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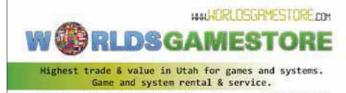












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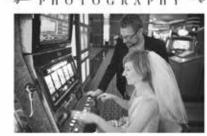


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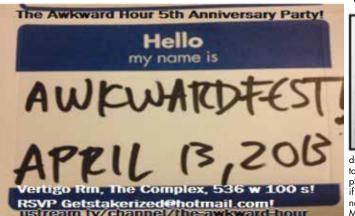
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About the Cover: With a new album and a new film both being released this month, it's clear that Rob **Zombie** is a master of many arts. Inspired by the cover art of Zombie's new album, *Venomous Rat Regeneration Vendor, SLUG* commissioned illustrator **Sean Hennefer** to create this tripped-out piece portraying Zombie perfecting yet another art form. Check out the story on pages 36-37.

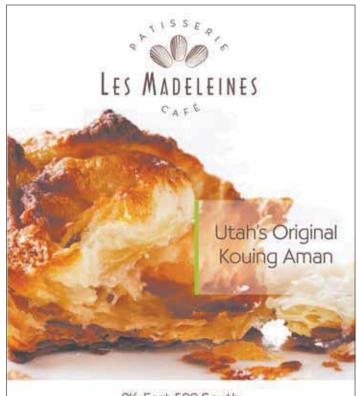
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Contributor Limelight: Madelyn Boudreaux - Senior Staff Writer



Our resident Goth aficionado bred from the wetlands of Louisiana, Madelyn has been on our staff since 2009, reviewing everything dark and dismal that shuffles through the SLUG offices. Don't let her penchant for doom and gloom fool you, though—she's also an avid foodie with a soft spot for ethnic cuisine, and her warm descriptions of the food she reviews always have us

drooling. Grab a napkin and check out her review of Plum Alley in this month's issue to see for yourself. In addition to music and food reviews, Madelyn is also a talented photographer, an amateur naturalist, a beginner Magic: The Gathering player and, if you're lucky, you might catch her DJing a goth-infused set here and there under the name **d j . d r o w n**. Oh yeah, did we mention she has a Masters in Public Folklore? Madelyn is one-of-a-kind, and we're happy to claim her as SLUG staff!



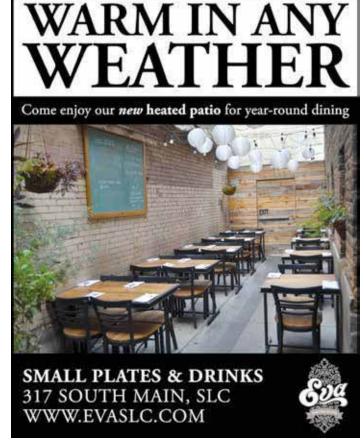
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Dear Dickheads,

I think its about time we addressed the pollution levels in Utah and along the Wasatch Front by putting the governor and mayors up to confronting a serious health problem that they continue to dance around with words instead of

Why is it so impossible for our legislators to come up with a co-operative agreement between the State, County and Cities that will synchronize state county and local highway and road traffic signals to allow traffic to flow instead of lights stopping traffic when there is no cross-traffic.

The simplest solution is to increase the frequency of the stop and go lights or to put sensors on that change the lights when there is no traffic or little traffic The majority of the lights now stop up to 40 cars for only one or two cross traffic cars so people are sitting there wasting gas and time and creating pollution. We have this same problem with the cross traffic and the light rail.

Cities throughout the country seem to be able to solve their traffic signaling dilemmas but we cant. It could also be beneficial if UTA offered free passage on red days or on yellow days to encourage usage of TRAX and Front-Runner.

Also Trax needs to coordinate their train signals in dense traffic areas to allow autos to go when there are no trains or by using shorter distance sensors of the approaching train so that stopped traffic can move instead of sitting, idling.

How much longer can we allow our representatives to skirt the reality?

Please help me to help them find a

A concerned Citizen, Cordell Taylor

Dear Cordell.

We totally agree with you. Now that spring has sprung, it's a lot easier to forget about the pollution that faces our city, especially since the toxic cloud isn't quite so visible above the downtown skyline. It's pretty ridiculous that the electronic signs hovering over the freeway said, "For better air quality, reduce travel tomorrow." They might as well have said, "Well, you fucked up by letting your mega-SUV spew poisonous gas into the air today ... Maybe take it easy tomorrow, if you wanna."
The fact that the pollution problem was swept entirely under the rug during Sundance and Slamdance last January shows that the Powers That Be know there's a problem, but since there isn't an easy solution, they don't want to deal with it. A group of doctors called Utah Physicians for Healthy Environment even delivered a petition to Governor Herbert declaring a health emergency and asking him to lower the speed limit, ban wood burning, make mass transit free and reduce industrial activities. As participants in a democracy, it is our duty to contact our legislators and tell them that we would really prefer not to die, if entirely possible. Visit utah.gov to find out who represents you, and from there you can call and email them and voice your concerns. Just because the sun is shining and birds are trying to have sex with bees (or such is our understanding), the pollution problem hasn't really gone away. xoxo, SLUG

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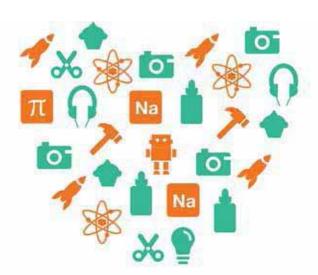
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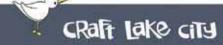
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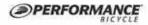
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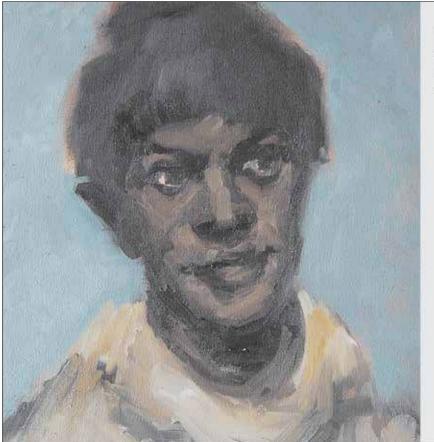
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Lynette Yiadom-Boakve, Further Pressure from Cannibals, 2010, detail, oil on canvas, Courtesy of the artist, Corvi-Mora, London and Jack Shainman Gallery, New York.

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LOCALIZED

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This month's Localized features the dynamic lineup of Eons and Oxcross, with Yaktooth opening up. Drop what you're doing on April 12 and come check out these up-and-comers rage real hard at Urban Lounge. 10 p.m., 21+, \$5.

very member of Oxcross is deeply rooted in the Salt Lake music scene—they are seasoned veterans. Every member has been in 10-plus bands, and a couple of them have been involved in more projects than that. They have seen trends come and go and dabblers dip in, then sell their equipment for something a bit more sturdy than the sometimes-volatile lifestyle that is rock n' roll. Yep, they're definite lifers, but in the good words of LeVar Burton, "You don't have to take my word for it.

Oxcross is comprised of Andy Patterson on drums. Jeff Anderson on quitar. Taylor Williams on guitar and vocals and Dave Jones on bass. The band started about two years ago by what seem to be natural causes, as all of the band members are associated with each other through years of musical involvement in Salt Lake City. "We were all in hardcore bands back in the day, back in the early '90s," Patterson says. Perhaps the strongest force responsible for the incarnation of Oxcross, though, stems from Patterson's recording studio. He says, "I got to know Taylor a little more by recording his other band, Glacial, which I ended up joining after a few years." The same is true for Anderson, who says, "Andy has made most of the records I have ever recorded in any band I have ever been in." When I ask how they landed on their band name. Williams says, "We initially wanted to call it Ox, and then we found that that was taken, and my old bass player T2 ... knew that I was a Game of Thrones fan, and he just randomly texted me: 'You should name your band Oxcross!"

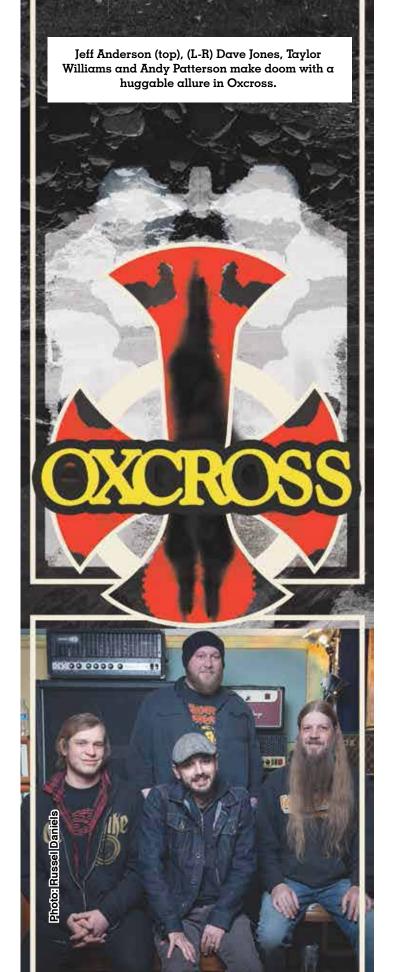
They all have rich and interestina musical backgrounds. Patterson and Williams both played violin as their first instrument. They say they both learned the "Suzuki method." Jones says of his introduction to music, "My parents ... didn't listen to music. At some point, I started buying punk rock CDs because I liked the covers." Williams' dad is a musician who plays traditional Irish music, and Williams says his dad "has always supported [him] in music." Anderson also comes from a musical background, and he says, "My dad raised me on a steady diet of fuckin' prog rock ... My introduction to Pearl Jam was from my parents."

Patterson describes Oxcross' live shows as "blue collar" and jokingly refers to their style as "power bottom." Williams says, "I'll attempt to make a few poor jokes—I'll probably berate the audience a little bit." They describe their music as doom metal with melody—Anderson says, "It's doom to listen to when you're sitting in a patch of sunflowers." They declared Williams to be their primary songwriter, and Patterson says, "Generally, Taylor has a song and shows it to us, and we play it. If it sucks, we will fix it."

Oxcross have yet to tour as a band, but they aren't altogether ruling it out. Patterson says, "I'd like to tour—we're all older and we have houses and some of us have kids and stuff like that. so it makes it a little harder to drop everything and go hit the road, but I'm always interested in playing in Denver or going out to California and playing shows." They haven't released any music to date, but they assured me that they were well into the making of it, and they projected that they would finish their album within a couple of months.

They are a busy bunch, too. With the exception of Williams, every member of the band is currently involved in other musical endeavors outside of Oxcross: Jones plays in **Dwellers**, Old Timer and Laughter, Patterson plays in Top Dead Celebrity, Døne and Subrosa, and Anderson plays in Top Dead Celebrity as well.

After talking to Oxcross, I was reminded of the importance of persistence. These guys comprise large notches in the backbone of not just the Salt Lake City metal scene, but the entire local music scene. For being such giants in the music community, it doesn't take much to satisfy them-Patterson says of the band's plans, "If there was some big band that, for some reason, [when] the planets aligned, wanted to take us on tour ... we would cross that bridge when we got there, but as far as expectations, we don't really have any. We just play shows and put out records and hope people like it." They were also kind enough to edify me in general pop cultural matters: Patterson says "... that the lost sound of the '80s is saxophone and fretless bass," that "Gwen Stefani is an American." and that Williams "ain't no hollerback girl," in either definition of the word.



interstellar will comfort you when you're blue, guide you through the electric dimensions of your brain and entertain you with their troubled and highly personal narrative. Eons harness misery, feed it acid and inject it into a particle accelerator. What's more, they are a bunch of goofballs. They jestingly told me that their ultimate goal was "Disney Records," and that they want to start touring with the Jonas Brothers and One Direction. After meeting these fellas, I wager they'll do it.

The group took form about 10 months ago as a three-piece outfit consisting of bassist Scott Wardle, guitarist Matt Wiley and their first drummer, whom they recently replaced with their current drummer, Taylor Orton. After a short period of jamming as a three-piece, they added second guitarist Chase Covington and singer Tylor Blackburn, and began playing shows.

Nobody in the band quite knew how to describe their music. Wiley took the lead, saying, "It's like ... spacey post-hardcore. When this band started, we all kind of had the mentality to just do whatever came natural ... In this band, it was, 'Have some beers and play some riffs."" While this sounds like a sure-fire way to blunder, it doesn't seem to show in their songs. Almost everyone in the band has been playing music for 10plus years, a detail that is reflected in the structurally complex songs of their first EP. The Weight Of Tragedy, which was released last September.

The fact that none of them have any serious musical training seems to belie the rhythmically jarring aspect of their tunes. The music isn't the only compelling aspect of their songs. Blackburn spares no gruesome detail when dealing with his subject matter—caterwauling every lyric like a ghoul's impassioned reading of a coroner's mad diary. Blackburn says of his writing process, "How it usually works ... Matt will come up with a riff idea and him and Scott will work on it together, and then they'll bring it to a band practice ... The song is almost done before I really start writing. I think it's, at least for me, more appropriate to feel the

tone of the song without lyrics and think of what that reminds me of, and then write."

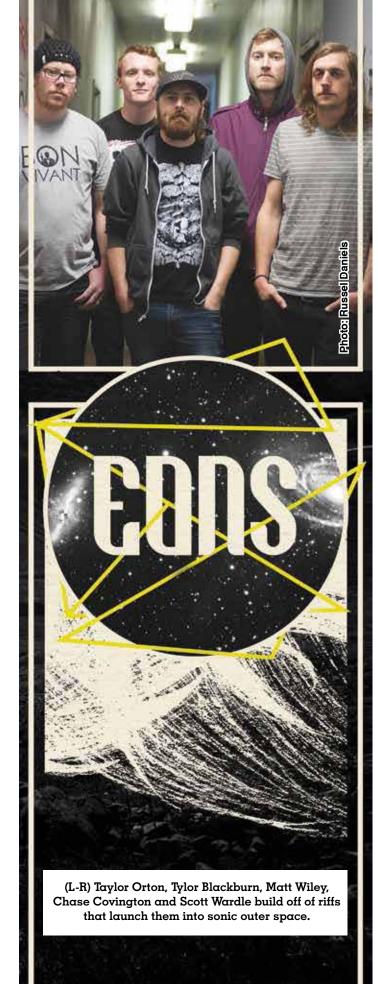
Last October, Eons went on a Northwest tour with local band Despite Despair. They were elated

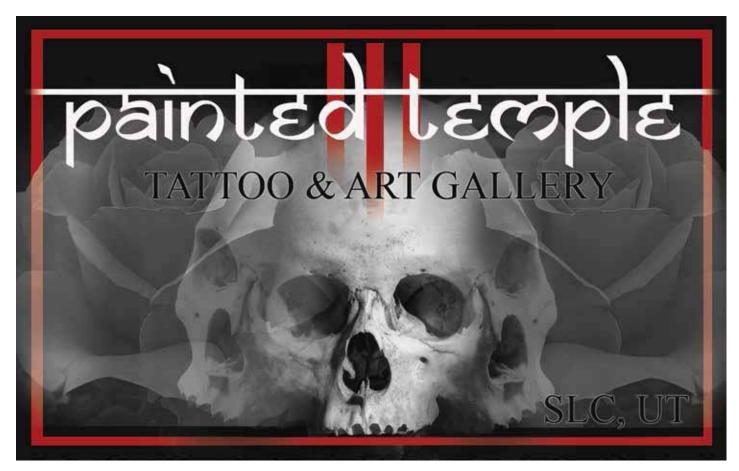
to tell me that they "got to play with Trial, which is fuckin' rad." says Covington. This was their first tour as a band, and they sighed when telling me that "it was too short." While on tour, they played hippie haven Arcada, Calif. I shuddered at the thought of a hardcore band playing for a gagale of hippies, but there didn't seem to be any friction. Wardle says, "It was probably the funnest show ... We went from playing with a bunch of straight edge bands, which were rather mellow ... [and when] we showed up [in Arcada], people were just smoking blunts, drinking beers." They played with a band called Oodles of Heroin, and Wardle announced to the crowd, "Hey, my name is Scott, and tonight you're all my friends." Someone replied, "Hey, Scott!" and threw him a beer.

When the topic turned to playing local shows, they spoke endearingly about the area: "The good thing about Utah is there's a good scene, Wiley says. When I asked them what local bands they enjoy playing with, they responded with a list too vast for the scope of this article, but Blackburn says, "I've never really played with a local band that I didn't enjoy playing with." They put a lot into their live performances, and Blackburn says they try to capture "the idea of the song," and describes their live shows as "full of energy" and "crowd involv[ing]." Covington says, "It's awesome when everyone's like 'Yes!' and excited, and the energy is up."

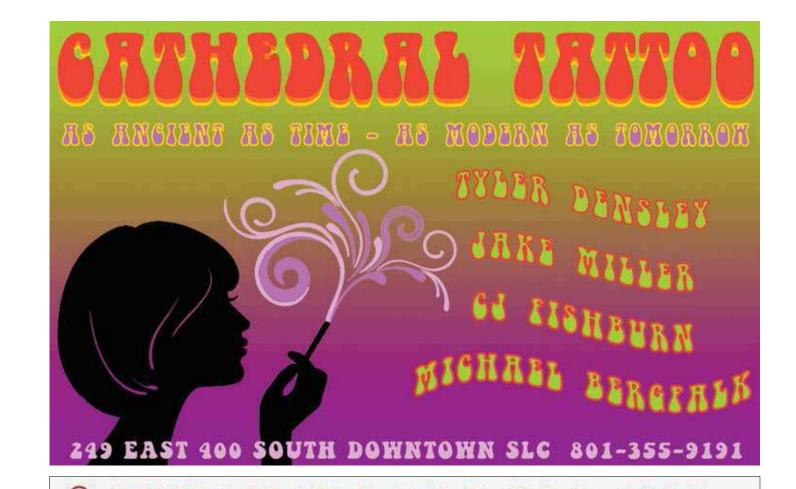
One of the raddest things about this band is their sense of camaraderie. In spite of each member occupying a unique slice of the band, they all seemed to be on the same page. When I asked them what they do when they hang out together, they replied in near synchronicity, "Drink beers and play music." They plan on cutting a full-length album soon. Wardle says, "We're really just writing enough that we can play different sets rather than what's on the EP ... We got some new stuff rollin' which is awesome—it feels really good." Their goals include touring, playing Europe and Australia, and at the top of the list is "having fun and enjoying every second of it," Wiley says.

You can find Eons' music on Bandcamp at eons801.bandcamp. com. After you check out Eons at Urban Lounge on April 12, check out Wiley and Orton's other projects: Starvist and Still Sea, respectively.











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The Pork Belly Steamed Buns at *Plum* Alley are perfectly seared and quite literally melt on your tongue.

After the rockin' success of *The Copper Onion*, it came as no surprise when chef/owner **Ryan Lowder** and his superb staff branched out and around the corner with another restaurant. Plum Alley serves Southeast-Asian Fusion based on the same locally sourced, seasonal, simple and homey (yet excellent) cooking ethics. The restaurant has experienced a little upheaval in personnel and menu shifting as they found their stride, but it's only

Named for Salt Lake City's long-ago demolished Chinatown, Plum Alley offers a hip yet undeniably elegant setting for equally hip and elegant food. The entire joint oozes with that perfect urban combination of industrial-rustic design topped off with just the right amount of shine, color and light—exposed wood and wire mesh with colorful paper lanterns and mirrors that reflect the light from the long, south-facing windows along Broadway. There's seating at the bar and at small, two-person tables along the windows, but large communal tables take up much of the restaurant. While eating with strangers is not the norm in Utah, it is, apparently, not so unusual on the East Coast, where Lowder worked for many years.

While the hours at Plum Alley can be tricky, with no lunch served on the weekends (which throws me about half the time, but I just end up at their sister restaurant instead), they are open for weekday lunches featuring some dinner favorites, as well as \$10 lunch specials: a choice of side with an entrée or small plate, such as the stir-fried house noodles or chilled chicken rice bowl with yellow curry.

My favorite of these dishes is the Steamed Buns (\$8 as a plate) with sweet, cincalok-glazed pork belly. The meat is perfectly seared, and the fat quite literally melts on your tongue. The steamed buns are a delicious, flat, round bread, and the dish is served up like two small Asian tacos, with a vinegar, mint, coriander, peanut and radish garnish that tops the buns perfectly. Paired with the griddled cauliflower, which is seared but still crunchy and topped with aioli, pickled mustard greens and toasted sesame seeds (\$5 à la carte) or the spicy, caramelized, palm sugar-sweetened green beans (\$6), it's a perfect lunch.

For a heartier lunch or for dinner, don't miss the P.A. Ramen (\$13), a large portion of soup built around a pork stock that is cooked for 20 hours, with thick noodles, bits of pulled pork, egg and the most delicious pieces of pork belly I've ever encountered (and given how much pork belly I've had at Lowder's restaurants, that's saying something!). The stock is thick with flavor. If you don't finish it, take it home and have it the next day—it's far too good to waste. Vegetarians can also get an equally tasty version of the ramen with a roasted mushroom stock (\$11).

The menu always includes a few specials that change over time—prices vary, but generally include a salad, a small plate and an entrée. During one visit, the specials included Manila clams in a coconut broth with bread, and a stew of house-made sausage and tofu. Ours came extra spicy, as we asked for, but they can keep the spice level down at request. I haven't given in to my desire to lick my plate yet, but with these, it was a close call. Luckily, our server whisked the bowls away before I started gnawing on them.

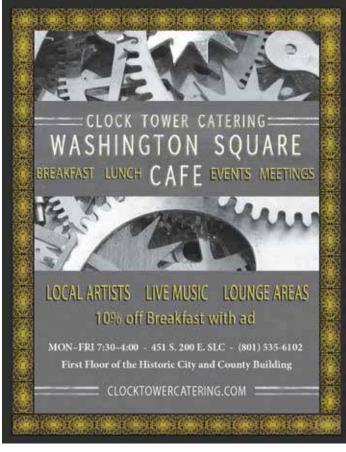
While some people report unfavorably on the service, I've never had anything less than good service at both lunch and dinner—the entire staff is fantastic. They are attentive and witty, and they really know their stuff. Admittedly, I've been eating at both *Plum Alley* and The Copper Onion since their respective opening days, but the staff doesn't always know me, so it's not just me—they really are good.

Desserts typically include one or two house-made ice creams or sorbets (\$1 at lunch, \$2 at dinner for a larger portion) and the Five-Spice Donuts (\$6), several large donut holes rolled in sugar and five-spice (cinnamon, clove and others) with a side of truly amazing coconut jam. Ice cream flavors vary, but I had both a sweet and exotic Coconut Honey, and an almost dry Dark Chocolate Pistachio that I am still dreaming about.

If you don't have time for dinner, Plum Alley is still perfect for a drink before you catch a film at the Broadway Theater. The Sloe Gin Fizzle (\$8) is a fruity one-two punch that is an excellent choice with a spicy dinner. The Cinnamon Pinch (\$8) has to be tried to be understood: Gin, orange juice and cinnamon with a hint of basil; it is a dryer cocktail that is very sophisticated and unexpected. My personal favorite cocktail is the exotic Thai Tiger (\$8) with its coconut water, citrus and red chili simple syrup—it reminds me of Froot Loops, but far more alluring! They also offer an excellent selection of whiskey and, of course, wines. For the non-drinkers (or lunch!), try a Fentiman's Rose Lemonade or Cherrytree Cola (\$4).

Plum Alley will be closed for a few days in the spring for remodeling, and it will reopen with a club license, which will allow later hours and an even more impressive bar. Expect the hours to change, but don't expect the excellent food and drinks to go away—this flower of a restaurant is only going to keep improving.









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ALL-AGES LOCALIZED

By Kia McGinnis • kiaginny@gmail.com

Right here in the saltiest city, we're swimming with young, local talent—and **Spy Hop Productions** has booked an all-ages *Localized* showcase for April, featuring three local bands comprised of talented under-agers. Spy Hop is an awesome resource for fine fledglings, offering a variety of resources for young people interested in the digital arts, including a recording studio and a music blog called *801 Sessions* that features new artists every month. Indie synth-pop from **Solarsuit** and math rock from **Anthropology** will be present, as well as opening band **Creature Double Feature**. Swing by *Kilby Court* on April 26 and \$5 will get you a killer glimpse at some up-and-coming bands.



While most high school dudes are busy trying to get chicks and maintain status, the members of Solarsuit spend every spare second they get from school and homework writing, practicing, marketing or scheming. "We don't get much sleep anymore," says guitarist/vocalist Logan Nelson. Trying to break into the realm of successful music isn't easy, but Solarsuit are fighting to be recognized and to prove that being 17 won't stop them. As their fanbase slowly creeps upward on the Internet and as they continue to make connections, their bright-eved dedication is beginning to pay off. In 2012, Solarsuit got to open for **Imagine Dragons** at In The Venue. Nelson teaches music lessons with Robby Connolly from Fictionist and guitarist Luke Barton plays in Luna Lune with his older sister. Despite all the ties to big names in Provo, Solarsuit is a Salt Lake band who claim Kilby as their home.

Most bands get started after some friends have fun jamming with each other, but Solarsuit seemed to have serious intentions from the start. After some brief member shuffling and name changing (formerly **Q&A**), they launched into songwriting and showbooking. They started as an indie-rock project and have now eased into indie synth-pop, with an added guitar and keys. While their age obviously sets them apart from others in their genre, musically, they make their sound fresh by emphasizing both guitar

parts and pushing the synth forward. The result is a mature, clean sound that is endearing and approachable. Solarsuit are influenced by **Coldplay, Bombay Bicycle Club** and **Radiohead**. You can hear these influences in their music along with their unique touches. They have several high-quality, professional videos available, and are working on recording their first EP, which will drop in May.

In their video "Sleep Talking," you can see Solarsuit play an acoustic house show. The feel is open, honest and a bit on the tender side. "That's how we make a lot of our songs, just being loose and hanging out," keyboardist Matt Spurrier says. They're set up in a half circle, in a living room with big, open windows. Nelson and Barton are on guitar, **Billy Brown** on drums, Spurrier on keys and **Ethan England** on bass, with everyone pitching in for harmonies with Nelson's lead vocals. Playing acoustic leaves more vulnerability, and through the course of this video, Solarsuit leaves no room for doubt that this is what they love to do. In another video, they perform "Friendly" Fires" live, and it's hard not to appreciate how truly happy playing music makes these dudes. As Brown puts it, "We play music because—what would we do if we didn't play music?"

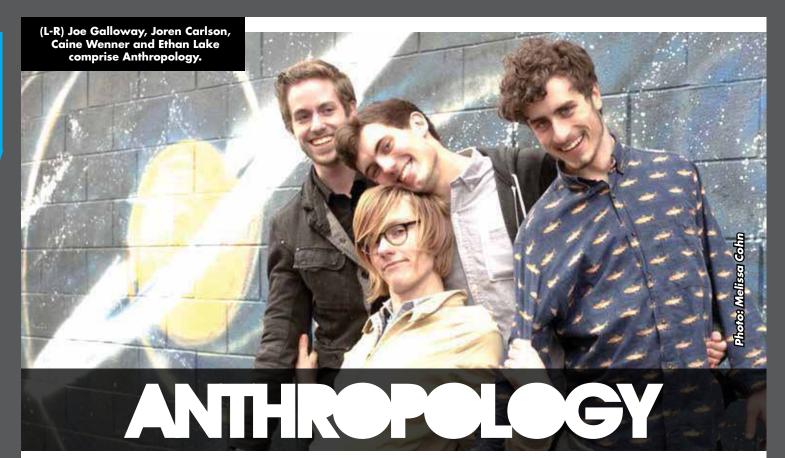
"There's not a ton of bands that come out of high school ready to do something else. **Maroon 5** is

the only one I can think of, but I don't love them very much," Nelson says. These dudes are striving to not be labeled a "high school band." Even though their fanbase is largely in their age group, they try to reach out to all groups of people. "If an 80-year-old man digs us and thinks we're catchy, then that's awesome," says Nelson

When asked about fame, all five members bust out a huge smile and nod to each other. "We all want it. It would be a totally awesome, surreal experience. There's doors that are opening for us. There's something here that's working," Nelson says, speaking for the group. Solarsuit are active in pursuing their ambitious goals and dreams—including getting played on AltNation radio, getting signed to a record label and winning a Grammy within two years. Nelson says, "If you push yourself to reach really hard goals, I think you'll achieve more."

"I love the way playing music feels," England says with a smile. Barton adds, "I think it's really cool to make music that people want to hear."

For right now, they're focusing and playing as many shows as they can, cranking out songs and gaining a stronger fanbase. Plan on hearing all new songs at *Localized*, and be sure to look up their tunes on *Reverbnation*—their music speaks for all their hard work.



The band that is now Anthropology got its start a few years back when the members were in middle school, as a pop/rock, generic, radio-friendly music jam. Eventually, they grew bored and wanted to go for something a little more innovative. Now at age 17, they have combined both their friendship and their collective musical backgrounds together, and ended up with a groovy math rock sound. **Ethan Lake** (guitar) has a classical background and loves jazz and cello, while other members are more influenced by other math rock bands, such as **Piglet**, whose song "Anthropology Anthology" inspired the band's name.

Growing from a sparse, simple sound to a more full, intricate one came with time and practice. As **Joe Galloway** (bass) puts it, "Our musical maturation has followed our maturation as people. Also, masturbation." Lake adds, "I wouldn't have listened to us when we started, but now I'd give us a chance." **Caine Wenner** was recently added as a second quitar player, bolstering their shred capabilities.

Anthropology are all about putting on a memorable show, and they have a few things up their sleeve for Localized. "A bigger budget for the Zurcher's party store is in order. We like to be as boisterous and exuberant as we can," Wenner says. Using props and costumery is not necessarily a gimmick, but a way to get both the band members and the crowd stoked and ready to dance. This is a band that thrives off of a bustling crowd and hopes that their

fans walk away having had a genuinely great time.

These guys don't see age as a disadvantage to their music. "Some people assume we're going to be bad because of our age, then they come to our show and we prove them wrong," says Galloway. "It's gratifying to see new faces at shows. We're always hoping that it's not just our friends and our parents who show up. **Birthquake** commended us and that was the biggest thing for us."

Anthropology aren't claiming to be anything that hasn't been done before and aren't out for fame or fortune—rather, they're looking for a good time in sharing their music. "We started playing not because we wanted to be a band, just because we wanted to play music. We play a lot of *Smash Bros.* and just hang out together," says **Joren Carlson** (drums). "There are 10,000 four-chord rock bands in Salt Lake alone, so when someone comes along and does something even a little different, it makes it worthwhile."

Galloway says, "The friendship we have has very strongly influenced our music. We've all shared music with each other as we've been growing up." It's clear that they have their own (sarcastic) sense of humor that plays into their music and makes it fun and exuberant. "Dude, I'm just in it for the women," Lake says.

Their music is rhythmically complex and light-feeling

despite its heavy guitar and drums. Self-described as a "semi-OK, three-piece instrumental band," Anthropology are both smart and humble. Inspired by local band **Palace of Buddies** as well as **Antarctic** and **This Town Needs Guns**, their songs are danceable, jazzy, classical, experimental and even a tiny bit metal. Playing music without vocals gives them room to showcase their instrumental prowess. "We like to confuse a bunch of genres that make things interesting," says Galloway. With titles such as, "The Gates of Mordor" and "You Shall Not Pass," it's a given that these guys are on the nerdy side, which adds an amusing element to their work.

The band is working on getting some recorded works together, but don't seem to worry too heavily about future plans. "We don't even care if we sell any CDs, just as long as it sounds good. Honestly our main goal is to beat *Gradius III*," Caine says. There's definitely a place for music that is made simply for enjoyment, and Anthropology get that.

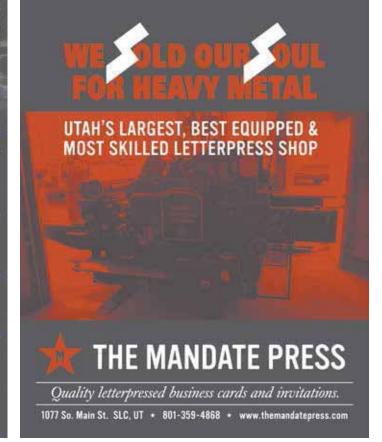
Think back to what you were doing when you were 17 and give these kids some credit for their creativity, motivation and time. Music is a common pursuit, but it takes a unique group of people to be able to succeed in it. Both Solarsuit and Anthropology have managed to move past unfair judgments about the quality of their music based upon their age and have gained respect doing so. Let's hear it for Salt Lake, local venues and ambitious youth.











SLUG MESSES WITH TEXAS & SE













(1) Pissed Jeans' vocalist Matt Korvette, guitarist Bradley Fry and bassist Randy Huth building their punk sound. (2) Patrick Boyer of local indie rock band Desert Noises blew us away with his rock n' roll riffs. (3) In a rare acoustic set, Diamond Rings sang his heart out to a crowd that slowly fell in love. (4) Casey Joseph, bassist for psychedelic band Stardeath and White Dwarfs, illuminated by a rosey hue under a rooftop tent at the ACM Showcase. (5) Call of the Void's Steve Vanica pouring out some sludge and grindcore. (6) A combination of Austin's My Education and SLC's own Theta Naught, Sound Mass featured 12 talented musicians onstage playing a wide range of instruments. (7) Finnish crust punk band Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät put on a fist-pumping set complete with a strip tease by vocalist Kari Aalto.

again, SLUG hit South by Southwest (SXSW), the music festival that gulfed the city of Austin, Texas, for its 27th year. During the five-day nture, we fearlessly messed with Texas and stayed hip to the music acts that dazzled our eyes and ears and munched on our hearts amid crack pipes, grilled cow hearts, topless bike cabbies and a rollerblading alien

Call of the Void

Red 7 03.16

Chaos in Tejas & Relapse Records Official SXSW Show-Call of the Void = Gaza +

Early Graves Entering Red 7 in Austin, Texas for the

Chaos in Teias & Relapse Records Official SXSW Showcase, it was apparent that Call of the Void was given the perfect venue to help the crowd mirror its name. They used a combination of crust, sludge and infested grindcore to help drive the vile red substance forcefully through everybody's veins. Onstage, Call of the Void was armed with Sunn, Orange, Verellen, Peavey and Ampeg amps, and Atlas cabs made out of Denver, Colo. as the keystone to deliver every range of decibel to hurt ears. Although drummer Gordon Koch said he doesn't use metronomes in an interview with Blow the Scene, after seeing their live performance onstage, it's clear that guitarist Patrick Alberts is a human metronome, swaying back and forth across both sides of the stage while moving in time with the music. Call of the Void's new album has just been released on Relapse Records and was recorded by SLC's Andy Patterson, featuring artwork by our own Anthony Lucero, formerly of Gaza (RIP). – Joshua Joye

Crooked Bangs

Bauhaus

Beerland 03.16 Jolly Dream Records / Tic Tac **Totally Showcase** Crooked Bangs = Misfits x (Bratmobile – riot grrrl + Julia Kristeva) + Sylvie Vartan x

Although Crooked Bangs are a threepiece outfit out of Austin, Texas, their overall sound transcended the sum of its parts. Drummer **Phil Gonzalez**'s solid rock n' roll beats set the stage for guitarist Samantha Wendel's distinct style: Something I noticed under the red Beerland lights was that, within her simple chord progressions, she often involved chord structures that went beyond power chords, which added a sense of melody to her vicious strumming as she hunched over in a brooding dance. Frontwoman **Leda Ginestra** stole the show with her volatile singing—her contralto voice would coast until it began to shake and warble, and she would then shoot shrill barks into the venue. Her stage presence was that of a possessed woman—she would stare demonically as she sang or paused in between vocals, then her eyes would pop

out. Toward the end of their set, Ginestra's shrieks became more frequent and her gaze more piercing, and she would collapse to the floor as if the dark, rock n' roll melodies she sang in French sent her into convulsions. Catchy and ghastly, Crooked Bangs played sexy, vintage French garage-punk that chomped up my heart. -Alexander Ortega

Diamond Rings

VEVO TV Control Room 03.15

VEVO Showcase Diamond Rings = (Ian Curtis + Elvis Presley) vocals + (David Bowie + Morrissey + Vanilla Ice) aesthetic

Arriving at the venue to see Diamond Rings, a gender-bending electronic pop artist from Toronto, I fully expected to walk in on a black stage covered in rainbow lights, a foa machine and John O'Regan in a futuristic, shoulder-padded ensemble and some lipstick. Instead. a pretty normal-looking dude wearing all black was perched on a stool at the edge of the stage cradling an acoustic guitar. As soon as his low, sultry voice came through the mic over some simple guitar strums, I set up camp. O'Regan kept his eves closed during his entire first song. opening them with an "Oh, there you all are!" which set the precedent for his candid and relaxed demeanor between songs, speckled with funny guips like, "Tonight's show is laser free." The setlist included two of my favorites from his latest album, Free Dimensional: "Runaway Love"—chewy bubble-aum pop; and "Put Me On"—a darker, Soft Cell-"Tainted Love"-esque track. By the end of his set, the crowd was wrapped close and tight, doe-eyed, knees weak and demanding an encore—which, in a rare SXSW moment, was kindly performed. (The Depot, 04.10 with **OMD**). -Esther Meroño

Howl

The Dirty Dog 03.14 Metalsucks Showcase $Howl = (Amon Amarth \times High)$ On Fire) / Elitist

Having never heard Howl, I was totally shaken up by the earthquake they created live. Vocalist Vincent Hausman had the whole Dirty Dog bar clenching their hands and pumping their fists as he gesticulated about the stage in wolfsnarly roars, like a hype man for war. The dimly lit venue fostered exuberant sparks and explosions of energy as Howl worked through their songs that included rhythmic builds that slammed into hearty,

tion to the band, which Hausman pointed out, bassist Jesse Riley worked his fivestring axe to help fill out the room with deep tones. Howl aren't particularly fast, but their sense of rhythm—in large part created by quitarists Josh Durocher-Jones and Jonathan Hall—carried their songs for me to head bang enthusiastically, and their sheer intensity was underpinned by drummer Timmy St. Amour's solid double-kick strikes, which deftly transitioned the band into different time signatures. The guitarists used melody sparsely, so when they moved beyond solely playing riffs, their catchy hooks lent the songs a vibrancy that transcended run-of-the-mill metal. Hausman's stage presence, moreover, propelled this heavy band along with guttural euphony. Ultimately, I felt like a barbarian the whole time. -Alexander Ortega

chuggy sections. For being a new addi-

Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät

Headhunters Patio 03.14 Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät = Rudimentry Peni + Aus-Rotten + Disorder

I find something therapeutic about going to a punk show in a dingy, dirty dive. I like watching the crowd swill cheap beer and fist-pump in the pit to a band that "just doesn't give a fuck." I bet Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät, the crust punk band from Finland, would agree. Comprised of four adult males with developmental disabilities, Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät played loud and fast, like it was the last show of their lives. They all looked like they were in their mid-50s, some playing their instruments better than others. At one point, the bass player was completely off-rhythm, but he powered through like it was no big deal. In true crust punk style, the band's namesake and auitarist. Pertti Kurikan. played several songs with his back to the audience. Halfway through, singer Kari Aalto stripped down to his underwear. He tried to go further, but their manager suddenly appeared and coaxed him to stop. His low, rough vocals had a good hardcore-style rumble. He wrapped the mic cord around his eyes and channeled GG Allin. Before I knew it. Aalto was on the floor screaming undecipherable Finnish lyrics while the band played their last song. -Angela H. Brown

Sound Mass

Salvage Vanguard Theater/ The Hideout 03.14

SXSW Official Showcase Sound Mass = (My Education + Theta Naught) x A night at the symphony

Looking through set times for Austinbased post-rockers My Education, I accidentally stumbled across Sound Mass, their side project with none other than Salt Lake legends Theta Naught.

Watching them set up was an experience in itself: 12 musicians playing everything from the usual band setup to an electric cello, a vibraphone and a viola, combined with two drum sets that sat facing each other. The onslaught of music started slow and steady, layering flawlessly as more instruments joined in, the musicians watching and listening to each other as they built the song—Sound Mass, indeed. I was so blown away, I ended up at their second show of the day, which proved to be just as stimulating visually as it was aurally. At the Vanguard, a projection screen in back of the band showed moving patterns, but this time, those were projected straight on the band, and as my eardrums melted away from the wall of sound, so did the musician's faces. I was later told that a lot of what they do is improvised, as they're spread out across the country and have minimal practice time. Keep an ear to the ground for Sound Mass as performances are rare and far between—I must've picked up a lucky penny somewhere in Austin. -Esther Meroño

Stardeath and White **Dwarfs**

512 Rooftop 03.12

ACM Showcase Stardeath and White Dwarfs = The Brian Jonestown Massacre - Anton Newcombe + Spaceman 3 + Velvet Underground - Lou Reed + magic mushrooms

Oklahoma psychedelia experts Stardeath

and White Dwarfs are best known for

their collaborations with The Flaming

Lips, first covering Pink Floyd's classic album. Dark Side of The Moon in 2009. and later in 2012, taking on King Crimson's In the Court of the Crimson King. These Midwest rockers aren't just a glorified backing band: They're chimerical songwriters in their own right. I was fortunate enough to preview their newest original material onstage during their second SXSW performance. They jammed for over an hour under a white tent crowded with around 100 fans. Several custom-built lighting triangles topped the band's amps and cabinets, syncopating at all the right moments. Purple lights reflected off the tent's low ceiling, casting a pink hue across audience's faces. A smoke machine added to the surreal atmosphere, enhancing the visuals and providing a smoky screen for the band to hide behind. Their 60-minute set flew by, and before I knew it, the audience and I were screaming for an encore. Stardeath and White Dwarfs obliged, closing out the night with The Stone Roses' "I Wanna Be Adored." Let's hope the next album Stardeath and White Dwarfs cover will be The Stone Roses' self-titled record.



-Angela H. Brown



(1) Beliefs' Josh Korody bringing out some shoegaze. (2) Merchandise's vocalist Carson Cox with Dave Vassalotti playing an instrumental break. (3) Mlny Parsonz is a crooner in Atlanta, Ga. band Royal Thunder. (4) French pop, darkwave and punk rock never sounded as good as it did with (L-R) Samantha Wendel, Phil Gonzalez and Leda Ginestra of Crooked Bangs. (5) Amplified Heat played garage rock laden with licks n' solos at the Headhunters Club. (6) Gypsyhawk's Southern rock brand of metal was made for daisy dukes and shakin'. (7) Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth fame brought his fresh new band, Chelsea Light Moving, to the Thrasher Death Match stage for some serious shredding. (8) Greek band Imam Baildi were energetic and fun, sporting a traditional bazouki player among the usual instruments.





very Monday night, **RuPaul** hosts a TV show that airs on the Logo Channel, a TV network (or netwerg) that is geared toward the pink side of the cable viewer, and is all gay, all day! Trust me when I say our programs are way racier than yours, the raciest being RuPaul's aptly named Drag Race. The reality/contest show is, for all intents and purposes, "America's Next Top Tranny." DR's basic premise is using skill and wit to outsmart the competition, then at the end, someone is voted off—'cept it be real gay. For instance, Ru starts the show with a video "shemail" to let the contesting queens (14 to start) know what the day's mini challenge is—the last episode I saw, it was to put makeup on in the dark. The winner chooses teams for the day's big challenge, which dominates the rest of the episode, and is your basic "who's smarter, better and," in this series, "cuntier." Past challenges include photo shoots, standup comedy and singing—and queens, you better listen to Ru's tag line: "Don't fuck it up!"

So, they do the challenge, hilarity ensues, we laugh, we cry, we cheer and hiss, then the gurls walk a runway and are judged on the outcome of their labors. The judges are usually the A-list of the B-list celebrities: Chaz Bono (who came out of Cher's vagina), noted contestant Alaska Thunder Fuck, Latoya Jackson, Juliette Lewis, Chloë Sevigny and more, who all play their respective reality show duties of being overly critical and bitchy. They narrow it down to two girls who "lip sync for their lives" till the winner is told, "shanty, you stay" and the one who "fucked it up" is told to "sashay away." It's very dramatic, and

at the risk of receiving a mail bomb, very **Tyra**

I am asked frequently if I've thought of auditioning, and the answer is simply, FUCK NO! This could possibly be my worst nightmare. First off, I don't even have the drag queen aesthetic—being able to paint and contour your face like that is really an art, one I truly am in awe of. The hair a mile high, the padding, the costumes—these ladies spend a lot of time and effort on themselves, and quite frankly, it takes me two hours to get ready: one to sit around bitching about how I don't wanna get ready and one to hurry, throw something on and get out the

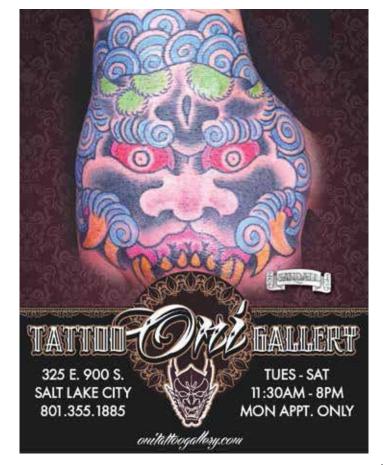
Then there's the competitive side that brings out the worst in some people. Don't get me wrong, I live to catfight with the best of them, but there are a couple queens on this show who fight nonstop. I can't help but zone out after two minutes. To sit around and listen to that, day in and day out—a bitch would go postal. Also, sitting in front of a panel pointing out my flaws would send me running and crying out of the room. Lastly, I have some sort of mental problem that prohibits me from lip syncing, so doing that in competition is out of the question.

Even though I would not do it, I get why some would and, in fact, one of my friends in San Francisco did. Honey Mahogany is a fellow performer who runs in my circle of friends. She is a stunning beauty and singer who rules the gay scene—I was ever amazed at the hundreds of invites I got from her on a monthly basis for some

event or another, so it came as no surprise when the news broke she was on the upcoming season of Drag Race. Out of loyalty, I recruited all my friends to Team Honey, and we faithfully headed down to Try-Angles at about 900 S. and 300 W. to cheer her on. She was fabulous and looked gorgeous, and unfortunately, didn't last long. The odds stacked against her one too many times, and through no fault but misfortune, she sashayed away and the world didn't get to actually see the superstar.

Honey hosts a club in the heart of the Castro district every Monday called Mahogany Mondays, where she and a guest host will show the week's episode, then during commercial, chat about what we've just seen and give anecdotes and "isms" about her experiences on the show. I went to interview her and find out all about the lady behind the diva. I actually most enjoyed being in her presence and going out after for a gin-soaked good time, running into one of the other contestants, Detox, and having a good ol' fashioned girls' night out with probably the nicest queen I've ever met. It was then that I realized she is the girl who has it all: beauty, talent and brains, and just because she's not reality TV material doesn't mean that Honey Mahogany won't become a household name.

What I admire most about Honey and all the other queens on the show is they are taking a risk and putting themselves out there, and to that I say, "You better werg!" Come see who wins every Monday at Try-Angles. Go to itshoney.com to learn more about Ms. Honey and see her music video.











sit together and attend free after parties following the concert. At Vivace's next event, you'll get the rare opportunity to hear not one but THREE Ichaikovsky Piano Concerti. An intense feat that requires a pianist with phenomenal skill and stamina. Louis Lortie (pictured above) with Utah Symphony will blow you away. April 20 | 8pm | \$49 |801.533.NOTE (6683) | usuo.org/vivace



VIVACE UTAH SYMPHONY
CLASSICALLY CHARGED

Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Babies! By Mike Brown Twitter: @Fuckmikebrown

After every Father's Day weekend, I roll out of bed and warily check my mailbox. Bill, bill, junk, bill, porno mag, bill, junk and bill: nothing exciting or out of the norm, but a sigh of relief and a little wave of happiness drapes over me. Why? Because there were no Father's Day cards lumped in there with all the other crap.

In fact, here's a good Father's Day prank to pull on your slutty buddies: Forge a bunch of Father's Day cards and exploit them for alimony. You would have to make the handwriting all pretty like a girl's, and not all chicken-scratchy like mine, and you could just steal some baby pictures off of a Google image search, and simply say you'll accept alimony payments in cash to a random PO Box.

Much like I described losing friends to mortgages and marriages in my February article, I have lost a friend or two to a baby. I don't get bitter towards babies for not being able to kick it with my buddies the same way I would be mad about them choosing housework or their wives over me, though. Mostly because they choose to get locked into a mortgage with a great APR and decide to get married. Most of my friends who create another human with their respective penises didn't really choose it. The kid was like a 50-car pileup on an icy l-15 freeway: an accident.

Accidents happen in life. You can't get mad at them or avoid them. Cars crash, people trip and fall, my favorite pair of pants gets diarrhea-ed, meth labs explode and condoms break. I guess that's why whenever I hear one of my friends slipped one past the goalie, I have the same reaction as if I had just heard they fell off a cliff: "Oh, fuck!"

I wonder what the statistic is for planned spawning versus sexual mishaps? Even big Mormon families seem to always have that one youngest kid who's. like, seven years younger than the rest of their siblings. I'm surprised Republicans haven't sponsored a study on accidental births, reason being it would strengthen a lot of stupid political stances in my opinion. I can hear Orrin Hatch saying now, "Oh, you want free healthcare? Well, you weren't supposed to be born anyway, so go get fucked!" [Editor's Note: SLUG is not responsible for the political validity of this statement.1

My gut feeling tells me that more than half of all babies were accidents: not unwanted, but unplanned. That's right, I believe that half of all humanity are

fucking accidents. I mean, seriously, I hear that raising kids is hard work and goddamn expensive who, for fuck's sake, would plan on that? [Editor's Note: According to a Google search, Mike Brown's statistic is actually accurate, as 49 percent of pregnancies are unplanned.]

Babies are usually pretty warm and cute, though. So, if you like warm and cute and expensive things, I could understand wanting to have one. If not, use a condom! Walk into Planned Parenthood and get on

Do people still stash their kids in a giant Easter egg basket and doorbell ditch an orphanage or convent? That could be a great pro-abortion ad campaign. Instead of the coat hanger with the little cross out sign, a slogan saying something like, "There are only so many doorsteps that will take your baby off your hands without filing criminal charges. Choose abortion instead!"

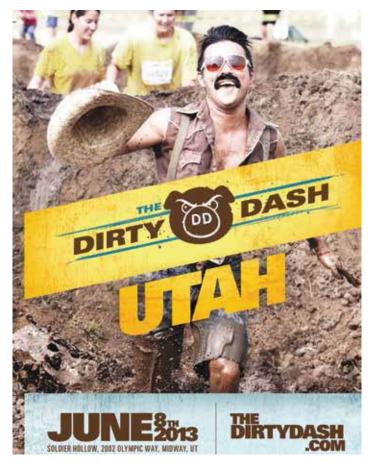
All this aside, though, the older I get, the more I think I could or should have kids. When I was younger, I thought that I never wanted little Mike Browns. I don't know why I feel this way—it's not like I'm a girl and my biological time-bomb clock is ticking. I could put my sperm in my freezer and use it when I'm 70 if I

Nowadays, the thought of a couple little Mike Browns running around pissing people off warms my heart a little bit. Since owning my cat. Jet Pack. I'm sure I can handle the responsibilities of having a baby. I think I've got the basics down, which are don't drop them and don't shake them. I'm sure I can Google how to do everything else if I have any questions, or ask one of my Mormon sisters—they've all had tons of babies.

As far as I can tell, all babies really do is poop themselves, cry, drool, eat applesauce, giggle and sleep whenever they want. It sounds just like what I put up with living with Mike Abu. I can totally handle this. Whenever a baby does any of these things, I just have to make a silly face at it and it will stop, right? And I'm great at making silly faces. This is going to be too easy for me.

The hardest part of having a baby, for me, is finding a chick who is willing to have my baby. All the shit I have to do leading up to actually making a baby has got to be way harder than actually raising the baby. Like going on dates (ugggh!) and falling in love and all that shit? For me, a baby will probably just have to wait, because, at the rate I'm going, this could take a while.

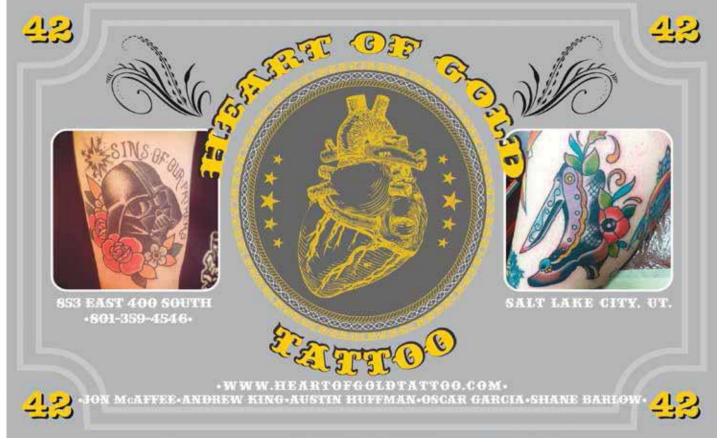




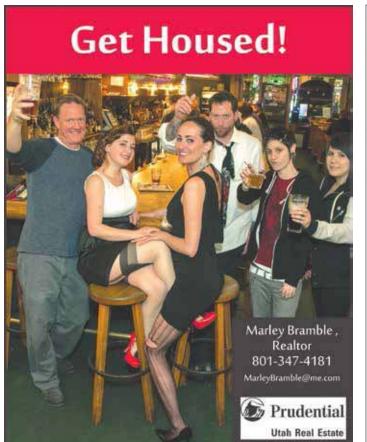


Diane Sheya, of Viking Cooking School loves local ingredients! She recently highlighted local food producers from Slide Ridge Honey, Oolite Cheese, Norbest Turkey, and Laziz Foods in a cooking class. We could actually taste their passion

For 9 more reasons visit: www.LocalFirst.org



28 SaltLakeUnderGround slugmag.com 29





- ask about a free list of

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properties that are





STILL STANDING STRONG

t's a rainy Sunday afternoon, and **Jeremy** Chatelain, Chad "Chubba" Smith and James Holder are sitting around a table, drinking coffee and swapping stories. The three of them are in full youth-revival mode, trying to remember details of things that happened nearly a quarter of a century ago.

"I Googled 'Insight' and 'straight edge' the other day," says Chatelain. "There's some old hardcore fanzine entry that comes up called 'straight edgers are dicks.' It goes on to list all these bands and the reasons why they're dicks—and we're on there."

Smith and Holder laugh, but are a little bit shocked at the same time. Chatelain gets excited to tell the story and continues, saying, "It's like, 'Anybody ever heard of this stupid fucking band Insight from Utah? They came through New York City to play ABC No Rio, didn't walk in the club until right before they played, borrowed gear from Supertouch

and didn't even stick around to watch them. Dicks." Smith and Holder remember the exact show in question and everything that happened that day. "We had to park our van like seven blocks away!" says Holder.

Along with singer Mark Olsen and bassist Doug Wright—who live in California and New York, respectively, and were not present for the interview quitarists Chatelain and Holder and drummer Smith make up Salt Lake's first straight edge band, Insight. They were only together for a brief period, from 1988 to 1990, but were instrumental in shaping the hardcore scene in Salt Lake City. They're reuniting for two shows this month—the band's first reunion in nearly 25 years.

By Trevor Hale trevorhale@amail.com

The conversation keeps going, discussing the seedy parts of cities and reminiscing about being woken up from a nap by huge strangers reaching into the van at a rest stop. It's fun to listen to, but it's even more fun to watch old friends interact. These three are clearly enjoying each other's company again, and even though they've all played in bands together since, Insight is the one that sticks out. The stories go on and the laughs continue as they talk about the band that they all cut their teeth in that gave them their first taste of something bigger than local fame.

"Fast and loud" was the mantra of Insight, and they took influence from hardcore bands of the era like Youth of Today, Minor Threat and 7 Seconds. They rapidly built a following by playing as often as they could. Shows at The Speedway Café and The Word got bigger and bigger, and their unique, crossover sound enabled them to fit with pretty much any hardcore band on the stage. "It was a thirst for volume and a thirst for playing really, really fast," says Holder. "Our half stacks were always turned all the way up."

Being the first outspoken straight edge band in Salt Lake, Insight were gaining popularity in the early '90s—not just in Salt Lake City, but all over the country as well. Eventually, their debut 7", Standing Strong, was re-released by Victory Records as What Will It Take in March of 1990, and they hit the road with lofty goals and the world at their fingertips. It was short lived, though, and the band never made it past that one, six-song EP and a handful of compilation

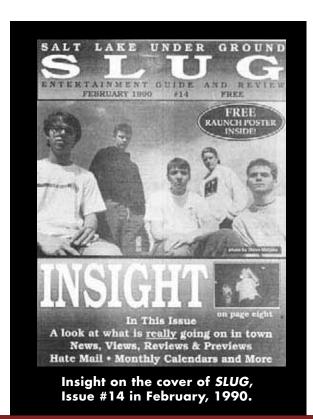
When Wright got married and had a kid straight out of high school, he put family first and wasn't able to tour any longer. Real life came calling and threw a wrench in what had been a great thing. These five friends had grown up together over the course of a record and numerous tours with some of the biggest hardcore bands of the era. No one really wanted to continue on without the

core members, so they decided to hang it up. They all moved on to other projects, most notably **Iceburn** and **Handsome**, broadened their musical horizons and never really looked back. Insight was done.

Last year, **Revelation Records**—one of the most respected record labels of the era—celebrated its 25th anniversary with three huge shows across the country. A lot of bands from its early years got back together and sent off a sweeping wave of nostalgia. For fans of hardcore, it was hard not to get caught up in it, and the Internet soon overflowed with Facebook and Twitter posts of which bands everyone would love to see back together, even for just one night.

Olsen had been playing in **The Gimmicks** in Seattle and later **Sweet Evil** in Los Angeles, touring Europe and still living the rock n' roll life, but Insight was never all the way out of his mind. With all of the bands that they toured with back in the day reuniting and playing hardcore shows again, Chatelain feels pretty confident saying that's what kicked Olsen into high gear trying to put together an Insight reunion. "Mark's been bugging me about it for probably five years," says Chatelain. "Truthfully—and no offense to any of the guys because I love them—I really wasn't interested. I'm not sure if they were, either."

Chatelain had a change of heart recently and felt like playing again. It wasn't so much that he had a desire to play the songs they'd written in 1988, but that he wanted to be in a room with those guys again, playing music. He left the hard part up to Olsen: getting the other four guys to agree and finding a place to play. "Jeremy and I have been in touch ever since Insight broke up," says Olsen. "We entertained the idea of doing this for years. I had a chance to play with the guys from **Chain of Strength, Against the Wall** and **Excel**, and it made me miss what I loved—playing hardcore with my brothers from Insight. I just put the wheels in motion and got all the guys on board."





Insight playing the Painted Word with The Stench in 1988.

It was very important to everyone that if a reunion were to happen, it had to come from a genuine place. None of them wanted it to feel like a chore, and everyone that was originally in the band had to be on board. Luckily, everyone signed on, and April 12 at *The Shred Shed* and April 13 at *Urban Lounge* will be the first Insight shows since September of 1990. The hard part turned out to be easier than they all thought, and the new challenge was relearning songs that hadn't been touched in 23 years. "That first practice, we had an iPhone sitting on the top of a Marshall half stack, and we were trying to play along," says Holder. "It's more complicated than I thought. I underestimated the difficulty factor."

Playing along to recordings didn't last long, and soon after, Smith showed up to take his place behind the kit and the songs just started flowing again. "I feel like it's just muscle memory," says Chatelain. "The songs stuck in my head for so long, then at some point they disappeared. The minute I started hearing them again, it was like 'Oh yeah!' James and I had moments in the rehearsal space where we were both just like, 'and then it goes here, and then it goes right here.'"

With Olsen and Wright living on opposite sides of the country, the practices have been scaled down, but no one is worried. They've both been playing in bands and know what they're supposed to be doing. The only thing they're worried about is whether they can still pull off how fast the songs are supposed to be. "I feel bad for Chubbs," says Chatelain. "It is really, really fast. We'd worked at it for years at that point, but I can't play that fast anymore."

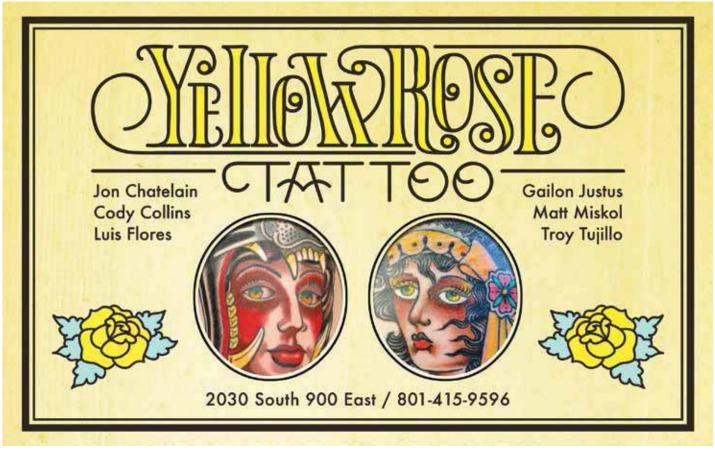
The set list stands around 11 or 12 songs at this point, and no one denies that this might not be the last we hear of Insight. They all admit that they're having a great time being back together, hanging out, swapping stories and playing music again. Chatelain reveals that he did find cassette tapes of songs that never got recorded before the band broke up, and it's obvious that everyone is having more fun than they thought they would. "We start playing and I get pumped," says Chatelain. "I want to just jump around, which is crazy. It's fun to get back into that headspace."

The hardcore scene isn't exactly what it used to be, and bands come and go with such regularity that it's hard to keep up, but everyone remembers the ones who put it on the map, and this is definitely one of them. To the guys in Insight, though, it's always been more about the friendships formed and the fact that they're able to get together more than 20 years later and it's still the same as it ever was. "It's been awesome," says Chatelain. "It'd say the biggest reason for doing this is just to play music with these guys again and see what that would feel like. It's totally selfish."

Maybe Insight are actually dicks, after all. Catch them live on April 12 at *The Shred Shed* and April 13 at *Urban Lounge*.









By Ricky Vigil ricky@slugmag.com

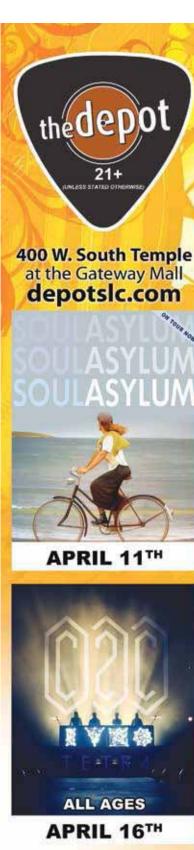
On Oct. 22, 2012, Kvelertak held a stranglehold on the crowd at Bar Deluxe in Salt Lake City. After missing their scheduled set earlier that night on Converge's headlining tour due to van problems, the band rolled into town to play a last-minute show and delivered their potent mix of black metal, punk, hardcore and classic rock n' roll to a rapturous crowd. Kvelertak riled up the crowd so much at midnight on a Monday that multiple fights broke out, but, as vocalist **Erlend Hjelvik** potently put it when the band stopped in the middle of a song to calm the audience down, "We are here to party, not to fight!" It was one of those shows that only a handful of people attended, and quickly gained legendary status, creating a huge amount of buzz for the band's imminent return to our city. The band even posted a status update on their Facebook page proclaiming their SLC gig as "the awesomest show of the tour so far." Now, armed with a new album, the band will be returning to headline at In the Venue on May 1 with Cancer Bats and Black Tusk in tow.

The hype isn't strictly exclusive to Salt Lake City, either. Since releasing their self-titled debut album in 2010, Kvelertak have garnered legions of fans and numerous accolades, "We had no ambition at all. We just played for fun, Our first goal was just to play a show somewhere—we never thought we'd make it this big," Hjelvik says. Their first album was certified gold in Norway for selling 150,000 copies—an honor that was commemorated by Dave Grohl presenting the band a gold record onstage. It also earned Kvelertak two Spellemann Awards (Norway's equivalent to a Grammy), an opening spot for Mastodon and an invitation to play SXSW in 2011. It also afforded the band the opportunity to work with some heavyweights of the American metal scene. "I kinda knew it was gonna go well when we got John Baizley to do the cover work and when **Kurt Ballou** wanted to record it." Hielvik says, Baizlev, who also fronts **Baroness**, is a celebrated artist—and simply having his work on an album's cover is a huge boon for any band's career. Ballou has become one of the most demanded producers in metal over the past few years, which also lent credence to the relatively unknown band's first album.

Like their Norwegian countrymen **Turbonegro**, Kvelertak have become known for their exuberant energy and rock n' roll swagger. However, this sextet always takes it one step further. They count three guitarists in their lineup—one of whom finger picks. They liberally incorporate elements of extreme metal into their musical assault, too. The songs are longer, louder, faster. In fact, the new album's title, Meir, simply translates to "More" in English, and that is exactly what the band delivers. "This album is just completely shameless. We had no limits on ourselves. It's even more heavy," says Hjelvik. If Kvelertak's first album is a party, Hjelvik describes the follow-up as the hangover, but a very specific kind of hangover. "You go 'Round Two' and start drinking again the day after. You get drunk real quick, and you're generally in a weird fuck-you-all mood," he says.

Even though Kvelertak are still in party mode, Meir sees them refining and expanding their sound. The first single, "Bruane Brenn," features heavy riffs under Hjelvik's throaty shouts and a killer chorus populated by gang vocals and sweet guitar licks. "Trepan" sees the band channeling the black metal legends of their home country in the verses and the classic rock heroes of the U.S. in the chorus, while "Spring Fra Livet" sees the formula reversed. Hjelvik's favorite song, "Evig Vandrar," opens with an acoustic intro and maintains a Southern flavor throughout. "When we play it live, it really catches people off guard," he says. In fact, all of the new songs have been catching audiences off guard—it has been three years since Kvelertak introduced any new material into their live set. "It's weird when we play new songs for people who haven't heard them they don't know how to react or they don't pay attention. I'm looking forward to people knowing these songs," Hjelvik says. By the time Kvelertak make it back to SLC, fans will have had plenty of time to become acquainted with the songs on Meir, which was released on March 25. "The cool thing is that no matter where we play, people sing along to the songs, no matter whether or not they speak Norwegian," Hjelvik says.

While Kvelertak have gained a reputation with their penchant for partying, Hielvik insists there is much more to the band. "I don't think we like to be limited to just being a 'fun' band. We have some songs that are more serious. We tried to make some songs on this new album that are a bit more proggy and have some darker parts, not just all party songs," he says. It's true—Meir definitely showcases a band that is evolving, but it also showcases a band that is still a whole hell of a lot of fun. Kvelertak will be at In the Venue on May 1.





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THE AIRBORNE (ALL AGES) APR 5TH

> OMD APR 10TH

MACHINE GUN KELLY (ALL AGES) APR 19TH FACE2FACE (ALL AGES) APR 25TH

MANUFACTURED SUPERSTARS APR 26TH

JAMES BLAKE (ALL AGES) APR 27TH

ALEX CLARE (ALL AGES) MAY 1ST

SOJA (ALL AGES) MAY 2ND

BIG BOI MAY 9TH

THE BLACK **ANGELS** MAY 11TH

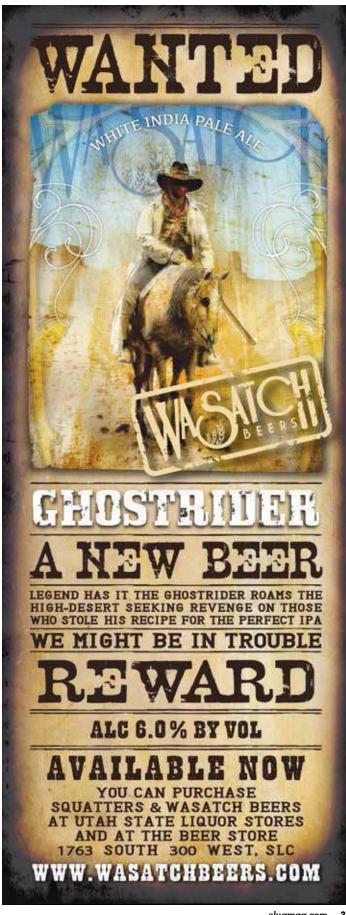
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Board up the windows. Grab vour broomstick. Stash the ammo. There is an imminent Zombie invasion coming.

The conflict between the devil and all that is considered good is never-ending. Musician and filmmaker Rob Zombie has become a modern media icon by writing and performing music and films exploiting that conflict—horror is his muse. Zombie is planning a spring invasion that will feature a new studio album, a feature film and an accompanying novel.

The album, Venomous Rat Regeneration Vendor, and the film, The Lords of Salem, have kept the heavy metal star busy. Producing two big projects at the same time is a hefty task. Zombie says that in the past, his method was to make an album and go on tour, then focus exclusively on filmmaking. Recently, he's been trying to do both simultaneously. "I wanted to do both because I was finding people seem to have shorter and shorter memories. When I would shut down the music for two years to do a movie, it felt like every time I fired [the music] back up, it was harder," he says. "The momentum becomes greater when you keep it going."

Zombie didn't have much to say about Venomous Rat Regeneration Vendor, which will be released April 23 on T-Boy/UMe Records. "When you create these things, you don't know how to describe them ... You're so close on your own sometimes," he says.

The first person other than the band to hear the album was his wife, Sheri Moon Zombie—a familiar face to fans of Zombie's films, as she's played significant roles in all of his movies, and is the lead in Lords of Salem. Zombie said his wife's reaction to the new record was straightforward. Moon Zombie detailed it as an updated version of classic White Zombie tunes—a nice mix of the best of the old and the new. "I trust her opinion, so I guess that's how I would describe it," he says.

Venomous Rat Regeneration Vendor has an anthemic and catchy quality to it. Lyrically and musically, Zombie is good at driving his upbeat and evil tunes into the skulls of his fans. The lyrical style of highly repetitive choruses combined with headbana beats and auitar riffs appeal to his many fans. Zombie talked about the mixed reviews of his last albums since his hugely successful 1998 solo debut. Hellbilly Deluxe. "I think about these things a lot—I think about my own career, and I watch other people's careers," he says. "Things always go in cycles. You see it all the time for no apparent reason, whether it's U2 or Ozzy. I've had those kind of moments where people have sort of ignored these records and suddenly they focus on this [new] record. That doesn't mean the other records are better or worse. Things just sort of go like that."

Zombie has always managed to make his influences noted from his love of classic monster movies to the '70s-style exploitation flicks or '80s hack n' slash, gore and tits gratuity. The Lords of Salem pays homage to different sources while retaining Zombie's knack for being original. The film's strengths are its interesting characters, visuals, notable absence of any CGI animation and a stunning soundtrack crafted by Zombie's quitarist, **John 5**.

The film—written, directed and produced by Zombie—is his third original movie and fifth overall. Not only is it dark, but it hits heavy on many notes of differing horror staples including witches, Satanism, the occult, drug addiction, music, American history and religion.

"It's very different from the other films [I've made], but, truthfully, loving it or hating it has been the reaction to every single movie," Zombie says. "I've always thought those are the only two reactions you can strive for—I certainly don't want to strive for someone going, 'Eh, it was all right.' I'd rather have somebody say, 'This is my favorite movie of all time,' or 'This is the biggest piece of crap I've ever had to sit through."

ZOMBIE COMPLEX

By Bryer Wharton • bryer@slugmag.com

The Lords of Salem follows radio DJ Heidi Hawthorne, a recovering drug addict rebuilding her life. A strange vinyl record personally addressed to her comes from a band described only as "The Lords." When the record is played, its effects wreak havoc on Heidi physically and, more so, emotionally. A hidden history becomes uncovered. Heidi is a descendant of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who burned a coven of witches alive in 1600s Salem. The witches put a curse on the women of Salem, specifically the descendants of Hawthorne.

"Two things change with [Heidi]: Her apartment starts off lit a certain way and meticulously clean—one of the ways she deals with her addiction [is through her] OCD personality, so everything has to be perfect and her clothes are all brightly colored, and as the movie progresses, the apartment gets more misplaced-looking until it's completely destroyed, and her clothes do, too—they get darker and drabber as the movie continues. I didn't want to make it too obvious, but I wanted it to be enough," says Zombie.

Possibly the strongest moments of The Lords of Salem come from its cast. Great actresses take on lead and key roles. The obvious reason for the women in lead roles is the film's context of the witches of Salem in the 1600s, burned at the stake putting a curse on the women of Salem, Mass. The context of femininity in true Satanism and the occult is also a factor—it's a strong theme in the very real worldviews of the true subject matter.

Casting has always been a crucial part of Zombie's filmmaking process. Main characters in The Devil's Rejects and House of 1000 Corpses who made huge impacts in the films seemed to come out of

nowhere. The role of Otis in the films played by the relatively obscure Bill Mosely or the hell-bent on revenge Sheriff Wydell (William Forsythe) would likely not have had the same impact if portrayed by other actors.

For The Lords of Salem, Zombie got some horror greats as well as some relative unknowns. These include Patrica Quinn (The Rocky Horror Picture Show), Dee Wallace—known for her role in E.T.—and Critters actress Judy Geeson as the modern witch coven trio of Salem.

Geeson has many screen moments that will hit the viewer hard in unexpected and uncomfortable ways. 1600s witch coven leader Margret Morgan, played by Meg Foster (They Live), is initially portrayed in flashbacks of the 1600s and creeps her way into modern-day Salem in different forms, providing not only a creepy performance, but also some scary visuals with her unique, natural eye color. Sheri Moon Zombie in the lead, a fan/critic love-or-hate actress, gives, easily, her best film performance.

"This movie in particular, even more than my other ones, I'm trying to make things that last so that if you watch it a second time, you go, 'Wait a minute, I didn't notice that thing was over there.' Sometimes you see a movie and it can be really entertaining, but it feels like, 'I pretty much got it—I don't ever need to see that movie again," says Zombie.

When it comes to modern horror in film, there aren't many masters. It feels like the filmmakers who impact us in horror make movies that lead us to question the supernatural, or films that let us make sense of the horror and complexities of life. A movie quote from the 1963 version of The Haunting also plays as the intro of a classic White Zombie song, "Super-Charger Heaven": "Look, I know the supernatural is something that isn't supposed to happen, but it does happen." It's the appeal of horror films. "Everything I write becomes personal to me. In a sense, every character I create is me in a different way or somebody I know," says Zombie.

The Lords of Salem is scheduled for release April 19. Zombie and author **B.K. Evenson** wrote the literary adaptation of The Lords of Salem—which, in essence, is the director's cut of the theatrical film. The novel is available now through Grand Central Publishing.

As far as Zombie's music, it stands alone. Zombie remains a major influence in rock and heavy metal music. White Zombie came to the limelight when the metal of the '80s was dying and grunge rock was being born—nu-metal would soon follow. Zombie's musical impact (from band to solo artist) with the audience stems from the feeling that his style is an antithesis of grunge rock, but also not quite metal, giving it a less niche-driven audience. There's a reason you can buy a T-shirt that says Rob Mother Fucking Zombie with disfigured images of the rocker. You don't have to like his music or movies, but there is no escaping the fact Zombie's not going away and his impact has already taken root.



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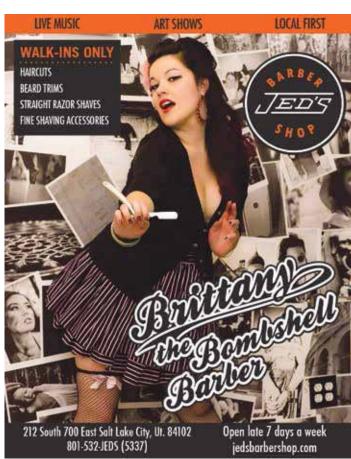
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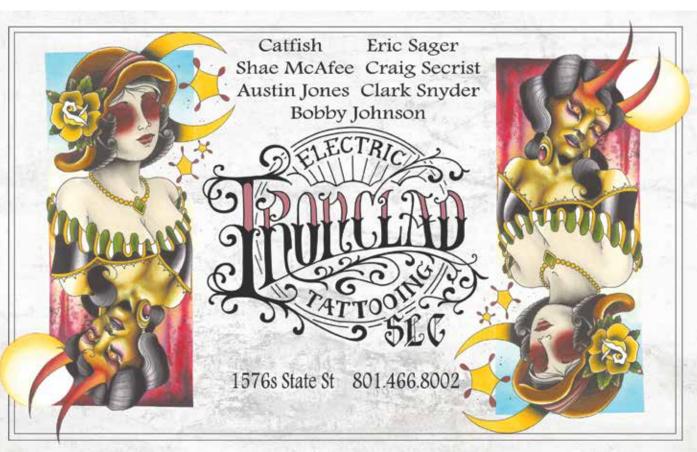
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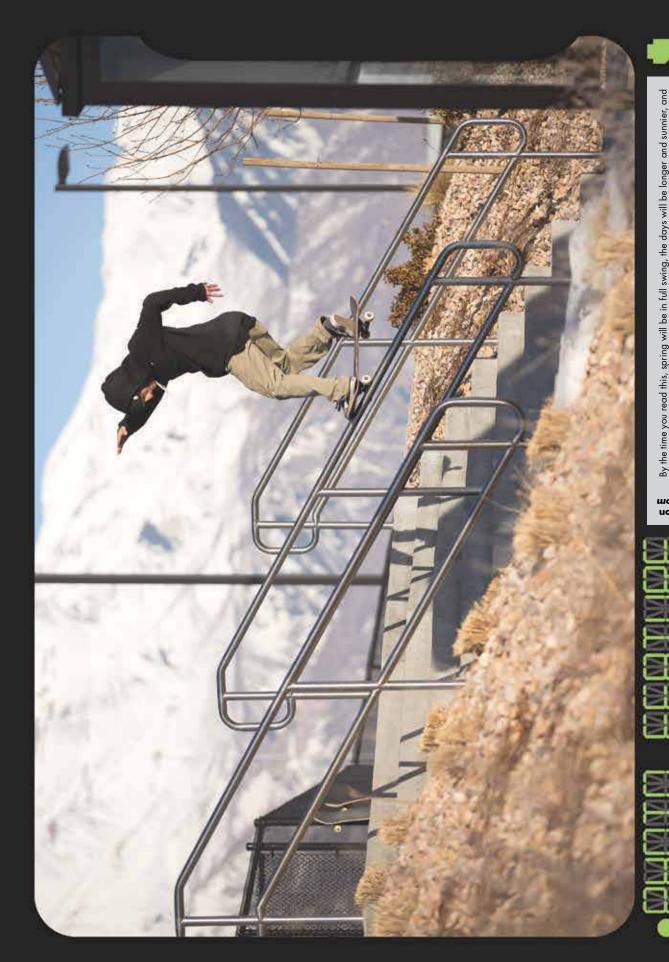
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Calm, cool and collected: That's the best way to describe Kwami Adzitso. He's a humble dude just looking to have the most fun he can, doing what he loves—and that is skateboarding. Kwami is the kind of kid who would get as hyped on nollie heel flipping a ten stair as he would on half cabbing a parking block. If it involves skating, Kwami is there, and chances are, he will be rifling off tricks one after another. With sponsorships including Akomplice Clothing, Haberdasher Clothing, BC Surf and Sport and ADO Lifestyle, Kwami is well on his way to coming up in the industry and making a name for himself. I got a chance to sit down with Kwami and talk skateboarding. From the past to the present, and with some speculation on the future, Kwami and I covered it all.

SLUG: Where are you from and why did you start skateboarding?

Kwami: I was born in Ghana, Africa and lived there till I was 11. I came to the U.S. in 2001 and lived in Buffalo, N.Y. for just under a year till I moved to Kearns, Utah, where I have been ever since. My homie Matt, who was a little bit older, would always be cruising around our apartments on a skateboard. I never even saw one before, so one day I was like, "Yo, what is that?" and he let me try it out. Later that week, my mom got me a board from Kmart and that was it.

S**LUG**: How was it growing up and living in Ghana?

Kwami: I don't remember much from my childhood, but I got the chance to go back there in 2010, and it was crazy. There are houses up and down the street with people selling food and things out front all the time. There's not really a city or anything like that—it is still very tribal. Luckily, education is one thing that is in place and pushed upon children. I still have a lot of family there.

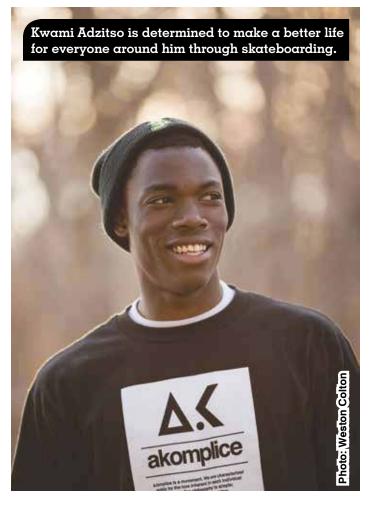
SLUG: Is your family your biggest motivation right now?

Kwami: Yes, I want to take skating to the point where I can help my family. I want to one day be able to take skateboarding to Ghana and show everyone what it is all about. They don't have much over there, and skating would be a great thing for the community. I own land there, and one day I am going to put a skate park there. I'll have anyone and everyone come through: If you're down for the cause, you're coming to skate my park!

SLUG: You recently put out a clip on the Akomplice website. How'd you get hooked up with them?

Kwami: John Morse, the team manager, hit me up on Instagram and said, "Hey man, I like what you're doing, and I like your style. Send us some videos and if we like it, we'll send

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you some stuff." Since then, they've been hooking it up, keeping me fresh!

SLUG: Who do you skate with? **Kwami:** My boy **Sergio**, **Rickey Chavez** and **Mitchell Shultz**—that's my filmer.

SLUG: You were recently in the *Element: Make It Count* contest down in Arizona. How was your experience? **Kwami:** It was so much fun. We didn't place (the dudes I was with or myself), but I was psyched on my skating, and I got some tricks I wanted to. The park, *Caesar Chavez Plaza*, was amazing. It was like the Street League features, just smaller, but so much fun. I got to meet the winner, too, **Deshawn Jordan**, and that kid rips.

SLUG: Do you plan to keep on with the contest scene? **Kwami:** Definitely. I want to do every contest I can and travel and just get my name out there. Judges like to see familiar faces at contests, and it is a good way to meet other people in the industry. My next contest is the *Phoenix Am* this month.

SLUG: Besides contests, what else motivates you to push yourself skateboarding?

Kwami: DGK [Skateboards]. I follow that team and love what those guys do: guys like **Keelan Dadd**, **Lenny Rivas**, **Stevie Williams**, **Marquise Henry** and all those dudes. Kayo *It's Official* is my all-time favorite video, so it'd just be sick to be a part of that one day.

SLUG: What is your favorite part about living in Salt Lake?

Kwami: I love the diversity. There are so many different kinds of people here and so many different cultures. It's crazy, all the people that you can meet here that are from all different backgrounds.

SLUG: What's your dream skate session in Salt Lake? **Kwami:** Ho damn! Probably Keelan Dadd, Stevie Williams, Lenny Rivas, Deshawn Jordan, my boy Sergio, my boy Rickey and myself all skating Park City skate park. That'd be a dope session right there!

SLUG: What are some tricks you are working on right now?

Kwami: Nollie tre-flips and nollie-heel crooks. Nollie-heel flips are one of my favorite tricks, so I got to step it up and throw it into a crooked grind now.

SLUG: What does the future hold for you as far as video parts?

Kwami: Well, I'd like to get a part done for the beginning of the summer, and another for the end of the summer. BC has asked me for a part, and Akomplice said that if I make a part, they would help me promote it, so I am hyped on that. I'm taking a trip to Cali this summer to San Clemente and maybe hit up San Diego to do some skating. I put out a part from *Herriman Skate Park* not too long ago for the homies to watch and keep everyone excited.

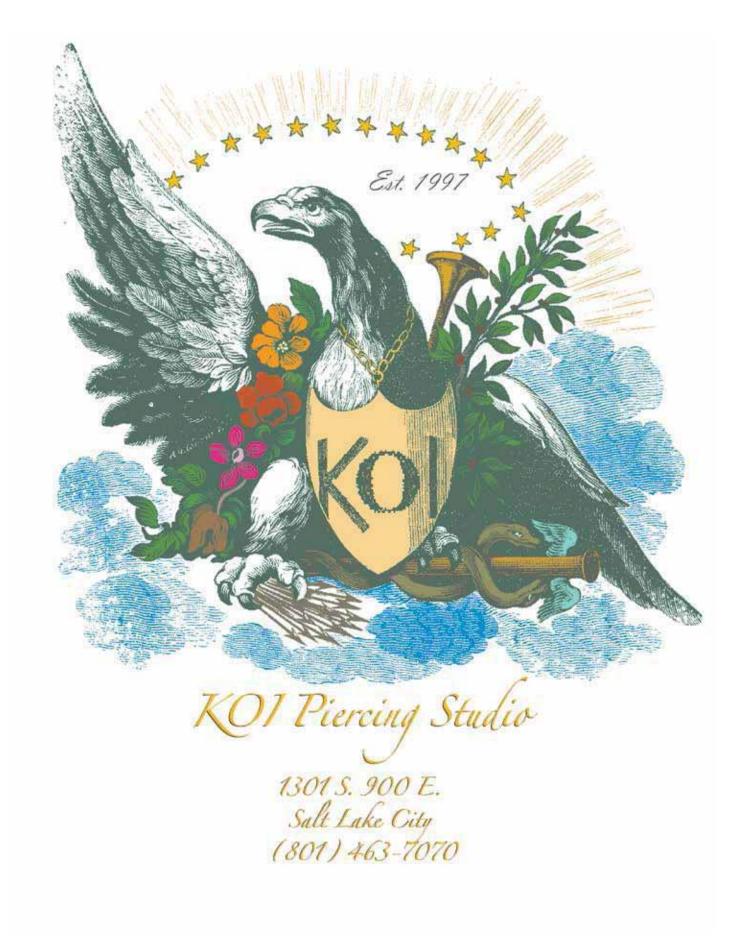
SLUG: What are some of your other plans for the future?

Kwami: I want to get through school and eventually move to Cali and just skate all of the time. I'm majoring in business management and I want to own my own company one day. Just like guys like **Terry Kennedy** and Stevie Williams, I want to be a businessman and a skater.

SLUG: Any last words or anyone you would like to

Kwami: Definitely! First, I'd like to thank my big homie, John Morse, for hooking it up with Akomplice. All my sponsors for keeping me laced up. I'd like to thank my girlfriend for supporting me and having my back with everything. My homie Sergio, Mitch, my boy **Julian "Juicy J"** and my family for supporting me with everything!

With some serious goals to shoot for and the determination to put in the hard work to get him there, Kwami is one of the most focused skaters I have ever talked to. His ability on a skateboard speaks for itself and his fun-loving personality leaves an imprint on the people whom he comes in contact with. It is inspiring to see how much he cares about what he is doing and the people whom he wants to affect in the long run. People like Kwami are what drive the skate community toward constant progression. You can check out Kwami's videos on YouTube at iFilmSLC's channel, his commercial for Akomplice at akomplice-clothing.com and follow him on Instagram and Twitter at Kwami_Flexx. You can also catch Kwami cruising the mean streets of SLC any given day—or temperature—of the week











It was well before sunrise on the morning of Saturday, March 16, when the SLUG crew met up at the office and prepared to embark on their extensively planned journey into the Great White North, otherwise known as the land of Ogden. The nerds had taken their stand at Brighton and left triumphant. Their calculated maneuvers, however, were no match for the beast that The SLUG Games was about to unleash upon the realm of Snowbasin Resort for the first time in history. The beast would come to be known as Winter Wizardry Presented by Scion.

The wizards had declared battle. All that was left now was the hunt for a worthy proving ground in which these youthful skiers and snowboarders could compete. Snowbasin's Terrain Park Manager Tim Eastley was appointed the important task, and along with his terrain park staff, Eastley was able to construct a world-class arena on-hill and slightly offset from Snowbasin's Earl's Lodge. Local artist Dusk painted the spellbinding fun boxes, and wizard-manufacturer Tommy Dolph created an army of sorcerers to stand as sentries along the course. In the mix of the wizards were two 25-foot down boxes, a gap to 20-foot wizard wand, a cheese wedge box jump and a 30-foot kicker for good measure. The highlight, of course, would have to be either the quarter pipe feature, located at the bottom of the course, with multiple plans for attack, or the plaza feature, which is a 100-percent replica of the famous Burlington High School stair-set in Vermont. This gargantuan feature brags one flat-to-closeout rail followed by an immediate 15- to 20-foot drop. To the right of the flat rail is an accompanying 10-flat-10-stairset featuring one down-flat-down kinked rail to the far right, and its twin anchored to the wall as a "creeper" ledge on the far left. This is all mumbo-jumbo in "people talk," but in the world of immortal wizards and action sports, something this big can only be described as "high-risk."

As 11 o'clock crept up, SLUG staffers and park crew alike helped put the finishing touches on the already stunning course, Uinta Brewing poured fresh drafts of potion and shot games of corn hole, RAMP Sports offered free ski and snowboard demos and Park City's Switchback Sports offered free wand waxes for the shreddy masses. Scion and Yelp also joined in with the rest of the tent village to offer hot chocolate and a few handouts to kick off the games with a bang. However, no one could have possibly predicted the magnitude of the blood shedding and rail-shredding onslaught that was about to ensue.

Warm-ups came shortly after final touches were tweaked, and faster than DJ Slap N' Tickle (aka Jeremy Riley) could take his place atop the 20-foot tall quarter pipe/podium to blast his retrograde-'80sdancepop-gangster beats, they were off! This was also about the same time that resident wizard and SLUG Games Events Coordinator Mike Brown stepped up on the podium to take a better look just in time to be flown over, as rider Ken Russell gap-to-cardboardwizard tapped over the QP and judges underhead. By high noon, snowboard judges Matty Ryan, Blake Payne, Lena Nance and ski judges lan Wade, Blake Nyman and Molly Morris were in place waiting for the show while emcees **BJ Emery** and myself laid down the law of the land. It was decided that every heat of competitors, four in all,

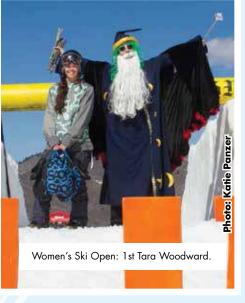


Men's Ski Open: (L-R) 2nd Zachary Jenkins, 1st Rich Frogh, 3rd Matt Newton.



Ken Russell sneaking up on the creeper.





would get half an hour each to hike the incline-intensive course with finals consisting of the five best riders from each of their respected divisions, all going together for the last half hour.

Shortly following the riders' meeting, skiers and snowboarders from the 17-and-under division began their half hour with stick slides on boxes and ended with all sorts of hip transfers and rodeos over and around the QP while still holding back their best tricks for finals. Snowbasin's hardworking park crew was at the ready just as the young bucks finished their heat and cleaned up features while the open division made their way to the top of the hill. Returning champion Tara Woodward, the only female skier of the day, showed judges that she came to Snowbasin even more prepared to destroy the enemy with her style than she was at Brighton in January. Was it just by chance that no other women showed up to ski that day, or were Woodward's first place-earning switch landings the intimidation factor? Not even Saruman's sharp, gusty winds, which carried away event tents throughout the day, could hold back the tireless souls, especially **Zeke Greer**'s multiple kinked gap-to-down rail hucks as he and everyone else got to know the arena better and better each run. At stake were prizes from Saga Outerwear, RAMP Sports, Milosport, Mica Watches, Nope Snowboards, Salty Peaks, Crossroads Boardshop, Discrete Headwear and Ogden's very own Lucky Slice Pizzeria.

Two o'clock came by in less than no time, meaning that the broken-in course was finally ready for the best of the best to put all their chips on the table one last time. With the First Place podium titles still up for grabs, the contest's survivors turned up the heat and started putting in work. To make it easier, *Snowbasin's* park crew even gave hikers lifts to the top of the hill, making for faster runs and more opportunities for wicked tricks. Skier **Rich Frogh** was one of the first point-earning finalists when he switch gap to skier-slided the competition's only down rail to 270 out. This would ultimately win Frogh one set of RAMP Skis for best ski trick. Not to be outdone by skiers, Ken Russell was back at it, sliding 50-50s to 360s out from the flat-closeout rail to drop. Toward the end, Russell even got close to landing a double backflip over the QP. It was definitely more than his dreadlocks that would win him a brand new Nope Snowboard and the honor of best trick. These tricks were only a few of the otherwise attempted hardway-front-270s on the kinked rail, hang ups on the closeout and bashes on the boxes, which ultimately led to leaky nostrils, dislocations, shattered bones and bad-ass war stories.

When BJ Emery's voice boomed over the speakers one last time, we knew that our champions were ready to be revealed. As no surprise to the men's snowboard division, Ken Russell proved to be reigning champ for his overall consistency and fluidity. Nipping at Russell's heels was none other than Zeke Greer, who more than earned Second Place, and Alex Paxson who finished in third. Our women snowboarders started and finished their day knowing that they were the only, and lucky, three. All Shauna Russell had to do before she won first place was to be slicker than her other two adversaries, Mandie Kaneko and Anna Gussendorf, who landed Second and Third Places, respectively. Chase **Swanson**'s name was the first to be called out for the 17-and-under dudes, snatching up a Third Place win. Slightly up the chain of command was Max Greeley taking up Second, followed by Trevor Otterston, the First Place flyer.

With skiers eagerly awaiting to hear their names be called, Emery shifted his attention to the plank walkers. Frogh would come to be the judges' ideal choice for a First Place win. Close behind was Zachary Jenkins and Matt Newton, who were ecstatic to take home the titles of second and third. The 17-and-under skiers were especially tricky to judge, considering that there were so many of them and that some of them were hitting rails on tele skis. As the day came to a close, Milan Peyrin was crowned First Place for his determination. Jackson Jenkins followed in Second Place, and Parker Caldwell took away Third.

As The SLUG Games Winter Wizardry Presented by Scion came to a successful end, winners climbed to their victory on the QP, where Mike Brown The Purple handed out bedazzled trophy wands and awaited Christmas-esque, mall-style photos (minus the Santa and plus one wizardous Utah Jazz fan) with those deemed worthy of making a podium appearance. Our long list of generous sponsors also made sure to leave us with enough freebies to give everyone a fighting chance at walking away gifted, thus creating a spiraling product toss hurricane for the books. If this year's contest passed you by, fear not, the beast will be back next year fully rested with more surprises already being planned!



Rich Frogh over the SLUG letters and onlookers.



Dylan Harsell, gap to FS boardslide on

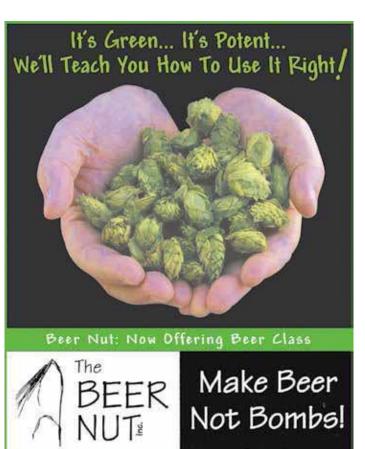


Rvan and Chris from Switchback Sports giving free wax jobs.



Women's Snow Open: (L-R) 1st Shauna Russell, 2nd Mandie Kaneko, 3rd Anna Gussendorf (not pictured).









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Arnette Sunglasses

Dropout/Witch Doctor arnette.com



I bumped into a friend who complimented me on my new sunglasses, a pair of aqua Arnette Dropouts with grey lenses, which sparked a conversation in which we gareed on the following personal evewear rules: 1) We can't wear \$5 sunglasses from the gas station. 2) Seeing the world through high-quality, UV protected lenses is important to us. 3) "Expensive" sunalasses are worth every penny. 4) High-quality eyewear doesn't get lost as often as cheap eyewear. Arnette sunglasses meet these standards, and are not tawdry whatsoever. The next day, I decided to try out another style from Arnette's new eyewear line, the Witch Doctor. These shades have more of a square shape, as opposed to the square-vet-rounded edges of the Dropouts. Both designs are available in several flashy colors, and I love my Dropouts in bright aqua with a cracked pattern on top. A girl needs variety to accommodate her wardrobe, though, and I was happy to have the Witch Doctors in basic black with a high-gloss coating and arev lenses. These witchy shades look high-fashion when paired with red lipstick and hair pulled back. This is why I love the new line of sunglasses coming out of Arnette: They're high-quality, fashionable sunglasses that I can wear on the street or the mountain. Arnette's pride in craftsmanship and design shows, as each pair is made in Italy. The Dropout and the Witch Doctor include a set of interchangeable temples, in case I want to switch up the look of my sunnies or trade temples with a friend while drunk at the bar. -Augusta Adams

Braven

Braven 650

braven.com

The Braven 650 instantly became my new favorite way to listen to music. Although the Braven doesn't have as much bass as I was hoping for, it provides a clear, crisp sound at any volume level. However, the Braven is not just a speaker: It also charges your phone



and can be daisy-chained with another speaker to up your listening pleasure—I even used it as a mini amp to prepare for my first DJ night a few weeks ago. The button features make listening a breeze. You can hold down the volume buttons to skip a song, and press the phone button to pause/play songs. You can also press the phone button (and utilize the built-in noise-canceling microphone) to answer incoming calls. The slim design and carrying bag make it easy to take on the go. I took my new little friend on a recent road trip, and it was the perfect sound system to have in the hotel room. The 20-hour battery life is amazing. I listened to music for almost two weeks before I had to charge it again. Did I mention Braven is a local company, based out of Provo? I heart local! Braven offers five different styles of speakers, including a waterproof, outdoor speaker. With a price range of \$120 to \$190, depending on the features you prefer, the Braven is fairly priced compared to similar wireless speakers, and definitely worth it. -Karamea Puriri

Goal Zero

Guide 10 Plus Adventure Kit

goalzero.com

Never before has the power of the sun been so easy to harness. This compact solar panel and battery charger enables adventurers of all types to capture the sun's energy to power electronic devices and save the planet. Bluffdale, Utah-based Goal Zero has a mission to provide the outdoor world with simple, efficient devices to keep people off the grid. The kit includes the renowned Nomad 7 foldable solar panel, Guide 10 battery charger with four AAA batteries, and multiple accessory cables for different applications. The adventure kit enables users to charge small devices like smart phones in one hour. It can also boost your tablet. GPS or camera battery life. The Guide 10 even has a small LED that will run for 150 hours on a single charge. A backup USB cable is included to charge the battery pack when the clouds are too thick. Traveling with the compact kit is great since it only takes up about as much room as a notebook. The zippered mesh pocket on the back holds all accessories and has enough room for a few other items. It has saved my electronics in a pinch and makes me feel good that I am using alternative energy. Goal Zero also has strong initiatives in developing countries to proliferate sustainable power and spearhead humanitarian efforts during disaster relief situations. -Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Xotovo

Kaptur 270

xotovo.com

Of all the glorified hunks of plastic in this world, the Kaptur 270, made by Salt Lake company Xotovo, is the one you won't realize you needed until you watch two hours worth of "Harlem Shake" videos on YouTube. When I ripped this baby out of its package, it was merely to provide a stand for my iPhone so I could do some hands-free Skype sessions with the fam, but now it's opened me up to a whole new level of digital prostitution. After popping your iPhone out of its case, just slide it into one side of the Kaptur 270, move it along its 270-degree axis to get the angle you want, press record, and start your sex-cam session! The Kaptur 270 even has a thread so you can attach it to a tripod, for those aspiring to enter the "homemade" category on PornHub. I will warn you, however, that when I say "hunk of plastic." I mean it. I broke the kickstand off almost immediately from pushing it out too far, and if this were left on the floor, even a bare foot would smash it to pieces. The \$40 they want for this is pretty ridiculous—I wouldn't spend more than \$10, and that's just because a roll of tape and a used book are around \$5, and I'd be saving \$5 worth of time. So, if you can find it somewhere cheap, the Kaptur 270 will bring a new "steadiness" to iPhone creations, but if you don't have **Kim Kardashian**'s ass, it's probably not worth it. -Esther Meroño

Zensah

Smart Touch Running Gloves zensah.com

I must have been a chain smoker when I was a toddler and blacked it out, because, even well into spring, the circulation in my hands is awful, as they are always cold and on the precipice of pain in comparison to the rest of my body—that is, up until I got my Zensah Smart Touch Running Gloves. Like my Polarmax base layers, these gloves provide a second layer of insulated skin for my hands, but with the added bonus of being able to operate my iPhone: The tips of the thumb, index and bird fingers are made of a silvery, smooth fabric that emulates the fleshy contact of real fingers, which came in handy when I was at a light on my bicycle in the snow and wanted to switch to All Pigs Must Die from

Off With Their Heads when the slow song came around, to keep my momentum. One criticism I have is that the glove fits fine on my fingers, but the thumb portion is too long for my thumb, which would be fine, except it limits the efficiency of smart-phone use. This, however, might be because I have carny hands (I don't think I smell like cabbage, though). Another great feature that these gloves have are the suede-like backs of the thumbs, which serve as great pre-snot wipers. I clip these bad boys together with their buckles so they don't get lost in my abysmal backpack, and the grip on the palms is great for gripping my handlebars or stacking SLUG Mags. —Alexander Ortega



SCREENING & EVENT



When his fourth son, Gibreet, is born, Emad, a Palestinian villager, gets his first camera. In his village, Billin, a separation barrier is being built and the villagers start to resist this decision. For more than five years, Emad fillins the struggle, which is lead by two of his best friends, alongside filming how Gibreel grows.







ENCOUNTERS AT THE

One thousand men and women live together in close quarters in Antarctica, risking their lives and sanity in search of science. In this Academy Award nominated film, Herzog travels to Antarctica to capture the raw beauty and raw humanity in this land of fire, ice and cerrosive solitude.

TUESDAY APRIL 16 @ 7:00PM
FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS

THE LAW IN THESE PARTS
Through candid, first-ever, interviews with Israeli judges, prosecutors and legal advisors, this film is a gripping and revelatory investigation into the legal framework put in place by Israel to govern the West Bank and Gaza Strip. The film explores this little-known story through testimonies of the military legal professionals who were the architects of the system and helped run it in its formative years.







ART RECESSION

Despite its huge impact, art education is often first to be cut when the economy is hard hit. Through interviews with artists, curators and teachers, this film explores the importance of art education and how it teaches us to communicate, develops our critical thinking skills, expresses our individualism, enriches our culture, builds our society, and ultimately conveys our humanity. WEDNESDAY APRIL 24 @ 7:00PM
NATIVE VOICES AT UMFA
GRAB
Grab is an intimate portrait of the little-documented
"Grab Day" in the villages of the Laguna Pueble tribe, who annually throw water and food items from the rooftep of a home to people standing below. A community-wide prayer of abundance, thanks, and renewal, "Grab Day"



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Take a Look, It's in a Book By Esther Meroño • esther@sluamag.com

When I was in third grade, I had three career paths in mind for my future: to be a writer like Barbara Park, to be a ballerina so I could wear tutus all day or to be a dinosaur-hunting version of Indiana Jones. This column is no Skinnybones or Kid in the Red Jacket, but I squirt soy milk out of my nose at least once every couple of months thinking about my jokes. I also volunteered at the old Natural History Museum for a little while scraping dirt off dinosaur bones, and I bet you wouldn't know from looking at me that I swap my pants for a fluffy pink skirt every night when I'm home alone. So, I'd say I've fulfilled all of my childhood dreams in some form or another (though it turns out that all the guys who look like Disney princes are assholes). Of course, unless I wanted to stay in a perpetual state of "undeclared," or spend my 20s racking up a variety of useless undergrad degrees, I had to pick one direction to really focus on, so being an astute (and socially anxious) 8-year-old, I picked writing. In order to become a good writer, in most professionals' opinions, you have to be a good reader—and reading every single Goosebumps book doesn't count. I read A LOT as a kid. Probably half of my friends at that age were bribed by my mother to get me outside to play, 'cause if I had it my way, I'd stay inside and read (and snack #fbg4lyfe)

all day. The thing about ... well, anything ... is that once people start telling you that you've been doing it wrong, that you have to do it their way and you HAVE to do it or you're not gonna pass, you don't really want to do it anymore. I stopped reading for fun about a year into my English bachelor's. Oddly enough, it wasn't until I started biking that I felt OK enough with reading in my free time to drop the TV remote and run my eves through a couple of paragraphs here and there. It all began with the **Bike Snob NYC** blog. I was working as the door girl at Brewvies which essentially meant I'd stare down my nose at kids my age and demand to see their IDs in between writing college papers—and picked up on reading the latest Bike Snob post during my shift. He was the main influence of this

column, obviously, though I only chose "Beautiful Godzilla" as the title because "Feminist Bicycle Rants" was already taken by some anarchists in Brooklyn. At the time, the man behind the snarky. lighthearted posts was a mystery to all, but he became my top "celebrity" to run into one day, followed closely behind by **Tina Fey** and the blonde district attorney in Law and Order: SVU. Fortunately for both parts of my fantasy, Bike Snob wrote one of the most forthright and comprehensive guides to cycling, a self-titled book that combines the wit and cynicism of his blog (and all the best references and inside jokes) with a really down-to-earth approach on bikes and bicycling. As a result of this piece of literature, the identity of Bike Snob was released (How else was he going to tour and sign autographs?) and **Eben Weiss** was uncovered as the man behind the curtain. This will make it so much easier to stalk him.

Bike Snob still writes a daily bloa

post, and though I don't follow it as religiously as I did a few years ago, it still holds up. He has also since written another book, The Enlightened Cyclist, which delves into more of the philosophy and spirituality of cycling. You'd think he'd juiced cycling culture completely dry at this point—I definitely struggle to find content, and I only have to write this once a month—but it's fresh and funny as ever. Even if vou're not THAT into bikes, and some of the references go over your head, I definitely recommend checking it out at bikesnobnyc.blogspot.com (You know it's gonna be good 'cause he hasn't even bothered to purchase a domain). I've read a handful of bike books since then, and though they're informative, they're pretty lackluster when compared to Bike Snob. I suggest buying both books, whether you're thinking about purchasing a bike, or have been hustling on two wheels all your life. You can order both over at chroniclebooks. com/bikesnob. The weather should be nice enough by now that you can fill a backpack full of snacks and books, and ride your bike to the park to camp out for an afternoon. I'm looking to start a new chapter of the **Pagemasterz** book club, so hit me up if you want



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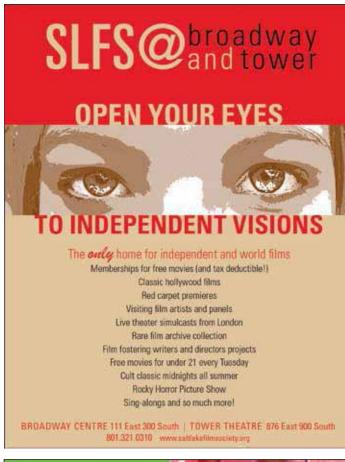
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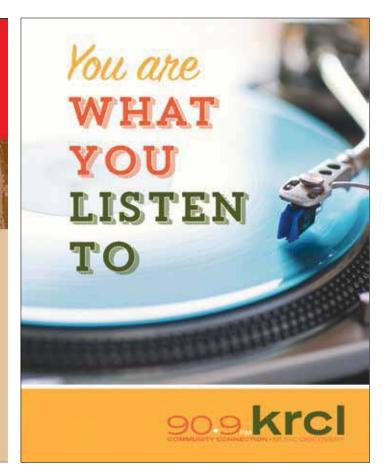
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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

According to the FBI Criminal Justice Information Services, 6,200 individuals were killed by handguns in 2001, which accounts for 72% of the total of gun-related deaths for that type of weapon. The other weapon types include rifles (4%), shotguns (4%), other guns (1%) and undisclosed (18%).

The Obama administration and other politicians have focused primarily on limiting accessibility to high-powered rifles and large-capacity magazines, which clearly does not speak to the majority of gun-related deaths in our country.

What is the point in reapplying a ban on assault weapons or outlawing magazines that have the capacity to carry more than 10 rounds of ammunition, when approximately 3 out of 4 deaths are the result of handguns?

-Jimmy Martin

Sir James:

I think your inference that there is no point is correct. How would an assault rifle/ magazine ban stop firearm deaths? I think the politicos' intention, by even considering it, is to promote the appearance that they're doing something and are not impotent.

Firearm violence, as an effect of criminal acts such as gang warfare, robbery, drugs, domestic violence, etc. has always been a part of American culture. I don't believe that type of firearm violence can be stopped. The issue of an assault weapon/magazine ban comes up every time there's a mass shooting that shocks

our conscience. I believe that type of firearm violence can be greatly reduced. There have been 60-plus mass shootings in this country in the past 30 years. One sixth of them (and the worst), have occurred in the past five years.

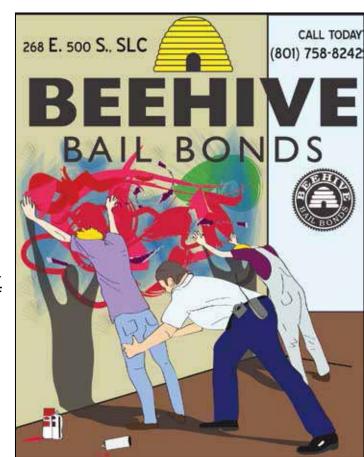
I would offer that the rise of mass shootings, coupled with each shooting competing to be more horrendous than the last, corresponds with the constant media, social networking, instant mobile update, TMZ society we now live in. There are psychos out there who will do anything—like mass shootings of little children—to become immortalized. The point of any ban should be to focus on eliminating any impetus or motivation to commit these horrific acts. Banning assault weapons or high capacity magazines will not do that, as your statistic clearly shows.

The insane nutjobs tell us why they commit these acts. They Facebook it, write manifestos and release YouTube videos. The commonality is they want to be celebrated or remembered. What better way to accomplish this than killing a lot of first graders?

Some solutions I'd like to offer in place of banning assault weapons and high-capacity magazines:

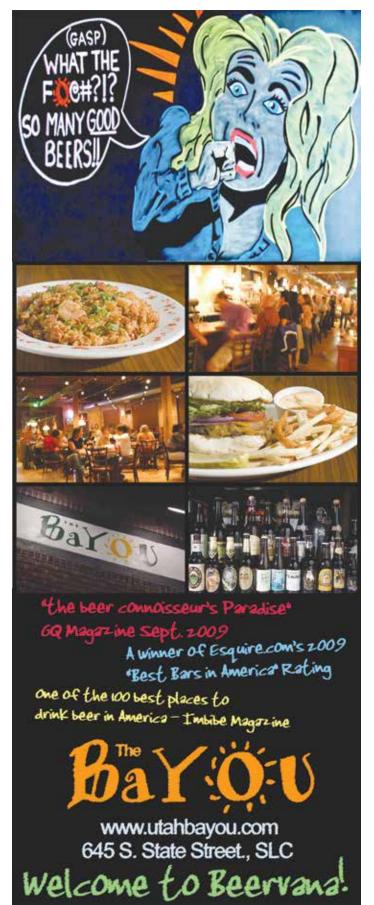
- 1. Media should cease to cover, report, discuss, comment, refer or infer, anything about mass shootings. Any type of media that glorifies a psycho mass killer should cease to exist.
- 2. We should stop buying or playing any video game that immortalizes mass killina.
- 3. No one should be allowed to own or sell a firearm without a background check. We should do everything within our control to make it as difficult as possible for a psycho killer to get a gun.
- 4. We should have armed and trained security officers, cops, ex-cops, military, ex-military, even teachers in every soft target like malls, markets, schools, whatever, as a first line of defense, until the psychos choose new targets. When they do, we protect them as well.

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





52 SaltLakeUnderGround slugmag.com 53





Back to the Basic: Gallery Strolling at UMOCA By Mariah Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

I like to think of myself as an efficient person. Truthfully, I get a little thrill from cramming my schedule to see how much I can get done in one hour or one day. When it comes to gallery strolling, I want to see as much brilliant art as possible in the amount of time I have allotted. So, when a gallery or museum offers a variety of outstanding exhibits happening simultaneously, that venue makes it to the top of my hit list.

UMOCA, located at 20 S. West Temple, has been the foundation for contemporary art in Utah since 1931. With four gallery spaces featuring international, national and local art, you're likely to see something that inspires, delights or touches you—usually a little of each.

It's safe to say that manners and etiquette are not this generation's strong suit. Technology keeps us overly connected with the world, so much that we forget to connect with those standing right next to us. For the recent dOCUMENTA13 exhibit in Kassel, Germany, artist Ana Prvacki was commissioned to create a series of public service announcements, now at the UMOCA in an exhibit titled Neutralize Negative Feelings, March 1 – April 27. These PSAs were meant to help one navigate awkward social situations such as spinach in one's teeth, or the amount of personal space a person should be given, but the message is always one of respect and politeness. Prvacki incorporated etiquette counselor Vartouhi Keshishyan and comedy group The Intecollectuals, which makes for credible, yet witty skits. The PSAs, played on a flat screen, are accompanied by embroidered linens, a

group **The Intecollectuals**, which makes for credible, yet witty skits. The PSAs, played on a flat screen, are accompanied by embroidered linens, a more traditional approach to reminding one of how to behave. The message remains the same, but the tools for delivering it have evolved. For those with embroidery or quilting skills who crave the old sewing circle, *UMOCA* will host the Friday night Embroidery and Etiquette Club March 1 – April 27 from 6-8 p.m. Come stitch and bitch with a new etiquette topic each week. For more details on the club, contact **Emily King** at *emily.king@utahmoca.org*.

It doesn't get more basic than an 8.5 x 11-inch piece of paper, found in abundance in every office in the world. When **Ignacio Uriarte** sat day in and day out in an office, though, this business administrator found his artistic expression. *Binaries*, open March 1 – June 15, takes the very basic office supplies—paper, rulers, markers and



"Marinated Film," by Jennifer West, part of the Analogital exhibit at UMOCA. Image Courtesy the artist, Marc Foxx Gallery, Los Angeles and Vilma Gold, London.

type size—and creates a dynamic and thought-provoking exhibit. Clean lines, great depth and very clever, I highly recommend popping in to see this show. Highlights include a large A4 paper installation entitled "Double Rhombus"—82 x 18.2 inches of plain. white paper folded to create depth, motion and color. "Ascending Type" takes type size from a 32 to 1024, evoking a feeling of place and size while offering infinite options within type size. In "Four Geometry Sets," a wall of ultrachrome prints reflects various shapes and shades made from layering and arranging everyday rulers.

From calm and clean, to chaotic and sporadic, the Analogital exhibit—Jan. 18 - April 20-could have used a trigaer warnina: "This exhibit could invoke seizures, or, at the very least, a mindnumbing headache." If you thought the dial-up modem was annoying, wait until you hear Mark Leckey's refrigerator voice tell you about his many features while traveling through space and time via a green screen, and I can't even begin to explain why 14 televisions in a back room were showing snippets of a Meatloaf concert. As with our modern communication, we wade through the static to find what we want or need. I was treated to a taste of my past in a piece titled "I Shot Andy Warhol." Viewers play original Nintendo game Hogan's Alley, but all the characters are replaced with images of Andy Warhol. Analogital explores where imagination and technology meet and how that intersection might shape the future. My future has dinner plans, so I'm off with my total gallery time at one hour and 15 minutes. Who says you don't have time for a stroll?

BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel mikey@slugmag.com

Any beer that you manage to get your hands on has its own little sliver of history to go along with it. I'm not talking about beers being made with the brewer's "beard yeast" or some crazed fringe zymurgist deciding to throw yak testicles into his latest stout—I'm talking about culturally significant reasons why one region's beer is so much different than anothers. Looking back on Lenten season (the six weeks leading up to Easter), I thought it would be appropriate to review some beers that were originally designed especially for Lent.

Bockbiers are some of Germany's bigger beers, and they rank among the heaviest, maltiest and smoothest brews in the world. German monks made these beers primarily for their own consumption to help them get through the fasting that accompanied Lent. So high in calories are bockbiers that they could sustain a band of lonely, smelly monks all the way to Easter Sunday. Now we drink them just because they're so fucking malty and delicious. Here are some fine local examples.

The Devastator Double Bock Brewery/Brand:

Wasatch/Utah Brewers

Cooperative
ABV: 8.0%
Serving Style: 12 oz. Bottle
Description: The Devastator p
dark bronze with orange highlic

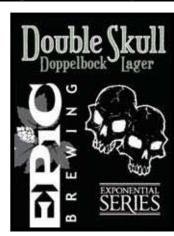
Description: The Devastator pours dark bronze with orange highlights. Take a whiff and your snifter gets a huge dose of earthy, dark fruits, overipe figs and strawberries, with just a bit of nutty bread underneath. As it hits your pie-hole, the taste mimics the nose with some highly earthy, overripe dark fruit notes coming on early and a strong, heavy dose of figs, prunes and a bit of red berry. A dose of crusty malt provides a nice bed underneath. Hops are perceptible toward the long finish.

Overview: This is a worthy example of a beer style that can range from "sucks" to "fruitcake"—a great, local, year-round lager.

Double Skull Doppelbock Lager Brewery/Brand: Epic

Brewing Co. **ABV:** 9.0%

Serving Style: 22 oz. Bottle **Description:** This beer looks nice. It has a hazy, reddish-brown color with a nice, dense, cream-colored head. The nose is of grainy chocolate and toasted caramel malts with some floral hops.



After the Devastator, I was expecting more chewy, dark fruits, but my tongue was happy for a nice change of pace. The taste starts with sweet, grainy chocolate and toffee malts with a little dark fruit rounding out the front end. Some grassy and floral hops come through in the end, leading to a dry, boozy finish.

Overview: As it warms, some nice, leathery notes come out. This is a less traditional example, but it will help turn that six-pack you're sporting into a keg, toot-sweet!

Cherny Bock Brewery/Brand:

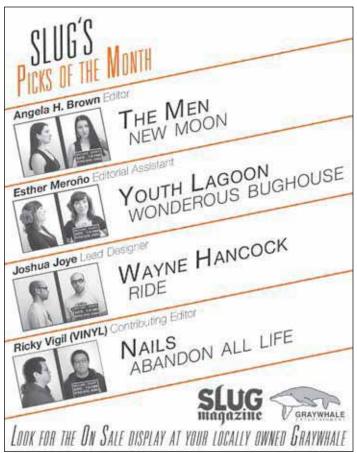
Bohemian Brewery ABV: 4.0%

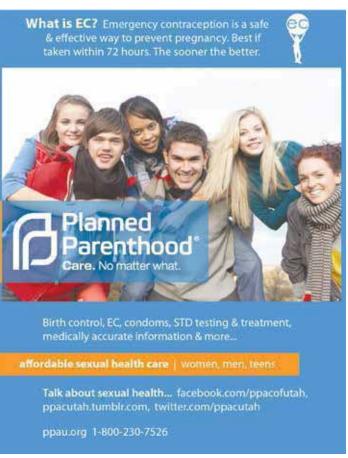
Serving Style: On Tap, Cans Description: This lager is much darker than the others, and it has a black, ruby hue with a fine cap of tan head. As soon as my nose got inside the glass there was lot of dark fruit, as well as some toffee and caramel malt. If you like your beer boozy, you're likely to be a little disappointed. If you're all about flavor, you're going to go "Squeeeeel" The flavor is similar to the nose, with toffee, caramel, cocoa and a lot of dark fruit. There is also a nice, dry nuttiness in the finish.

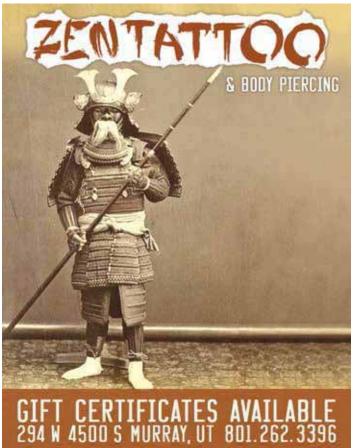
Overview: For such a light beer, it has a full, round taste that can compete with its much more boozy and cloying counterparts. I'd say that this is more of a hybrid of a Schwarzbier and a Bock—a "Schwartzbock"? You can get it damn near everywhere, anytime.

I have many more daily beer musings in my arsenal. Check out the *Utah Beer Blog (utahbeer.blogspot.com*) for more of my bullshit

Cheers!

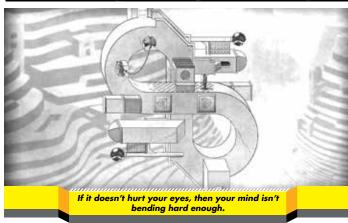












The Bridge Ty Taylor and Mario Castañeda/The Quantum Astrophysicists Guild Reviewed On: PC (Exclusive) Street: 02.22

The Bridge is a puzzle game about spinning in circles. Technically there's more, as there are obstacles and goals, and a story that spells out something about M.C. Escher and

Newton to give meaning to your spinning, but the game is more or less centered around spinning in circles, back and forth and around and around again. Think of it like those little plastic mazes with the silver ball bearings that you have to guide to the goal by tilting the whole thing. The Bridge is exactly like that, except you guide your character, instead of a ball bearing, to a door. It also does a brilliant job of exposing just how tedious those mazes are when you have to do them over and over. There are a couple of gimmicks to spice things up, like rewinding time to reverse mistakes or, eventually, inverting gravity, but they're still gimmicks solved by spinning in circles, one way or the other. It's boring from a gameplay perspective, despite being fairly gorgeous—the art style is the real winner here. Each level takes place on an Escherinspired, hand-sketched tableau that is almost worth the effort, but the art quickly gets ignored while solving the puzzle. The publicly declared influences of puzzle-platformer Braid are obvious, particularly in the minimalistic and obtuse storytelling as well as the oddly placed rewind mechanic, but *The Bridge* is not as deep or anywhere near as fascinating as *Braid*. I wish it was more than a game about spinning in circles, as beautifully crafted as those circles

are, but it's not. If you really, really

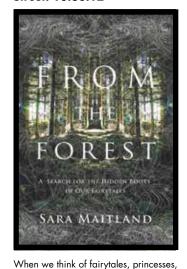
like puzzle games or anything with an "indie" label, then give it a shot. There are worse ways to spend \$15, but then again you could just play Braid.—Matt Brunk

DmC: Devil May Cry Ninja Theory/Capcom Reviewed On: Xbox 360 Also On: PS3, PC Street: 01.15

DmC: Devil May Cry does so many things right, it's sad to think that it may become one of the best games of 2013 you've never played. Generally, a game being "reimagined" is gamer code for "turned into something awful that doesn't meet my expectations." In the case of DmC, this couldn't be further from the truth The story sets the tone for the entire series, while defining the relationship between Vergil and Dante. Sure, a few details have been changed from the initial canon, but the artful way the game is displayed more than makes up for some slight changes to a story that only a devout sect of gamers truly know. The combat system in this game is flawless, and that's not a word I use lightly Bayonetta is the closest a game has ever come to masterful hack n' slash mechanics, and DmC has taken it one step further. Effortless switching between weapons during attacks makes the juggling possibilities endless, and a practice room gives you time to develop skills that are heavily needed for the enhanced difficulties. If you simply want story, even the toughest initial difficulty will allow you to quickly move to the end. If you're up to testing your skills or punishing yourself, try the additional difficulties—I dare you to finish the entire game without taking a hit. -Thomas Winkley

BOOK REVIEWS

From the Forest: A Search for the Hidden Roots of Our Fairytales Sara Maitland Counterpoint Street: 10.30.12



witches and forests almost always come to mind. British writer Sara Maitland explores the roots of 12 **Brothers Grimm** tales through a year spent visiting a dozen British forests—from the Forest of Dean to the leftovers of oncegreat woods (admirably photographed by Maitland's son, Adam Lee). The Grimms' tales, Maitland suggests, have been pruned and de-contextualized made pious and child-safe—much like the woods. Maitland explores damage done by modernity to the forests and to children shielded from the real and imagined dangers and gifts of those forests. By keeping children "safe" from forests, we limit their imagination and ability to overcome danger, distancing them from Europeans' cultural roots and, I'd propose, our arboreal evolutionary roots as well. Each chapter ends with an alternative (but not dark or subversive) retelling of a classic tale that illustrates the chapter's point. This is a lush, enjoyable read for fairytale lovers, naturalists and anyone who can lose themselves in the magic of the woods. While the chapters are occasionally repetitive, reading this made me long to run under the trees, and, even more so, to visit the conserved forests Maitland describes so evocatively. -Madelyn Boudreaux

Power Chord: One Man's Ear-Splitting Quest to Find His Guitar Heroes Thomas Scott McKenzie It Books Street: 07.31.12

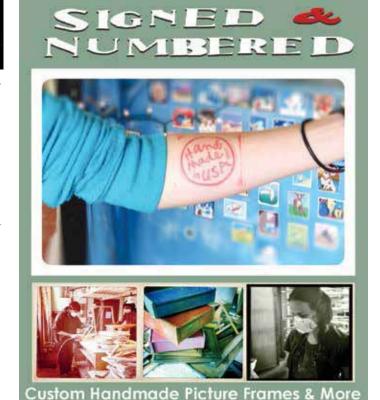
Power Chord is the journey of Thomas

Scott McKenzie to find out what exactly drives the guitar heroes he has loved and looked up to for so many years. Now, '80s hair metal is not a music genre that I'm an expert in, but the amount of information that McKenzie possesses about guitarists and their axes of choice is truly amazing. From SGs to Telecasters to Les Pauls, McKenzie covers all kinds of guitars and what they mean to him and his heroes. His journey is not only to figure out what drives these guitar gods, but also a personal journey to find out how hard he will work to get a chance to interview some of his heroes. Along with getting the low-down on his favorite guitarists, McKenzie also gets some pointers from legends like Bruce Kulick, Stacey Blades and Steve Vai. Armed with a guitar in hand and an openness to learning, Mckenzie signs up for Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp. His experience culminates with a performance at the Whisky a Go Go standing next to one of his biggest idols of all time, Ace Frehley of KISS. From bedroom air guitar to playing a legendary stage, Power Chord covers it all! -Steve

Randy Rhoads Steven Rosen and Andrew Klein Velocity Street: 06.29.12

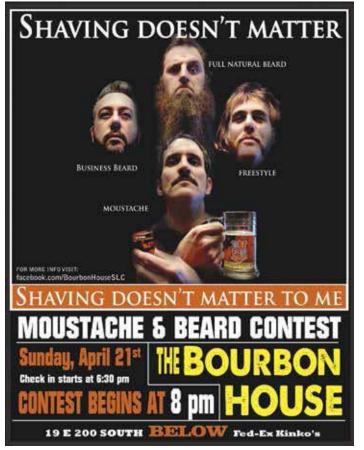
Much of rock n' roll mythology is built on artistic partnerships. John and Paul, Eddie and David Lee, Sid and Johnny. So when a coke-nosed Ozzy Osborne leaves Black Sabbath for a solo career to reinvent himself as an '80s shock-rock icon and somehow stumbles upon a flashy, hot-to-trot guitar prodigy from the deep South—it's a veritable fairytale. To understand the zeitgeist of solo Ozzy, one simply MUST understand the pomp, talent and undisputed innovation of his first guitar player, Randy Rhoads, Classically trained and cutting teen teeth in the American hair metal circuit, Rhoads lent a glitz—an electricity—to the heavy metal landscape, sending a surge through Sabbath's doom-scapes and ushering in a new era. The book lovingly brings friends, lovers, bandmates and associates together to tell the story of one of history's guitar gods in a personal and unflinching tribute to his life and legacy, which was cut tragically short in a plane accident in 1982. With nearly 400 pages of pictures, quotes, artifacts and anecdotes, it's the most comprehensive look at the man's life to date—sure to satisfy every degree of fandom—and is a great written companion to a glass of lemonade and an afternoon spent spinning Blizzard of

Ozz. –Dylan Chadwick



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The Place Beyond the Pines Focus Features In Theaters: 03.29

At first glance, it appears Ryan Gos**ling** is continuing the adventures of his character from 2011's *Drive*, but such is not the case in **Derek Cianfrance**'s generational drama that follows the life and crimes of an ensemble cast set in Schenectady, N.Y. As a stunt motorcyclist for a dumpy traveling carnival, Luke (Gosling) never had too much responsibility on his plate, but once he learns of his child with Romina (Eva Mendes), everything changes. In order to provide for his family, Luke turns to robbing banks, but is soon on the run from an eager rookie police officer (Bradley Cooper). Cianfrance's three-course drama loses all of his greatness as soon as the curtains close on the first storyline. From there, we are submerged in a been-there-done-that corrupt police scandal plot with Ray Liotta and then offered a high school drug scenario with teenagers for dessert. The initial 45-minutes are so engaging. character-driven and suspenseful, that it completely overshadows the majority of the 140-minute running time, which is entirely too long on its own for this type of endeavor. It appears Cianfrance is focusing on how our sins carry weight beyond our own life expectancy, but, in this case, the greatest sin of all is not focusing the entire film on Gosling and company, since it's the meatiest part of the tale. -Jimmy Martin

Room 237 IFC Films In Theaters: 03.29

In preparation for my screening of Rodney Ascher's experimental cinematic exploration into the mysterious theories and underlying messages within the 1980 horror film The Shining, I re-watched Stanley Kubrick's classic only hours before and kept my eyelids peeled for anything abnormal There are definitely many bizarre occurrences within Kubrick's film, but what could Ascher and his friends clue me in on that I hadn't already seen for myself? It turns out they revealed a lot and nothing all at once. Ascher combines five extremely different points of views surrounding the Jack Nicholson cult phenomenon, and what is unleashed are multiple speculations that propose Kubrick's supposed views on the Native American massacres, his involvement with NASA's fake moon landing and

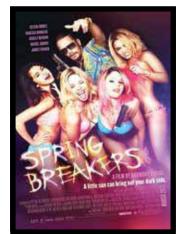


a barrage of wild proclamations that are too weird to give a second thought. While Ascher does document some credible discoveries with his presumptions, the primary force of entertainment comes from an assembly of film aficionados who clearly have too much time on their hands and turn insignificant continuity errors (i.e. a chair disappearing in a scene) into an end-of the-world assertion. For the number of times you'll be fascinated with the probable theories presented, you'll also wonder just how long the ghost of Stanley Kubrick will wait to materialize in order to slap some sense into these meandering movie message molesters. -Jimmy Martin

Rules for School Kino Classics International On DVD: 01.15

Rules for School is a series of 15 orphaned short films with surprisingly good sound and video quality from the early to mid '50s. Originally used in classrooms to teach discipline and manners to kids, these shorts can provide at least two hours of entertainment—ranging from silly to hilarious to frustrating, depending upon different levels of sobriety. The three most prominent—"Take Your Choice." "Mike Makes His Mark." and "Noontime Nonsense"—feature some of the worst teenage actors and raddest hair I've ever seen. In "Take Your Choice," Jeff and his pompadour are taught that "acting as if you own a charmed life," i.e. flirting with a brunette while warming up a nondescript liquid in chemistry class without wearing safety goggles, will make you go almost blind. Mike literally makes his mark in "Mike Makes His Mark" by drawing a black mark on the entrance of the school. The black mark torments Mike's conscience as he gets help from his mildly hot teacher, Mrs. Dewey, and he finally confesses to the vandalism. What's awesome is that the entire faculty meets to decide Mike's fate over cigarettes in the teachers' lounge. "Noontime Nonsense" is disappointingly not what the name implies at all. The greased up Jerry Lindsey gets real mad when his girl is almost struck by a "side-street sharp-shooter" in a sled. He confronts Bob, the joy rider, and the student council about it in the parking lot and everyone miraculously decides to stop driving like idiots. I highly recommend watching these shorts under the influence of whatever's clever. You may even learn some manners or something. –Darcy Wouters-Russell

Spring Breakers Annapurna Pictures In Theaters: 03.22



If you've ever had the pleasure or annoyance (however you see it) of experiencing Trash Humpers, Julien Donkey-Boy or Gummo, you are already well aware of the peculiar style of filmmaking that comes from the eccentric Harmony Korine. His latest project, Spring Breakers, is the twisted tale of four small-town girls (Selena Gomez, Vanessa Hudgens, Ashley Benson and Rachel Korine) looking to escape their monotonous lives by vacationing in Florida with copious amounts of alcohol and drugs. After being arrested, the group is bailed out by an egotistical drug dealer (James Franco) who's looking to expand his operations and grow his empire.

Korine reiterates, repeats and reuses his footage and dialogue to a point of absolute absurdity. It's as though he shot 30 minutes of usable footage, then stretched it into 90 minutes, and made it feel like 120 minutes. It's clear Gomez and Hudgens are attempting to shed their Disney-clad coating in order to move on with their acting careers, but neither deliver a performance worthy of advancement to the next level. The only excuse to watch this excruciating undertaking is Franco's portrayal of a rapping predator, but it's still not worth the price of your local theater's admission. Korine certainly has a cult following that supports everything he delivers, but, even utilizing his most notable cast to date, he won't be converting the masses to drink his Kool-Aid anytime soon. –Jimmy Martin

Upstream Color In Theaters: 04.05

It's going to take me a few more viewings of this film to fully grasp what the hell is going on and what it all means, but let's try this: Larvae infect a plant, kids harvest and process the blue dust on the infected plant and they make a drink out of it, which gives them mental. physical and spiritual connection. A film-industry woman (Amy Seimetz) is kidnapped and force-fed a larva. It allows the kidnapper to control her by making her copy Walden page for page—he makes her transfer all her money to his bank account. He releases her and she wakes up in her car on the side of the road with no memory of the past few days (or weeks?) and drives home, only to find evidence of the kidnapping in her house. The woman meets a man (Shane Carruth) on the subway—he knows they have some sort of connection and they strike up a relationship. A pig farmer notices that two of his pigs are behaving strangely. With his hands to the pigs, he walks in a parallel world. He records the sounds of nature, composes a symphony and throws its pages in the river—the same fate that awaits the burlap sack of screaming piglets. The acting, cinematography and sound design are exceptional. Though there is an obvious god metaphor going on, much of the film remains open for deciphering. My brow was furrowed with confusion as I worked to make sense of the connections between everyone and everything but, in the end, it was worth it. It was exhilarating. -Cody Kirkland



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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

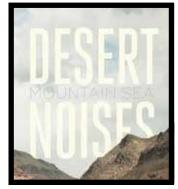
Cathy Foy
Quiet as the Hour
Self-Released
Stathy Foy = Neutral Milk
Hotel + Helium + Rilo Kiley

Hotel + Helium + Rilo Kiley
"I can carry my own weight, I can
carry my own sins, away," Cathy
Foy delicately sings on "I Became a
Flash" from her sophomore release,
Quiet as the Hour. Most of us are
accustomed to seeing Foy behind a
drum set playing for scene makers
such as Hang Time, Future of
the Ghost, Bluebird Radio, The
Awful Truth, The Downers and
more. On Quiet, Foy showcases a
newfound confidence in songwriting
and performance. Each track is full of
beauty, reflection and intimate lyrics,
which unfold naturally in perfect syn-

beauty, reflection and intimate lyrics, which unfold naturally in perfect synchrony. There's something hauntingly deep within tracks like "Thousand Lines," and in "I Won't Say a Word (It Wasn't Forever)," in which the piano echoes with so much emotion. "Long Time Winter Snow" offers a richness in instrumentation with an improvisational, shivering guitar solo midway through. Bravo, Ms. Foy—Quiet As The Hour is a compelling piece of work that deserves multiple listens.—Miss Modular

Desert Noises
Mountain Sea
Northplatte Records
Street: 10.18.11
Desert Noises = Joshua
James + Fleet Foxes + Band
of Horses

If I had to pick one local album to share with a friend from out of state, Mountain Sea would probably be it. To me, it represents the real quality folk-inspired rock n'roll that comes



from Utah. Its sound is big enough to fill wide-open spaces and its feeling is intimate enough for a good pair of headphones. The vocals throughout are strong and are reminiscent of Fleet Foxes in style and harmony. Both the vocals and instruments turn out a lot of energy that is hard to not get excited about. It also helps that many of the songs are so catchy. I had "Oak Tree" and "Bible Study" stuck in my head for weeks after listening for the first time. Most songs are very beat driven with great drumwork, but the band also knows how to slow it down and does it quite nicely on "Smoke Breathing Monsters" and "Tell Me You Love Me." Mountain Sea is quite a great album from the home-grown, Utah Valley boys of Desert Noises. -Jesse Thomas

Eyes Open Demo Self-Released Street: 12.10.12 Eyes Open= Pearl Jam + Stone Temple Pilots

The EP is short but sweet, consisting of just three four-minute-plus rock-ballad style songs that flow in and out of each other easily. They are pretty, nicely executed, neatly produced, and clearly reflect the influences (such as **U2** and **Foo Fighters**) that the band members have listed on the back of the album sleeve. The vocals are rich, full and can definitely be put on a shelf with **Eddie Vedder**. Overall it has a very vintage '90s feel to it. Listen up and enjoy! —Ischa B.

Fever Dreams As Above, So Below Self-Released Street: 09.17.12 Fever Dreams = Full of Hell + Dead in the Dirt + Gaza

Even though they're from St. George, I'm pretty sure that anytime Fever Dreams play a show in their hometown, we'd be able to hear 'em all the way up in Salt Lake. This is dirty, mean, evil shit. Fever Dreams' style of crusty, blackened hardcore wouldn't be out of place on the A389 or Southern Lord Records rosters, as they aptly channel both chaotic energy ("Shallow Skin," "Cultmonger") and deep, dark, dirgey despair ("Below," "Last Leg"). If you like Nails, Weekend Nachos, Young and



in the Way, or any other bands that make you want to set fire to humanity as a whole, then you need to adopt As Above, So Below as your own personal soundtrack. –Ricky Vigil

Huldra Monuments, Monoliths Self-Released Street: 01.12 Huldra = Isis + Neurosis + Rosetta After an EP and a split with fellow

locals **Dustbloom**, Huldra have finally released a proper full-lenath, and it's a beast. It's bigger. It's louder. It's more intense. It's simply more of everything Huldra does well. The opening moments of "Monuments" are filled with a guttural growl from Matt Brotherton, setting the mood for the album as more of an attack than the build/crescendo/crash typical of similar bands. The key and synth work of Scott Wasilewski is, as always, a highlight, particularly on "Twisted Tongues and Gnarled Roots." Atmosphere and a sense of weight are crucial to this style of metal, and these dudes fucking nail it throughout the record—saying that they are "polished" underplays how heavy this album is, but the performances from each band member are incredibly tight. To top it off, Monuments, Monoliths was engineered, mixed and mastered beautifully by Andy Patterson. This is the kind of music that bores deep into your heart—it will lift you, and throw you, and pick you up again, but it's a hell of a ride. -Ricky Vigil

Johnny Utah Johnny 3:16 Self-Released Street: 12.15.12 Johnny Utah = Dipset + Kanye West



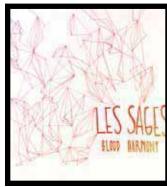
Johnny 3:16 is a massive collaborative effort with over 15 emcees and producers lending Johnny Utah a hand on the album, including wellknown locals Linus Stubbs. Youa Flame Kane and Brisk One. The wide variety of beats keeps your ears from glazing over after the third track. Linus Stubbs provides funky, headnodding, boom-bap styles that sound right at home behind Johnny's vocals as **Mixter Mike** and Yoaa Flame Kane's epic, swagaer-fueled anthems Johnny's raps imply more talent than just the ability to rhyme on time—he uses clever zings and word play, coupled with a raspy, in-your-face delivery. What I appreciate most about this album is the fact that I can't pick one single factor that I appreciate the most. -Chris Proctor

Late Night Alumni The Beat Becomes A Sound Ultra Records Street: 02.12 Late Night Alumni = Sneaker Pimps + Hooverphonic

In the fast-paced world of electronica, it isn't surprising that this is LNA's fourth album since their 2005 debut, but rather, it is pleasantly shocking to hear how sleek it sounds, especially for an SLC-based outfit. Arguably, this is because well-known DJ and local-adopted son **Ryan Raddon** (aka **Kaskade**) is the mastermind behind the sound, but vocalist **Becky Jean Williams**—whose little-girl cooing is perfect for this genre—more than holds her own. "Ring A Bell" has an immediate infectiousness that is further highlighted on lead single

"Shine," which builds from menacing keys right into those hypnotic vocals. What makes LNA's sound more unique than many in the genre is their willingness to include guitars and other instrumentation alongside the synths. This goes a long way in making these tunes more memorable, like on the more chilled-out tracks "Summer Lies" and "Sun Space."—Dean O. Hillis

Les Sages
Blood Harmony
Deep Elm Records
Street: 02.26
Les Sages = Death Cab For
Cutie + The Format x
Local Natives



The idea of Les Sages' third album sounds better than the outcome. It's a baroque form of rock with a slight mariachi influence. The music itself sounds great, but there's a sense of freedom lacking in the songs. The storytelling lyrics are intense, but the percussion-driven arrangements seem to inhibit the energy created by **Joe Larson**'s vocals. From "Chauffeur de Corbillard": "Driver of the hearse, do you know the worth of the body in the box?" The song features subtle acoustic riffs, but the bells and hand-beaten drums carry the song. The incorporation of some electric guitar or guitar solos alone would bring the songs to life. It's a very creative way to make music, but perhaps they could have a bit more fun. However, they brilliantly use the piano and harmonies to build emotion on "Cicatrice du Soldat," my favorite on the album. -Justin Gallegos

Mathew Quen Nanes Nostalgia Self-Released Street: 03.05

Street: 03.05
Mathew Quen Nanes =
Chuck Ragan + Eddie Vedder
+ Ryan Adams

Right in that new folk/punk singersongwriter niche with a country touch, Nanes can put a tune together. This three-song EP shows a lot of potential. It's different from a lot of the material I would compare it to, which is a very good thing. His voice is strong and has a big presence, even when it's distorted a little too much on "Portland," the edgiest of the offerings on Nostalgia. The opening song, "Drive," is well done, with just acoustic and vocals for the most part. Smartly placed electric guitar and tambourine swoop in for just the bridge and out again, just as quickly as it came. Nanes has a great base here to build future work on, and, as long as it continues to go in this direction, I'll be happy to hear it. –James Orme

Night Sweats

Red EP
Self-Released
Street: 01.25
Night Sweats = Bauhaus x
Joy Division + Iggy Pop



Usually, an EP will comprise a few songs representing a short body of work by a band. In the case of Night Sweats' Red EP, four songs make up over 30 minutes of dark yet poppy electronic indie music. These underground darlings were featured in SLUG's Localized back in December 2010, and have graced the stage for a decade as members of several other, popular local bands, such as **The Red Bennies**. I keep seeing references to them on my Facebook feed. Red makes it quickly obvious why they're on every tongue and fingertip. Scott Selfridge's vocals channel Ian Curtis—every indie rocker's favorite proto-goth suicide—like a motherfucker. Liberal doses of Bauhaus-ian droning bass on "Keys to the Fortress" and "Body Talk" meet frenetic drums reminiscent of The Chameleons UK and even more frenetic strains of electro-gumpop-meets-Iggy-Pop on "Car Car Commercial" for a combination that probably shouldn't work, but really does. Complex, dark and layered doesn't always mean brooding! -Madelyn Boudreaux

The Rose Phantom
Abandon
Self-Released
Street: 12.21.12
The Rose Phantom = Depeche
Mode + HIM x Alphaville
The latest release by Salt Lake's own
Ted Newsom (Sleep Slid iN,

Melodramus, **revideolized**), Abandon represents a new direction

as Newsom turned his back on his other projects to focus two years' time on the Rose Phantom persona and work. Marrying lush dramatics and intricate electronica, the album's 10 tracks of careful and succinct industrial-tinged darkwave would not be out of place in a goth club or in an alternative radio station's rotation. The bitter and beautiful opener, "All I Want," is a goth-rock slow burner. while "Here It Is" could be a new Duran Duran/Depeche Mode collaboration. Samples and tape loops play a role, but are mysterious and invocative, never annoying or repetitive. My favorite track, "Into the Day," recalls A-Ha and Clan of Xymox equally—an interesting melding. At times. Newsom stretches his voice a little too far at the low registers, but his vocals are clear and gorgeous, emotional and spacious. Abandon is a beautiful work, and hopefully a promise of more to come. Find The

Salt Lake Spitfires
Chaos Baby EP
Self-Released
Street: 08.03.12
Salt Lake Spitfires = Metallica
- metal + The Dead Boys +
Tough Tittie

Rose Phantom online at therosephantom.com. –Madelyn Boudreaux

Salt Lake Spitfires aptly synthesize thrash guitars and mid-tempo punk rock right off the bat with "Mountain" in the Chaos Baby EP, and pin down exactly what it would be like at a rock n' roll show in the '70s. The Spitfires succeed in varying their songs yet retaining their own sonic signature: "Shiny Things" bounces with staccato guitar notes akin to Thunderfist, and "Release the Dopamine" starts with a deep-voiced monster that sounds like a Jabba the Hutt version of the voice in Bad Religion's "Delirium of Disorder," and then builds into a dance beat and a Ramones quote, "Guess I better tell 'em/I ain't got no cerebellum." "Sick Puppy" calls to mind the wistful guitar work of Blue Öyster Cult as the late Michael E. Cline croons like Stiv Bators. The title-track closer ensconces catchy guitar work and just the right touch of grime in Cline's vocals. I'm sad I never got to see Cline perform, but I'm excited to see the Spitfires in their new incarnation! -Alexander Ortega

Searching For Celia
White Flag
Self-Released
Street: 02.09
Searching For Celia =
Glowworm + Coldplay

I reeeeally enjoy Searching For Celia's sound. I love strings, and I love them even more when they're moody, frantic and excitable. I love them most of all when their undeniably classical sound is mixed into a modern interpretation, paired with electric guitars, bass and hearty drums. This album is a wonderful venture into the instrumental ambient arena, and the excellent electronic detailing and production really pull it all together. It's absolutely gorgeous. Even without any vocals at all, this ranks as one of my top local album I've ever reviewed. I love it, and I highly recommend it.—Ischa B.

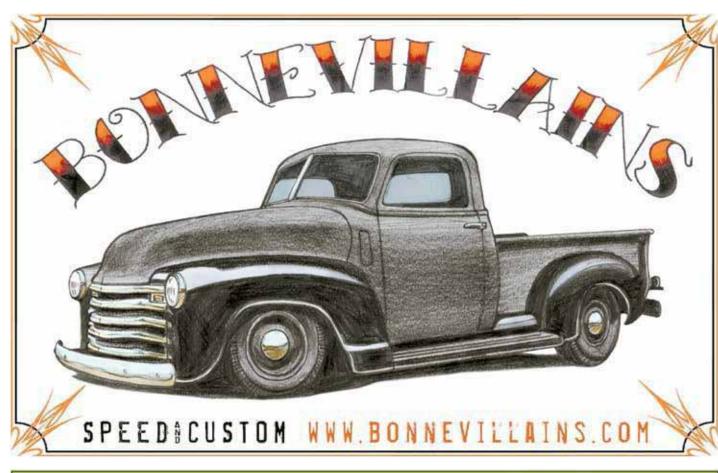
Sinthesis
Horseshoes & Handgrenades
Self Released
Street: 09.14.12
Sinthesis = Sage Francis +
The Black Keys

You'd think that a fusion of hip hop and blues would be a musical trainwreck, but Phaust and Phingaz, who make up Sinthesis, blend the two genres nicely—especially considering they wrote and recorded Horseshoes & Handgrenades in a little over a week. Pulsating, sharp and spacious keys/drums are the skeleton of this album, with gritty vocals that are half rap, half blues rock. The tracks (especially "Lips") come across pretty raw and no-bullshit, as they were recorded live. "She's Got It" is the most successful marriage of flow and blues, with thick, upbeat bass paired with slews of rap. Sinthesis are Salt Lake born and raised—"All Day, All Night" gives a local shout-out in the lyrics: "You'd have better luck cookin' up meth in Ogden." While parts of this album definitely feel experimental and tentative, overall it's a well done, brave undertaking. -Kia McGinnis

Wake Up Nebula
Never Fall In love With Birds
Self-Released
Street: 02.12
Wake Up Nebula = Metro
Station / Shiny Toy Guns

Emo-electro has had its ups and downs in terms of popularity-maybe there are still some die-hards out there still listening to Playradioplay!. There always seems to be somewhat of a whiny, perhaps nerdy voice atop the synthesized melodies. I'm not sure what part of me this music appeals to, but somehow it does. The starry melodies bounce with ease amid subtle guitar riffs. Wake Up Nebula's production is so clean and dreamy. it feels like hi-fi bedroom pop. "In the Key of Teal" is a prime example of this band's excellent formula for electronic pop music. "Alarms" showcases the bands lyrical wit and sarcasm over a moodier tempo. If you miss your electro-pop days, give this album a listen at wakeupnebula. bandcamp.com. -Justin Gallegos

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Alkaline Trio My Shame Is True Heart & Skull Records Street: 04.02 Alkaline Trio = Face To Face + The Damned

After 17 years and album after album, it's likely that you've heard of Alkaline Trio, and you know what you're getting into on My Shame Is True. Matt Skiba steals your heart with catchy and irresistible verse-chorus-verse song structures and the hookiest guitar lines in the business, Dan Andriano croons velvety goodness, and despite an appearance by Rise Against's Tim McIlrath on "I, Pessimist," My Shame Is True doesn't do much to shake things up. This isn't going to change your mind if you hate them already, but 15 seconds

Pessimist," My Shame Is True doesn't do much to shake things up. This isn't going to change your mind if you hate them already, but 15 seconds into "She Lied to The FBI," I fell in love with Alkaline Trio all over again. It may be more of a mainstream and radio-friendly form of punk rock, but My Shame Is True is another Alkaline Trio album in every way, and I'm gleefully singing along to every chorus. —Matt Brunk

And So I Watch You From Afar

All Hail Bright Futures
Sargent House
Street: 03.15
ASIWYFA = Fang Island +
Marnie Stern - Zach Hill +
Birthquake!

The Belfast, Ireland trio, And So I Watch You From Afar, returns with their technicolor warpaint-smudged and candy-coated Slayer riffs punching gaping holes into rainbowbleeding amplifiers. What I am saying is that ASIWYFA's third album is massive—like **Rush** for the ADHD generation. All Hail Bright Futures has no dark corners—it is all go all the time. Even at its heaviest, it pushes everything neon-bright and celebratory to the forefront, leaving ample headroom for gang-shouted choruses, brass and woodwind accompaniments, handclaps, steel drums and Rory Frier's endless riffing. All Hail Bright Futures is a musically tight and deeply moving soundtrack to ALL YOUR BEST MOMENTS ALL AT ONCE. ASIWYFA only write in all caps and only drink to celebrate, WHICH IS EVERY MOMENT AND

RIGHT NOW! -Ryan Hall

Bleached
Ride Your Heart
Dead Oceans
Street: 04.02
Bleached = Ramones
+ Go Go's



They're like **Vivian Girls**, but more polished and with better singing, like Best Coast, but punk rock. Jennifer and Jessica Clavin, formerly of the all-girl punk band Mika Miko, ioin with Jonathan Safley and Sara Jean Stevens to form LA's Bleached. This is simple, three-chord garage-pop full of sunny vocal melodies and catchy hooks. Blonde hair, jean jackets and plastic sunglasses are required for listening—that's kind of the band's uniform, too. Though they've released a few 7"s on various labels, this is the first full-lenath from Bleached, and "Looking For A Fight" and "Waiting By The Telephone" stand out the most. There's enough punk energy left over from Mika Miko to bolster the garage vibe, and, even though there's a guy in the band, Bleached still keeps it plenty girly. -Cody Kirkland

Cy Dune
No Recognize
Family Tree Records
Street: 02.13
Cy Dune = Happy Birthday +
Black Lips + Smith Westerns
No Recognize jumps right into

No Recognize jumps right into action with heavy but bright guitar (think **King Tuff** guitar tone) hitting rhythmic chords and hammer-ons that become the backbone of the opening track, "Where the Wild Things." If I were listening to the vinyl, the second track, "Move the Room," would be

the first song completely masticated by the needle. It holds the same, high-energy rhythm as "Where the Wild Things," but the distorted vocals of **Seth Olinsky**, Cy Dune's sole member, linger on the final syllable of each line, slowing the song's feel and creating a seamless transition into the calmer realm of the EP's mid portion. The electric folk feel of "No Recognize" and "Resentment," hold my interest while becoming the perfect breather before kicking the energy back up for the reversed drums and mild screams of the final track, "Yellin'." –Steve Richardson

High Priest of Saturn

Self-Titled
Svart Records
Street: 03.22
High Priest of Saturn = The
Wounded Kings - Electric
Wizard

A classic case of stoner doom by numbers, High Priest of Saturn imitate all the basic components of their chosen genre, but fail to add anything substantial or unique to the mix. Highly hailed with comparisons to **Black Sabbath** and Electric Wizard, the band's self-titled debut only resembles these bands by the most generous comparison. Where Black Sabbath's blues riffing added a raw, groovy element to their sound, HPOS's drones on with mimetic stoner melodies. Electric Wizard cultivated a dark, gritty atmosphere of abrasive noise and monumentally heavy riffs, but this album's mediocre sludge riffs sound weak and overproduced, and seem to adhere to the false doctrine of "slower = heavier." Content to ao through the motions in their perpetually uninspired ritual, HPOS hovers around a forgettable standard of "meets expectations," and barely elicits a yawn in response.

-Henry Glasheen

Iron Reagan
Worse Than Dead
Magic Bullet Records/A389
Records
Street: 03.19
Iron Reagan = Municipal
Waste + Nuclear Assault +
Cro-Mags

Iron Reagan will initially be recognized for its membership, which

counts two members of Municipal Waste and two members of **Darkest Hour** in its ranks, but this should be eclipsed by their music. Iron Reagan's debut summons 19 tracks of '80s style crossover thrash that covers significantly more substantial lyrical ground than Municipal Waste and maintains the brevity and machine aun assault of the best of hardcore. Particular standouts include "The Debt Collector" about the fakakta medical system in the U.S., and "I Predict the Death of Harold Camping," which skewers the Christian parishioner with all things doomsday. No song overstays its welcome, with tempo changes, well timed solos, and gang vocals preventing monotony from setting in. Worse Than Dead is a worthy addition to the halls of crossover. -Peter Fryer

Metal Mother

Post Primal Records
Street: 04.16
Metal Mother = Fever Ray +
Austra + Claire Boucher

Austra + Claire Boucher A project of Oakland native Taara Tati's confident musicianship and dark-wave occultism. Metal Mother's second album, Ionika, will surely make waves in that burgeoning ethereal-witchy-gothic-pop, post-Internet scene you either love or hate by now Inspired by her Celtic ancestry, Druid fantasy and altoop sirens Biörk and Kate Bush, Tati's recorded an album full of magnificent, dark goth-pop tunes. "Mind_off" opens the album with Tati's deft vocal maneuvers, pulsating synths that build up to moments of bombastic drum rhythms and anthemic choruses. I did double takes on some tracks though, like the **Grimes**-sounding "Hungers" and "Windexx'd," which features pitchbending vocals and tin drums in the style of **Purity Ring**. In "Omens," Tati is a dead ringer for **Karin Dreijer Andersson**. But the magic in Metal Mother's sound is not in its similarities, rather it's in the album's perfect production, its range of gothic darknesses and its avant-pop sensibili-

Mwahaha Self-Titled Plug Research

ties. -Christian Schultz

Street: 03.26 Mwahaha = The Faint + TV on the Radio

Mwahaha's self-titled debut is a full-on electro-psych, pretentious jam session that left me feeling adrift and unsatisfied. The album starts out on a pretty solid foundation, with complex lavers of progressive synth and vocal harmonies, but seems to get lost on its own chaotic trip. "Swimmer," the opening track, is driven by a heavy, deep bass line and drum beat frosted with **Ross Peacock**'s subdued, falsetto vocals. Though the track lacks any noticeable climax, it offers a sweet, electro-pop outro that juxtaposes nicely with the heavy synth harmonics that open the track. From there, the album gradually grows more and more ambient and hypnotic, maintaining the subdued and melancholic harmonies reminiscent of She Wants Revenge in the song "Sleep Deep" before going into a near-11-minute, fuzzed-out space journey that tries desperately to evoke emotions that I just couldn't muster. -Darcy Wouters-Russell

Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds Push the Sky Away

Push the Sky Away
Bad Seed Ltd.
Street: 02.19
Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds =
Leonard Cohen + Cave/Ellis

Leonard Cohen + Cave/Ellis soundtracks Push the Sky Away initially accompanied Nocturama on my list of Nick Cave disappointments. Upon repeated listening, it seems that much of my disappointment had to do with expectations for—or interest in—something different. Blame Grinderman. The lyrics, at times, could be stronger, by Cave standards, though only a few lines are repellant—mostly the first verse from "Mermaids." Musically, the album is often quite pretty and textured with the use of tape loops and rumbling bass, comparable at times to Cave's soundtrack compositions with fellow Bad Seed, Warren Ellis. Nick Launay's production is wonderfully warm and makes superb use of the soundstage, creating an intimate space for the listener to absorb one of Cave's quieter works, one that grows in appeal over several listens. While I feel that a bit more time could have been spent in the revision stage. Push the Sky Away is very good, and

Seeds fan or newcomer. -T.H. Old Man Markley Down Side Up

Down Side Up
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 03.05
Old Man Markley = Cactus
Attack + The Vandals + Larry
and His Flask

worth hearing, as an established Bad

OMM play fast-paced bluegrass that they approach like people living in

the present day. I guess that makes them the new punks on the scene, but I just hear well-crafted, original music that happens to have bluegrass elements. Down Side Up is not a huge departure from their first record, Guts n' Teeth, even with Fat Mike sitting in the producer's chair this time. There's no filler on this record. but the little ditty of a tune "Beyond the Moon" stands out because of its humor with lyrics like, "Don't want to lose my mind like Gary Busey did, once upon a time he was the same as you and me." Autoharp player An**nie Detemple** gives the record an interesting dynamic with backing vocals and is very impressive when she takes the lead on "Up Side Down." Old Man Markley is going to make people genuinely love bluegrass. -James Orme

Old Wounds From Where We Came Is Where We'll Rest Glory Kid LTD Street: 2.20 Old Wounds = Converge + Disembodied

There is a certain, special je ne sais quoi about the sound that Jerseybased Old Wounds deliver. It's not new or groundbreaking, nor is it a completely tried-and-true homage to some old hardcore sound. Devastatingly simple, it is heavy music stripped to its rotted bones and delivered without pretense or gimmick. The high-pitched monotone screams are not something I normally enjoy as a rule, and yet here it works, and it works damn well, especially as it's traded off with darker growls throughout. There's a lot of dirtiness to the production in the grinding and the squealing feedback, mixing well with the discordant chemistry of the pissedoff, violent lyrics and aggressive song structures. Expect some really dark sludge on tracks like "Void", coagulating an already suffocating energy. This album doesn't let you rest—you almost feel a post-fight catharsis after it's over. I enjoyed the fuck out of it, and I'm stoked to see what they deliver next. -Megan Kennedy

Ólöf Arnalds Sudden Elevation One Little Indian Records Street: 03.13 Ólöf Arnalds = Joanna Newsom + Björk

Newsom + Björk

Ólöf Arnalds comes from the land of ice and Sigur Rós, and although this is her third album, Sudden Elevation is the first to be sung entirely in English. The album was written mostly during a two-week stint in the fall in a seaside cabin, which gives it a cohesive feeling from start to finish. The entirety of the album feels like floating in the clouds, probably due to the predominant use of the charango and the

harp. It's just as dainty as it is ghostly: The subjects Arnalds sings about are not as light as her fairy voice might have you assume. I related to the sentiments expressed in "Numbers and Names," as she explores the nature of growing older. No matter your musical preference, this album is worth listening to for her dreamy voice alone. —Brinley Froelich

Phosphorescent Muchacho Dead Oceans Street: 03.19 Phosphorescent = Band of Horses + Bon Iver + Dire Straits

Phosphorescent's latest album, Muchacho, is laden with lazy, whining steel guitar, strolling piano, trumpet pieces, string sets and lyrics about the trials and tribulations of love. The instrumental work on this album is where **Matthew Houck** really flexes his songwriter muscle. The mix of country twang and haunting ambience creates a chilling sound that makes more of a statement than the vocal work. Houck really does have a way with words, but his delivery just isn't right. With too much reverb on his voice, his powerful words are lost in their own echoes and become peripheral, which is a damn shame, because his actual lyrics are beautiful. Check out the track "The Quotidian Beasts"—it's a prime representation of the album as a whole. -Carl Acheson

Thee Oh Sees Floating Coffin Castle Face Records Street: 04.16 Thee Oh Sees = The Fresh & Onlys + Wavves



These days, it seems **John Dwyer** only knows life from within the walls of his abundant pet projects. His dabbling with Thee Oh Sees caused the band to beget 12 albums since 2004—virtually nominating Dwyer as the **Nikolai Tesla** of contemporary garage/psyche. On that note, *Floating Coffins* carries the torch from previous albums in terms of brilliance while harboring a few newborn nuances. The opening track, "I Come From The Mountain," is the only track that is solidly indicative of the band's

prior stylings—which helps shoehorn previous fans into the album. Further on, the thrumming and pivoting "Strawberry 1 + 2" has a distinguishable texture that brushes shoulders with the likes of early-era **Smashing Pumpkins**. The locomotive rhythm and jagged guitar work in "Maze Fancier," would appease even the most strict art rock fan. Really, who needs iTunes Genius when you can just shuffle Thee Oh Sees?

—Gregory Gerulat

They Might Be Giants Nanobots Idlewild

Street: 03.05

TMBG = Jonathan Coulton + Moxy Früvous - nerdcore

They Might Be Giants have had a rocky history over the past decade when it comes to their adult albums. Their 2011 album, Join Us, was OK at best, nowhere near 2007's The Else, which left a lot of potential for Nanobots to be really awesome. Right from the start with "You're On Fire," this album kicks off well with a rocking beat and familiar horns in the background with a catchy chorus—the very essence of any fine TMBG track. This whole album shows the duo going back to what they do best, short and memorable tracks with a hint of humor, harkening to the feel of their Lincoln/Flood era with songs like "Lost My Mind" and "Tesla." There's even a nod to their classic track "Fingertips" with several short songs peppered throughout the 25-track album. For TMBG fans, this is a welcome return to their original quirky style. -Gavin Sheehan

Ulrich Schnauss A Long Way To Fall Domino Street: 02.12

Street: 02.12
Ulrich Schnauss = Keep Shelly
In Athens + Boards of Canada
+ Tycho

A Long Way To Fall is the fourth studio release from German producer Ulrich Schnauss. This time around. Schnauss dropped the synthesized shoegaze and embraced new age. The album concentrates on delicate, ethereal melodies that weave in and out of human subconscious. Distorted swirls dissolve into darkness on the ambient "I Take Comfort In Your Ignorance." "The Weight of Darkening Skies" offers a pleasant progression of sweeping atmospheric synthesizers and evocative beats. Únique, organic textures line the industrial album closer, "A Ritual in Time and Death." A Long Way To Fall is a subtle album—expect no instant gratifications or adrenaline rushes. -Courtney Blair

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Friday, April 5

Gooding, Lucid 8, Outside Infinity, Mad Calibre - Bar Deluxe Daniel Day Trio - Bayou Spindrift, Gram Rabbit, Max Pain & The Groovies - Brewskis Tough Tittie, Monkey Knife Fight, Bastard John

The Dirty Heads, Shiny Toy Guns, Mini Matilda,

Oh No Fiasco - Complex L.E.D., Felguk, Dirtyphonics - Complex Trailerpark Rebels - Deer Hunter Pub The Airborne Toxic Event - Depot Park City Follies (through April 13)

- Egyptian Theatre Samuel Smith Band - Garage American Hitmen - Green Pig Steven Roth - Hog Wallow SpaceGhostPurrp - Kilby

Blue-X, Breaus, Brute Force, A Lily Gray - Liquid Joe's The Merchant Royal, Cyber Cowboy & the Flying Coffee Beans, The Former King - Muse Chris Bender - Poplar

One Way Life, The Sinisters, The Dark Jive - Shred Shed Little Green Cars, Bullets & Belles - State Room

Sample Tracks - Sugar Space Spiritualized - Urban Mimi Knowles, James Devine, Sam King - Velour Erasmus, Among the Ashes, Call Me The Dreamer - Why Sound Minx - Woodshed

Saturday, April 6

HVDD: Sirens Of Steele vs. Daughters Of Anarchy - 784 E. Chappel Dr. - Spanish Fork Tragic Black, Redemption, Dead Romantics - Bar Deluxe Clash Of The Titans - MC Battles - Burt's

Samuel Smith Band, Pour Horse - Complex Common Kings, Fiji - Complex WRD: Uinta Madness Roller Derby vs. Capital City Skull Crushers - Derby Depot Spindrift - Garage

Vision - Green Pia Son Of Ian - Hog Wallow The Rocket Summer, Joe Brooks - In The Venue Zangiev, Fever Dreams, Lionhead, Oh Othello Allred The Minor Birds Kat Jones - Killy

Good Honest Effort, Jupiter - Muse Matthew & The Hope - Poplar Elephant Revival, Ali Sperry & The Family Vacation - State Room Sample Tracks - Sugar Space Dubwise - Urban September Say Goodbye, RacecaR RacecaR Why Sound

P. Chill - Woodshed

Sunday, April 7 Brown Shoe, The Shuttles - Bar Deluxe WRD: Wasatch Junior Roller Derby Mighty Minions - Derby Depot My Iron Lung, Vales, Eons, Settle Down, Temples - Shred Shed

Monday, April 8

Ribbons DI Robo Rob - Burt's Icarus The Owl, Hello Oblivion - Jazzv's Kids These Days - Kilby

The Humor Games/Salt Lake Steamer, Salt Lake Comedy Fest Midvale Main Theatre

Rival Summers - Shred Shea Charlie Parr, Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Tony Holiday Band - Urban

Tuesday, April 9

Jazz Jaguars - Burt's Hell Jam - Devil's Daughte

Improv Home Evening, Salt Lake Comedy Fest - Off Broadway Theatre

The Atom Age, Problem Daughter - Shred Shed Parlotones, Dinner And A Suit, Cameron - State Room Acid Mothers Temple, Tjutjuna, Rainbow Black

Wednesday, April 10 Happy Birthday, Benji Pierson!

Motortrain, lackie Pervo - Burt's OMD - Depot James Douglas Show - Green Pig Vertical Overtone, Of Earth Inside, The Merchan Royal, ON3 - Liquid Joe's A Day To Remember, Of Mice and Men - Saltair Second To Last - Shred Shed Dash Rip Rock, Utah County Swillers - State Room Chamber Music Series - UMFA

Purity Ring, Blue Hawaii - Urban Alliandria Hansen - Why Sound One Mic Stand, Salt Lake Comedy Fest -Wiseguys West Valley

Thursday, April 11

The Tontons, Beachmen, Lady Murasaki - Rar Daluva

Salt Lake Comedy Film Festival - Broadway Theatre

Prizehog, Cornered by Zombies - Burt's Wretched, Soilwork, Jeff Loomis, Blackguard - Club Sound Soul Asylum - Depot Mark Chaney - Garage Marinade - Green Pia Honey Pine - Hoa Wallow Bad Religion, The Bronx, Polar Bear Club In The Venue

Hey Marseilles, Formal - Kilby Paul Clonts, Ben Simon, Kevin Edwards, Mike Dixon - Muse Vacation Club, CRYS - Salt Haus Shell Corporation, Eli Whitney - Shred Shed Sunset District - Sugar Space The Saintanne, Horsha On The Moon

Spirit Master, Teddy Bangs - Urban Ponderosa - Velour Folk Hogan, Albino Father, Horsha On The Moon - Woodshed

Friday, April 12 Happy Birthday, Jory Carroll!

Wasnatch, Chris Aguilar - A Bar Named Sue Numbs, Bassmint Pros - ABG's Salt City Sirens - Bar Deluxe Double Helix - Bayou Tanglewood - Brewskis The Cliterinas, Fitch Head 801, S.T.O., Jailhouse Rockers - Burt's Matt Bradshaw - Green Pia Stonefed - Hoa Wallow Roadkill Ghost Choir, Whiskey Tooth - Jazzy's William Beckett, Jillette Johnson, Grey Fiction

Best of, Salt Lake Comedy Fest - Murray Theatre

Missing Method, The Problems, Velocirapture. Intra-Venus & The Cosmonauts - Muse Terence Hansen - Poplar Tech N9ne, Brotha Lynch Hung, Krizz Kaliko, Kutt Calhoun Ritz Ces Cru - Saltair Insight, Cool Your Jets, Døne

- Shred Shed Wheeler Brothers - State Room

Sunset District - Sugar Space SLUG Localized: Oxcross, Eons, Yaktooth - Urban

Parlor Hawk, The National Parks, The Mighty Seguoyah - Velour Children Of The North, Military Genius, Anna James - Why Sound

Saturday, April 13

Matt Bashaw & The Hope - A Bar Named Sue Illuminations: Fused Glass - Art Access Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center Benefit Show - Bar Deluxe Mr. Lucky Blues - Bayou Neff Reach Bash - Brighton Antique Scream, Oldtimer, Year Of The Wolf

Boyce Avenue - Club Sound Awkward Fest 2013 - Complex

WRD: Black Diamond Divas vs Salt Flat Fallouts - Derby Depot Juana Ghani - Garage Terrence Hansen Trio - Green Pig Lazy Lester - Hog Wallow Suicidal Tendencies, Wake The Dead, Havok - In The Venue Aura Surreal, Matthew Sean & The Band

- lazzv's Lorin Cook & Friends - Johnny's Yazzi - Kilbv Back Chat, Donner Partyhouse, Officer Jenny

Dirty South - Park City Live Winter Pop-Up Farmers Market - Pierpont Place lim Derrickson - Poplar Bullet For My Valentine, Halestorm Stars In Stereo - Saltai Hurris & Gig, Solarsuit, Lung Lane, Q&A

Shred Shed Utah Jynx vs. Tacoma Trauma - Taylorsville High Insight, Eagle Twin, Pleasure Thieves

- Urban Seasons Extreme, The Blue Aces, The Fellows Till We Stop Breathing - Why Sound

Sunday, April 14

Happy Birthday, Kelli Tompkins! Future - Complex WRD: Wasatch Junior Roller Derby Minion Terrors - Derby Depoi Sonic Angels, Teddy Bangs, Chalk - Shred Shed

Monday, April 15

Wounded Giant, Chainwhip, Atrophy - Burt's GWAR, Warbeast, Wilson - Complex Angel Olsen, Villages, The Awful Truth - Kilby Zoogma - Urban

Tuesday, April 16 Bloodgeon - Bar Deluxe Sorcery, Infitum Obscure, Deathblow - Burt's C2C - Depot Hell Jam - Devil's Daughte JayMay, Kayoko - Kilby Seeker, Forty Winters, Pyxis, Arsenal Of Destruction, JFK - Shred Shed He's My Brother She's My Sister, Desert Noises Chris Staples, Coyote Vision Group, Shadow Puppet, Color Animal - Urban

Wednesday, April 17

Like Woe, Jason Dickerson, Circulars Bar Deluxe Hudson Falcons, Bens Sinister, LASN - Burt's Valerie Larsen - Kilby Melodians - Liquid Joe's Bend Sinister Desmand Mart - Shred Shed Colin Hay, Vikki Thorn - State Room Myka 9, Medusa, Burnell Washburn - Urban Caitlin Connoly - Velour

CWMA's: Opening Party DJ Spinoff - Zest

Thursday, April 18

CWMA's: Emerson Kennedy, Concise Kilgore, Burnell Washburn, Dope Thought - 5 Monkeys Voodoo Glow Skulls, Left Alone, Elephant Riders Riva Rebels - Bar Deluxe Mark Chaney & The Garge Allstars - Garage Kaity & The Raccoons - Jazzy's Mountain West Mafia, Captain Nerk I Am A-Rodge - Kilby

Espirito De Fogo - Rose Wagner Black Mountain - Urban

Joshua James - Velour There Is No Mountain, Little Barefoot, Erik & Becca - Why Sound

Friday, April 19 American Hitmen - A Bar Named Sue Joe Buck Yourself, Viva Le Vox - ABG's Jail City Rockers, Heartbreak Beats, Blue Moon Bombers - Bar Deluxe A.M. Bump - Bayou Cindy Bean - Blonde Grizzly Codi Jordan Band - Brewskis Twiztid Potluck hed n.e. Glasses Malone Complex Machine Gun Kelly - Depot The Pour Horse - Garage Son Of Ian - Green Pig Marinade - Hoa Wallow

Lydia From Indian Lakes Sweet Talker In The Venue Adjacent To Nothing, ECS, Truce, Small Town Trap, Friend Of Mine - Liquid Joe's EDP - Muse

Hectic Hobo - Poplar Espirito De Fogo - Rose Wagner Excision - Saltair

Millionaires, Ashland High, Beneath The Sun, Lancifer - Shred Shed

Joshua Payne Orchestra, David Williams, The Weekenders, Pablo Black, Jay William Henderson - State Room

Joshua James, Isaac Russell - Urban Blind Actuaries, Red Yeti - Velour Corey Christiansen - Why Sound Know Your Roots - Woodshed

Saturday, April 20 HVDD: Molly Morbids vs. Durango Colorado

- 784 E. Chappel Dr. - Spanish Fork Codi Jordan Band, Natural Heights - A Bar Named Sue Cusses, Night Sweats, The Saintanne, Yaktooth - Bar Deluxe Tim Kidder Trio - Bayou The Insurgence, Bobby Joe Ebola & The Children

MacNuggits, Victims Willing, Chainwhip - Burt's Loss Of Existence, Blues 66 - Carol's Cove II Talib Kweli, Mobb Deep, Phora, Clear Soul Forces, Chicharones, Common Market - Gallivan Center

Joe Buck Yourself, Viva Le Vox - Garage Wildcat Strike, Golden Sun, Breakers, Beachmen - Graywhale Taylorsville

Kettlefish - Green Pig The Rugs - Hog Wallov Marinade - Johnny's Andrew Maguire's Art Project - Kilby Baby Ghosts, The Hung Ups, Riva Rebels, Eli Whitney, Police Academy - Muse Dilated Peoples - Park City Live Matthew & The Hope - Poplar

Espirito De Fogo - Rose Wagner Stories Of Ambition - Shred Shed Hell's Belles - State Room Ben Verdery - Sugar Space The Gift of Gab, DJ Flash & Flare, DJ Juggy, Scenic Byway, Zigga, Dumb Luck - *Urban* Seve Vs. Evan, Deadtooth - *Velour* Thursday, April 25 Balance Of Power, Eyes Of Damnation, Hooga, Tanner McDowell, Riley Traveller, Paul Jackass Bone - Bar Deluxe Christiansen - Why Sound

- Woodshed

Sunday, April 21

Monday, April 22

AIT-I - Complex

Henderson - Kilby

Shred Shed

Molly - Urban

Mideau - Veloui

Tuesday, April 23

Hell Jam - Devil's Daughter

Mass. Trevor Price - Urban

Wednesday, April 24

Building With Legs - Kilby

Aan, Lake Island - Velour

Spirit Family Reunion - State Room

Zakk Wylde - Depot

Fu - Urban

Eight Bells, SubRosa - Shred Shed

Warner Drive, Mouth Of A Lion - Burt's

Dr. - Spanish Fork

- Burt's

- lazzv's

Early Graves, Rile - Shred Shed

Captured By Robots, Red Bennies, Ready The

Happy Birthday, Megan Kennedy!

Wirelefant, We Are Mirrors, Whiskey Tooth

Idle Hands, A Midnight Drive, Apollo

James McCartney, Benny Merchant, Jay William

Bunny Gang feat. Nathen Maxwell of Flogging

HVDD: Recruitment Night! - 784 E. Chappel

Blighter, Down On Knees I'm Weak, Soulrot

Cobalt Cranes, Chalk, Fossil Arms - Bar Deluxe

The Old World, The Watches, Amassing Massive

Stanton Warriors, The Loki & Steez Show, Tink

Lebaron - Burt's CWMA's: Mideau, Bullets & Belles, Juana Ghani CWMA's: Spirit Master, Marinade, Holy Water Buffalo - Complex

Face To Face - Depoi Mark Chaney & The Garge Allstars - Garage

Easton Corbin - In The Venue Lo-Fi Riot, Kingston Winter, The Hooligans Brass Band - Kilby The Men, Night Sweats, Super 78, Foster Body

- Salt Haus Beachmen, Lady Murasaki, Lynden Williams

No Sleep - Velour CWMA's: 2nd Week DJ Spinoff - Zest

Friday, April 26

Wiskeyfish - A Bar Named Sue Hillfolk Noir, Millie & The Moths - ABG's Snake Rattle Rattle Snake, The Red On Black - Bar Deluxe Chalula - Bayou Mighty High - Brewskis Vampyrates, All Systems Fail - Burt's Flesh-N-Bone, The DuctTape Gang, Tre Duce Ent, Gifted Ent, Diggla Family, Jesse James - Complex Roy Kay Trio, Matt Codina & The Glyders, Rare Record Hop - Garage Tito Kennedy - Green Pia Pour Horse - Hoa Wallow The Shakers, Dixie Slim & The Cour Du Rois

SLUG All-Ages Localized: Anthropology, Solarsuit, Creature Double Feature - Kilby The Stranger Beside Me. Consumed By Silence.

Stories Of Ambition, Only Clouds Above, Eyes of Damnation - Liquid Joe's Bat Manors, Wandering Woods, Kathleen Frewin, Coral Bones - Muse Jim Derrickson - Poplar Bombshell Academy - Shred Shed Paul Kelly - State Room CWMA's: Hang Time, Night Sweats, Secret

L'anarchsite - Why Sound Funk & Gonzo - Woodshed

Saturday, April 27 Happy Birthday, Katie Panzer! Happy Birthday, Rebecca Frost!

DI Stackhouse, Sista Matic, Shaleek - Bar Deluxe Sturgeon General, Dead Sound - Burt's He Is We, Dylan Jacobsen - Complex Lorin Walker Madsen - Deer Hunter Pub James Blake Falty DI - Depot Old Death Whisper - Garage The Pillar - Green Pia Senses Fail - In The Venue Matthew & The Hope - Johnny's The Hoot Hoots, Cliffs, Hang Time, Beachmer

CWMA's: Golden Sun, Polytype, Book On Taneworm - Muse Terence Hansen - Poplar

Best Friends Animal Society Benefit: Bone Dance, Day Hymns, Cherem, Speak Out - Salt Haus

The Elements, Atheist, B-Side, Cigarillo Burna, Dine Krew - Shred Shed CWMA's: Matteo, L'Anarchiste, Fictionist State Room Bonobo, El Ten Eleven - Urban

BassMint Pros, Broken Silence, Reactance Method - Why Sound

Sunday, April 28

David Sedaris - Capitol Theater Mindless Self Indulgence - In The Venue That1Guy & The Magic Pipe, Captain Ahabs Motorcycle Club - State Room

Monday, April 29 Happy Birthday, Gavin Sheehan! Happy Birthday, Bryan Kubarycz! Happy Birthday, Chris Proctor! Happy Birthday, Steve Richardson! System, Visioneer - Bar Deluxe Barb Wire Dolls, NoNoYesYes, The Jingoes, Secret Abilities - Burt's Transit, Seahaven, Young Statues - Club Sound Rodriguez - Complex The 213's - Urbar

Tuesday, April 30

Maoli, Makisi - Bar Deluxe Jazz Jaguars - Burt's Hell Jam - Devil's Dauahtei Touché, Night Sweats, Koala Temple - Kilby Prezident Brown, Reggae Angels - Park City Live KDC, La Verkin - Shred Shed Har Mar Superstar - Urban

Wednesday, May 1

Git Some - Burt's Alex Clare - Depot Kvelertak, Cancer Bats, Black Tusk - In The Venue Simple Treasures Mother's Day Boutique Legacy Events Center Katchafire - Park City Live Quantic - Urban

Thursday, May 2

Grave Babies, Night Sweats, The Saintanne Bar Deluxe Lich King, Visigoth, Deathblow, Chainwhip Burt's SOJA - Depot Joe McQueen Quartet - Garage Powerman 5000 - In The Venue Super Water Sympathy, Jupiter - Muse Todd Snider, Great American Taxi - State Room Aesop Rock, Rob Sonic, DJ Big Wiz - Urban

Friday, May 3 Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace

Juana Ghani - A Bar Named Sue Hill Folk Noir, Hectic Hobo - Bar Deluxe Marinade - Brewskis Lose Itl - Burt's Andre Nickatina, Roach Gigz, Mumbles - Complex Johnny Outlaw & The Johnson Creek Stranglers Garage

Ravings Of A Madman - Shred Shed A Behanding In Spokane - Sugar Space Dubwise - Urban Call Me The Dreamer - Why Sound Minx - Woodshed

One Way Life // The Sinisters // The Dark Jive My Iron Lung // Vales | Eons // Settle Down // Temples Mon.8 Rival Summers The Atom Age // Problem Daughter Tue.9 Wed.10 Second To Last Thur.11 Shell Corporation // Eli Whitney Fri.12 INSIGHT // Done // Cool Your Jets Sat.13 Hurris & Gig // Solarsult // Luna Lune // Q&A Sun.14 Sonic Angels // Teddy Bangs // Chalk Mon.15 Open Mic Nightl Tue.16 Seeker // Forty Winters // Pyxis // Arsenal of Destruction // JFK Wed.17 Bend Sinister // Desmond Marl Fri.19 Millionaires // Ashland High // Beneath The Sun // Lancifer Sat.20 Stories of Ambition Sun.21 Early Graves // Rile Mon.22 Idle Hands // A Midnight Drive // Apollo Tues.23 Subrosa // Eight Bells Thur.25 Landis Event Fri.26 Bombshell Academy Sat.27 The Elements // Atheist // B-Side // Cigarillo Burna // Dine Krew Mon.29 TBA Tues.30 KDC // La Verkin Fri.3 Ravings of a Madman

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APR 1: PHOSPHORESCENT, STRAND OF DAKS

APR 2: PAPER BIRD, THE HOLLERING PINES, THE BULLY

APR 3: THE POLISH AMBASSADOR, HOT NOISE, ROBO CLIP, CRISIS

APR 4: RE:UP PRESENTS DUBVIRUS, THE DR!NK, ACRID SWITCH

APR 5: KRCL PRESENTS SPIRITUALIZED

APR 6: DUBWISE

APR 8: CHARLIE PARR, PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS, TONY HOLIDAY BAND

APR 9: ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE, TJUTJUNA, RAINBOW BLACK

APR 10: PURITY RING, BLUE HAWAII

APR 11: FREE SHOW THE SAINTANNE, HORSHA ON THE MOON, SPIRIT MASTER, TEDDY BANGS

APR 12: SLUG LOCALIZED: OXCROSS + EONS + YAKTDOTH

APR 13: INSIGHT, EAGLE TWIN, PLEASURE THIEVES

APR 15: ZOOGMA

APR 16: FREE SHOW CHRIS STAPLES, COYOTE VISION GROUP, SHADOW PUPPET, COLOR ANIMA

APR 17: MYKA9, MEDUSA, BURNELL WASHBURN

APR 18: KRCL PRESENTS BLACK MOUNTAIN

APR 19: KRCL PRESENTS JOSHUA JAMES, ISAAC RUSSELL

MAY D1: RE-UP SERIES PRESENTS QUANTIC MAY D2: AESDE SCOK, MAY D3: DUBWISE, MAY D4: THE DEVIL WHALE, MAY D5: METZ, MAY D7: SHABAZZ PALACES MAY DB: RAC, MAY DB: THE APPLEBEED CABT, MAY 10: KROL PRESENTS OB MUTANTES, MAY 12: KROL PRESENTS BUILT TO BPILL, MAY 13: LAURA STEVENSON THE CANB, MAY 14: DAUGHTER, MAY 15: FREE SHOW WITH SURE SIGN OF THE NAIL, MAY 16: STORNOWAY, MAY 17: STARMY + MIKE SARTAINS CO RELEASE MAY 18: KRCL PRESENTS BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW, MAY 19: THE PRESETS @ THE DEPOT, MAY 20: REHAB, MAY 21: TELEKINESIS, MAY 22: KYLESA. MAY 24: THE AWPUL TRUTH, MAY 25: LIGHT/BLACK CD RELEASE, MAY 26: KRCL PRESENTS BEA WOLF, MAY 27: AKRON/FAMILY, MAY 29: JUICY J.

MAY 31: BATHS & HOUSES, JUN DZ: FREE SHOW MALAIKAT DAN SINGA, JUN DG: WILLY MOON, JUN 1D: STARKUCKER

4/1 - Matt Costa, Carly Ritter, The Hollering Pines

4/2 - Teddy Geiger, Katy McAllister, Olivia Millerschim

4/3 - Merchandise, Parenthetical Girls, Wet Hair

4/4 - Ivan and Alyosha, Fort Atlantic, L'Anarchiste

4/5 - SpaceGhostPurrp

4/6 - Allred, The Minor Birds, Kat Jones

4/8 - Kids These Days

4/11 - Hey Marseilles, Formal

4/12 - William Beckett, Jillette Johnson, Grey Fiction (Acoustic)

4/13 - Yazzi, TBA

4/15 - Angel Olsen, Villages, The Awful Truth

4/16 - JayMay, Kayoko

4/17 - Valerie Larsen, TBA

4/18 - Mountain West Mafia, Captain Nerk, and I am A-Rodge (doors: 6:30)

4/19-WATSKY

4/20 - Andrew McGuire's Art Project, TBA

4/22 - James McCartney (son of Paul McCartney), Benny Merchant, Jay William Henderson

4/24 - Building With Legs, TBA

4/25 - Lo-Fi Riot, Kingston Winter, The Hooligans Brass Band (doors: 6:30)

4/26 - SPY HOP SLUG LOCALIZED (all ages version)

4/27 - The Hoot Hoots, Cliffs, Hang Time, Beachmen

4/30 - Touché, Night Sweats, Koala Temple

ADDITIONAL UPCOMING SHOWS FROM S&S PRESENTS:

April 1st @ Velour (Provo) - Schematic (David Elkins of Mae), Asker, Treehouse

April 4th @ The Depot - Jeff Mangum (of Neutral Milk Hotel), Tall Firs April 5th @ The Complex: Dirty Heads/Shiny Toy Guns, Midi Matilda, Oh No Fiascol

April 22nd @ The Complex - ALT-J, April 27th @ The Depot: James Blake, Falty DL

April 27th @ The Complex: He Is We, Dylan Jakobsen April 29th @ The Complex - Rodriguez, Jebny O. May 3rd @ The Complex: Andre Nickatina, Roach Gigz, MUMBLS

May 11th @ The Depot: The Black Angels, HAnni El-Khatib, Wall of Death May 19th @ The Depot: The Presets, Dragonette

May 31st @ The Depot: The Tallest Man On Earth

June 6th @ The Depot: FOALS, Surfer Blood, Blondefire June 10th @ The Complex: LOGIC



APR 22: BUNNY GANG FEAT, NATHEN MAXWELL OF FLOGGING MOLLY

APR 26: CWMA'S WITH HANG TIME, NIGHT SWEATS, SECRET ABILITIES

APR 27: Re-UP SERIES & KRCL PRESENTS BONDED (LIVE)

+ EL TEN ELEVEN

APR 29: FREE SHOW WITH THE 213'S

APR 30: HAR MAR SUPERSTAR

APR 23: THE DLD WORLD, THE WATCHES, AMASSING MASSIVE MASS, TREVOR PRICE

COURT CITY SALT AL G E S A UNLESS DOORS 7PM NOTED

FOR UPCOMING EVENTS WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM













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ALT- J APR 22 @ THE COMPLEX 7 PM ALL AGES \$18 ADV / \$20 DAY OF



JAMES BLAKE APR 27 @ THE DEPOT 7 PM ALL AGES \$18

RODRIGUEZ APR 29 @ THE COMPLEX 8 PM 21+ \$25

ANDRE NICKATINA
ROACH GIGZ • MUMBLS
MAY 3 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$25

THE BLACK ANGELS
HANNI EL-KHATIB - WALL OF DEATH
MAY 11 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$18 ADV / \$20 DAY OF

THE FLOBOTS
MAY 15 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$18 ADV / \$20 DAY OF

THE PRESETS
DRAGONETTE
MAY 19 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$22 ADV / \$25 DAY OF

THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH
STRAND OF OAKS
MAY 31 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$17.50 ADV / \$20 DAY OF

FOALS
SURFER BLOOD . BLONDEFIRE
JUNE 3 @ THE DEPOT
7 PM ALL AGES \$20

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