choose him, but **Black Rob** of The Suicycles mentioned a band named Lady Murasaki that could really use a dynamic bass player. Once Morris played with Lady Murasaki, they realized what a natural fit it was and he was in the band.

Lady Murasaki went through ten different drummers before finding Jonathan Baez. "So far, he's the freaking awesomest," says McSweeney. The nephew of famous '60s folk singer **Joan Baez**, Jonathan Baez was first inspired to play the drums when he saw Animal on *The Muppet Show*. He saw the rage and fun of Animal and said, "I'm going to be that guy." He eventually learned the drums by ear, and today he's an integral part of the band. Baez says, "I'm definitely digging Lady Murasaki.

You can be yourself—you can dance on the drums." Everyone laughed together as Baez described his love for drumming in the band. He seems to be their backbone for fun and unceasing energy.

It's not hard to imagine the vibe they bring onstage. Baez is the "Animal" behind the drums; Morris is grooving on the bass behind anything McSweeney turns out; then you have Taniuchi with resonating vocals, simple keyboard notes and a neverending smile.

They recently decided to adopt a motto from fellow SLC band **King Niko**: "We want to play music that makes the chicks dance," says Taniuchi. They also want to be able to reach any kind of audience. It's that desire combined with the band's chemistry that makes national success a possibility for them. Taniuchi feels that the band's overall vibe could be compared to **The Cardigans**. "We're pretty flexible in terms of gigs," says Taniuchi. They've played everything from lounge and hard rock sets to acoustic sets at the VFW Bar.

The band has an EP available on Bandcamp (ladymurasaki.bandcamp.com), but it's the work of the old lineup with five members. As a four piece, they're currently working on a single titled "Baby Hit the Beats." **Kyle Dickson**, who plays in the SLC band **Beachmen**, is mastering the single and we'll be able to hear it live at *Localized*. Although one single may not sound like much, the band has such free-flowing abilities that McSweeney says, "There's always a new song creeping in." With all of Lady Murasaki's current momentum, their *Localized* set is sure to be a memorable one, so don't miss it.

Secret Abilities attributes a few things to their longevity as a band: having fun and being unpredictable. Their music can be described as both playful and spooky—it's up to you. "All our songs are about monsters or death, but they're not gothic. Our goal is to have people enjoy themselves," says vocalist **Davin Abegg**. Their main motivation is to get a crowd on their feet, which is clear in their rambunctious style of rock n' roll. "If we play a show where everyone's just sitting there, we feel like we didn't do what we were supposed to do," says drummer **Dave Todd**.

Abegg, Todd and bass player **Justin Behling** were in a band together 10 years ago, called **X-Boyfriend**, mostly playing shows for their friends. The three joined one other band that didn't last long, but they still had an urge to create music together. "I have to be in a band," says Abegg, so he formed Secret Abilities in 2007.

It shouldn't be too surprising that the band name developed while playing video games. "Dave and I were playing an old Nintendo game. When the last boss came out Dave shouted, 'Ah, secret abilities—he can hit you from anywhere!'" says Abegg. Abegg began laughing and said, "Let's just do that as our band name."

The band initially featured Abegg as a vocalist, Todd as drummer and **Tim Sessions** on bass. After Sessions left the band for personal reasons, they went to familiar territory, asking Behling to play bass.

Behling's response was simple: "I'll try." Behling had only played guitar before playing bass for Secret Abilities. "Justin is probably the most talented person in the band," says Abegg. "The bass parts of the songs are my favorite parts of almost all our songs," says **Tink Safeer**.

Safeer is the newest addition to the band. She plays keyboard, percussion and lead vocals along with Abegg—her howling vocals can stick to you for days. She found her way into the band by answering a KSL ad. "It said, 'We need a female vocalist/keyboardist who doesn't need to be great at either one and just wants to have fun,'" says Safeer. She was looking for a job, and joining a band was the next best thing. Two weeks later, the current lineup of the band played their first show together (it was three hours long). "I learned a lot of songs really quickly," says Safeer.

The sound of this band is something like the "Monster Mash" with a garage rock twist. The most surprising ingredient is the soul that gives the macabre songs a warm feeling. If that doesn't sound strange enough, consider the fact that they've been featured on tribute albums to **Jim Henson** and **Frank Zappa**. "A lot of my songs

Secret Abilities (L-R: Dave Todd, Tink Safeer, Justin Behling, Davin Abegg) are sure to get your bones shaking with their spooky mess of rock n' roll.

start out [sounding like] an old, classic country song," says Abegg. Todd says of Abegg, "He was on a big **Hank Williams** kick in the beginning, and said he wouldn't mind if we were a Western rockabilly band."

Most recently, the band released an EP titled *Rise From Your Grave* last September. Each member of the band is more experienced on this album. "I incorporated a lot more riffs on this one. I've written a few parts that are beyond my ability, so that I'm challenging myself," says Behling. The EP was also an opportunity to showcase the talents of the band's newest member. "These songs were written knowing that I'd be a part of them," says Safeer. What you have with all these elements coming together is loud and high-energy rock n' roll reminiscent of **The Ramones'** pop sensibilities and catchy rhythms.

While the band still desires to push themselves, they looked for simplicity and catchiness more than anything. "It starts with just a three-chord song and we go from there," says Abegg. They're not interested in being technical with their sound. "We want to play something we can mess up without anyone noticing," he continues.

It's obvious this band is only out to have a good time. They attribute their success to not being concerned with their band's success. Secret Abilities are truly playing just to play. *Urban Lounge* is sure to be a spooky mess with these guys rocking the house. Their entire catalogue is available on Bandcamp at secretabilities.bandcamp.com.



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In the spring of 2012, after a successful Kickstarter campaign raising over \$8,000, **Rachel and Leigh Kade** opened *Frisch Compassionate Eatery*. They found the perfect location in the old *Rico's* spot, a charming, historic building in the heart of Salt Lake City. Cheery, colorful walls covered in local art and kooky vintage accents make you feel right at home, and so do Rachel and Leigh. They are warm and fun to chat with while they prepare your food.

Frisch Compassionate Eatery has found their niche, offering healthy, plant-based comfort food in a friendly atmosphere. Everything on the menu is lovingly prepared with fresh (local when possible) ingredients. Tasty specials pop up daily based on what is fresh and what Rachel feels like cooking. For being open less than a year, they have a dedicated following from their dynamic social media presence, evident from their notable Kickstarter campaign. Facebook and Twitter are constantly flooded with gorgeous photos of daily specials, luring you back time and time again.

Raising two vegan kids of their own, the Kades understand the need for good veggie options. They serve tasty childhood classics on their kids menu, like the PB&J Wrap (\$4.00) as well as their creamy, cheesy signature Mac-N-Cheez (\$4.00). And I don't know what kid wouldn't love a Dillo (\$2.50), *Cakewalk Baking Company's* version of a Hostess Twinkie: light, moist vanilla cake stuffed with a dense, sweet, creamy filling.

Lunchy favorites like wraps and salads make up most of the menu. One standout item is the Technicolor Tempeh Kale Salad (\$8.00). This meal-sized salad is bursting with vibrant kale and veggie goodness. The addition of crisp, smoked tamari almonds and tender, "meaty" tempeh mixed with greens and lightly covered with a bright, citrusy dressing is my ideal salad/meal—crunchy, filling and light. Kale is the ultimate salad base: The curly leaves cradle the ingredients and hold the dressing, so each bite explodes with sweetness and umami. You will leave feeling satisfied—you don't need grease if you have *Frisch*.

The "Fancy Boy" (\$8.00) wrap is fantastic. Their Spicy Chik'n is made from Soy Curls, an all-natural meat replacement made from whole soybeans. They have a meaty texture and soak up any flavor paired with them, a lot like chicken. They're dressed with a spicy, peppery sauce that creates a zesty and satisfying addition to sandwiches. This is really the kind of sandwich you can sink your teeth into. Wrapped in a respectably breaded tortilla from *Rico's* and served over fresh greens and veggies with chipotle mayonnaise, the Fancy Boy is a unique taste I crave. The



Photo: Cavan Nelson

Frisch's Technicolor Kale Tempeh Salad is crunchy, filling and light.

cool dressing mingling with the heat of the Spicy Chik'n is spot-on—it's so delectable it tastes "bad for you." It's like the really amazing fast food sandwich I've never had.

The Spicy Mac-N-Cheez (\$8.00) will exceed your expectations with tender al dente penne swimming in a rich, velvety cheese sauce made from nutritional yeast, tofu and soy sour cream—a clever combination that results in delicious creaminess. It's an inviting dish, with flavors reminiscent of childhood, but a whole lot spicier. Another of my favorite comfort foods, Nachos (\$7.00), are on the menu as well. Organic tortilla chips are a delicious vehicle for hearty, seasoned black beans and rice, covered in the cheese sauce and served with guacamole and salsa. The medley of Mexican food staples like beans/rice/cheese sauce is always pleasing, and my husband and I relished each bite. It's an ideal appetizer to share, or a meal on its own. For an additional \$1.50, you can add the Spicy Chik'n to either dish. Trust me, do this.

All good meals come to an end, and the Chia Pudding is a wonderful way to do that. Served chilled and super fruity, it's a delightful version of tapioca pudding. The chia seeds are almost like tapioca balls, slippery and totally fun to eat in drinks and desserts. And they're uberhealthy, being high in fiber, omega 3s and vitamins. More important than health food voodoo, the pudding is luscious. If you're in the mood for something a bit more decadent, see if they have any house-made cupcakes or what treats *Cakewalk Baking Company* has dropped off.

A recent addition to the menu that makes me incredibly happy is brunch on Saturdays. They have come up with a few tasty dishes, but the star of the menu is the Herbed Biscuits with Savory Navy Bean Sausage Gravy (\$6.00). The biscuits are filled with herbs, moist on the inside, but crisply browned enough to stand up to the well-seasoned, peppery gravy. It is everything you want in biscuits and gravy—savory and heavy on the carbs! The portions are huge, especially when you order them with Yukon Gold Cottage Potatoes for an additional \$3.00. My husband and I split an order to go and there was plenty of food! Coffee from *Milkcreek Coffee Roasters* accompanies the brunch menu, and they even have the choice of almond or soy milk for creamer.

Driven by a straightforward concept of vegan comfort food as satisfying and healthy, *Frisch Compassionate Eatery* has staying power. Thanks to the ardor of the Kade family for compassionate, yummy food, I think *Frisch* will be around for a long time and will likely become a favorite of vegans and everyone who wants to eat better food.

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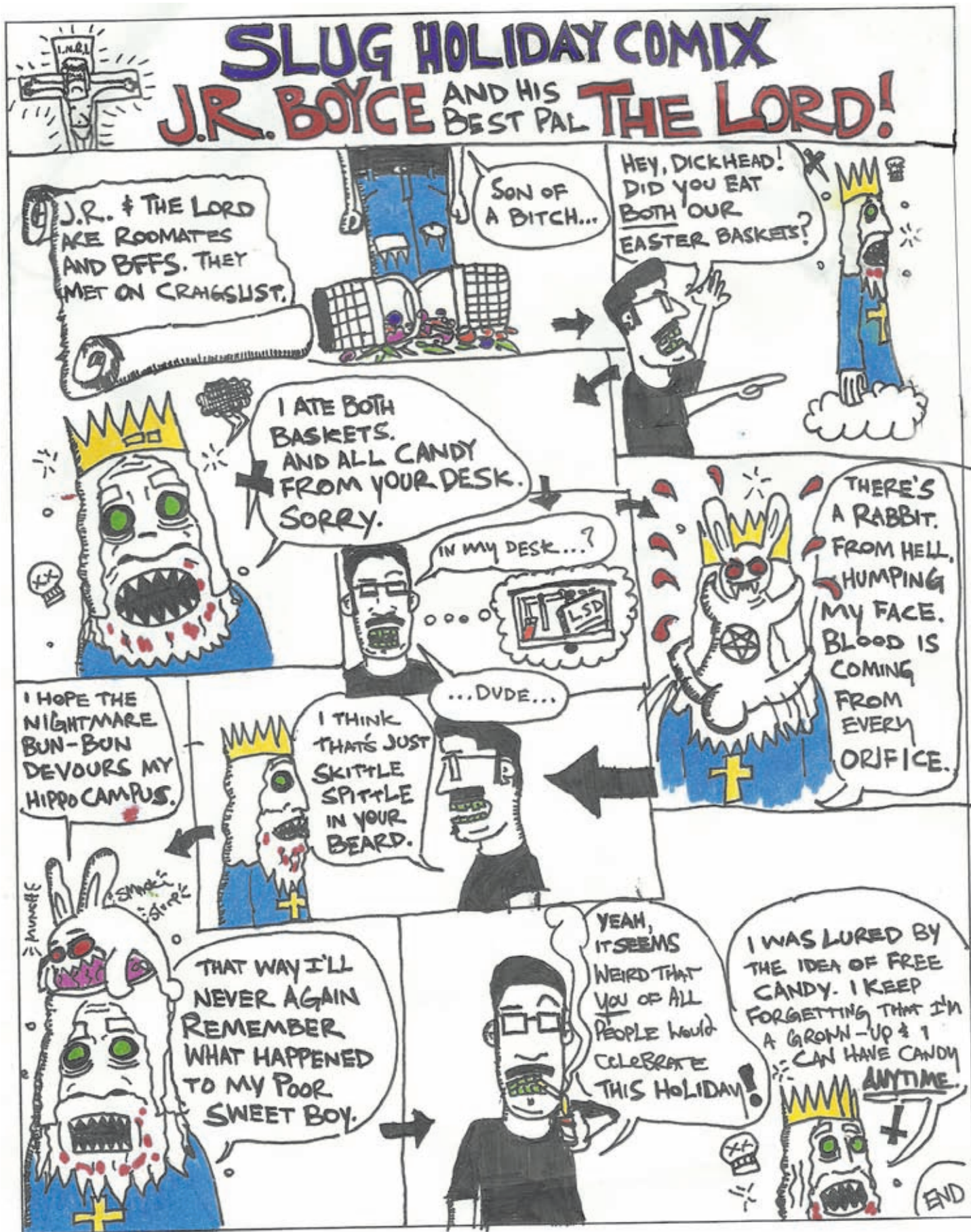
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KEITH P. REIN

THE P IS FOR PENIS

By Megan Kennedy
iamnightsky@gmail.com

Imagine an artistic cocktail combining traditional and digital techniques, a dash of video games, some beautiful women in sexual situations, and the occasional popsicle. The result is the work of one-of-a-kind illustrator Keith P. Rein, whose exceptional Athens, Ga.-based studio, *The P is for Penis*, will be returning once again this year to the *Salt Lake Tattoo Convention*.

Rein's artistic life began early, inspired by his grandfather's wood-whittling and nurtured by his parents, who signed him up for art classes as a child. He started college studying photography, both in traditional methods and digital, planting the seeds for the complex technique he employs today: setting up his own photo sessions, and then beginning several layers of illustration over the photograph. The process can be lengthy, with many sessions of drawing, scanning and printing, but the result is a distinctive blend of modern and traditional art, and an irreverent sense of humor that has made Rein successful enough to live the artist's dream of creating full time.

During his time in college, Rein's bold vision was already running into censorship and misunderstanding. "I was in one class working on this gender issues series, and my professor just didn't get it at all. It was a series where I set up tropes of growing up and life, having the photographs [situated] regardless of the model's gender—like a girl going to the bathroom with male nudie mags and masturbating. [The teacher] was just an old guy who wasn't used to seeing men and women in other genders' clothing," says Rein. That experience disenchanted him from photography, which led to him illustrating over photographs and freelancing digital portraits for two years. After setting out on his own, Rein found freedom in incorporating his particular brand of expression that his college years simply had not supported. "Going through art school, it was a very conceptually heavy program. If you wanted to photograph pin-up girls or anything like that, it was looked down on. You had to have some artistic, art-history merit behind it. Doing illustration for me was at first like, 'I'm going to do things that I like, that are pretty or funny or work together.' Over the years, it grew into something more conceptually sexualized," he says.

Sexualized work is the name of the game for one of Rein's two studios, *The P is for Penis*. Rein not only illustrates traditional pin-up style, nude portraits, but expresses his unique sexual concepts in work like "Porn on the Cob," an illustration of two women sensually sharing a buttery corn cob, or "Life's a Picnic, Bring Your Friend," a top-down view of what could be a woman mid-fellatio, if she was

holding something other than an actual mustard-covered hot dog. There's also video game-inspired art like "Princess Peach & the Pea," a mash-up of a sexy Princess Peach and the traditional Princess and the Pea fairy tale, and his "Gals, Guns, Subtle Power and Pretty Wallpapers" series, featuring women and firearms. Some find the art empowering, others not so much, and the firearm series was specifically in response to those who find his art degrading. "That was a way to try and convince other people who are looking at my stuff as pornographic and degrading to women, to show I don't feel that way at all. Woman are awesome: They're beautiful and powerful," says Rein.

Despite the best of intentions, such bold art can still have a hard time finding an audience. Even in a college town like Athens, Rein has found his work underappreciated. "I just had some work at a coffee shop downtown, which is known for having local art on the walls. It was up for two months, and probably nine of the pieces they ended up taking down. They weren't even, in my opinion, too risqué. They were a few of the tamer video game-style pinups I have," he says. Even the convention circuit has given him roadblocks. While the *Salt Lake Tattoo Convention* continues to be his favorite and "the most successful one" he's had commercially, he is a frequent attendant of video game and nerd-culture conventions, whose family-friendly environments tend to frown upon the word "penis" blasted across a banner in their convention halls, leading Rein to consider alternative branding in the future to allow him to reach a wider audience. Rein's *Paper Thin Designs* employs the same techniques as his other works, but for commissioned designs like family portraits and wedding invitations. Balancing the two opposing concepts gives him a creative palate-cleanser that keeps him from getting burned out as an artist.

While he sells a fair share of art online, Rein is also a big fan of taking commissions from people who love his style. "I'm working on a T-shirt right now for a company: It's a spoof on the **Kanye West** song 'Niggas In Paris,' that will have Kanye and **Jay-Z** having sex with **Paris Hilton**. I love getting commissions through *P is for Penis*. Usually, those people are pretty open-minded, they're very vocal, they've got fun ideas and they're not limiting," says Rein.

This year will be Rein's fifth anniversary at the *Salt Lake Tattoo Convention*, traveling with longtime friends and clients at *Pain and Wonder Tattoo* out of Athens. Stop by the convention from March 22–24 at the *Salt Palace* and check out more of Rein's work at thepisforpenis.com.

The eclectic Keith P. Rein works with a variety of mediums to execute his unique artwork.

Slaughterhouse Starlets: Emma S. by Keith P. Rein

Photo: Lydia Hunt



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Painted Temple

Tattoo Craftsmen to the World

By Alex Cragun alexcragun@slugmag.com



Photo: Gavan Nelson

The mechanically inclined Oak Adams builds machines used to create tattoos.

When I first walked into *Painted Temple Tattoo*, I got the feeling that I had walked into the wrong shop—white walls and wood floors with two high-tables greeted me. Classical music played over the PA and two heavily body-modified men wiped away shoe prints with Swiffer mops. No stacks of *Inked*, no *Gypsyhawk*. It looked more like an art gallery than a shop. However, underneath this art gallery/tattoo shop is a world of pure metal manufacturing: acetylene torches, surface grinders and spare parts. It's one thing to illustrate bodies—it's another to craft the tools yourself. **Dan Walker** and **Oak Adams**, the owners and artists at *Painted Temple*, have been crafting their own tattoo machines (don't call it a gun) since 2007, and business is good. *SLUG* sat down with Walker and Adams to talk to them about tattoos, tattoo machines and where they see the tattoo industry headed.

Walker grew up in Springville, Utah where he discovered his passion for art and tattooing. "I started out as a teen giving bad tattoos to bad friends," says Walker. "I kept on doing that until I knew what I was doing." After high school, Walker bounced around Central America for two years, which is when he came into his element as an artist. "That's where I found my style. I was basically a beach bum, so I had a lot of time to find myself ... I was making a living doing small art pieces," he says. Walker eventually moved back to Utah, and after working for a few shops, opened *Painted Temple Tattoo* with Adams. "I

discovered I didn't like 'clock-in-clock-out' jobs. I wanted to work on my own schedule. Not a lot of people get to realize that," says Walker.

Adams was introduced to tattoos by a family friend early on in life. "I had the love and passion [for tattoos]. I started out young and never stopped," he says. Starting out with a Walkman-powered tattoo machine at age 13, he wasn't able to tattoo anyone until he was about 15 or 16, and slowly honed his skills and became more confident in his practice. After a brief hiatus, Adams moved from home-tattooing to apprenticing under Indiana's **Dave Pritchard**—where he learned the ins and outs of the industry—and after hopping around the U.S. from shop to shop, he branched out on his own.

Adams' and Walker's passion for creating tattoo machines started out as a combination of necessity and curiosity, as it does with most accomplished craftsmen. "I've always been mechanically inclined," says Adams. "[I] started wanting machines to run differently, started altering machines, and it led me to making my own—modifying things to make them run how I wanted them to. [From there, I] figured it out through friends and [having] discussions." Adams creates machines for all styles, but specializes in tattoo machines meant for black and gray tattoo art, while Walker builds machines of all styles. "Our journey [in making machines] was separate," says Walker. "We both got really into tuning machines, and for a while there, we would buy new machines every month, nice

machines, and [Adams] started making machines without the right tools—Dewalt Drills, hack saws—and it just happened."

This DIY-styled passion for making and modifying their own tattoo machines evolved into making and modifying machines professionally for other artists. On average, Adams and Walker produce 10 to 15 custom machines a month, with most of their business coming from Europe. Adams would love to eventually see machining become a part of their full-time operation. "I'd like to machine more—I'm always behind on orders these days, but I'd love to tattoo three days a week and machine two days a week," says Adams. Walker and Adams guarantee their machines for life (with few exceptions) and maintain the machines they provide. "[A tattoo machine] has to look good and feel good. It has to be consistent," says Walker. "You just know [a good machine] when you start it, like with a car."

Adams and Walker see a bright future for the tattoo industry, not only for patrons, but for artists as well. "In the last 10 years, it's turning more into a fine art than an act of rebellion. It's getting accepted. Nowadays, inspiration comes instantaneously. In the old days, a magazine would come out, half of it would be rubbish, the other half good. To seek out a great artist took a serious amount of travel," says Adams. "Today, I can get on the phone and, in five minutes, I can see work [a friend has] done today—I can see work any time of the day, see something awe-inspiring." Walker and Adams have noticed the industry open up to those who want to learn, rather than closely guarding their trade as a secret. "People are sharing and teaching each other how to get better," says Walker. "Everyone wants everyone to learn and push the industry forward." These guys practice what they preach, touring many of the tattoo conventions in the West, even producing their own video series on tattooing in 2008 for YouTube's *Expert Village*.

Walker and Adams' unique perspective as artists and craftsmen is very apparent in their work. "[Making machines] has made me a better tattooer," says Walker. "You'd be surprised at how few artists know anything on how to tune their machines." Both artists specialize in portrait and realism tattoos, and their experience can be seen in the quality of the work they create at *Painted Temple Tattoo*.

If you're looking to purchase a tattoo machine or want Walker, Adams, **Chris Rose** or **Mitch Anderson** to do some tattoo work, check 'em out at their studio, 2435 S. Highland Dr. in Salt Lake (right next to *Iris Piercing*), or go to paintedtemple.com.

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Princess Kennedy keeps her royal bod fit as The Inversion's toxic sludge looms closer.

Photos: Chad Kirkland

INVERSION INTERVENTION

By Princess Kennedy • theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

My dearest *SLUG* readers, I fear this could be my last column, as I am writing from my deathbed. I feel like I'm dying from slowly being poisoned by our past two months of The Inversion. March has finally arrived and with it comes a cleaner, clearer city, but the pollution still lingers in my body—I can feel it! I don't know about you, but I seem to always forget about it during the 10-month period we're Inversion-free. I have no doubt the effects linger long after.

We're all told what to do (and not do) during the bad patch, which comes down to the brilliant conclusion to stay out of it—no duh! I leave town for a good portion of the winter, but the fact remains: I still find myself in our not-so-fair city, having to live life. I'm proud to say that when it comes to my carbon footprint, I contribute very little to the problem, which is both good and bad. I haven't driven a car in over 12 years—bullly for me—but that means my only options for getting around are my bike or hoofing it through the nasty condition, thus concentrating its damage to my person.

This year, there was a lot of focus on declaring it an emergency, with doctors telling us how we need to take drastic measures to ease up on breathing it in. What am I supposed to do? Wear a gas mask to go about my daily life? As glamorous and futuristic as it might seem, I can't, so if I don't want to suffer the long-term effects of this pollutant buildup in my sluggish body—dull skin and compromised lungs—then I need to take measures to fix it myself, after the fact. I've searched out a team of experts to help clear

the lasting destruction from my royal system, restoring my body back to the sacred temple my mother tells me it is. Remember, I am not a doctor—just looks-obsessed—and it's my vanity that will save me.

Diet is a good place to start in order to rid the body of the nasty free radicals building up in my system. I start with a hardcore detox from the inside. My nutritionist, **Terry**, who is simply known as the "Smoothie Guru," puts me on a detox juice fast. The cleanse is high in greens such as spinach, green apples, avocados and parsley because they help pull out the heavy metals and other particles sitting in my body from the smog. It also includes lots of lemons and cranberries, which are key to flushing the liver, the key organ in cleansing the body. For a detailed list of recipes and cleanses, visit her website: consciouswellnessnow.com.

I'm an avid exercise enthusiast, and I find it hard to take part in any form of exercise during the inversion because the soot particles travel indoors. So, immediately after the inversion, I concentrate on cleaning out my lungs. For this, I choose Bikram Yoga (bikramyogasc.com). I'm sure you have all heard of it: power cardio yoga that is done in a 100-degree room. This controversial form is rumored to have some extremely detoxifying qualities. Instructor **Mark Linton** tells me how it works: "Your body is heated to this extreme temperature, allowing not only your body exterior to stretch, but essentially loosening and expanding your major organs such as your lungs, liver and kidneys," he says. "Within the expansion,

they release the toxins and waste deep within the tissue, flushing [them] out of your system through the extreme sweat you produce, deep cleansing you inside and expelling through the pores. You can't help leaving the class feeling cleaner."

Speaking of pores, the free radical effect of the smog on your skin is the equivalent of sitting in a small, unventilated room with a smoker blowing two packs of cigarettes onto your face. Essentially, it is suffocating your skin. My friend, **Ashley Christine Yahh**, who attends *Skinworks School of Advanced Skincare*, says you must wash your face every night and apply sunscreen every day because it helps block the radicals, but this time of year is the most important to come to a professional to deep clean it out. Yahh and her team of instructors suggested I start with a European facial that deep cleanses the skin, followed by a micro-current or galvanic facial, which uses negative and positive ions (mild electricity) to remove the deep pollutants from the skin and deposit oxygen to revive and refresh. Lastly, you finish with a mild peptide peel that removes all the dead skin that continues to choke your dermis. The nice part of doing this at someplace like *Skinworks* (skinworks.com) is the students are training to solve these specific problems, and you will spend half the money for the full result.

Unfortunately, it seems to me that there is no solution for The Inversion. Do your part in aiding the cause, but more importantly, take the necessary steps to reduce and repair the damage it does to you.

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Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Amateur Night
By Mike Brown
Twitter: @fuckmikebrown

From my days working in the un lucrative yet highly fashionable world of bartending, I learned many lessons about humanity and human behavior. Watching a sweaty crowd's mating rituals from an elevated platform, lubricated with liquor, was always entertaining and educational. Life lessons were learned on the regular as well, like knowing when to say "when," and when to say "fuck it." But perhaps the biggest lesson I learned from all my years of bartending is that the only thing worse than an idiot is a drunk idiot.

There are certain holidays that are pretty much catered to the boozing and bar industry. We all know what they are: Halloween, the Fourth of July and the notorious New Year's Eve. But there's one designated drinking day that seems to suck the stupid out of people more than all of them. That day, of course, is St. Patrick's Day. Maybe it's because I fancy a drink a tad bit more than the average American male, but I don't need a holiday to tell me to drink. I probably got more hammered on Flag Day than I did on all of these "holidays" combined, and I don't even know when Flag Day is.

For the men and women behind the bar slinging your drinks, these nights are special—special as in special ed. Surely, the tavern workers make more money than they do on a regular shift, but, for me, it was never worth it. A hurricane of idiots storm the nightlife scene and they become drunk idiots. People who normally don't go out suddenly feel the special urge to descend into the local bar district. Lacking bar etiquette and adequate drinking ability, I simply call these people the amateurs, and they are some of the worst people in all of humanity. Thus, leading me to simply call a holiday like St. Patrick's Day "amateur night."

Whether it is professional sports or drinking, there's a lot that separates an amateur from a pro. An amateur always tries to make an immediate impression on the game—they rush things. Shooting six Car Bombs in one hour will not help you win the game or make you a champion. A true drinking pro knows that partying is like a marathon—no matter what your liver will allow you to tolerate, you have to pace yourself or you won't reach the finish line. Unless you consider the finish line your face nuzzled against the soft coolness of your toilet bowl. Then I guess you win.

So, on nights like St. Patrick's Day, I choose to bench

myself and not even compete. I don't see the point of going out and risking a DUI by being too impatient to wait an hour for a cab, when I can stay at home with a stockpile of non-Irish whiskey, video games and porn. Since I quit bartending, the solitude I enjoy in the ritual that takes place on my beat-up couch is unmatched. I don't believe in god, but partying by myself on amateur night is my little chunk of heaven.

Besides, I just don't get this holiday at all. Why are we celebrating a holiday for another country in our country? And why are we doing it by pretending that we are Irish for a day? Irish people must think we are so fucking stupid. Do the Irish celebrate the Fourth of July by stocking up on assault rifles, playing baseball and eating fast food for a day?

The amateurs also choose to charge all gung ho toward the saloons that brand themselves as Irish bars, but, the problem is, they aren't real Irish bars. Just because they have Guinness on tap and don't serve Bushmills doesn't make the spot an Irish bar. There are ways to tell you are in a real Irish bar: They aren't very clean, they won't serve you an Irish Car Bomb and they are in Ireland.

The closest thing to a real Irish bar, state-side, is going to be closed on St. Patrick's Day in honor of actual St. Patrick (whom I'm too lazy to look up on Wikipedia for this article, even though I probably should), or in honor of getting their employees drunk for the day. But, most likely, because the real Irish bar will know how many dipshit amateurs they would have to put up with that day if they were open.

The whole green thing throws me off a bit, too. Like, if I don't wear green, I get pinched? Sure, this was a cute, fun game when I was in grade school, but nowadays, I can see it going awry. Like, creepy dudes with pinching fetishes going to the bar purposely not wearing green to get off. Or an even creepier dude going to the bar and pinching every butt in sight and then just claiming that they are colorblind.

Overall, this holiday is dumb. Whatever you decide to do, whether it be to drink green beer and eat green eggs and ham, and end up puking green puke or pooping green poo, please remember one thing: If you look forward to celebrating St. Patrick's Day and you are not Irish, you are a dipshit, an idiot and an amateur, all wrapped up into a douchebag burrito.



Photo: Mike Brown

A true drinking pro knows that partying is like a marathon—don't rush things.

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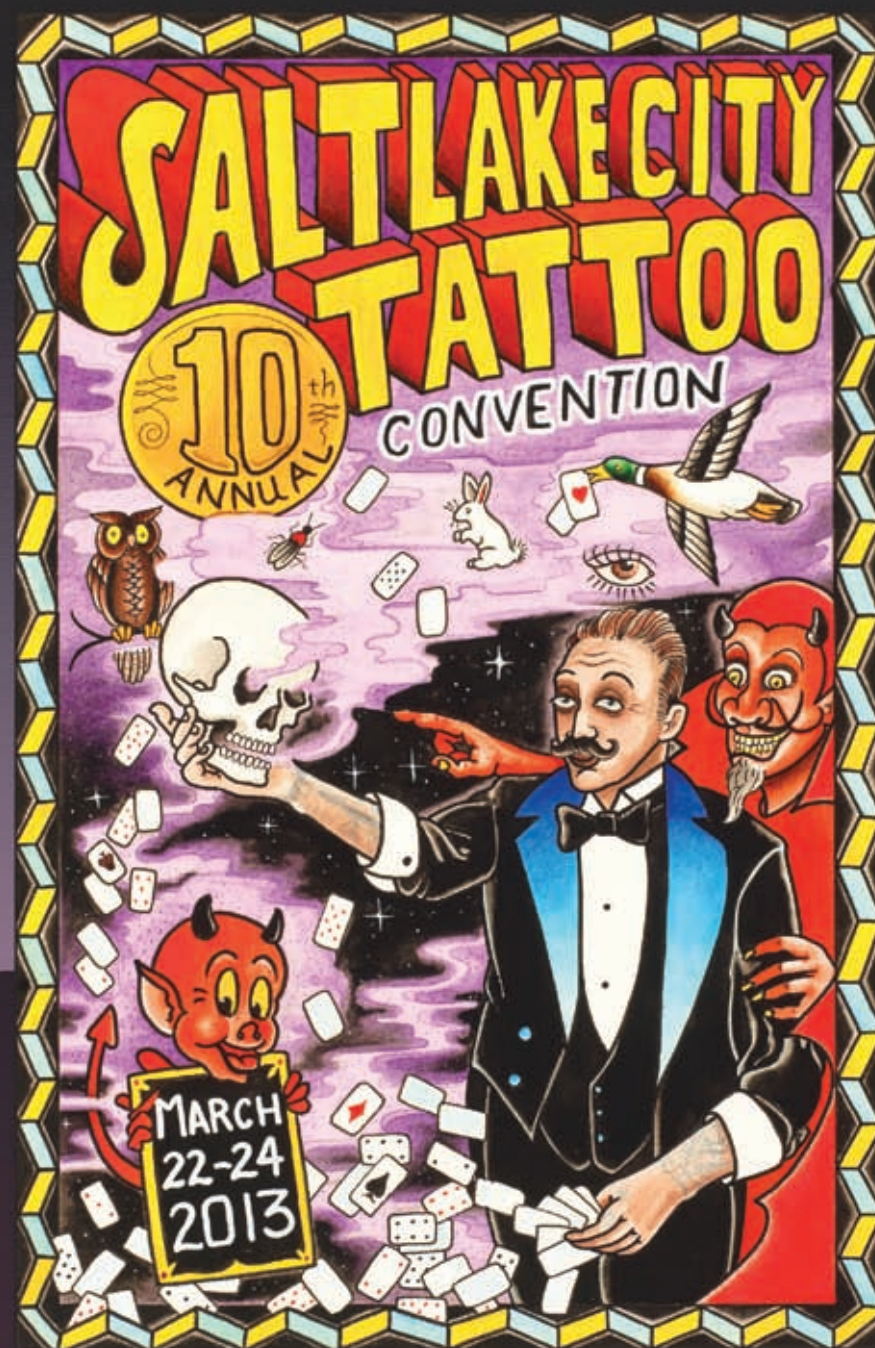
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Interview with Fenriz of Darkthrone

BY BRYER WHARTON

Many things have changed for me since I first listened to my copy of Darkthrone's *Soulside Journey* and eventually transformed the CD into a useless piece of plastic through overuse. The same can be said for Darkthrone and the scene in Norway from which they spawned. Though many metal fans say the direction Darkthrone have taken is trash, this hasn't fazed the band and their musical progression. Darkthrone's new studio offering, *The Underground Resistance*, is available now from **Peaceville Records**. The album is a nod to the past of metal, specifically the '80s. It's a metal journey that sees new territory for Darkthrone, and *SLUG* discussed it with Fenriz in an email interview.

SLUG: To me, *The Underground Resistance* sounds like a straight-up metal record. There are actually a lot of things that feel very new for Darkthrone on the record, notably the guitars—there is a layered aspect to them, more bulk than a lot of other Darkthrone stuff. Also, some really great guitar solos among some really great riffs. What does the new record mean to you?

Fenriz: Still a continuation to the whole "We never got our own studio in late 1988, [but] we did in 2005 [so] we'll continue that path we could've taken in 1988 now," but that isn't exactly it either, because we never have a mission statement like that or any other—we also don't plan anything. I have succeeded [in] making more old metal songs and singing more songs with clear vocals this time. There's nothing new under the sun here, but it is under the Darkthrone sun. A classical band that goes extreme or an extreme band going classical—I think either takes brass balls. We have added a touch more bass on every album since 1994, and now, with Jack's organic bass-punch mastering, we are meatier than ever, I think.

SLUG: The new album title is interesting. One could say it's about the underground scene being the resistance to canned musical garbage of popular form—or you could interpret it as you

saying Darkthrone is resisting the underground. Which is it, or is it both?

Fenriz: [The title is in reference to] the French underground resistance during the war, which can only be interpreted one way: Someone is fighting the shiteheads ruining their world. I've been fighting, myself, for the real metal [against music] that continuously tries to blemish our part of the metal world. Only it's not territories we fight, we fight about taste, so therefore, the underground mindset is a fact. It's not as simple as just countries. There are, as we know, great and shitty bands from each genre.

SLUG: Since Darkthrone doesn't really tour, how important is it for your albums to sell? How much emphasis is there on the physical format versus a digital release?

Fenriz: I really don't know. My job never stops, but if one views a record as a project, my work kind of stops after the recording is mastered. The blueprint for the LP and CD are acknowledged and the interviews are done. Not much more I can do to sell. The important thing for us before everyone was on Spotify was at least to have good distribution, because I never wanted to push my music on people—it was enough that it was available. The sad thing about Spotify is the lack of info—it doesn't say what member of a band wrote the song or who's singing, etc. Apart from that, Spotify is awesome and it helps people from all generations to access new and

Norwegian metal legends Darkthrone venture into uncharted territory on their latest album, *The Underground Resistance*.

old music faster and easier than before, ultimately giving people more open minds to music and more eclectic taste. Who will cultivate them, I don't know. I had to cultivate myself, but then again, I'm a freak when it comes to music—the one that hears the most wins! Here in Scandi, now, CDs are worthless. It's vinyl crazy here. There are more shops in Oslo selling vinyl than ones selling CDs.

SLUG: I'm kind of a vinyl nerd. What sort of media would you say is the best for listening to the new record? I feel like I'm missing something at the moment hearing it only digitally.

Fenriz: It's up to everyone. It's the bands that owe it to the world to get the best sound for metal, and that is and will always be the 1970s-inspired sound, with a little kick to it. No one, and I mean no one, needs more plastic or controlled or compressed sound. The most "advanced" sound needed for metal is *Master of Puppets* by **Metallica** or *Piece of Mind* by **Iron Maiden**. People thinking or saying otherwise only do so because they aren't cultivated enough. Sorry, but the more you hear, the more time you spend loving and understanding something you are maybe only smitten with, and that will lead to the true sound, eventually.

Underlying all the responses I received from the always outspoken character in the world of metal, it seems that Fenriz, and the entity that is Darkthrone, are happy to do what they do. Whether you're a fan of the band, a newcomer or one who has grown to disdain the band, you're missing something if you don't listen to *The Underground Resistance*. Whatever you decide—bang on!

Photos: Ashley Maile

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MARIACHI EL BRONX: A Cleverly Disguised Rock Band

By Ricky Vigil • ricky@slugmag.com

When it comes to long-running bands, side projects are an inevitability. Lead singers will want even more attention and take up the acoustic guitar. Aging hipsters will start producing mash-ups to prove that they can still identify with the kids. Jaded bassists will start ambient noise projects to represent their turmoil. All the while, fans clamor for their favorite musicians to just get over themselves and get back to doing what they do best. But sometimes, a side project can take on a life of its own. Such is the case with Mariachi El Bronx. The offshoot of the LA punk band, **The Bronx**, initially began when the group was asked to perform a song acoustically for a TV appearance. Rather than taking the easy route, they came up with a mariachi arrangement of the song and unwittingly began the next chapter of the band's existence. *SLUG* spoke with guitarist **Joby Ford** about the band's connection to mariachi music and just how punk rock that connection can be.

SLUG: How did you first become interested in mariachi and traditional Mexican music?
Ford: The sound has always been something that I've been really drawn to. It has always taken me someplace, much like punk or classical music—it all changes my state of mind. Anytime that you're in a creative situation making the same thing over and over and over, things get redundant, and this was an outlet that made a lot of sense to us. It just kind of happened. It started as a whim and turned into something that we're really doing.

SLUG: A lot of listeners may not realize this, but Mariachi El Bronx implements multiple styles of Latin music into their sound, including mariachi, cumbia, norteño and more. How much did you cultivate your taste in the different styles of this music?
Ford: It's a lot like getting into punk when I was a kid—there's East Coast, West Coast, British—all these different facets to what, on the outside, seems to be something that all sounds the same. If you were to take a mariachi aficionado and play them **Black Flag**

and then **Metallica**, they would probably say it all sounds the same, but to the people who can divulge and divide music into genres and borders, it's a little more complex. I would hesitate to call us a mariachi band. I think we're a cleverly disguised rock band. I really want to be as fluent as possible in all the different genres of something that I put myself in the middle of. It's fascinating to me. The way they look at music is not based on the way you're playing, but on how you can dance to it. I thought that was really fantastic. They approach it from a very different aspect than rock or punk. You've gotta stick within your boundaries for the style of music you're making.

"Preaching to the choir is pointless. The real shit is when you're out there in front of people who don't want to hear you," says Mariachi El Bronx guitarist Joby Ford.

SLUG: How do you think punk rock and mariachi are culturally differentiated?
Ford: No one is creating new music in [mariachi]—it's a lot like classical music where it's all these traditional songs, and it's kind of like a contest between the groups about who can play the songs better. I grew up studying classical piano, and it's not really a creative outlet, it's more of a discipline. Discovering the electric

guitar at a young age all of a sudden put me into a situation where there were no rules.

SLUG: Mariachi El Bronx has had a lot of exposure via tours with big bands such as **The Killers** and **The Foo Fighters**. Have you seen any sort of negative reaction from fans of punk rock, the fanbases of these bigger bands you've been opening for or even fans of mariachi music?
Ford: In anything you do where you're being creative and doing something different, there are a lot of people who can't wrap their heads around it and think that you suck, and there are other people who love that you're taking a genre and you're pushing it further—especially in a genre where there typically isn't a "taking things further" in a creative aspect. Everybody quips and qualms about how much they hate these big bands, but in playing music, and in the spirit of punk, preaching to the choir is pointless. The real shit is when you're out there in front of people who don't want to hear you and are confused by what you're doing and can't wait for you to finish so they can see their favorite headlining radio act. It feels good. It feels like a fight.

SLUG: The Bronx just released *Bronx IV*. Do you think spending such a long time as Mariachi El Bronx and recording two albums in that incarnation of the band has impacted your musical style as The Bronx?
Ford: Oh, definitely. Whether you like it or not, every single thing you do in your daily routine impacts your creative process. There are songs that are slow as fuck on that record—we never would've played those before. But now we think they're great songs.

Since their formation, Mariachi El Bronx have recorded two albums, appeared on various late night talk shows, landed numerous festival spots and opened for some of the biggest bands in the world on arena tours. Clearly, these guys are onto something. Join the fight for true punk rock as Mariachi El Bronx opens for **Flogging Molly** March 15 at *The Great Saltair*.

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DESERT NOISES

TO SXSW AND BEYOND

By Jesse Thomas / mazda8u@gmail.com

Over the past 18 months, Desert Noises have put over 84,000 miles on their trusty tour van, which will take them to *SXSW* this March.

Desert Noises are a band that were born to perform. While some local bands are content with an occasional show at *Kilby* or *Velour*, these guys have been traveling from one corner of the country to another, loading and unloading their mini-van for shows they booked themselves. Just look at their Tumblr and see how riddled it is with tour announcements, updates from the road and “dates added.”

The four-piece plays folk-inspired indie rock with enough rhythm, reverb and harmony to fill vast, open spaces. After some changes in the past, the band’s current lineup is **Kyle Henderson** (vocals/guitar), **Tyler Osmond** (bass), **Patrick Boyer** (guitar) and **Brennan Allen** (drums). All four are bonafide Utah Valley boys who came together after playing in separate bands for some time. They released an EP (2009) and their excellent first album, *Mountain Sea* (2011), on **Northplatte Records**.

For all four members, growing up around the Provo music scene has been the biggest motivator to become musicians themselves. “You could easily go to any show down here and you’ll find someone that will inspire you,” Osmond says, “or you would see something that would just blow your mind—there’s so many good musicians around here.” All throughout high school, they would hit up the venues for shows over the weekend. Allen ponders the scene’s influence: “All of [the venues] were really good stomping grounds, good places to be almost raised by live music. It probably has something to do

with why we love touring so much and playing live shows—we’ve always been around that,” he says.

Desert Noises have made touring their Number One priority for a long time now. Until their most recent tour, they had been booking all of their own shows, too. Their first tour came as a risk, says Allen: “We quit our jobs, moved out of our houses, took out a loan, got a van and went.” Because they didn’t know anyone in the cities they played, they were forced to meet and hang out with new people, which has made subsequent tours much easier to book because most venues want them back, and they have friends to reconnect with at each stop. Since that first tour, they haven’t slowed down. Just in the past year and a half, they have put 84,000 miles on their Chevy Venture. They calculated it out: That’s more than three times around the earth’s equator. The van actually brought them to notoriety. Henderson says, “It is what we were known for. It’s your typical Mormon-mom car.” They traveled with the maybe-a-little-too-cozy arrangement of five guys plus all of their gear in the van, without a trailer. To some relief, they recently were able to upgrade to a new, 11-seater van.

Last November, the band released a raw, three-song mini-EP called *I Won’t See You*. In describing how the recording came together, Henderson says, “I don’t think it was necessarily supposed to happen. We recorded some demos and liked them, and it was something to represent the four of us because nothing we had written together had ever come out.”

They hand-packaged and stamped the recordings as a 7” themselves, seeing it as a souvenir for fans to

take something home after seeing their show. It was released on the band’s newly created record label, **Kid Canvas Records**, and the title track, “I Won’t See You,” was featured on MTV Hive. The beautifully rough, rock n’ roll sound of the EP is a taste of what is to come from a new record. The band says that they have enough songs written for a new album, but are waiting for the right time.

The big news of late is that the band got an invite to play at *SXSW* this March. *SXSW* takes over Austin, Texas each spring and is one of the nation’s largest music festivals. Brennan looks forward to the event. “It sounds like it’s going to be pretty wild from what everybody tells us. Just busy—busy playing shows. We’ll be probably playing, like, 10 shows in three days,” he says. They are excited to be playing so much there, but are probably more excited to meet up with friends they have met out on the road who will also be playing there. “Tons of different bands that we have met on the road are going to be there. So it’s like a giant gathering place of bands that we know, and, hopefully, we’ll run into them and meet some of their friends,” says Henderson.

To the band, the opportunity to play at *SXSW*, which takes place March 12-17, is much appreciated and exciting, but they are also almost nonchalant about it. After all, it comes in the middle of yet another of their tours. Henderson shrugs it off—“It’s just one of the stops,” he says.

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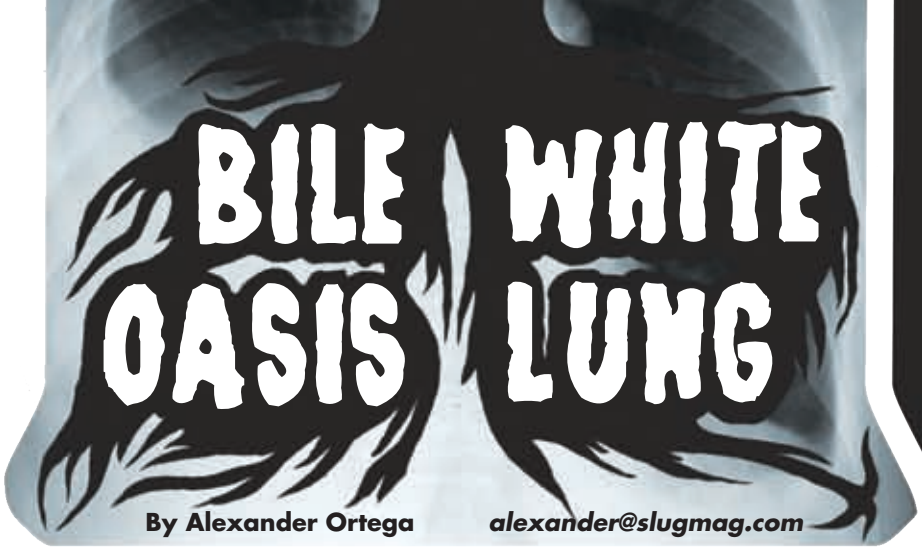
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White Lung’s **Mish Way** was running on four hours of sleep. “I just spent the last four days with porn stars in Las Vegas for a story, and I’ve barely slept, so my head is crushed,” she says. “I went to the AVN Awards and AE Expo in Las Vegas to trail **Jesse Jane** and do a story about the porn industry.” In the midst of her freelance journalism career, Way fronts Vancouver’s White Lung, who play fast-paced punk and deliver vitriol, yet incorporate virtuosic musicianship. Way adds grime to the band, and also conjures a squalid sort of glamour. Aside from her appreciation of photos of **Lindsay Lohan** and other women who fit a “hot mess” archetype on White Lung’s Tumblr page, Way beautifies the sketchy, drug-marred aspects of 20-something relationships with her language in White Lung’s sophomore release, *Sorry*: “The toilet frog says you got clean/But I’ve seen you cut and ugly in a little magazine,” reads a verse in “St. Dad.” White Lung have typified a moody catchiness in the music they play, which has earned them and *Sorry* top-album spots on music critics’ lists in 2012, just in time for *SXSW* 2013 and a show in Salt Lake City on March 20.

White Lung started in 2006 with Way, bassist **Grady Mackintosh**, drummer **Anne-Marie Vassiliou** and former guitarist **Natasha Reich**. Current guitarist **Kenneth William** rounded out the band in 2009, and they released their debut full-length, *It’s the Evil* (which *Exclaim* deemed “Punk Album of the Year”) on June 10, 2010 after a slew of singles. *It’s the Evil* supplies a hearty dose of hardcore punk in which Way coalesces from despondent singing to gravelly shouts, and William marks his guitar-playing style with slides and erratic but controlled chord changes; the seedlings of *Sorry* may well be found in the dynamics and aural character of “Sleep Creep” and “Two Seen.”

With *Sorry*, released May 29 of last year, it was like White Lung pulled the hot lover of every band’s autoerotic wet dream—it’s mysterious, shapely in all the right places and, in relation to *It’s the Evil*, transcendent. Beginning with Vassiliou’s tom-y intro and William’s anxious melodies found in the high-frequency chords of “Take the Mirror,” the band executes a cohesive record. Over the past eight months, there’s just one word that sticks to how I think of *Sorry*: bellicose. “Thick Lip,” for instance, marks Vassiliou’s push for faster beats and Mackintosh’s tendency to strum a solid bass note and then spiral along a riff, acting as a sonic fulcrum. Willam tightropes between melody and curvaceous rhythm with his guitar work, which sets the stage for Way to teeter with shouts on the cusp of becoming shrieks, almost in a call-and-response structure with William. In “Bag,” William’s shimmering melodies oblige Way to re-situate her aggression in the form of drawn-out, sonorous crooning that, again, almost breaks, teasing the ear to expect a scream, making her timbre excruciatingly pleasing. What’s more is that William’s playing is simultaneously euphonious and noise-esque, which allows the record a sense of grace amid its punk rock zeal.

“Our creative process can be super painful,” Way says. “Like when you’re a kid and you block out really traumatic events from your memory ... I don’t remember writing *Sorry*, really ... Music isn’t like that. It’s like fucking or walking. You just do it and you don’t think.” Way refers to her lyric-writing as “reactionary,” where her language sprouts almost immediately from situations with other people who affront her psyche. Way dissects “Vanity, disconnects, alcoholism, sex, everything,” she says. “I tend to take one event that happened that affected me and



sing about it. It’s secret therapy because you’d have no idea [what I’m singing about].” Way obliterates the paper trail of how her life weaves into the music of White Lung, as singular events can potentially be displaced throughout the album, and one song can encompass six different subjects for Way. Poignant images flood *Sorry*—“Bunny” reads, “You know that I dream of scrubbing your little rotten liver clean/You say you’ll never die, but thin blood just doesn’t lie.” Way’s disjointed illustrations have polished the macabre allure that Vassiliou, Mackintosh and William supply instrumentally.

As Way’s words wax and wane through tenures of working out her vocals, melody acts as a mnemonic device to render and solidify her lyrics. It is here that William shines as a cornerstone for the band’s synergy. Way says, “We usually start with a riff from Kenny and just try



Photo: Reid Haithcock

White Lung Frontwoman Mish Way delivers soaring vocals.

to jam and build on it. We all write our own parts, but we make suggestions. Kenny is a very, very intense, original guitar player who’s a genius songwriter. I mean, [in] ‘Glue,’ my chorus is just singing to his guitar part.” Way emphasizes that there is “no dictator” in White Lung and that their equal voices can sometimes contribute to the sense of “pain” that songwriting can incur for the band. Her admiration for William’s musical ingenuity, however, seems to override that pain. In my mistaken suggestion that *Sorry* might have been recorded with just one guitar track, Way replies, saying, “Kenny does record over-dubbed guitars, but it’s subtle.” In light of this disclosure, it’s clear that the band purposefully works hard to create high-caliber music. On White Lung’s Facebook



Photo: Reid Haithcock

Bassist Grady Mackintosh pumps out meaty, rhythmic bass lines.

page, one member had made a post that says, “If LP3 is not better than the last one, I will shoot myself in the head live on **David Letterman**.” White Lung’s gloomy overtones in their work notwithstanding, severe comments such as these indicate that their work’s crisp character is no accident. “That’s Kenny saying that!” Way says of the Facebook comment. “He’s partly joking, but he’s partly not. Perfectionist. He’s hard on himself. We all are, and that is why we made a good record.” Perhaps self-inflicted pain is White Lung’s MO, as White Lung’s newest, self-titled single, released on their Bandcamp page Oct. 24, 2012, demonstrates the band’s continued style, but shows signs of growth. In “Two Of You,” Way exhibits another take on her vocal styling where she ensonces a sultry, dirty rasp. “Hunting Holiday” features William’s iridescent, sliding guitar playing, but the post-production effects in the recording seem toned down, which clarifies that William has come into his own technical style. Way says, “The next LP should show growth. We should remain White Lung while still experimenting and growing (sonically) and making stronger songs.” If their self-titled EP is any indication of what’s to come for the next full-length, they’re well on their way.

In a live setting, White Lung poise themselves for eruption. Way’s capstone for “therapy” would seem to be the act of performance, wherein she can work her language in a visceral manner. “Onstage, it’s more vulgar, exposed and freeing. Of course, I am self-aware, but onstage is the one place where I can explode all my anger, frustration and just scream, and people accept it. I take advantage of that,” she says. Additionally, Way’s vigorous work ethic as a freelance writer is a foil to her stage presence. “There [are] two parts of me: work versus play,” says Way. “I am a very self-disciplined and responsible person. I work hard, and if I didn’t, I wouldn’t be paying my bills doing two things I love, [writing and playing music].” Way allows her “play” side to seep through in her online persona

via her articles for *FFWD Weekly*, *The Georgia Straight*, *Noisey* and *VICE* magazine, interviews and the aforementioned porn star story, it would seem, and openly celebrates the idea of cultural figures like Lohan and **Courtney Love** as people. “I think I like hot messes and am intrigued by them because half of me is one. I have a hot mess in me,” Way says. White Lung’s stark sense of structure serves as a vehicle for Way to release and be animal amid her push for success, which likely contributes to the band’s appeal. Of course, Way isn’t limited to the “hot mess” trope, nor the genre entrapments that surround a band mainly consisting of females and a frontwoman (à la all that’s been made out of the influence of **Hole** and Love on Way): “I listen to more than just ‘90s girl shit. I want to clear that,” Way says. “Current records out by [my] turntable: **Janis Joplin**, **American Snakeskin**, **Fang**, **Mariah Carey**. I also think **Danny Brown** is genius.” Like their music, White Lung evade classification themselves as people. Way says, “Our jokes are dumb. We can be wildly immature and perverted, and we just make fun of one another all the time. That’s how we communicate. People don’t understand it.”

SXSW 2013 marks White Lung’s first visit to the festival. Although Way offhandedly insists that the only reason she’s going is to see Danny Brown, a performance at *SXSW* is indicative of upward mobility for a band, and Way appears humbly tickled by White Lung’s success. She says, “You know what **Liam Gallagher** once said? ‘Any band who says they don’t want to be as big as **The Beatles** is full of shit.’ There’s some truth in that. Everyone wants their work to be appreciated and to be a ‘rock star’ because we are taught that this is the ultimate accomplishment. However, the reality of it is not the fantasy engrained in our brains. I just want to make good records and pay my rent. We’ll see what happens.”

This month will also welcome White Lung to Salt Lake City for the first time. “I have no idea what to expect there!” Way says. “I don’t even know anyone in that city, so it’s, like, totally new territory.” As White Lung have imprinted a fresh take on what punk rock can be, March 20’s show at *The Shred Shed* with **Foster Body**, **Creative Adult** and **Filth Lords** will surely garner lasting first impressions—hot, messy and fucked.

Mish Way (L) complements Grady Mackintosh’s (R) bass lines with macabre, sonorous singing and shouting.



Photo: Kelly Chambers



Brighton

UTAH

Rider: Cam Pierce
Photo: Jesse Anderson

PHOTO FEATURE

By Andy Wright

andy@andywright.com

Lost in the labyrinth of 6,000-square-foot homes that litter Dimple Dell Road is a little stretch of public land tucked in a ravine called Equestrian Park. As the name suggests, horses are allowed in this park. Whenever you are within the city limits and horses are allowed in a park, you can bet that you are in a very wealthy neighborhood. This fact is what has most certainly led to the police harassment of snowboarders recently reported there. Apparently—according to Officer Dipshit—there is too much risk of injury from snowboarding, yet wealthy, uncoordinated, Xanaxed-out housewives pose no such liability threat when trotting around on their prized ponies on the same property. The cool thing about being a cop, I guess, is that no matter how stupid the thing you say is, you have a gun to back you up.

Brandon Coccard - Gap to Backside Lipslide - Sandy, Utah




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BRADY LARSON

THE COME-UP KID



Words and Photos By Katie Panzer
panzerphotography@gmail.com

Brady Larson, 180 to switch 5-0.

"It was a Lamar—it was the sickest board ever," said no one, ever. Unless, perhaps, you're Brady Larson and you're speaking of the beginning of a decade-long love affair with snowboarding.

Larson's love story begins the same as many of ours—a 9-year-old on Christmas morning, a budget snowboard from Sports Authority and beginner lessons at Brighton. And, like many of us, his love started to grow as he became a weekend warrior through middle school and high school. These days, at 19 years old, Larson has come a long way from that first Lamar board. He has dedicated himself to snowboarding, and people are starting to notice. He's picked up sponsorships from Technine, Neff and Electric, as well as landing spots on all of their respective Am teams. Larson may be on the come-up in the world of professional snowboarders, but he still maintains that 9-year-old's excitement on Christmas morning.

Larson never had serious aspirations of becoming a pro until things started falling into place for him. In 2009, his sophomore year of high school, he met **Jeremy Seegmiller** and **Dylan Thompson** and started riding with them. "Dylan and Jeremy kind of showed me the ropes," he says of tagging along with them on urban rail missions. Thompson

taught him all about setting up a spot, using a bungee and dealing with cops. Shortly after, Thompson and Seegmiller introduced him to **Cole Taylor**, a filmmaker for Technine. He started receiving flow from Technine and, eventually, was officially placed on their Am team. From there, Taylor talked to **Cyle Cadem** of Electric, and showed him some of Larson's footage. Cadem was impressed and put Larson on their Am team. Before he had even graduated high school, Larson was already stacking sponsorships.

In 2010, Larson was riding in the *Neff Beach Bash* at Brighton's end-of-the-season party, *Naturday*, when he was spotted by Neff's owner, **Shaun Neff**. Larson happened to be riding Thompson's board (who was already on the Neff team) that was stickered up in Neff decals. Shaun noticed the board and Larson's talent and asked if he was riding for Neff. When he found out Larson wasn't, Shaun asked him to send him a few edits and soon, Larson was on the Neff Am team. Between a little bit of luck, being in the right place at the right time and knowing a few of the right people, Larson has started to make a name for himself.

While getting sponsored sounds like a dream come true for almost any snowboarder, it's not all heli rides and champagne showers—

unless you're **Shaun White**. "It's a job," Larson says. "I feel like people think being pro is raking in the money and riding resorts and partying." Although it's a much more fun job than you or I have, it's a job nonetheless. Being an up-and-comer is even harder—you have to constantly be on your game, filming and putting together edits, or you'll lose your spot to someone younger and hungrier than you. "Cole tells me all the time there's a million kids out there trying to get into the situation I'm in," Larson says. "He just lets me know that I need to step it up." Larson realizes that what he has now won't always be if he doesn't work hard to keep his spots on these teams. "Every kid is really good these days," he says, and all of those kids want his job.

Staying motivated is a big part of the game. Larson tries to stay on top of the competition by finding new spots no one has hit yet and being creative. Instead of going bigger and crazier, he focuses on dialing in more complicated tech tricks with style. "I'm not trying to die every time I pull the bungee back," he says. There may not be any triple corks or **Brisse**-esque death gaps in his near future, but you can expect him to keep progressing and pursuing snowboarding as long as it's still a good time. "When it stops being fun, that's when I'll stop," he says.

"That's what I kind of don't like about the thought of going pro—it would be just [work] all the time, not being able to go up to the resort and have fun." For now, though, it's still enjoyable and exciting.

Being in between the Am teams and the pro teams pretty much means you have to bust your ass all the time, which is exactly what Larson does. Since none of his sponsors are cutting him checks yet (and most landlords don't accept shred gear as rent money), you can usually catch him scanning tickets up at *Snowbird* full-time. Like many a pro before him, he's working at a resort for his pass and shredding for his sponsors for gear. When Larson isn't up at the *'Bird* checking passes, he's usually cruising around the city, looking for new urban spots, flexing that creative muscle, finding things no one has hit yet. Lately, Larson has been out and about filming with the *Lick the Cat* crew and making edits to send to his sponsors. Hopefully, he'll have enough footage to score a part in the *Lick the Cat* video at the end of the season. With any luck, all of this hard work he's put in will pay off, so he'll be able to flip the *'Bird* and fully claim pro-status.

Larson is wholeheartedly devoted to making it in the snowboarding industry, but he's also a realist. He acknowledges that things don't always go as planned, and life, unfortunately, is not a fairy tale. "It's a shot-in-the-dark type of thing," he says. If things don't go as planned, he has other dreams as well, including possibly opening his own board shop. "I'm definitely going to go to school and get a degree if this doesn't work out," he says. That's refreshing to hear when you live in Salt Lake and every kid who's half decent at snowboarding thinks he's going pro.

Just because he's a realist doesn't mean he's not an optimist, too. Plus, he's got a lot of people encouraging him to reach his goals. "Cole has become a mentor over the past few years," he says. "He's really been the one pushing behind me." His friends motivate him as well. "**Ben [Bilodeau]** just has so much fun snowboarding—it's really inspirational. I watch him and it just makes me want to go ride," says Larson.

Snowboarding is one of the most cutthroat industries there is, and making a name for yourself in this world is no easy task, but Larson seems to be doing a pretty good job. Between Technine, Neff and Electric, he has a solid foot in the proverbial door of the industry, but he realizes how quickly that could change. The thought of that door slamming in his face keeps him on his A game. Expect a lot from this kid in the future—he's likely to be one of the next big names in snowboarding.



Considering how hard he works at his craft, there's no doubt Brady Larson's going far.



Brady Larson, nose slide to pretzel out.



rider: Conner Gysin
photo: Jake Vivori

NICHE

SNOWBOARDS: SNOWBOARDING'S GREEN THUMB



By Tim Kronenberg / tkronenberg@msn.com

Over the years, Utah has become home to the snow sports industry. From several of the biggest names in the game calling this place their bat cave to the retailers who ship mass amounts of products that keep our nation hooked on everyone's favorite powdery white stuff, this really has to be the place. What can't be said nearly as often, however, are the words "founded in Salt Lake City," and despite the fact that there are those who have tried, many new ski and snowboard companies have sunk into the cruel, salty depths that are our economy and retail industry.

Niche Snowboards founder **Dustin Morrell** knew that without presenting a totally new niche on the table, their dream would be short-lived. "There wasn't a 100-percent eco-friendly company from the ground up with focus on everything that you do," says **Ana Van Pelt**, Niche's creative director. Dustin, already familiar with making snowboards out of his garage, saw an investment opportunity for him and his uncle, **Phil Morrell**, who already owns a nonprofit and several small businesses around town. So in 2009, Salt Lake City got a little bit greener. "Simply put, we make boards that have a positive impact on the planet and snowboard industry," Van Pelt says.

Now, big claims can hardly come without big proof, and Niche has lots of it, inside and out. Just looking at a board for two seconds, you can see the recycled base, edges and sidewalls that keep all the guts inside. Digging a little deeper, Van Pelt tells me about bio-resin, which comes from the industrial waste streams of the wood pulp and paper industry, and also happens to glue their FSC Certified wood cores to all of the other layers that make up some of the greenest snowboards on the planet. "For starters, we use hemp stringers instead of carbon fiber stringers," Van Pelt says.

"We also use basalt instead of fiber glass. Basalt comes from volcanic activity, and its high strength-to-weight ratio means that less is needed to make a snowboard. It helps the board to be light, but it's also a little stronger." All of this comes out of the GST factory in Austria. On top of being a workshop solely dedicated to manufacturing snowboards for some of the biggest names in snowboarding, GST turned out to be the only place with the capabilities that are able to accommodate Niche's very selective snowboard ingredients and building methods. "Plus, all of the materials that go into our boards are sourced from right around Austria's bordering countries, which cuts down on us having to ship raw materials from all across the world," Van Pelt says.

The best ingredients can make the best product, but without sweet artwork, you might as well strap yourself to a tree. Of course, Niche gets the graphics ball rolling by using a special printing process that cuts up to 75 percent of the inks and energy wasted during just about any other printing process—they don't use lacquer, either. The artistic aspect is analyzed just as thoughtfully. Van Pelt is proud to have seen her own design make it onto a deck, seen on the Minx graphic, but where's the fun without a little diversity? That's where **Michael Sieben** comes in. You may know Sieben best from his work with *Thrasher Magazine*, graphics on many Toy Machine skateboard decks, his company, Roger Skateboards, or the lookalikes that came after Target poached him. Sieben is down for Niche's cause and will be around for snowboards to come—look for his work on boards like the Aether and the Theme. On a local note, Van Pelt informs me that we can also expect to see some work from artist **Travis Bone**, the man made famous by his poster contributions to the summer *Twilight Concert Series* in Pioneer Park. "Be sure to check out Bone's website, furturtle.com."

com. If I'm not mistaken, he was also featured in a book of beards," Van Pelt says.

No snowboard company is what they are without a little help from their team. Someone has to ride the damn thing! This season, Niche was proud to announce a partnership with pro snowboarder **Johnny Miller**, most recently known his parts in the *VideoGrass* movies. "He's awesome! Johnny really fits with us, especially because he's so passionate about what he does," Van Pelt says. There are also some very warm rumors that rider **Derek Dennison** may be the next to join the ranks of Niche. Until then, keep an eye out for team locals **Everest Arnold**, **Sam Wittke**, **Treyson Allen** and **Todd Robertson** as they destroy the streets and resorts across the valley.

It's definitely not every day that you see a group of people, let alone a company, doing what they love while pushing for a huge, positive change in their environment. The coolest part about this story is that it's happening right in our backyard. Van Pelt's and Niche's biggest message, however, is that the "Little things you do make a big difference!" Niche Snowboards can be found locally at *Milosport*, *backcountry.com*, *Marty's Board Shop* in Park City and *Crossroads Skateshop* in Ogden. If you're not completely sold on these guys, keep an eye out for periodical Niche snowboard demos at local ski resorts so you can test one out for free! For more information, go to nichesnowboards.com.



Niche creative director Ana Van Pelt holding up Niche boards with artwork by artist Michael Sieben.

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IN DA STREETS

Photos and Words By Jake Vivori
jvivori@gmail.com

Rail Gardens. RG has been around for over a decade, serving as snowboarders' favorite playground and training facility. With a multitude of features catering to all levels of snowboarding, it's the chilliest spot for learning tricks or filming video parts. There are various ways to hit this gap-to-rail spot in the foothills of Salt Lake City. Featured rider **Dillon Geunther** demonstrates the most common and biggest way to tackle this stairset, with a huge stale grab to frontside lipslide.





This flat down rail has been given love since the early 2000s, when **Jon Kooley** and **Jordan Mendenhall** were beginning their professional careers. To this day, they include this spot in

their video parts. **Sam Blazejewski** lays down the law with this switch backside boardslide to frontside boardslide on the down back to regs. Keep the passion alive—do it for the homies.

Every snowboarder and skier in the Salt Lake Valley is always searching for that new, next-level spot. Considering our economy is beneath the depths of hell, construction sites are prevalent, and revisiting old spots can surface new surprises—which was the case with this famous, classic spot. **Matt Heffernan** displays the

treasure we found that night with style and adds it to the books of “been done.” The location of this spot is disclosed only to those who have spent countless hours driving around, searching for hidden treasures in the most likely and unlikely places. This is the streets—earn your way.




This gap rail is nothing new to the Salt Lake snowboard scene. It’s smaller than Rail Gardens’ gap rail, but no less consequential. It brings diversity to video parts, adding a little flair. In this photo,

Treyson Allen demonstrates a proper stalefish to boardslide, the most common way to hit this feature.

What drives you to go into the streets? With all the craze of *X Games Real Snow*, more groms are going into the streets and working hard to create that next-level video part. It’s stressful, painful and tiring, but the time we spend with friends and the crazy shit that happens along the way are why we’re out here.

This closeout rail was a late-afternoon find, but with friends and shovels, it was built in no time, ready to be played. **Blake Payne** took plenty of falls before counting this backside-noseslide 270 out sameway over the closeout.





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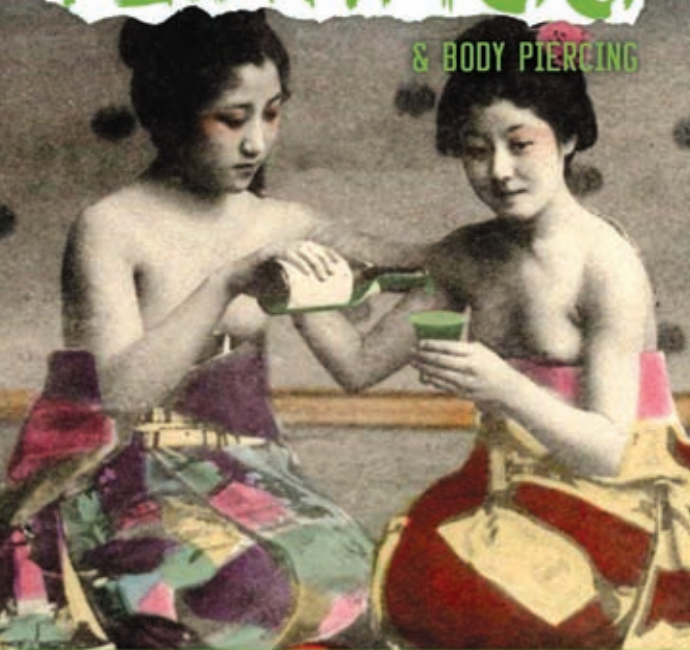
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BEER REVIEWS

By **Mikey Riedel**
mikey@slugmag.com

Settle down, class. Today we are going to discuss proper St. Patrick’s Day etiquette. Hopefully, this tutorial will give you the skills to navigate this most hallowed beer day. Many of the “beer nerds” you may encounter likely consider St. Pat’s Day to be “amateur hour” for the majority of revelers. These simple tips and recommendations will hopefully strip that douche-bag aura from your hipster tendencies.

First off, NO GREEN BEER! If Yahweh, Odin, Quetzalcoatl or Vishnu had intended you to drink green beer, they’d have instructed their followers to make it from fucking kale! Please don’t be that ironic schlemiel. Go and find yourselves a nice, traditional pint of something amber, brown or tan hued. Second ... There is no “second,” just avoid the green shit, capisce?

Now, I have compiled a few brilliant examples of locally made, traditional (mostly) Irish offerings. Please consider these before making any rash decisions.

Bruce’s 80 Scottish Ale
Brewery/Brand:
Hoppers
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap
Description: This traditional creation from Hoppers brewmaster **Donovan Steele** is made with naked oats and roasted barley, and dry-spiced with coriander seed. The result is an amber-hued ale that’s very rich, toasty, roasty, smoky and malty with hints of fig and bourbon. If that’s not enough to get your pie hole salivating, the addition of East Kent hops add a slight crisp n’ clean bitterness to balance it all out. This one will disappear fast, so get on it!

McGrueh’s Dry Irish Stout
Brewery/Brand:
Squatters
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap
Description: You absolutely must enjoy a stout on March 17, and while Guinness is a fine stout, there are so many better, locally



made options out there for you. McGrueh’s pours black with a thick, creamy, tan, nitrogen head. Take a nice big whiff, and you’ll get punched with rich espresso and roasted biscuit. The taste starts with coffee, then turns to espresso. Heavily roasted malt comes next with a nutty smokiness in the end. Mild hops come late and provide a slightly dry finish. Guinness wishes it had McGrueh’s balls.

Hibernian Ale
Brewery/Brand:
RedRock
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap
Description: Like a shillelagh to the back of the head, this traditional Irish ale smacks the senses with a barrage of malt, smoke and hops. Hibernian pours a nice, dark, reddish-brown color. I love to smell this beer! The combination of light smoke and pine just sucks me right in. The taste starts with roasted malts, cocoa and caramel. The end had a light, piney finish. For such a light beer, it has much more body than you might expect. This is the ale that Saint Patrick would want you to have.

With options like these, there’s no goddamn reason to swill that green piss that many watering holes will be offering. Class dismissed.

Sláinte and safe drinking!

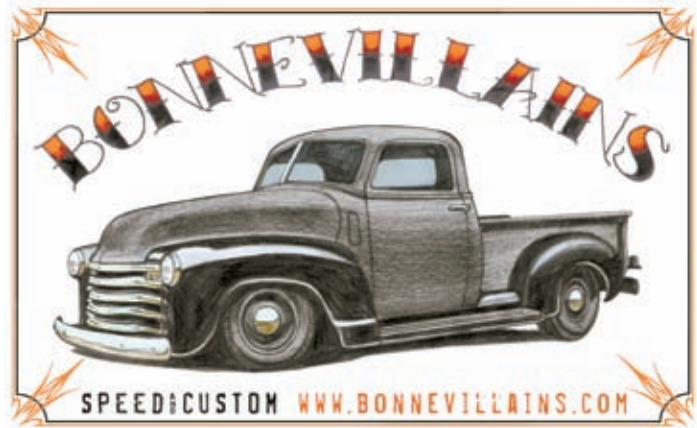



Photo Feature

By **Weston Colton** westoncolton.com

.....
In rural Utah, where I grew up, winter meant a nearly three month skating hiatus. There were no parking garages or indoor ramps to skate. We would just hope the church parking lot dried up enough to pull out our flat bars and boxes, and we’d skate the snow gaps. Recently, winters seem to have gotten mellow. I don’t recall a winter this cold and snowy in at least a decade. Shoveling a spot to skate in sub-freezing weather shows dedication, and **Bolts of Thunder** founder **Jon Hart** is one of the most dedicated people I know.

.....
Jon Hart – Ollie – Provo, Utah





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GAME REVIEWS



"Giant robots. That's the punchline."

Hawken
Adhesive Games/Meteor Entertainment
Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive)
Street: 12.12.12 (Open Beta)

Giant, walking tanks destroying other giant, walking tanks is a formula that's fairly difficult to screw up. Even the abysmal *MechWarrior Online* provides some entertainment value when you get past its atrocious user interface and start shooting. Whether it's the Godzilla-esque feeling of power that accompanies being able to stomp through cities, or just the deliciously crunchy catharsis of machine guns roaring and sparks flying, it's always satisfying. And now, after playing *Hawken*, I don't think I'll ever have to play a *MechWarrior* game again—this is the one that the world has been waiting for. Multiplayer only, and also free to play, *Hawken* focuses on rebooting what makes mech games fun. It's slow-paced for a traditional shooter, and the controls are clunky, but for once, it's intentional and understandable—you're pretending to be the pilot of a giant freaking robot. Jetpacking over buildings and dodging missiles, these tanks are still agile as hell, considering they're several stories high. The immersive sound design is brilliant, muffling outside noise to simulate being the pilot underneath tons of steel, while enhancing the ping of bullets ricocheting off the armor and the groaning of hydraulics. Matchmaking works well, although there are only a couple basic game types, but it's easy enough to pick up and play for quick sessions. Despite the satisfying gameplay, there isn't a lot of content here yet. There are several different mech types, and all of them are customizable, but the customization options are mostly just mixing and matching the same mech types and don't offer any special or unique parts. Still, free-to-play games have a history of regular content updates, and more maps and options are already being promised. *Hawken* is fantastic, and it's only going to get better with time.

—Matt Brunk

Momonga Pinball Adventures
Paladin Studios
Reviewed on: iOS (Exclusive)
Street: 01.17

Back in the 1990s, Nintendo and Sega both tried to make the "pinball platformer" a legitimate genre with their respective titles *Mario Pinball Land* and *Sonic Spinball*. It never really caught on, so seeing a title like *Momonga Pinball Adventures* appear in the App Store was quite a pleasant surprise for a nostalgic gamer like myself. Developed and published by indie company Paladin Studios, *Momonga* is an Eastern-flavored action/adventure title where momongas—flying Japanese dwarf squirrels—roll and glide around nine intricately designed 3D stages, guided only by the confines of each level segment and the traditional left/right pinball bumpers at the player's disposal. There's a reason for all this, of course: Momo the squirrel is on a mission to save his tribe after an evil band of owls (led by mourning father owl General Kuton) ruthlessly burns down his home town. With the help of a panda who wears glasses, players control Momo through each level, finding secret rooms and collecting stars with ease, thanks to the two-finger controls and easy-to-grasp pinball physics. Accessible but challenging, *Momonga* smartly avoids the common traps of iOS gaming, walking the tightrope between the two ubiquitous iOS categories: overly accessible "casual" titles, and highly derivative niche titles aimed at the hardcore gamer. A charming adventure game with beautiful aesthetics and a ton of personality (and devoid of in-app purchases!), *Momonga Pinball Adventures* is more than worth its nominal cost of admission (\$1.99). —Randy Dankievitch

PRODUCT REVIEWS

Edge Eyewear

Brazeau

edge-eyewear.com

Working a desk job, I've never really felt the need to own a pair of "safety glasses," even when I've done outside yard work or anything similar in which they may have come in handy. The Brazeau, from Utah-based Edge Eyewear, spurred me to have second thoughts. Initially, I wore them simply as another pair of sunglasses—they block UV light, and are, simply put, the best sunglasses I've ever worn. They are comfortable and extremely durable—you can, quite literally, bend these into a pretzel and they won't lose their shape when you put them back on. I wore them doing some minor yard work one afternoon and somehow flipped a good-sized rock up into my face. I thought it would have surely done some damage, but it didn't so much as scratch the lens on the Brazeau. Check them out, and watch their demonstration videos on YouTube—excellent product from this local company. —Gavin Hoffman

GoPole

GoPro Mounts and Accessories

gopole.com

I still can't believe it took the human race eight years to invent a better system for sticking a GoPro to a stick. The fine folks at GoPole didn't just fill that void, they capitalized on it. Say goodbye to your jimmy-rigged ski pole or the broomstick you stole from your mamma, because someone finally stepped it up! The GoPole itself not only provides the same stick-like functions that we've all come to love, but it's also crystal clear for minimal shot interference, it has a wrist leash, and you can choose from two sizes (36" for \$39.99, 24" for \$34.99). My favorite, though, in this line of products, is the handheld mount. Roughly the length of a hand, the Grenade Grip (\$22.99) and The Bobber (\$29.99) deliver better movability and more accessibility, all without having to look like you're carrying around a nightstick—plus the Bobber is made for water, so it floats! If you're looking to GoPro, the GoPole will stick with you through all of it. —Tim Kronenberg

Kenu

Highline

kenu.com

Kenu's Highline is a Kevlar safety leash that attaches securely to your iPhone (4s, 4, 3GS, 3) or iPod (touch, classic, nano) the same way your charger would. If you're as vain as I am (and you are—I follow you on Instagram), this product is near genius. It's one of those things you wish you'd thought of first. There are so many times that I've held my iPhone out in front of me to take a selfie, gripping the sides with all the muscles in my fingers,

hoping it's not going to drop to an expensive death. The Highline is also ideal for cycling. I know, I know, "What are you doing on your phone while riding a bike?!" At least I'm not driving a two-ton death machine while I pull out my phone (yeah, I'm looking at YOU). I actually lost my last phone when I stuck it in my back pocket and the to-and-fro motion of my ass wiggled it out while pedaling. With the Highline, I can attach it to my belt loop or even the strap on my Velo City Bag, and know my iPhone's gonna make it home so I can #latergram all of my adventures. That's really the only downside to the Highline—you have to have some kind of "loop" to tie it to, or there's no way to use it, but unless you often find yourself in Velcro onesies, that shouldn't be a major problem. —Esther Meroño

Smith Optics

I/OX Goggle

smithoptics.com

Managing your equipment in the snowy environs of the Wasatch is extremely important in my line of work. Over the past eight winters working for *Snowbird Ski Resort*, I have gone through the gamut of goggles on the market. From improper fits to leaky vents and fogged lenses, these problems are not what you want when you are about to place a two-pound explosive on an avalanche-prone slope. Thanks to Smith Optics and their latest release, the I/OX, my vision has never been clearer. The configuration of the goggle allows the wearer to quickly switch the lens to accommodate changing

lights. Weather changes rapidly in the mountains, and being able to adapt with the literal flick of a switch is paramount. On those blindingly bright, sunny days, the Impossibly Black Lens cuts out the harsh UV light and allows my corneas to relax. For the cloudy, low-light days, the Red Sensor Mirror Lens provides unbeatable clarity and definition. The improved Vaporator 5X anti-fog interior lens also means consistently clear lenses when you are hiking or riding hard. The super-wide design provides incredible peripheral vision and keeps me hyper aware of my surroundings. They fit like a dream on medium to larger faces and snug up to a helmet brim to provide optimal ventilation and comfort. They make you look like some sort of X-wing fighter pilot as well, so don't be surprised if you catch a few admiring glances from the gals in the lift line. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Spy

Helm Happy Lens Sunglasses

spyoptic.com

The Happy Lenses are available in stores starting in March and are loaded with new technology from Spy. Basically, the Happy Lens is a new, high-end lens that matches natural human color preference. The lenses are polarized, offer 100-percent UV protection and block out 99 percent of glare. That means you can basically stare at the sun all day and not go blind, although I don't recommend that. To give them the ultimate style and research test, I let each one of my mannequins take turns wearing them on my balcony, which is in direct sunlight most of the day. I tried to make my cat, **Jet Pack**, wear them for a while—because his eyesight is excellent—but he wasn't having any of that. The mannequins, however, reported getting numerous compliments, thus enhancing their happiness. And when my ladies are happy, I'm happy. Thank you, Spy, for the awesome shades—I'll do my best to not lose them or sit on them. —Mike Brown

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BEAUTIFUL GODZILLA



Illustration: Ryan Perkins

Home Sweet Home

By Esther Meroño • esther@slugmag.com

Every winter, but especially after a particularly wet one like this year, I promise myself it'll be my last in Salt Lake. I really love this city: It's home to *SLUG* Mag, a burgeoning bicycle, art and music community and a handful of my friends and family—I just can't handle pedaling or driving through all this extremity-numbing precipitation. What inevitably keeps me here is the fact that I can navigate my way around this godforsaken desert without Siri holding my hand. A city doesn't become home until you can confidently give a stranger accurate directions to the nearest, local strip club.

Of course, I'm no **Magellan**. My navigational skillz result from a combination of being penniless and lazy. In order to expend the least amount of energy, but arrive at my destination within a 10-minute window (that's what cyclists call "on time") via bicycle, I have to plan out the most efficient route. Otherwise, I end up more like my Spanish-commissioned compadre, **Chris Columbus**, and nobody likes him.

I'm usually clawing my way through security every time I fly out of this state, but once I arrive at one of my many exotic destinations (my last flight was to the extrinsic land of Dallas, Texas), nothing can make me more homesick than biking in a strange city. I've legitimately ridden a bicycle—and by legitimately, I mean that it wasn't just some beach cruiser on the boardwalk or some baby shit like that—in three other cities: New York, Los Angeles and Austin. Each one was a completely different, unnerving experience that made me happy to be back on Salt Lake's bike lanes, however slick and slushy they might be.

My first time riding out of state was in New York City: The place known for its murderous yellow cabs, aggressive pedestrians and the almighty (all hail) **BikeSnobNYC**. Staying in a hostel alone for a couple of days, I hit up a fellow *Candy Cranks* contributor, **Olivia Roldan**, and her BF let me borrow his fixie so we could bike around the city. Thank little, baby Jesus that we were biking to a yoga class that night, 'cause I was on the verge of an anxiety attack by the time we got there. This was due to the fact that I was riding a fixie that was two sizes too big, in flats that were falling off my feet, helmet-less, trailing my hosts (who didn't pause once) at breakneck speeds through traffic down Third Avenue in the middle of Manhattan. After that experience, my respect for the "glorified" NYC messenger runs deep, man.

Austin was next on my list. I was there covering *SXSW* for *SLUG* last year, and was invited to try out a new bike share program they had going for the festival. It was a pretty cool idea: You hand over your credit card and they give you a Tern folding bike for the day. You can buy accessories for it, like lights and shit, and at the end, they'll exchange an unmarred bicycle for your card back, or you can buy the bike if you can't seem to part with it (or if someone else left it de-parted—there are a lot of bike skeletons in Austin). You can find my full report on *slugmag.com*, but Austin wasn't the stressor in this case—the city is actually pretty bikable. I almost didn't get a chance to experience it, though, because after exclusively riding a fixed gear the past four years, I pedaled out onto a busy street from the bike share tents on the freewheeled folding bike, and reverted back to my 3-year-old self learning how to ride without training wheels. Fortunately, I'm much bigger than a 3-year-old, so the onslaught of cars saw me coming.

The last adventure I had across the Utah border was in LA for the **Ovarian Psycos' Clitoral Mass**. This time, I got to experience a group ride, and it was, hands down, the best ride I've been on in my entire bicycle-riding history. I drove there, so I was able to bring my trusty ole Mercier, which made me feel much more at ease, as I didn't have to adjust to both a new ride and a new setting. It was also the most well-organized, courteous and empowering group ride I've been on, which is (fuck it, I'm sexist) definitely because the leaders and main demographic were female. Sorry guys, but your crazy testosterone levels have led me on some really dangerous and dramatic group rides in the past. Regardless of the good times, the ride was hours long, and my baby-making parts were starting to feel raw. I wanted to bail and head to the after party, but because I had no fucking clue where we were or how to get there (Apple Maps kept telling me to ride my bike onto the highway), I was stuck until the group led me back.

I'm happy I've been able to experience biking elsewhere, and I recommend everyone try it at some point ... I think you'll find yourself complaining about this town a little less and appreciating our many bike lanes, the sparse fleet of cabs and our timid pedestrians. There are a few other places I want to add to my bucket list of bike rides: San Francisco, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Ogden—I imagine each place will have some new misadventure for me.

GALLERY STROLL

Art For the Young and the Young Artist
By **Mariah Mellus**
mariah@slugmag.com

It's not hard to find good art in Utah. It might be the desert air, our pioneering roots or the cheap housing, but we seem to be a perfect place to incubate creativity. Navigating one's way through all the art can be quite a quandary—finding time to attend all the openings and knowing which artists are showing where. My goal, along with many of those in the art community, is to make your local art experiences as pleasurable as possible. March's Gallery Stroll takes place on the 15th from 6–9 p.m., but, really, art shows are happening all the time. Here are two of my picks of Utah's art offerings.

Shawn Rossiter, founder of *Artists of Utah*, the people behind the all-Utah-art online magazine, *15 Bytes*, knows how prolific Utah's art community is and how important a big gallery show can be to an artist's career. He and his team will wade through hundreds of applications to find the 35 artists under the age of 35 who will represent Utah's emerging art community. The 35 x 35 show displays all art mediums, from paintings, sculpture, installation and performance art, all under one roof at the **Salt Lake City Arts Council's Finch Lane Gallery** from March 8-April 26.

Collecting all these emerging artists in one place seems like a daunting task, especially while running a magazine, so I appreciated Rossiter taking the time to give me the DL. The last show of its kind took place in 2009, and included many of the names that are now synonymous with the Utah Art Scene: **Blue Critchfield, Cameron Bentley, Erin Berrett, Erica Houston, Andrew Rice, Mary Toscano, Matt Shurtleff** and **Justin Wheatley**, to name just a few. Rossiter plans to host the show every three-and-a-half years. He says, "We want to space it such that every show some of the artists would have graduated out of our age bracket, so that we're not showing the same artists every time."

This year's format will be similar to 2009's: "There will be three jurors asked to give awards, the Artists of Utah Board of Directors will give an award (and that artist will be invited to be on the board) and there will be a people's choice award," says Rossiter. "We'll be shooting video interviews with all the artists, and running them in *15 Bytes*, as well as screening a compilation at the Awards Ceremony on April 19. We'll also hold workshops for emerging artists, to which the public at large is invited."

Art patrons looking to stay ahead of the curve and get to know the next class of Utah emerging artists will want to attend this event. For a look back on the 2009 class, visit artistsofutah.org/15bytes for the January 2013 edition to see where they are now.

An artist by any other name is still an artist. Add tattoo in front of their name, and you might catch them at the *10th Annual Salt Lake City International Tattoo Convention*, March 22-24. While many of the artists will be inking people up, some come purely to display wall art. I asked the man who books it all, Convention Manager **CJ Starkey** to give me his "do not miss" list.



Overlook, 36 x 48 inch, Etching by Andrew Rice.

By no means a sideshow, check out sideshow sign painter **Scott LaRock**. If you're into the Day of the Dead, drop by **Gustavo Rimada's** paintings and **Heart of Mejico's** deathly gorgeous *Catrin*s. For comic and illustration fans, geek out with **Chris Hamer** of *Urnpop*, and to add a little pop into your art and your bedroom, visit *P* is for *Penis* artist **Keith P. Rein**. Most of the artists, tattoo and otherwise, bring print and originals to sell. Make sure to stick around for the flash contests featuring the original oil paintings of each contestant.

It doesn't matter where you get your art, in a gallery or in an alley, just take the time to notice it. Support local art!



Photography by Will Olivet-Gallo

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MOVIE REVIEWS

A Good Day To Die Hard
Twentieth Century Fox
In Theaters: 02.14



It's scary to think that when **Bruce Willis** had his first adventure as John McClane, **Ronald Reagan** was still in the White House and **Cheap Trick's** "The Flame" was the Number One single on *Billboard Magazine's* Hot 100. Four Presidents and a few wars later, many things about the world have changed, but the level of destruction found in the *Die Hard* series certainly has not. In this father-son bonding venture, John McClane travels to Moscow to rescue his estranged son, Jack (**Jai Courtney**), from police custody, but unexpectedly finds himself in the center for an international C.I.A. operation involving political corruption and weapons of mass destruction. No one walks into a screening for a *Die Hard* film expecting much from the screenplay, but when the dialogue and storyline are as eye-catching (and not in a good way) as the explosions, there is an issue at hand. Director **John Moore** effectively helms the explosive charge with action sequences that shatter the city landscape to mere rubble, but it's **Skip Woods'** screenplay that delivers an overindulgence of redundant sentimentality between Willis and Courtney that is force fed down our throats when all anyone wants is simply another explosion. The McClane family doesn't hug it out. Killing people is their family's knack. So wipe the tears away, pick up a gun and follow the family motto, which is "Go out there and kill all the scumbags." When the chaos

and gunfire are occurring, there is absolutely nothing to worry about, but when Daddy feels the need to reminisce between reloads, it's Yippee-ki-yo-nobody-cares. —*Jimmy Martin*

Identity Thief
Universal
In Theaters: 02.08
With two powerhouse comedians (**Jason Bateman** and **Melissa McCarthy**) leading the raunchy charge in this R-rated road trip flick, you would think you'd have nothing to worry about, but such is not the case in **Seth Gordon's** misdirected follow up to *Horrible Bosses*. Bateman stars as Sandy Patterson, an uptight and hardworking middle-class husband/father. Sound familiar? However, this time around, he has his identity stolen and life ruined by lonely criminal Diana (McCarthy), who loves to splurge on useless crap in order to give her miserable life meaning. In order to set the wrongs right, Sandy travels from Colorado to Florida to apprehend his culprit and bring her back to the Centennial State for prosecution, but, as you can imagine, all does not go so well in the transport. **Craig Mazin's** unbalanced screenplay attempts to force unmerited sentimental moments while cramming entirely too many unnecessary characters and action scenarios in what should be a simple odd-couple tale resembling **John Hughes' Planes, Trains & Automobiles**. The saving grace is the hilariously filthy improvisational skills of McCarthy and Bateman, but these moments are few and far between to salvage the whole project. As for Bateman, you would think he had a punch card for playing these types of roles where, on the 10th one, he gets a free sandwich, because it's all we ever see of the poor guy. —*Jimmy Martin*

Sound City
Variance Films
Available Online: 02.01
At first glimpse, the booths and offices at Sound City, a recording studio in San Fernando Valley, look like an absolute pit of despair, but the recorded history of musicians who have laid down some of the most recognizable tracks within its walls is astonishing. **Foo Fighters** frontman and former drummer of **Nirvana**, **Dave Grohl** takes audiences on a wild journey of sex, drugs and rock n' roll as he energetically recounts the origins of one of the most influential recording studios of

all time. Grohl, never too ashamed to poke fun at his own lack of knowledge, sits with rock legends like **Tom Petty**, **Stevie Nicks**, **Neil Young** and **Trent Reznor** as they enlighten viewers of their own encounters with Sound City and its charismatic owners, **Tom Skeeter** and **Joe Gottfried**. In the style of a wild **Stacy Peralta** sports documentary with an explosive soundtrack, outspoken interviews and wild visuals, Grohl and friends explain how significant a soundboard, The Neve Console, was in the history of music. Half *Behind the Music* and half intimate jam-session recordings, Grohl proves music is not his only talent as he delivers a heartfelt cinematic memoir to the building and individuals who changed his life forever, and raises a balanced debate between old-school and new-school techniques of creating and developing music in modern times. You can purchase the entire film online for only \$12.99 at buy.soundcitymovie.com. —*Jimmy Martin*

Stoker
Fox Searchlight Pictures
In Theaters: 03.01
It's about time South Korean director **Chan-wook Park** made his way across the Pacific Ocean to make his English-language debut with a top-notch cast that should bring the clever filmmaker a wave of new audiences in the horror genre. Fans of Chan-wook's previous endeavors won't be surprised by the devilishly taboo subject matter found in this tale about a peculiar teenage girl, India (played by an almost unrecognizable **Mia Wasikowska**), whose father suddenly passed away on her 18th birthday. With only her detached mother, Evie (**Nicole Kidman**), to provide her a stale sense of comfort, India becomes suspiciously intrigued with the arrival of her estranged uncle, Charlie (**Matthew Goode**), who's been traveling the globe and decides to stay with the two grieving females. As friends, loved ones and neighbors start to disappear around their small community, inquiries about the past begin to surface and the truth may not be all that it seems. Chan-wook and his longtime cinematographer, **Chung-hoon Chung**, use the camera and its movements to present much more than a simple image. They artistically paint a blended canvas of horror and beauty that initially makes viewers want to instinctively turn away, but their innovation and polished artistry combat the

impulse. The same can be said for the film's editor, **Nicolas De Toth**, who seamlessly weaves together scenes of intensified terror with calming grace. Kidman and Goode are first-class, as usual, but it's the rising Wasikowska who certainly steps outside her comfort zone to offer a performance that is sure to raise an eyebrow or two. —*Jimmy Martin*

West of Memphis
Sony Pictures Classics
In Theaters: 03.08
If you've watched **Joe Berlinger** and **Bruce Sinofsky's** *Paradise Lost* series revolving around the **West Memphis Three** for the past 15 years, you already know the atrocities and prejudices that were involved in the triple homicide trial. For those who haven't seen the three films (change that fact), director **Amy Berg** and producer **Peter Jackson** have decided to deliver their summarized interpretation and unbelievable discoveries of the events with *West of Memphis*. In 1993, three young boys were found viciously beaten and murdered in the small town of West Memphis, Ark. Less than a year later, **Damien Echols**, **Jessie Misskelley Jr.** and **Jason Baldwin** were convicted of the crime, even though the prosecutions' evidence was feeble and speculative. Almost two decades later, the three wrongfully convicted men still claim their innocence and fight to overturn the injustices that have destroyed the larger part of their lives, and with the financial backing of Jackson to possibly uncover new evidence, they may have their day to reveal the truth. While Berlinger and Sinofsky balanced their films' focus on the case as well as the sensationalism of the events (think of the **Michael Jackson** or **O.J. Simpson** trials), Berg focuses solely on the investigation and the potentially undiscovered evidence that may be lurking in the shadows, which brings a fresh perspective on the case. At times, it does feel as though Berg is stepping on Berlinger and Sinofsky's toes, since the two have been dancing with this case since the beginning (especially when identical footage is presented), but the insider's look at the investigative team's construction of new theories and dramatizations does boggle the mind and reminds viewers that everyone involved are only there to restore the definition of justice and rescue three innocent men. —*Jimmy Martin*

BOOK REVIEWS

Lame Ducks
Isaac Black
Smashwords
Street: 12.22.12



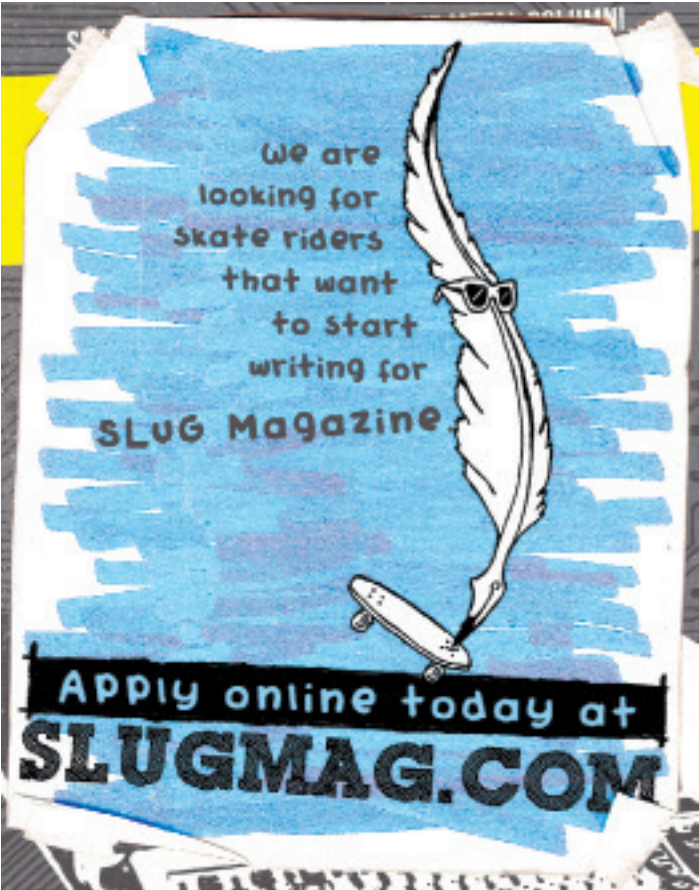
In this brief novella, Black introduces us to LA entertainment reporter Simon Johns and Casper Benton, the "recluse" of a socialite family. The two are unlikely friends, who find each other in the midst of an unfolding political conspiracy involving the state's highest representatives and an Orwellian plan to privatize California's water supply. The story is full of potential and some strong moments, but, with its short length, it doesn't give nearly enough space to explore complex back-alley deals, or the budding relationship between Simon and Casper that inspires them to stick their feet into the shark-infested waters of the LA politics scene. There is a definite noir flavor to the whole affair that I really enjoyed—a minimalist outlook devoid of flash and gimmick—but it was just too minimalist for what it was trying to deliver. Dialogue fell flat and became exposition-heavy and, despite some truly honest and vulnerable moments, the friendship felt forced as a plot device. The abrupt ending did pack a dark and unsettling punch, which was unexpected and made me smile, but it could have been stronger, were it built on a greater foundation. —*Megan Kennedy*

60 Hikes Within 60 Miles: Salt Lake City (2nd Edition)
Greg Witt
Menasha Ridge Press
Street: 6.19.12
The latest edition of Greg Witt's *60 Hikes Within 60 Miles* lays out excellent ideas for getting off your couch and out the door. This book provides a quick-reference guide to the various hiking trail systems within an hour's drive of SLC. Witt devises a simple, effective way to convey all the essential info for your day in the hills. Trail access

information, total distances, elevations and difficulty level are laid out in an easy-to-digest format. Each hike is broken down into several sections and pictures help give the reader a better idea of what they are getting into. His maps are also some of the better ones I have seen in guidebooks. Each one includes points of interest along the way. My first use of the book included finding my way to Mt. Raymond in Big Cottonwood Canyon. The trip details were perfect and the beta was spot-on. Even if you are a bit inept in mountain navigation, Witt gives vivid descriptions of the trail, right down to the color of the signs posted at intersections. My friend and I had no problem summiting that day, and, upon Witt's suggestion, we even went for neighboring Gobblers Knob. I recently used his trail info for Frary Peak on Antelope Island. Although it is intended for summertime use, we took advantage of the profound snowfall to make it a ski tour. I now stash the book in my glove box to supplement my myriad of adventures across the state. —*Sean Zimmerman-Wall*

What Are You Doing Here?: A Black Woman's Life and Liberation in Heavy Metal
Laina Dawes
Bazillion Points
Street: 01.08

As a female heavy metal fan, I can attest that it is a wholly different experience than being a dude in the same scene. What I didn't realize before reading this well-researched and surprisingly objective book was how much more marginalized I'd be feeling as a female minority. Author Laina Dawes weaves not only her own lifelong experiences as a fan, photographer and journalist, but the experiences of countless others into this documentary tale about the unique difficulty minority fans and musicians experience in the extreme music scenes. Some of the stories about encountering blatant and sometimes-violent racism are rightfully upsetting, and demonstrate that, while heavy metal is full of glorious liberation, the scene still has plenty of growing to do. More than anything, I was surprised at how taboo listening to metal/punk still is to a wide swath of the black community, as encountered by the book's witnesses—how it is equated with "letting the race down" by showcasing emotions some feel are better left alone. Dawes brings a lot of experience, clear and concise writing and good journalism, and while she doesn't have any long-term solutions for bridging these deep and unfortunate valleys—through no fault of her own—she has still introduced the first step, which is opening our eyes and starting a dialogue. —*Megan Kennedy*



LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Chance Lewis
We're Just Happy To Be Here
100 block
Street: 12.12.12
Chance Lewis = Ugly Duckling + MC Paul Barman

I can't help but feel like I know **Chance Clift** after listening to his album. I get excited every time I hear "It Doesn't Matter What I Say Here," which features **Seve vs. Evan**. Clift is a complete break from every other hip hop act I've heard in Utah. He portrays the wisdom and wit of an experienced emcee like **Astronautalis**. His influences aren't obvious, but it's clear he's not afraid to represent the fact that he's a white rapper living in Provo. His sarcasm in "Life's a Joke" and untainted perspective in "Specific" are prime examples of his environment's influence. His brutal honesty is what makes him a true artist. Words from "My Roaring Twenties" are the blatant message of *We're Just Happy To Be Here*: "Despite the word on the street, life's not that bad." This is a hip hop album that brings genuine, good feelings. *—Justin Gallegos*

Charlatan
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 12.22.12
Charlatan = The Used + Matchbook Romance

There isn't much of an excuse for slacking in production anymore, with modern technology allowing the tiniest band to put out professional-quality demos—which is why it's extremely painful when a band doesn't put any effort into creating a listenable recording. If it's not the muddled, barely audible instruments, it's the poorly mastered and incredibly off-key singing drifting in and out of volume that sinks this demo. There's some talent in the music here, and occasionally there's a decent scream hidden in the background, but it's hard to find anything worthwhile when the quality is strangling the songs in the womb. I'd love to give these guys another shot, but next time try to polish some songs before throwing together another demo. *—Matt Brunk*

Drew Danburry
The First Pillar
Self-Released
Street: 01.14
Drew Danburry = Jose Gonzalez + Kings of Convenience

Danburry has shown us that he's still in the music game, which is great news in my book! As a long-ish-time fan of Danburry's, my only disappointment was in the short length of the new release. *The First Pillar* uses a simple pairing of his human voice

with a guitar, but there are some pretty neat loops and frills that create a new dimension of folk. Drew's lyrics are equal parts fun, honest and nostalgic, with a thread of leading a simple yet entirely meaningful existence. You can get a quick summation of the main idea of the EP in the last song, "Preparing for Alaska, Chiasmus or John Steinbeck." "Jennifer Connelly, or Fools Mock but they Shall Mourn" and "Nobody Listens to Turtle" get my vote for favorites on the EP, but really, the whole thing is worth a listen, and it is so easy to do so! You can download the album for free from Danburry's website, drewdanburry.com. *—Brinley Froelich*

Mike Moran
Underneath This Tree
Self-Released
Street Date: 08.03.12
Mike Moran = L'Anarchiste + Pinback

This album from local musician Mike Moran contains a dense amount of indie/folk instrumentation, but Moran's great attention to detail seems to do a disservice to his songs. Along with the thin, distorted vocals, there are a lot of small accents mixed throughout each song, such as guitar noodling, which add some different flavors to the songs, but fail to catch your ears overall. The majority of the tunes lack a sense of direction, and come off a bit dull. This album would likely sound better stripped down, without all of the shiny and polished effects, as well as with some more emotion from Moran's singing. However, despite what it lacks, *Underneath This Tree* does manage to show off Moran's songwriting ability. *—Jory Carroll*

Polytype
Basic//Complex
Self-Released
Street: 02.01
Polytype = Teen Daze + Washed Out

Polytype are aptly named, consider-



ing their heavily layered production of ambient noise. This album is hypnotic dream-pop with a moody touch. However, it differs from **Purity Ring**'s formula by

embracing electronic roots as opposed to Southern rap-influenced beats. The music, at times, is as funky as **Hot Chip**, but that's just one layer. The songs always hold an ethereal feel that harnesses your attention. They reflect an inner-city beauty that's full of lights and architecture, creating lines in constant motion. It's a privilege to hear music like this come out of our city. Polytype's sound is complemented by **Bon Iver**-like vocals that linger effortlessly. "Running Out" is a must-hear from this album. Ever since I let these songs sink into my ears, I've been hooked. *—Justin Gallegos*

PTO
Pointless
Self-Released
Street: 09.12.12
PTO = Granddaddy + early Nada Surf + Rentals

By now, *Pointless* has possibly gotten just as many plays on my stereo as it would have on a college radio station two decades ago. Even though the album's performers are just four local (and young) dudes, they could still easily pass as Clinton-era slackers. Everything from **Chad Hokama**'s persistent synth harmonies to **Nate Housley**'s crunch-and-whine vocalizing leaves no corner unrounded, prominently showcased from the charged "Your Defeat," to the pithier "Ooh Ooh Ooh." Housley's lyrics circle around aloof overtures and unperturbed observations, rendering songs that sound like **Neil Young**'s folk tunes awash in swells of **Archers of Loaf** textures. PTO's indie coming-of-age style certainly isn't a new animal by any means, but the amazing feat lies solely in how they adeptly used it to compose a solid and almost flawless underdog album for today's youth—the kind who never received America Online trial discs in the mail. *—Gregory Gerulat*

Rocky Mountain District
Goodbye Blue Sky
Self-Released
Street: 12.05.12
Rocky Mountain District = Touche Amore + Pianos Become the Teeth + Orchid

For the past few years, bands have been rescuing the screamo moniker from its relegated position as an evil music genre epithet, a cause furthered by Rocky Mountain District. Brandishing their swords and screams proudly, and recording their performance in brilliant lo-fi glory, any notions of the negative connotation of emo and screamo are cast aside. The most noticeable aspect of *Goodbye Blue Sky* is how raw and lo-fi the recording is. For the musical genre equivalent of an exposed raw nerve, this choice is impeccable. Lest they tread on worn ground, Rocky

Mountain District let their songs flow, avoiding the 1:30 running times of many of their peers, giving their spacey guitars time to breathe and swirl in front of you. This release feels very live and alive, and as a free download on their bandcamp, there is no excuse not to grab a copy. *—Peter Fryer*

Tendervishes
Useful Information For Navigators
Spiral of Life
Street: 10.25.12
Tendervishes = DeVotchKa instrumentals + No Smoking Orchestra

Tendervishes is the kind of band I'd imagine somebody using the word "gypsy" to describe, if that person had never actually heard gypsy music. Perhaps this is something any band making moody use of violins and non-4/4 timings has to deal with, though. Still, when the words "Gypsy rain" are used in "Zapateado," I have no idea what the hell that means. Romani precipitation? I would have preferred that *Useful Information For Navigators* be entirely instrumental, as the musicians are more than proficient—a highlight being Tendervishes' violinist, **Mira Zatar**. "Foreshadow" is the third piece of music on *Useful Information For Navigators*, and it's one of my favorites on the album—a mid-tempo composition with a fantastic melodic line and interplay between all instruments involved. Once again, I could do without the use of voice, whether sung or in speech samples that appear in some pieces, and I'd rather enjoy the impressive musicianship instead. *—T.H.*

Yaktooth
Consensual Healing
Street: 02.07.13
Self-Released
Yaktooth = Knut + These Arms Are Snakes + Sleep

There are a few key things you need to know about Yaktooth: They like to talk about North Korea and **Kim Jong Il**, and they like to play math rock. Yaktooth wouldn't be out of place on **Hydra Head**'s roster, and their jams rock. In a time where it seems like so many new bands try to be darker and play fewer notes than their peers—all over the course of 20-minute song lengths—Yaktooth is upping the energy and injecting a sense of humor. The North Korea jokes are currently funny, but in the long run this may detract from their appeal, as they do have the musical chops to play it straight. Either way, fun is fun, and with song titles like "Exploding Shark" and "Weekend at Burmese," it's nice to see humor mixed with solid tunes. *—Peter Fryer*



Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear SLUG Cop,

I'm like, OBSESSED, with Law & Order: Special Victims Unit. I'm not really into any other "cop" shows, unless you count Dexter, but as you know, there are a lot of 'em out there. What I like about SVU is that it seems pretty real. When Det. Stabler or Benson shoot someone, it's not a walk in the park like a lot of violence is portrayed in films and television. They've gotta go to counseling, take some time off, and the cops who regulate other cops come in and take a statement and do their own investigation. I also love to see how closely they work with the Assistant District Attorneys (Alex Cabot will always be my favorite), the FBI psychiatrist and lab techs in the forensics department. Not to mention, the show has completely squashed any thoughts that I'd ever get away with murder—they almost always find the culprit. So my question is, do you watch any cop shows? Maybe even Homeland? How true to life are shows like SVU, and do you think they help or hurt the public's perception of real-life law enforcement, specifically the ones in which the good guys are cops (which isn't always the case in Hollywood)?

-Mikey TV

Dear Mike,

Nope, I don't watch them. Once in a while, something will pique my interest, but I'm usually disappointed or bored and turn it off. Why? I don't know, because I know cops who love cop shows, but there really is almost nothing realistic about cop shows or movies.

The problem for law enforcement and defense attorneys is that the public often genuinely believes the shows are accu-

rate. For example, a victim of a car burg thinks a fingerprint is going to identify the suspect, right then and there. First, it's a one-in-a-thousand chance you'll even get a fingerprint, let alone an AFIS hit, and second, no police department has the personnel or money necessary to take fingerprints on every car burg with almost zero return. Cops in the SL County area, and especially the West Side, generally run from call to call. There is no time for fingerprints on any of the thousands of vehicle burgs that occur each year. A problem for the lawyers, both prosecution and defense, is seating a jury whose members watch these shows and expect to see and hear about super-science forensics. That doesn't really exist. It only exists on a show where in the space of one hour, the crime is committed, the cop catches the perp and the jury acquits or sends the puke to prison.

People watch Training Day or End of Watch and think that's the way it is. Sure, there are little pieces of reality in there, but the gist of these movies is not accurate.

There was a series on HBO a few years back called "The Wire." It was probably the most authentic cop show I've seen. It even displayed some of the actual equipment used by law enforcement when they're up on a wire. But, it still had many BS events and effects in order to appeal to a larger audience.

The next time there is a glaringly tragic and offensive crime in the news, read the comments posted by all the "experts" out there. Mike, those are the people who believe cop TV shows and movies are accurate.

If you're really serious about seeing the real justice system at work, here are my suggestions. Go on "ride alongs" with an agency that still does them. You'll see actual crimes and cases where real people get arrested. Follow up on one of those cases and watch the defendant either plead out or go to trial. Go to the trial and sentencing. Other than the initial call to the scene, you'll quickly discover there is very little excitement and that the process is monotonous. Other than the start, a case is boring and months or years long, not an hour.

Have a question for the cop? Email askacop@slugmag.com.

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Baptists
Bushcraft
Southern Lord
Street: 02.19
Baptists = Skitsystem + Disfear + From Ashes Rise



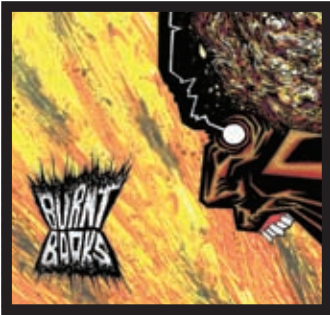
Just when I thought the overproduced D-beat fad had gone the way of the dodo, Baptists come along and unleash something that, to the non-discerning ear, could easily pass for a re-working of Skitsystem’s excellent *Stigmata* album. It figures that Southern Lord would be releasing this, what with their recent history of snapping up every semi-decent D-beat punk band they can find, so it would be exceedingly simple to slam this release and get on with my day ... but it’s not bad. I generally prefer D-beat releases that have a much dirtier sound to them, and this is almost too polished, but it’s a decent enough listen. Angry, fast and well-played, *Bushcraft*, although nowhere near an “album for the ages,” is good enough to warrant a place in any punk’s collection, even if it’s only spun once in a blue moon. —Gavin Hoffman

Black Member
Full Circle
Rabert Records
Street: 01.06
Black Member = Boris + Brian Eno

Full Circle is a four-piece set, clocking in at just under 14 minutes, and maintains a consistent sonic aesthetic throughout. It is the familiar, often welcome sound of tremolo and fuzz guitar (and perhaps keys as well) culminating in something beautiful with a slight haze. These pieces make ideal use of minimal

instrumentation and repetition, creating a sense of movement and space for the listener to spend just enough time in before moving onto the next. Title and closing track “Full Circle” is the darkest and heaviest here, doing away with the prettier aspects of those before it in favor of a low-end drone, yet essentially maintaining their same characteristics otherwise. I was quite happy listening to this music. —T.H.

Burnt Books
Self-titled
At A Loss Recordings
Street Date: 01.29
Burnt Books = His Hero is Gone + Fuck The Facts + Kazu Makino



Putting it up in front here: if you’re looking for experimental crust punk, pick this up. This album is as close to a curb stomp as you’re going to get. The members of Burnt Books are bringing their A-game here. Interwoven with hardcore and punk riffs (peppered with banjo, and I’m being serious), this album is pretty crusty, like beer scum and scabs. Burnt Books ain’t your typical Southern punk band, and manage to pull from several different influences without muddying up the water. There are moments where you can hear clear doom influence, and then “bam!” you’re in the middle of a **Blonde Redhead** or a folksy **Joy Division** song. I don’t know how they pull it off, but they better come to Utah soon. —Alex Cragun

The Cannanes
Small Batch
Exro.fm/Lamington Records
Street: 03.19
The Cannanes = Jem +

Honeybunch
The Cannanes are something special. You can tell from the first second of listening, and it all adds up once you complete the compulsory information binge that follows when you’re interested in a project—at least compulsory for me. Having been making music since the mid-’80s, this Australian indie band has developed a really great mix of sounds, somehow totally modern and in no way dated. There’s an electro-pop sensibility throughout, and the vocals are magical, floaty, little phrases, the delivery hinting at **Mazzy Star** or **Portishead**. It’s not dark, though. It’s the same vibe I get from watching the unicorn scene in *Legend*—sparkly, light, airy. I really love it. Even more delightful? If you, like me, were not previously aware of this little treat of a band, then you, like me, can spend some time going through their ridiculous catalog of previous releases while you wait for the new EP to drop in March. —Ischa B.

The Cave Singers
Naomi
Jagjaguwar
Street: 03.05
The Cave Singers = Deer Tick + Delta Spirit



For their fourth LP, The Cave Singers added more instruments and **Morgan Henderson (Blood Brothers, Fleet Foxes)** on bass. What was once a simple formula for raw folk with catchy harmonies has become a busier sound with less catchiness. It was really singer **Peter Quirk**’s striking voice that carried the songs on their last album. He sounds like a less nasally **John McCauley** with better vocal

range. The tempos created by many of the bass grooves on this release fail to complement Quirk’s voice. The finger-picking in the first three tracks makes for an island folk rock sound like that of **Lord Huron**. They still sound raw, but lack their old appeal of simplicity. “Evergreens” is my favorite on the album and a good example of the band’s old formula for simple folk that emphasizes Quirk’s vocals. “Shine” is also a treat that places the bass nicely between the guitar and harmonica. —Justin Gallegos

Continents
Idle Hands
Victory Records
Street: 01.22
Continents = The Plot In You + The Ghost Inside

This was a surprising post-metalcore record that shows a lot of promise, even though it doesn’t quite work. There are a lot of competing elements, inspired by both the early days of the genre and more modern bands, that never quite meld together to make a completely cohesive and original sound, as if the band is cherry-picking from influences to build a Frankenstein monster instead of making sweet love with their own creativity and producing a new, beautiful baby. The musicianship is competent and, at times, perfectly enjoyable, but the songs just feel half-baked. Expect a lot of dissonant chugging guitars, group chants, breakdowns, thumping beats and switches between screams and clean vox, as comes with the territory. Fans of the genre will probably find it a worthwhile experience. Hopefully, future efforts will see the band trusting their own creative vision a little more. —Megan Kennedy

Gliss
Langsom Dans
Modern Outsider Records
Street: 01.22
Gliss = Blonde Redhead + Beach House + Depeche Mode
Langsom Dans is Danish for slow dance, and slow is the common thread throughout the third full-length from the Danish/American trio, Gliss.

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HANNI EL-KHATIB, WALL OF DEATH
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album is whispery, moody, and perfectly suited for an icy winter. Boisterous drums make a great sidekick to the atmospheric echoing of “A To B.” The word lush doesn’t quite capture the fluttering whirls and dreamscape of “Into The Water,” and the richness of the string instrumentation on “Waves” sweeps you into a sea of emotion, which leads into the inviting, upbeat melodies of “Sea Tonight.” Delicate guitars, ghostly vocals and sonic beats echo and fade on “In Heaven.” The songs on Langsom Dans are lyrically abstract, artistically beautiful and rich with genuine emotion. —Courtney Blair

The Growlers

Hung at Heart
Everloving Records
Street: 01.22
The Growlers = Not in the Face +



Allah-Las + Beach Boys
After multiple release-date delays, The Growlers’ third full-length finally arrived and features some of the group’s strongest material to date. I was infatuated from the opening track “Someday,” a love song where lead singer **Brooks Nielsen** croons to a lover to “hang on for the ride,” because better days are just around the corner: “When tall boys turn into champagne, when bologna turns into steak,” he sings. The lyrics are salty, but the sentiment is sweet and the theme carries through the rest of the tracks. *Hung at Heart* is a collection of love songs that only a shit-bag rock n’ roller could

appreciate. Production value is as key as consistency here. The band sounds tighter, Nielsen’s vocals pop and the variety is even greater than their earlier albums. I’ve had this 11-track gem on repeat since I got it. Like a caustic lover, The Growlers have a way of sliding into my heart, nestling in and becoming impossible to let go of. —Jeanette D. Moses

Justice

Helix
Ed Banger Records
Street: 01.08
Justice = Michael Jackson + Sebastián



Sweet, sexy disco gods, Justice has done it again, this time with their new EP *Helix*, which is based off the single from their last album, *Audio, Video, Disco*. It’s pretty much just an extended version of “Helix” plus “Ohio,” and the secret track, “Presence” (all from their last album). The soulful, groovy, smooth melody combined with **Vincent Vendetta**’s beautiful voice, makes the track “Ohio” absolutely breathtaking. “Presence” is beyond epic. It would have fit perfectly into the soundtrack for the movie *Drive*. My new favorite song this year is the devilish, seducing remix of “Helix” by Frenchman **Gessafelstein**. I adore the way he can take a track and give it this evil, dark techno feel so flawlessly. *Helix* is awesome and a must-buy for any fan of Justice or disco funk! —Mama Beatz

Kait Lawson

Until We Drown
Madjack
Street: 03.19
Kait Lawson = Woody Guthrie + Nanci Griffith
Kait Lawson has the kind of aching in her voice that draws a listener in closer. *Until We Drown* is a mostly somber record—something I usually have low tolerance for—but here touches of soul and country keep my interest. The best thing about this record is the marriage of the songwriting and production. The album has thoughtful, well-crafted lyrics in a colorful melodic gift-wrap that pulls in roots elements in an

easy way that keeps everything fresh. “Omaha” is a country tune that stands out because it’s up-tempo, and expresses the freedom of escaping all your troubles. Lawson’s lyrical and actual voice is fantastic, and and is up to par with the tremendous work in the record behind it. —James Orme

Matmos

The Marriage of True Minds
Thrill Jockey
Street: 02.19
Matmos = The Books + Squarepusher + Throbbing Gristle + Mouse on Mars



Somewhere between tone poem and demented bubblegum pop, Matmos resides in an aural world all their own. The Baltimore-via-San Francisco experimental duo has found a happy residence on Thrill Jockey’s roster of fearless outsiders. Filling out their madcap shuffle through genreless fields of musique concrète, *The Marriage of True Minds* tackles some ambitious terrain. Moving seamlessly between found sound art, glitched-out ambience, neo-classical clang, squiggly synthesizer solos and doom metal, *The Marriage of True Minds* can be wholly and ferociously engrossing during projects that take little mental concentration, like cleaning the house, but is overbearing and downright irritating during tasks that take more concentration, like checking your e-mail. Matmos is a group that demands your time and concentration—and really nice headphones. —Ryan Hall

Mitzi

Truly Alive
Future Classic
Street: 02.19
Mitzi = Crowded House + Level 42
An unexpected—though not unpleasant—sound comes from this Aussie quartet’s full-length debut, and from that, they’ve created a relatively simple-sounding background groove. Defiantly rooted in the 80’s, but with disco flashes, repeated listens of “Funk-lite” reveal it to be a good decision in both its composition and execution. The synths on the lead single “Who Will Love You Now” make

it sound like it is indeed 1985, and it isn’t until their slightly funkier debut single, “All I Heard,” with its deliciously upbeat vibe, that they sound only slightly more current. Speaking of the past, handsome “Like It Was” has a very nice Carpenters-esque layered harmony that is sadly absent from the rest of the album, but it’s a small point. The cheery delivery of “Down” belies its negativity wonderfully and closer “The End,” with its grand reverb build-up, reveals another layer to the lads’ talents. —Dean O Hillis

Off With Their Heads

Home
Epitaph
Street: 03.12
Off With Their Heads = Dillinger Four + Banner Pilot + The Brokedowns
Others’ misery is rarely therapeutic, but Off With Their Heads pick their angst back up with familiar, three-chord punk and gruff yet melodic vocals in *Home*. OWTB lend a poetic quality to those nerve-ridden, sleepless nights, and eschew any “show, don’t tell” paradigm of wordsmithing for being honest about neuroses and anxiety. I feel like when vocalist **Ryan Young** sings, “My only retreat is falling asleep/but I lie awake every night of the week/and think about how much worse it’s become” in “Shirts,” that’s how he actually feels, which makes *Home* especially relatable. *Home*’s song-to-song dynamics hit the spot as the high-energy, gang-vocalic “Nightlife” bleeds to ballad “Don’t Make Me Go” (which took a couple listens, but sunk in). After “Always Alone” and “Stolen Away” illustrate partner-less and childless foreboding, respectively, “Take Me Out” closes *Home* out solidly with hearty “whoas,” to which I can emote with fervor or insomnia. —Alexander Ortega

Portal

Vexovoid
Profound Lore
Street: 02.19
Portal = Immolation + Ulcerate + Teitanblood
Australia’s Portal have been trouncing all over the ideas of death metal for a good time now—it’s what they’re known for. In effect, this album is a fucking bitch to listen to. There aren’t many records I’ve heard that physically mess me up or are just hard to make it through to the end. It’s uncomfortable on purpose—it plays with your sanity and takes the idea of how most folks listen to music to points of almost a mockery of your senses. This is the best and worst thing Portal have done. pg. 65>>

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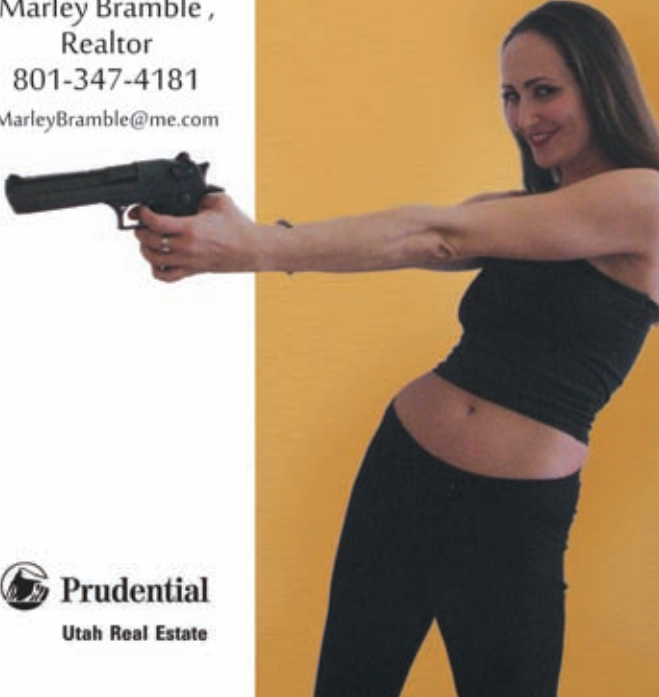
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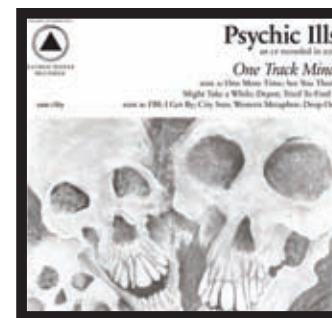
I say worst, because the tones the band creates can be harsh, but that's part of death metal and why people listen to it—to hear some crazy, harsh shit. The bass tones on the album alone are enough to murder someone. I don't want to really use the term layered, but Portal always have a way of seriously creating some weird guitar/drum/vox concoctions. Honestly, I don't feel much need to describe this album a whole lot—just listen to it and you'll take away your own experience. It's humbling, but at the same time, after it's done, it's something that you can sit in awe of. —Bryer Wharton

Primitive Man

Scorn
Self-released
Street: 01.31
Primitive Man = Pallbearer + Eyehategod x 10
If I had the chance to reenact the *Crocodile Dundee* knife scene—except with sludge metal music instead of actual weapons—with an unknowing stranger, then this album would be my equivalent of a huge-ass Bowie knife. Primitive Man modestly describes themselves as just doom metal, but that's like describing Burning Man as an arts-and-crafts festival. With the exception of two tracks on the album (which serve as discomfiting, atmospheric intermissions) *Scorn* is full of horrifying slabs of aggressively blasting bass, incoherent vocalized growls, static-covered guitar drones and ground-shaking drum beats. Although the album is short, "Stretched Thin" and "Astral Sleep" successfully and succinctly display the band's raw carnage without needing any padding. Bands like Primitive Man don't measure success by how many plays they get, but by how many buckets of blood seep out of fans' ears by the end of the record. —Gregory Gerulat

Psychic Ills

One Track Mind
Sacred Bones Records
Street Date: 02.19



Psychic Ills = White Fence + Allah-Las

This is the fourth LP from the psychedelic New York band, Psychic Ills, and it is one hell of a great trip. From the opening track, "One More Time," the fuzzed-guitar tones and ghostly vocals from the band's lead singer, **Tres Warren**, mesh beautifully together to produce a hypnotic and groovy feel. Another psychedelic jam is a tune called "Depot," which features some haunting organ sounds throughout, along with even more fuzzy guitar melodies. But despite the name of their band, they manage to squeeze in a nice, mellow acoustic song towards the end of the record, called "City Sun." Although they're still floating around in the underground psych scene, this album may just be the group's big break, as similar acts like **Ty Segall** have found a bigger audience recently. —Jory Carroll

PVT

Homosapien
Warp
Street: 02.11
PVT = (Metronomy + Talking Heads) x Hot Chip
Smooth, octave downsteps litter this modern masterpiece. *Homosapien* is an inexhaustible starscape. Purling keyboard elements represent pinpricks of light and bass octaves are the tenebrous black vacuum surrounding them. "Shiver" is awakening from a dream. Three-piece PVT constructed an album that murmurs a story of intergalactic love. Lo-fi, baritone, and electronic drones overlay a hissing drum and bass background. Grinding guitar undertones flow throughout. I was exceptionally pleased with the balance of airy and guttural sounds. Subtle crescendo, such as in "Evolution," propel the album to its final number. "Ziggurat" fades away into the void. —LeAundra Jeffs

Rotting Christ

Kata Ton Daimona Eaytoy
Season of Mist
Street: 03.05
Rotting Christ = Septicflesh + Moonspell + Nightfall
Without necessarily saying this is

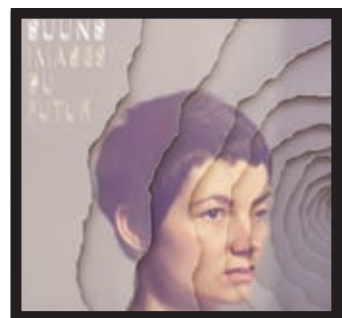
what I expected, Rotting Christ's newest offering sounds like it is pretty much a welcome follow-up to 2010's *Aealo* album. I'm far from an expert of all things Rotting Christ, other than knowing they were a band that started recordings with black metal, then morphed into gothic and just good, harsh and melodic dark metal. This album is quite a bit harsher and more possessing than the last. It starts out and holds interest well. Songs run in similar rhythmic and melodic forms, but that is the point of it all. The album feels like it's telling a story—with a beginning, middle and end—and fully engaging the listener to the end. Vocals come hard and strong in the mix, while adventuring in a few different languages as well. Don't ask me where the album fits into Rotting Christ's discography. It's a worthy listen for fans of epic-natured metal intent on a beefy and layered studio sound. —Bryer Wharton

Sannhet

Known Flood
Sacrament
Street: 02.19
Sannhet = Mogwai + Deafheaven + My Bloody Valentine
I'm not sure why Brooklyn has become the center of hipster black metal, but it's not a good thing—and Sannhet comes dangerously close to being slapped with that label, and unceremoniously thrown under the bus for the unnecessary-glasses-and-too-tight-cutoff-jean-shorts-wearing masses to consume and declare their new favorite band. However, unlike their almost universally reviled neighbors **Krallice** and **Liturgy**, Sannhet has much more in common with the likes of heavy, dissonant instrumental music, à la Mogwai, than they do with mid-era **Burzum**. For their own sake, I hope that's the direction they choose to steer the ship. That said, *Known Flood* is a solid release if one can mentally separate themselves from the desire to write them off as another terrible Brooklyn fad and enjoy the album for what it is: noisy, heavy and, yes, catchy. —Gavin Hoffman

Suuns

Images Du Futur
Secretly Canadian
Street: 03.05
Suuns = Blonde Redhead + Lotus Plaza
With intensity, Suuns are at it again with an album that fits the zeitgeist of turmoil amid younger adults. The chord progression in "2020" (or rather, a chord degression), feels like the centripetal force that you experience in carnival rides like The Gravitron, with breaks in the



circular notes that seem to hold still, akin to the feeling of being completely upside down and smashed by the force of gravity. The guitars scream and the drums beat like a heavy heartbeat and everything for you. A highlight on the album for me was the title track, coming in toward the close, which is less of a melody than a filling of space with empty ambience. —Brinley Froelich

This Town Needs Guns

13.0.0.0
Sargent House
Released: 01.22
TTNG = Colour + Tubelord + Ween – annoyance



Its been over four years since the Oxford math rock band released an album, and for many bands who have changed out a lead singer—like TTNG has—there has been a long a lull between albums, which usually changes the dynamic and sound that originally earned them an audience. But four years didn't mean shit to this trio, who essentially picked up where they left off with *Animals* and continued their intricate songwriting style. The great majority of this album is instrumental, showing off fantastic drumming patterns and time signatures, sweetened bass lines to guide every track, and melodic guitars that nearly become a second vocalist in their own right. When the time calls for it, new lead singer **Henry Tremain** can add an emotional element that not many could capture in this same situation. It's a fine sophomore album, and a testament to the band's tenacity. —Gavin Sheehan

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Live Music 10pm - Close
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Irish Man

Salt Lake Scots
Pipe Band
9:30pm

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ALL MARCH CALENDAR AGES
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FRI • 03.01	Permanent Collection // Jawzz // One Way Life // The Wasatch Fault	SAT • 03.16	Hollow Tongue
SAT • 03.02	Tiny Moving Parts // Rocky Mountain District KINGU // Clark Radford [EARLY SHOW-3PM]	TUE • 03.19	SEACATS // A Place in Time // The Thrill Collective Bluhme // The Salt The Sea and The Sun God
SAT • 03.02	Business Venture // Matt Nanes (CD Release) // Hung Ups Still Sea // Lorin Madsen [LATE SHOW-9PM]	WED • 03.20	White Lung // Foster Body // Filth Lords
MON • 03.01	Hear The Sirens // Travelers Cold	THU • 03.21	JoJo and the Missionaries // The Direction
TUE • 03.05	Ark of the Covenant	SAT • 03.23	12 Soap // Dead Virgins // Cotton Ponies
FRI • 03.08	Pest Ruiz // Twins // Breakers // Discoida [EARLY SHOW-3PM]	SUN • 03.24	Prestige // Idols // Sea Swallowed us Whole Lament Configuration
FRI • 03.08	The Warlocks // Super 78 // The Kixses [LATE SHOW-9PM]	MON • 03.25	GYPSTHAWK // Visigoth // Merlins Beard
SAT • 03.09	American Standards // Your Young // Dead Pilots [EARLY SHOW-3PM]	TUE • 03.26	Pentimento // Allison Weiss // Candy Hearts // Antics
SAT • 03.09	Posole // Show Me Island // Baby Ghosts // JAWZZ [LATE SHOW-9PM]	THU • 03.28	Cheers Elephant // Howlin Rails // The Vital
SUN • 03.10	Junius // Settle Down // Rile // Sir Kay // Silver Snakes	FRI • 03.29	Stolas // These Colors // Inland // KINGU
SUN • 03.10	The Torn ACL's // Lady Murasaki // BEACHMEN [At Bar Deluxe]	FRI • 03.29	Galaxy Express // Wrangaround [At Bar Deluxe]
WED • 03.13	The Bogarts // Salt City Sound // I was a Wave G-ma Yoshi // Your MeteorPublic	SAT • 03.30	Zookeeper Fest
FRI • 03.15	Be Like Max // Bombshell Academy // The Anchorage	SUN • 03.31	Ever Ending Kicks // TBA
		TUE • 04.02	Lord of War // Mouth of the Serpent
		FRI • 04.04	One Way Life // The Sinisters // The Dark Jive
		SUN • 04.07	My Iron Lung // Eons
		TUE • 04.09	Atom Age

THE DAILY CALENDAR

Get your event listed for free in print, online and on our iPhone app! Sign up for a free SLUG Calendar account at SLUGMag.com/Calendar.

Friday, March 1 Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace cool!

Life Has A Way - *5 Monkeys*
Do You Hear The People Sing - *Abra­vanel*
Beaute Derange Belly Dancing - *Bar Deluxe*
Broncho, The Wild Ones - *Brewskis*
Wasatch Showdown - Brighton
Victims Willing, Draize Method, Dead Virgins - *Burt's*
Mardi Gras 2013 - *Complex*
Jack + Jill - *Deer Hunter Pub*
Andy D'arrigo - *Downstairs*
Chris Strait, Lou Angelwolf, Kathleen McCann - *Egyptian Theatre*
We Are The Walrus - *Garage*
Muscle Hawk - *Green Pig*
Tony Holiday Band - *Hog Wallow*
DJ Bently - *Inferno*
Darwin Dee­z, Caged Animals, Hang Time - *Kilby*
Wake Up Nebula - *Mojos*
Velocri­ature, L'anarchiste, Nikki Forova, Cliffs - *Muse*
Leftover Salmon, The Wailers - *Park City Live*
Undeclared Millionaire - *Point After*
Jim Derrickson - *Poplar*
Permanent Collection, Jawwzz - *Shred Shed*
Stacey Board - *Snowbird*
The Jingo­es, Tolem & Taboo, Danger Hailstorm - *State Room*
Leah Nelson & Chris Del­Porto - *Sugar Space*
David Williams - *Tin Angel*
First Friday, Ignacio Uriarte, Ana Prvacki - *UMOCA*
Dubwise - *Urban*
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
The New Electric Sound, The Brocks, The Atomics - *Velour*
Cotton Ponies, The U­lterior­s, 12 Soap - *Why Sound*
Minx - *Woodshed*

Saturday, March 2
Bot Dispute II - 246 E. 1700 S.
Do You Hear The People Sing - *Abra­vanel*
GLife, Fleetwood, Black Sock, DJ Baloo, Pookie - *Bar Deluxe*
Codi Jordan Band - *Brewskis*
Anything That Moves, Die Monster Die, Simian Greed - *Burt's*
Secondhand Serenade - *Club Sound*
Passion Pit, Matt & Kim - *Complex*
Brett Turner - *Deer Hunter Pub*
Canyons Grand Prix Afterparty, Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
Cirque Mechanics "Birdhouse Factory" - *Eccles Center*
Suspicious Sound - *Garage*
Raw - *Green Pig*
Jack + Jill - *Hog Wallow*
Reckless Kelly, Micky & The Motocars - *In The Venue*
DJ Erockalypze - *Inferno*
Terrence Hensen - *Johnny's*
Here to Stay: The Gershwin Concert Experience - *Kingsbury*
JPAN - *Mixx*
House of Lewis Presents - *Muse*
Matthew & The Hope - *Poplar*
Fabulous Fruit Trees, Tomato Propagation Workshop - *Red Butte*
Tiny Moving Parts, KWNGU (early); Matt Nanes, Hung Ups, Still Sea, Business Venture (late) - *Shred Shed*
Winter Farmers Market - *State Fairpark*

Bellydance Spring Fest - State Fairpark
Leah Nelson & Chris Del­Porto - *Sugar Space*
Galen Young - *Tin Angel*
Menomena, Guards - *Urban*
Grey Fiction, Golden Sun, Good Blood, The Grand Gasconade - *Velour*
Why Sound Battle of the Bands: Part 3 - *Why Sound*
DJ Awdamaddix - *Woodshed*
Sunday, March 3
Happy Birthday, Sean Z-Dub
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*
DJ Dolph - *Downstairs*
The Gloaming, The Dark Jive, Hit The Coast, Bombshell Academy - *Kilby*
Greensky Bluegrass, Ryan Montbleau Band - *State Room*
Night Beats, Max Pain & The Groovies, Breakers - *Urban*
Christopher Williams - *Velour*
Monday, March 4
Happy Birthday, Melissa Cohn!
DJ Godina - *Bar X*
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*
Hear The Sirens, Travelers Cold - *Shred Shed*
Protest Against Police Violence - *State Capitol*
Marshall Crenshaw - *State Room*
Sample Tracks - *Sugar Space*
Ghost To Falco, Ghost Foot - *The Barn*
Tuesday, March 5
Happy Birthday, Weston Colton!
Gappy Ranks, DJ Chan Dizzy,Makis, DJ Handsome Hands, Juggy - *Bar Deluxe*
Avatar - *Burt's*
Salvador Santana, Santo Guzman, Cardiff, Lil Ryr­y - *Club Sound*
McDougall - *Garage*
Dana Falconberry, Brian Lord - *Kilby*
Utah Rare Plant Meeting, Fabulous Fruit Trees - *Red Butte*
Ark Of The Covenant, Deception Of A Ghost, Seeker, Pyxis - *Shred Shed*
Maria Abramovic: The Artist Is Present - *SLC Main Library*
Adrian Legg - *State Room*
Sample Tracks - *Sugar Space*
The Bully, Big Wild W­ings, In Color - *Urban*
Wednesday, March 6
The Jazz Jaguars - *Burt's*
Master, Sacrificial Slaughter, Odium Totus, DeathBlow - *Complex*
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
Pert Near Sandstone - *Garage*
Hack Ogden - *Grounds For Coffee*
Joshua Claflin, Kaylie Glauser, Adam Turley, Morgan Grillon - *Kilby*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
The Wailers - *Park City Live*
B-Side Players - *State Room*
Sample Tracks - *Sugar Space*
David Williams - *Tin Angel*
Blues Control, Psychic Ills, Follakzoid - *Urban*
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*
Thursday, March 7
David Williams - *Bar X*
Ari Shine & Adrienne Pierce, Patrick Neville, Pat Mountain, Samantha Calmes - *Burt's*
Codi Jordan Band, DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*
Noises Off - *Echo Theatre*
Joe McQueen Quartet - *Garage*
Valerie Larsen - *Kilby*
Botany For Gardners - *Red Butte*
Rhythm Combo - *Tin Angel*
Minnesota, Prototype, D­Carls - *Urban*
Tyrone Wells, VanLadyLove, Brett Young - *Velour*

Friday, March 8 Happy Birthday, Bryer Wharton!

Undeclared Millionaire - *5 Monkeys*
Vivace: An American In Paris - *Abra­vanel*
Cervello Elettronico - *Area 51*
Samuel Smith Band - *Bar Deluxe*
Mullet Hatchet - *Brewskis*
Year Of The Wolf, Brute Force, Zombiecock - *Burt's*
Trailerpark Rebels - *Deer Hunter Pub*
Umphrey's McGee - *Depot*
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*

Bellydance Spring Fest - State Fairpark
Leah Nelson & Chris Del­Porto - *Sugar Space*
Galen Young - *Tin Angel*
Menomena, Guards - *Urban*
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DJ Awdamaddix - *Woodshed*
Sunday, March 3
Happy Birthday, Sean Z-Dub

Shed
USSA Intermountain Masters Race Finals - *Snowbasin*
Amy & Adams - *Snowbird*
Free Energy, The Devil Whale - *State Room*
Riley McDonald - *Tin Angel*
SLUG Localized: Secret Abilities, Lady Murasaki, 90s Television - Urban
Sugar House Art Walk - *Various Galleries*
The Saturday Giant - *Velour*
Jayton The Mac, Charlie Manson, Black Lion, Lucky, Syds Kyd - *Why Sound*
David Williams - *Woodshed*
Saturday, March 9
Vivace: An American in Paris - Abra­vanel
About Face: Ceramic Wall Sculpture - *Art Access*
Charles Ellsworth, Shadow Puppet, Bip Bip Bip - *Bar Deluxe*
Rattle & Hum - *Brewskis*
Swinging Utters, Wild Roses, Utah County Swillers - *Burt's*
Missing Method, Supersolar - *Deer Hunter Pub*
WRD: Hot Wheelers vs. Salt Flat Fallouts - *Depot*
DJ Serafin - *Downstairs*
Marvel's Super Heroes - *Eccles Center*
Jack & The Bear - *Garage*
Tony Holiday - *Green Pig*
Candy's River House - *Hog Wallow*
Chelsea Grin,Attila, Betraying The Martyrs, Within The Ruins, Buried In Verona - *In The Venue*
Stonefed - *Johnny's*
Murs, Prof, Fashawn, Black Cloud Music - *Kilby*
Joan Rivers - *Kingsbury*
The Danger Kids, The 2:13s, Wire­elefant, Tri-Polar Bear - *Muse*
The Expendables, Tomorrows Bad Seeds - *Park City Live*
InCamera, Bon Vivant - *Urban*
Robert & The Carrolls, The Fellows, Red Orange, Brady Parks - *Velour*

Friday, March 15
Blacklist Cooperative, Spörk, The Wild Ones - *Bar Deluxe*
Ugly Valley Boys - *Brewskis*
Scalps, Making Fuck - *Burt's*
Slim Chance & His Psychobilly Playboys - *Deer Hunter Pub*
Yonder Mountain String Band, The Deadly Gentlemen - *Depot*
DJ Dolph - *Downstairs*
Tony Holiday & The Velvetones, Rainbow Black - *Garage*
Samuel Smith Band - *Green Pig*
Stonefed - *Hog Wallow*
Drowning Pool, Flyleaf - *In The Venue*
Def Quo, KDZ, Saner,One - *Kilby*
EDP: Electric Dance Party - *Muse*
Simple Treasures Spring Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
Old Part & The Religious Enforcers - *Poplar*
Tumbleweeds Film Festival - Rose Wagner
Flogging Molly, Mariachi El Bronx, Donots - *Saltair*
Be Like Max, Bombshell Academy, The Anchorage - *Shred Shed*
Key & Rex - *Snowbird*
This Must Be The Band - *State Room*
David Williams - *Tin Angel*
DaVerse - *Urban*
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Amy Whitcomb, Ryan Innes, The Strike - *Velour*
Tall Heights, The North Valley, The 2:13's - *Westminster College*
Fa Koshka, Autostigmatic, Reactance Method - *Why Sound*
Saturday, March 16
HVDD: Rollin' Rebellion vs. Daughters Of Anarchy - *784 E. Chappel Dr. - Spanish Fork*
Pop Jockeys - *Brewskis*
Thunderfist - *Burt's*
The Magic Flute - *Capitol Theater*
Slim Chance & His Psychobilly Playboys -

Robot + Frank - *SLC Main Library*
Marcus Foster, Ruston Kelly - *State Room*
Daniel Mohr - *Tin Angel*
Trust, Eraas - *Urban*
Wednesday, March 13
Happy Birthday, Rio Connelly!
Stick Figure - *Bar Deluxe*
The Jazz Jaguars - *Burt's*
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
Advent Horizon, Of Earth Inside, Squash - *Kilby*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
Simple Treasures Spring Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
The Crash Reel - *Peery's Egyptian Theatre*
The Crash Reel - *Rose Wagner*
The Bogarts, Salt City Sound, I Was A Wave, G-Ma Yoshi, Your Meteor Public - *Shred Shed*
Dead Winter Carpenters, Fruition - *State Room*
The Tribe Of I, Wasnatch, The Hemptations - *Urban*
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*
Thursday, March 14
Happy Birthday, Jake Vivori!
David Williams - *Bar X*
Deceased, Gravehill, INVDRS, Odium Totus - *Burt's*
G. Love & Special Sauce, John Fullbright - *Depot*
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*
Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*
Kevin Edwards, Mermaid Baby, Danger Button - *Kilby*
Acoustic Showcase: Robbie Jolley, Court Mann, Bert Curtis, Lissa Lohner - *Muse*
Simple Treasures Spring Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
Garden Guide Volunteer Training - *Red Butte Garden*
The English Beat - *State Room*
InCamera, Bon Vivant - *Urban*
Robert & The Carrolls, The Fellows, Red Orange, Brady Parks - *Velour*
Friday, March 15
Blacklist Cooperative, Spörk, The Wild Ones - *Bar Deluxe*
Ugly Valley Boys - *Brewskis*
Scalps, Making Fuck - *Burt's*
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Yonder Mountain String Band, The Deadly Gentlemen - *Depot*
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Fa Koshka, Autostigmatic, Reactance Method - *Why Sound*
Saturday, March 16
HVDD: Rollin' Rebellion vs. Daughters Of Anarchy - *784 E. Chappel Dr. - Spanish Fork*
Pop Jockeys - *Brewskis*
Thunderfist - *Burt's*
The Magic Flute - *Capitol Theater*
Slim Chance & His Psychobilly Playboys -

Robot + Frank - *SLC Main Library*
Marcus Foster, Ruston Kelly - *State Room*
Daniel Mohr - *Tin Angel*
Trust, Eraas - *Urban*
Wednesday, March 13
Happy Birthday, Rio Connelly!
Stick Figure - *Bar Deluxe*
The Jazz Jaguars - *Burt's*
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
Advent Horizon, Of Earth Inside, Squash - *Kilby*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
Simple Treasures Spring Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
The Crash Reel - *Peery's Egyptian Theatre*
The Crash Reel - *Rose Wagner*
The Bogarts, Salt City Sound, I Was A Wave, G-Ma Yoshi, Your Meteor Public - *Shred Shed*
Dead Winter Carpenters, Fruition - *State Room*
The Tribe Of I, Wasnatch, The Hemptations - *Urban*
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*
Thursday, March 14
Happy Birthday, Jake Vivori!
David Williams - *Bar X*
Deceased, Gravehill, INVDRS, Odium Totus - *Burt's*
G. Love & Special Sauce, John Fullbright - *Depot*
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*
Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*
Kevin Edwards, Mermaid Baby, Danger Button - *Kilby*
Acoustic Showcase: Robbie Jolley, Court Mann, Bert Curtis, Lissa Lohner - *Muse*
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Garden Guide Volunteer Training - *Red Butte Garden*
The English Beat - *State Room*
InCamera, Bon Vivant - *Urban*
Robert & The Carrolls, The Fellows, Red Orange, Brady Parks - *Velour*
Friday, March 15
Blacklist Cooperative, Spörk, The Wild Ones - *Bar Deluxe*
Ugly Valley Boys - *Brewskis*
Scalps, Making Fuck - *Burt's*
Slim Chance & His Psychobilly Playboys - *Deer Hunter Pub*
Yonder Mountain String Band, The Deadly Gentlemen - *Depot*
DJ Dolph - *Downstairs*
Tony Holiday & The Velvetones, Rainbow Black - *Garage*
Samuel Smith Band - *Green Pig*
Stonefed - *Hog Wallow*
Drowning Pool, Flyleaf - *In The Venue*
Def Quo, KDZ, Saner,One - *Kilby*
EDP: Electric Dance Party - *Muse*
Simple Treasures Spring Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
Old Part & The Religious Enforcers - *Poplar*
Tumbleweeds Film Festival - Rose Wagner
Flogging Molly, Mariachi El Bronx, Donots - *Saltair*
Be Like Max, Bombshell Academy, The Anchorage - *Shred Shed*
Key & Rex - *Snowbird*
This Must Be The Band - *State Room*
David Williams - *Tin Angel*
DaVerse - *Urban*
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Amy Whitcomb, Ryan Innes, The Strike - *Velour*
Tall Heights, The North Valley, The 2:13's - *Westminster College*
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THE URBAN LOUNGE

MARCH 2013

Coming Soon:

Mar 01: DUBWISE
 Mar 02: KRCL Presents MENOMENA + Guards
 Mar 03: FREE SHOW with NIGHT BEATS + Max Pain & The Groovies + Breakers
 Mar 05: FREE SHOW with THE BULLY + Big Wild Wings + In Color
 Mar 06: PSYCHIC ILLS + Blues Control + Follakzoid
 Mar 07: RE-UP Presents MINNESOTA + Protohype + DCarls
 Mar 08: SLUG LOCALIZED Presents Secret Abilities + Lady Murasaki + 90's Television
 Mar 09: KRCL Presents Thao & the Get Down Stay Down with Sallie Ford & The Sound Outside
 Mar 10: EXIGENT RECORDS Presents Gaythiest, Worst Friends, Yaktooth, Baby Gurl, Rile
 Mar 11: THE RUGS Tour Homecoming + Samuel Smith Band + Dark Seas
 Mar 12: TRUST + ERAAS
 Mar 13: The Tribe Of I + Wasnatch + The Hemptations
 Mar 14: INCAMERA REUNION SHOW + Bon Vivant
 Mar 15: DAVERSE 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY
 Mar 16: FREE SHOW with KING NIKO CD RELEASE + Hang Time + Cathy Foy CD RELEASE
 Mar 18: THE AGGROLITES + Wasnatch + Codi Jordan
 Mar 19: UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA + FOXYGEN + Wampire
 Mar 20: CAVEMAN + Pure Bathing Culture + The Mighty Sequoyah
 Mar 21: PICKWICK + Radiation City
 Mar 22: SLCL & FRESH PRESENTS EMANCIPATOR + Little People + Odesza
 Mar 23: 80's Party ACID WASHED Free Before 10:30
 Mar 26: THE AWFUL TRUTH
 Mar 27: THE CAVE SINGERS
 Mar 28: KRCL Presents DEER TICK
 Mar 29: X96 Presents The Joy Formidable + Fort Lean
 Mar 30: KRCL Presents Afro Omega + Illuminati Congo

Apr 1: Phosphorescent
 Apr 2: Paper Bird
 Apr 3: The Polish Ambassador
 Apr 4: DubVibes
 Apr 5: Spiritualized
 Apr 8: Charlie Parr
 Apr 9: Acid Mothers Temple
 Apr 10: Partly Ring
 Apr 11: FREE SHOW The Saintanne
 Apr 13: Insight
 Apr 16: FREE SHOW Chris Staples
 Apr 17: Myka9
 Apr 18: Black Mountain
 Apr 19: Joshua James
 Apr 20: DANKSQUAD Presents Gift of Gab
 Apr 21: Captured By Robots
 Apr 27: Bonobo (Live)
 May 2: Aesop Rock
 May 4: The Devil Whale
 May 6: Metz
 May 7: Shabazz Palaces + THEESATISFACTION
 May 8: RAC
 May 9: The Appleseed Cast
 May 10: Os Mutantes
 May 12: Built To Spill
 May 14: Daughter
 May 17: STARMY + Mike Sartain's Birthday Party
 May 18: FRESH PRESENTS Black Moth Super Rainbow
 May 21: Telekinesis
 May 25: Light Black ALBUM RELEASE
 May 27: Akron/Family
 Jun 11: Crystal Fighters
 Jun 19: Father John Misty
 Oct 31: Vile Blue Shades BACK FROM THE DEAD HALLOWEEN SHOW

241 S. 500 E. [ALL SHOWS 21+] DOORS: 9pm
www.theurbanloungeslc.com

Kilby Court

3/1- Darwin Deez, Caged Animals, Hang Time
 3/3- The Gloaming, The Dark Jive, Hit the Coast, Bombshell Academy
 3/5- Dana Falconberry, Brian Lord, TBA
 3/6- Joshua Clafflin, Kaylie Glauser, Adam Turley, Morgan Grillon
 3/7- Valerie Larsen, TBA
 3/8- Caspian, Native, Traveler's Cold
 3/9- MURS, PROF, FASHAWN, Black Cloud Music
 3/10- Hey Ocean!, Cliffs, TBA
 3/12- The Fence (EP Release), J. Wride, Cameron Baker
 3/13- Advent Horizon, Of Earth Inside, Squash
 3/14- Kevin Edwards, Mermaid Baby, Danger Button
 3/15- Def Quo, KDZ, Saner.One
 3/16- TBA
 3/19- The Hush Sound, Sydney Wayser
 3/20- The Last Bison, Kris Orlowski
 3/21- The Soft Moon, OCTOBER, Red Black Red
 3/22- K. Flay, TBA
 3/23- Bad Weather California, The Blank Tapes, Your Meteor, Luminaire
 3/24- Peelandar-Z, Koala Temple, TBA
 3/26- The Pinstripes
 3/27- Les Sages, Baby Ghosts
 3/28- Lord Huron, TBA
 3/29- Lorin Walker Madsen & the Hustlers, TBA
 3/30- The Miracles of Modern Science, Jack & the Giant, TBA

MARCH 2013
 KILBY COURT IS AN ALL-AGES VENUE

KILBY COURT IS LOCATED:
 741 SOUTH 330 WEST
 DOORS OPEN @ 7PM
 (UNLESS NOTED)

THE COMPLEX

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HOODIE ALLEN'S CRUISING USA TOUR

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SUNDAY, MARCH 17TH

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FIGHT NIGHT

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FRIDAY MARCH 29TH

BR BAR 21+

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2013 SPRING TOUR

THURSDAY APRIL 4TH

AA ALL AGES

L.E.D.

Bondad NIGHT NEAR

FRIDAY, APRIL 5TH, 2013
 SALT LAKE CITY, UT

RA RAVE 16+

GENUINE

MONDAY APRIL 15TH

AA ALL AGES

SLC Nerd

SATURDAY APRIL 20th

AA ALL AGES

CLUB NIGHTS (21+)

TUESDAYS - COMEDY ROADKILL
 OPEN MIC COMEDY

FRIDAYS - EVOLVE
 DIFFERENT PROMOTERS FOR DIFFERENT VIBES

SATURDAYS - LATIN NIGHT
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 OR IN PERSON AT THE FOLLOWING OUTLETS

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a
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Breakfast
\$4.99

Prime Rib
Thursday
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Grand
Opening
March 16th

have your next PARTY or BANQUET here!



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