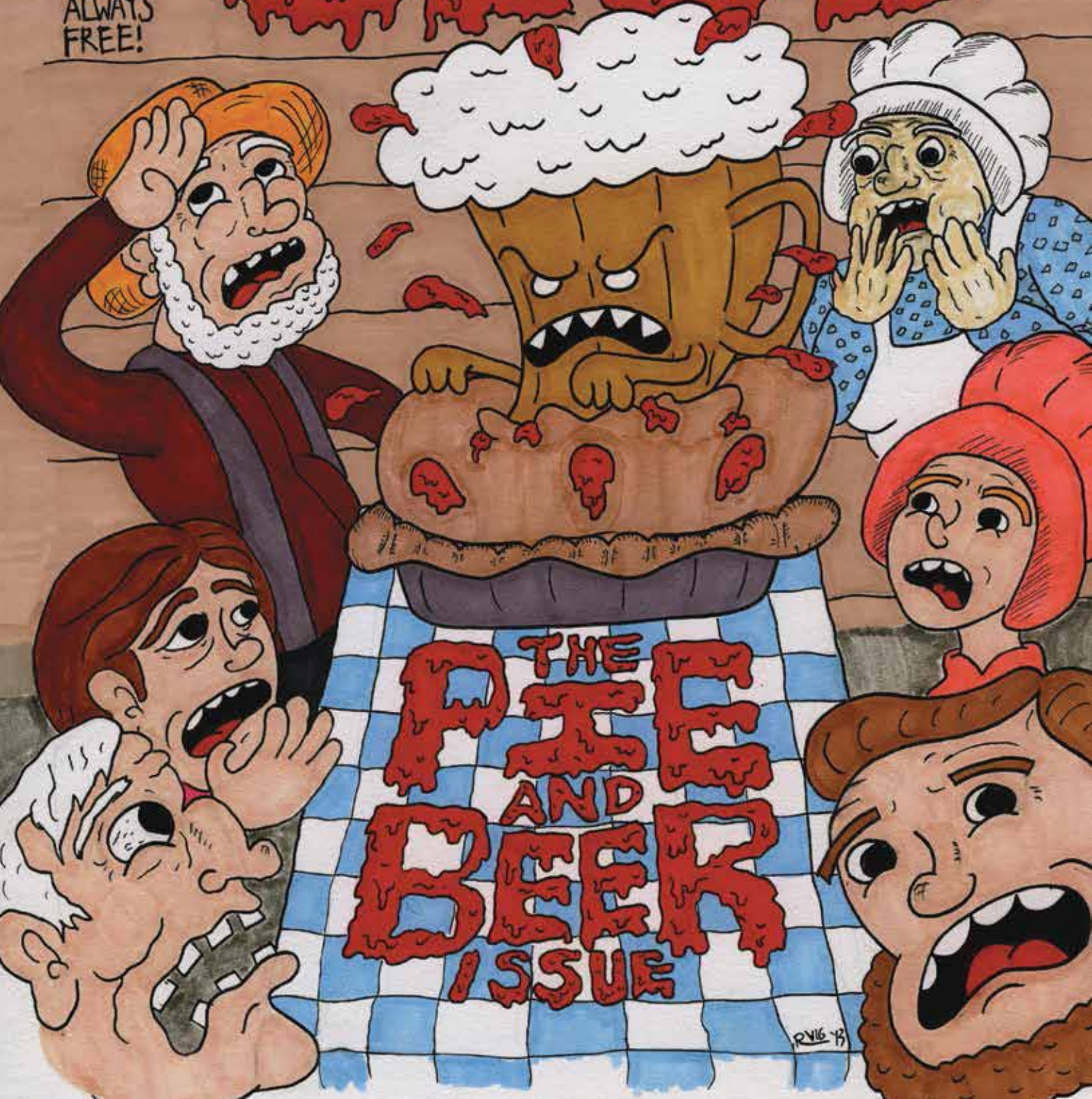


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About the Cover: When SLUG contributor **Ricky Vigil** came up with the idea to put a beer bursting out of a pie on the cover of our 6th Annual Beer Issue, we knew only Ricky's cartoon illustrative style would do the idea justice. So grab a mug of something frosty, a tasty piece of pie and peruse the beer-soaked pages of our mag. Oh, and check out more of Ricky's work at [rickyvigil.blogspot.com](#) and [rickyvigil.tumblr.com](#). Happy Pie & Beer day!

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Contributor Limelight: Megan Kennedy – Writer/Photographer



Since joining SLUG in March 2011, Megan Kennedy has become our resident metal maven and queen of all things geeky. Despite covering gnarly metal icons such as **Opeth** and **Red Fang**, Megan is one of the friendliest darkhearts we have ever had the pleasure of working with. In her time at SLUG, she has interviewed notable locals such as **Corned by Zombies** and **Gaza**, and covered the **Mayhem Festival** as a writer and photographer in 2011 and 2012. She even managed to score a last-minute interview with **As I Lay Dying** at the 2012 fest, likely because of her kvlt charm. Megan has also channeled her energy into a budding career as an artist with her project, **Abuse of Reason Art and Photography**, which will be featured in this year's **Craft Lake City's DIY Festival** as well as the **Urban Arts Festival**. She is also a talented author, recently publishing the digital novella, *Bury Me In Smoke*, and will be featured in an upcoming anthology published by *Horror Novel Reviews*. Megan always goes above and beyond, and we are proud to count her among our local army of minions.

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Dear DICKHEADS

Dear Dickdad (Alex Ortega),

I have tried to contact you just about every other way, and you have made it impossible, so I have resorted to writing this shitzone. First things first, I feel appropriate in outing you on your real age. ALEX ORTEGA IS 45 YEARS OLD. That is right, a full two decades older than he has been telling you. Ever since you screamed at mom mid-coitus "ALEX ORTEGA DON'T BE PULLIN OUT, SO DON'T ASK" (he does that every time ladies) and planted your angry seed, which would eventually become me, there as been a tremendous hole (no jokes) in her life, as well as mine. I am not sure why you gave up on your dream of being a day time court judge and started telling people that you had a bachelors in English (it is actually an associates in criminal justice), but I want to help you realize that dream dad. I want you to help me realize mine, I can't get my GED without you. Mom may be an overweight amputee with a meth problem, but I thought that is why you loved her.

Forever yours illegitimately,
Your son Paco "Ortega"

Dear Paco,

You have the wrong number.

XOXO SLUG

Dear Dickheads,

I read the article on Salt City United in your June issue and my jaw dropped open. The author was clearly biased, or maybe too wrapped up in her shitty version of gonzo journalism and identity issues to see these assholes for what they truly are: a bunch of has-been nobodies trying to keep the "hardcore

dream" alive by transferring their daddy issues and bully mentality to a different stage/stadium. I've personally witnessed these guys start fights with other REAL FANS at games after getting hammered at their tailgating parties, and their exclusivity is anything but charming. They want to keep their initiation process "off the record"? Yeah, because they're a bunch of sketchy, white-trash motherfuckers and/or they think they're more important than they actually are. None of these guys ever contributed a thing to the community, especially the hardcore scene. They ruin everything they touch. Grow up, SCU, shouting a bunch of profanity at a "futbol" team in front of your kids and baby mommas is unseemly for a bunch of washed-out 30-somethings.

Love, Matt Buckner

Dear Matt Fuckner,

Aww, somebody got shoved in one too many lockers in high school, huh, buddy? Swillin' and rowdiness are all a part of soccer, buck-o. Sometimes there are some unnecessary fights, but, if you weren't such a twerp, SCU would leave you alone. Shit, I bet you were the one they kicked out for eating a hot dog, and now you're all butt hurt. Look Matt, just because you don't like having fun doesn't mean you should impede on those who do—maybe you should work for the DABC. SCU keeps Real soccer loud n' proud, and their hardcore backgrounds let others know that our team and our city ain't nothin' to fuck with.

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Mick "MickDeth" Richard Morris

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Mick, pictured here with his family, on a recent visit to The Heavy Metal Shop.



XCLEARX back in the day: (L to R:) Josh Asher, Tyler Smith, Sean McClaugherty, Mick Morris and Jason Knott.

MICK must have been about 12 or 13 when he first started coming into *The Heavy Metal Shop*. I remember that he was with his mom and grandma. They would buy him T-shirts—of course, Mick would pick out **Cannibal Corpse**, **Slayer** and **Samhain** shirts. Like most kids, the gorier, bloodier or most offensive shirts were the ones he picked, especially if Mom was buying them. I usually get the evil eye from the mothers, like it's my fault. Mick's mom and grandma were the opposite of that—they were so nice. I would see them quite often and was always happy to see them. They were very supportive of Mick's interest in music and understood how important it was to him. I got to know Mick pretty well. He was a regular at the shop, so when **Jimmy** was finishing up college, I asked Mick if he was interested in working at the shop. I knew that he would be good, with his vast knowledge of music, and at such a young age, too. His passion for music was much like mine, and I felt that we were kindred spirits in that respect. I loved working with Mick—we experienced lots of funny and crazy stuff at the shop, like the time this customer became obsessed with Mick. He was an older guy, and I know this freaked Mick out. One time, this guy showed up at the shop right after Mick had closed and was driving away from the shop, and this guy chased Mick's car down the street until he stopped. Mick told the guy NOT to do that again. This guy kept coming in long after Mick had left for California and joined **Eighteen Visions**, and would always ask about him. When the shop was located in the *Redman Building*, Mick and I put together a "garage sale" T-shirt rack, and we would sell our old band shirts. We would always laugh when we would see people wearing our old shirts: "That's my **Dead Kennedys** shirt." We have continued the "garage sale" even to this day. Mick had just checked with me the day before he left us to see if any of his stuff had sold—nothing had. He said he would be down soon with some more shirts. Mick always kept in touch when he was out on tour and would always come and see me when he was in Salt Lake, telling me about meeting **Dimebag**, or hanging out with **Lemmy**, etc. ... I'm gonna miss talking and hanging out with Mick. To me, he will always be that 13-year-old kid with that passion for music. R.I.P., buddy. —Kevin Kirk

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(L-R) Jason Gibby, Jared Price, Scott Haslam and Mason Porter make music that creates sonic soundscapes of lines and shapes.

Photo: Gavan Nelson

Localized

By Justin Gallegos
cknowledge@live.com

Five dollars can get you a number of things, but only one night a month does it get you access to a live show with three of Salt Lake's best up-and-comers. Indie surf-rockers **Beachmen** will be opening for the mind-expanding **Polytype**, followed by the party rock of **King Niko**. It's all going down Friday, July 12, at *Urban Lounge* at 10 p.m., brought to you by *Bohemian Brewery*. It's 21+, so if you're underage or can't attend, don't forget to make use of *GigViz.com* for live streaming of the show!

POLYTYPE

Each band's story of origin differs. Some begin out of boredom, and others seem to align out of fate. Polytype's story is one that reminds me of a phrase that occasionally floats through my mind: Genius is born out of necessity. Band members **Mason Porter** (on synth and vocals), **Jason Gibby** (on synth), **Jared Price** (on keys) and **Scott Haslam** (on guitar) are from Provo. Polytype strictly avoid imposing a certain feeling upon their listeners. Instead, they aim to create a soundscape where listeners can form their own story and interpretation. Price says, "We wanted something people can really sink their teeth into. You know, lead them to the gate, but not give them the tour." In my experience, this has been entirely true while listening to their recently released, self-titled debut album. I can only see shapes and lines when I hear their music. It's as if a new portal of my mind is gently opened for exploration, and it's very geometric. Their "open for interpretation" style is also evident in their music video for "Cyclone," produced by Gibby's little brother, **Kyle Gibby**. The video features a humanoid in an all-black outfit. As he roams through scenes of nature, he remains still as everything rapidly moves in reverse around him. It's nothing short of a mind bender.

Porter, Gibby and Price played in an indie folk band (**Dandy Lyon**) just over two years ago. It was at the 2010 *Fork Music Fest* in American Fork that Haslam heard his future band members

moms think it's dark." Price added, saying, "[But] We want it to get weirder." Haslam described his motivation behind their unique sound simply as, "the excitement of making new noise. I just want to intrigue the listener," he says. The guys spent over a year working on the album and hired local star producer **Nate Pyfer**, who has done work with **The Moth & The Flame** and **Imagine Dragons**, to complete the album.

Polytype's overall aim is to create a viable electronic scene in Provo. "We don't want to maintain a monopoly on the scene or anything," says Haslam. They want more bands they can play alongside with for a well-rounded electronic set. Polytype admit they're not the first with a synth-based sound to come out of their area. They mentioned **Night Night** as one band who has tried a more experimental electronic sound in recent years. What Polytype have going for them, more than anything, is timing. Haslam has a capable basement studio, each band member is committed to the life changes that will result from success, and, as Price mentioned, this is a fresh sound for the Provo area.

Polytype has some pure motives behind their music offerings, and anyone in attendance at their shows is a witness to that. The band has a West Coast tour coming up soon with **Golden Sun**—a testament to their dedication as a band. This is just one of the many growing experiences Polytype has ahead of them. Once these guys wrap up their tour, their music will be in much higher demand. Luckily for us, once the tour's over, they're going straight to work

on their second album. Their sound is one that's not only unique to the Provo scene, but to Salt Lake's as well. The second album will definitely be one to keep your eyes peeled for, and if you haven't already listened to the first album, then head over to *polytype.bandcamp.com* for something new and intriguing.

KING NIKO

King Niko is an unbridled yet committed group of dudes who came together in 2009. It's not uncommon to see lead singer **Ransom Wydner** fall off the stage during a show (unintentionally or intentionally)—just ask anyone who's recently attended one of their live performances. These guys have heart. "[We] just wanna make the chicks dance," says band founder **Benny Moffatt**, who claims this as the band's mission statement since Day One, a concept that brought the band together.

The band today consists of Wydner, Moffatt on lead guitar, **Tim Rawcliffe** on bass, **Nate Leslie** on drums and **Reid Laitinen** on synthesizer and keys. "Ben and Tim are like a cop buddy movie," says Wydner—they've always stuck together. Just picture **Leslie Nielsen** and **O.J. Simpson** in *Naked Gun*, and that should make you understand. Before this wild five-piece came to fruition, Moffatt and Rawcliffe were in a jam band called **Mother City**. Moffatt was tired of seeing the same row of dudes at their shows standing in front and nodding their heads. He had seen Wydner perform already in his cousin's band, **All Things Glowing Brightly**. Moffatt called the group of guys who would initially form the band together, and said what has become those famous words: "I just wanna be in a band that makes the chicks dance." **Andrew Sullivan** and **Zach Sloan** left the band for personal reasons,

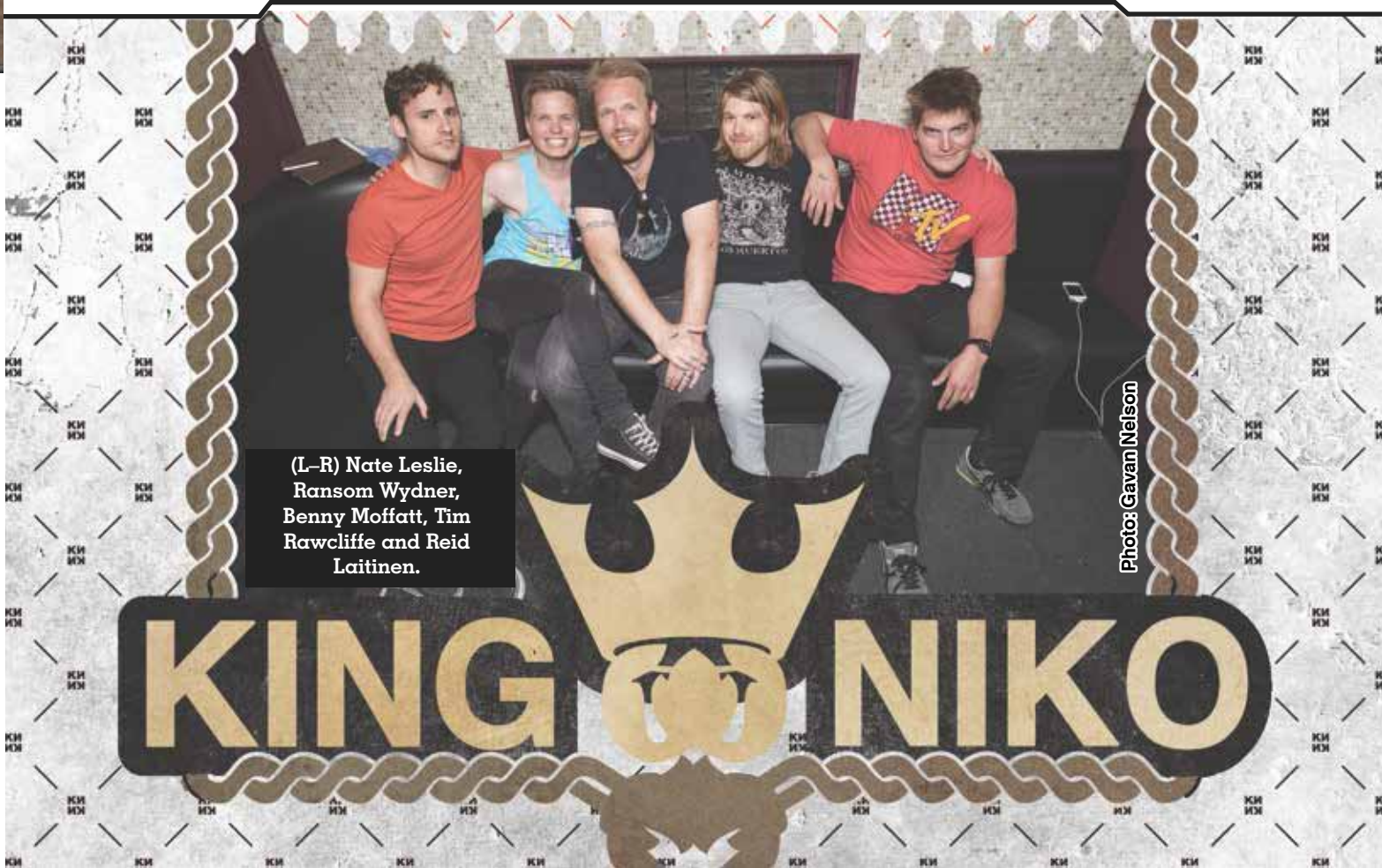
and that gave Laitinen and Leslie a chance to take their spots. Wydner refers to Moffatt as the band's "spiritual father." In other words, he's the most experienced guy in the group, and he's also the most successful. "He's actually done a song for a snowboarding video game," says Wydner. So when Moffatt invited these guys to head in a new direction with a dance rock band, they had no reservations, and King Niko was born. The name of the band is a tribute to **Nico Hidalgo**, one of Salt Lake's very own street taco vendors. If that's not local and power to the people, then you tell me what is.

The band has been ardent from the start. "I love traveling," says Wydner. These guys don't just enjoy making music—they live to perform it live. "We want to dream big," says Wydner. Their first show was lined up two weeks after the band organized, and they had zero songs written, but they pulled together five songs for a 20-minute set, and it was a success. "Our first year was wild and fast," says Wydner. **Corey O'Brien**, music director at **X96**, is a big reason behind the band's success and current exposure. When he heard the guys play early on, he told them, "I wanna help you guys out," says Price. With O'Brien's help, the band ended up opening for **30 Seconds to Mars**, and holds the all-time record for the most plays on X96's local showcase, *Exposed*. They also played at the *Halloween Howl* party at Utah State in 2009, and later on, they did *Powellpallaoza*. Needless to say, from the beginning, these guys have been through the experiences that form strong bonds within a band. "Nothing's sacred between us," says Wydner. "That's why we all have such good rapport with one another." They even won *City Weekly Music Awards* Band of the Year in 2011.

After all of these exciting moments, the band has still found trouble finding their true sound. "We're

finding what we like to sound like," says Wydner. "The fact that we're hard to categorize has been a criticism towards us for a while." All that criticism can stop with the release of their new album, *Oh Hey!*, produced by **Michael Sasich**, the man behind production for local group **Laserfang**. The band wanted a grittier sound with simpler lyrics, for the sake of appeal. "Simple is easier to relate [to]," says Wydner. In terms of the album's grit, Wydner says, "The chicks don't have to dance clean." When I listen to "Boss Fight" off the new album, I can definitely hear where dirty dancing could be encouraged. "Dance rock was being so overdone that we decided, 'Let's get a message in there, but be strong,'" says Moffatt. "Boss Fight" is about how someone who loves you and understands you can be your greatest enemy," says Wydner. The song features drilling guitars with industrial-like synths and harshly sung lyrics by Wydner. It's sure to up the tension and energy wherever it's played. The album, overall, has plenty to offer, with "20,000 Leagues Out of My League" being the one I enjoy the most. It starts off with Price speak-singing self-aware lyrics with a style that reminds me of late **Sublime** lead singer **Bradley Nowell**. Those paced vocals soon turn to a shout that reveals the true heart and desperation of the band.

"These are seasoned songs," says Moffatt. "We're glad they're complete, and we're ready to close this chapter." King Niko look forward to performing some of their new album live at *Localized*. After having accomplished so many notable local feats, playing for *Localized* is one of the last bits of recognition they've felt worthy of receiving. Leaving the day jobs behind and playing for a living is definitely something they desire. "We love our roots," says Wydner. Moffatt sums it all up as he says, "But we wouldn't mind being a crappy national band rather than just a great local band."



(L-R) Nate Leslie, Ransom Wydner, Benny Moffatt, Tim Rawcliffe and Reid Laitinen.

Photo: Gavan Nelson



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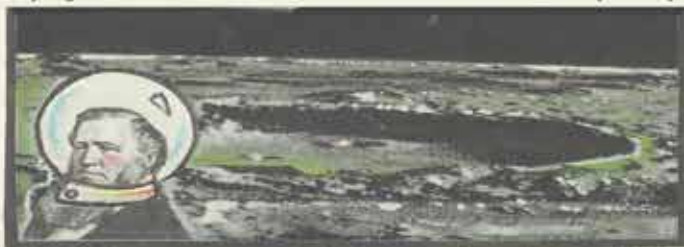
"In Celebration of Utah's 24th of July, I wanted to clean up a few misconceptions..."



Upon entering the valley, I was not robust and kingly as seen in statues and drawings, standing arm stretched saying, "This is the Place."



Laying in the handcart, I was so weak and sick I could barely lift my head... and what I really said was, "This is the Right Place, Move On."



Like Neil Armstrong saying, "That's one small step for a man" when landing on the moon instead of, "That's one small step for man."



Speaking of the moon, did you know it is inhabited? So is the sun!*



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* Journal of Discourses Vol. 13 p. 271



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By Heck Fork Grief
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Squatters started in 1989 as a great idea imported from Europe—a brewpub—and they did it well. Bangers and mash were among the first things on the menu, and the beer was, by today's standards, so-so, but it was better than the sad brews others were making at the time. Popular right from the start, *Squatters* brought a whole retinue of imitators: brewpubs with their own, great beer and versions of pub food. None have become part of the DNA of Salt Lake in the way *Squatters* has. The first three restaurants out of my mouth when I talk Salt Lake eating to strangers looking for a place are *Red Iguana*, *Market Street* and *Squatters*.

Squatters is the new version of traditional. It's the here-and-now version of the restaurant with the open-face gravy sandwiches, mashed potatoes and pie, where we could take the kids



Don't leave *Squatters* without having a bite of fresh Ahi Spring Roll Salad and a pint of Full Suspension on tap.

and the grandparents, knowing that everybody could find a meal, and there would be room for all. The portions are large, if only large enough. The beer is excellent—cold and very fresh. Many of the suds are made right on the same floor, behind the workshop windows at the front of the restaurant. In many cases, these brews are better than the same labels when purchased over at the *Squatters*/Wasatch outlet, *The Beer Store*. The servers are great, happy and agreeable, even though often stretched with the many large parties appearing spontaneously throughout the day.

Though the soul of *Squatters* is that of an achiever—bookish and obviously profitable—it still stands up for what it believes without taking the fun away or trespassing into condescending stinginess. It is a business with a sense of pride and a pattern of doing the right thing, even when the right thing is not cheaper, and even if it involves fighting for what is progressive—glass recycling and renewable energy use, for instance. The house meats are grass-grazing, animal-friendly and *Niman Ranch*-sourced. The flour for the bread and pizza is from locals, *Big J Mills*. The fact is, most of the food is locally sourced, sustainably farmed or harvested, organic and good for you—and good for Utah's economy. Many of the items can also be made vegetarian or vegan.

As for beer (1/3 liter \$3.99, 1/2 liter \$4.99, pitcher \$11.99), since you are at the little brewery, drink the tap stuff—it's special and super fresh. I simply love the Full Suspension Pale Ale. I get a growler (\$11.99, \$7.99 refill) of it every single Saturday as a celebration of a working man's weekend. Violin-colored, cloudy and distinctly marijuana-accented on the first sip, it quickly settles into a balance of malt and bitter, which tangos racy at any drinking temperature. It is both an ideal session beer and (the on-tap, at-the-restaurant version) desert island beer. The American Wheat Hefeweizen starts with a pinprick of bitter, which instantly resolves into a Nebraska-sized horizon of smooth. The Emigration Amber Ale is an excellent, balanced version of the beer-drinker's go-to. It has a high-point big brother, the Big Cottonwood Amber (\$4.99 12 oz), which is

very similar, but has a little more alcohol, and breathes a little heavier going down the road. The Captain Bastard's Oatmeal Stout hasn't changed in forever—its colorful flavors are frontloaded, painting pretty pictures glass after glass. The *Squatters*' IPA (\$4.99 12 oz), a set of hops with many notes, starts like wet, splintered plywood on first taste, and goes down with taslow correction of young Bourbon, finishing with a nice, warm flush. The Hop Rising (\$4.99 12 oz), on the other hand, is simply dangerous in its delicious completeness. Totally well-balanced and cunningly strong, it is an entirely lovable beer. It's also sneakily strong—it has unexpectedly wrecked my (metaphorical) car at least once.

Squatters has fine food, for the average person. But, though distinctly above average, it is not for the foodie. The only things on the menu I have tried so far that have special resonance are the Ahi Spring Roll Salad (\$13.99) and the Onion Rings (Appetizer Sampler \$10.99 or a \$1.00 upgrade with a sandwich) with the house-made Onion Ring Sauce.

The Ahi Spring Roll Salad is a refreshing, light and delightful collection of flavors. A soy, ginger vinaigrette dresses a bowl of arugula and some shredded cabbage. Like a campfire on top are sticks of rice-clothed, flash-fried ahi tuna. Served with a side of wasabi aioli and pickled ginger, it is a dreamily delicious alternative to sushi.

The Onion Rings are a well-chosen product, small enough to keep a crisp carapace in working order while you mannishly smear them with sauce, but big enough to fill your mouth with "Who needs the rest of this meal?" pleasure. And the sauce, a custom-made, sweet-and-savory combo of flavors, both easy and interesting—I'll take a bottle to go.

If food, hubbub and society are what you need right this 10 seconds, then *Squatters* is happening all day long. The beer is some of the best in town, and, if you stick to the basics, the food is great, too. Better yet, it is a good thing to do, in the consumer choice sense of the phrase, for you and for your neighbor.

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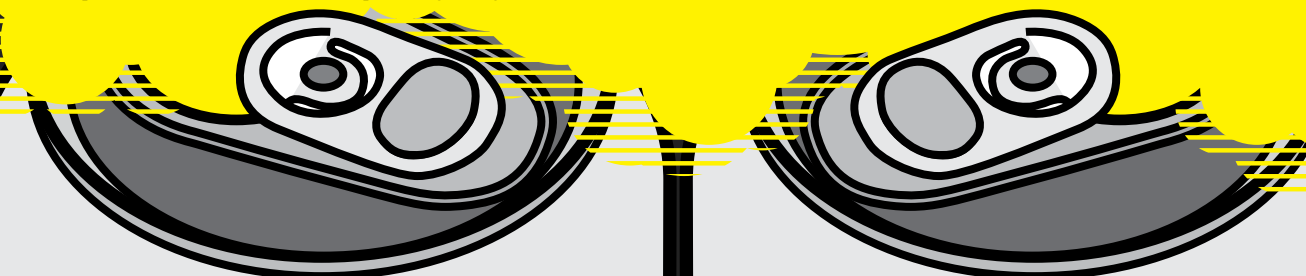
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NICE CANS!

By Mike Riedel • mikey@slugmag.com



Back in 1935, the world of beer was being reborn in the United States. Just two years previous, you couldn't legally buy a beer. That goddamn Volstead Act (which enforced national Prohibition) was the law of the land—any beer swilled at that time was most likely being made in your bathtub or something equally attractive. Don't get me wrong, people were happy to have it, but they were yearning for the days of professionally crafted beer.

Once the Volstead Act was gone and the 21st Amendment was a reality, America was once again a beer nation. During their long hiatus, the beer companies weren't just sitting on their hands waiting to fire up their brew kettles: They were busy trying to come up with a way to conquer the thirsty world that awaited them.

Anheuser-Busch, Schlitz and Pabst experimented with canning "near beer," but weren't very successful until Krueger Brewing of Newark, NJ debuted the first cans in 1935.

Since then, billions of cans have been made, filled and have become the base for many frat-party kitchen fortresses.

Since the craft beer boom of the early '90s, the package of choice for brewers was the good old brown bottle. For too long, people had complained that the tried and true can was making their favorite beverage taste like metal, and the new craft movement wanted no part of that. So, the can was resigned to become the bastard child of the beer world until one innovation came along—the plastic-lined can.

Suddenly, our favorite beverage vessel was a real option again, and many craft brewers wanted it in their lineup. Uinta Brewing recently embraced the can as part of their new "rebranding" project. We spoke to **Steve Kuflinec**, VP of Sales at Uinta, to find out why cans were a good fit now. "Cans have been in the works at Uinta for the last couple of years," Kuflinec says. "We just never had the room for a canning line. Now that we do, we can pursue a different market that we've always had our eye on."

There is still that stigma out there that's attached to cans. How does a long-established brewery overcome that? "It wasn't an easy decision to arrive at," says Kuflinec. "Cans were perceived as [a] less expensive, 'cheaper' product, but what really legitimized it for us was seeing large

brands like Sierra Nevada and New Belgium starting to embrace cans. We felt better about making that decision seeing the success that these noteworthy breweries had achieved with cans."

People are stubborn—they don't like change, but Kuflinec says this new packaging has not affected sales on Uinta's already strong line of bottled beers. "We haven't seen any drop in our bottle sales. It's not like there's this huge cannibalization happening where people are switching from bottles to cans—people are drinking Uinta in cans. I don't know what they were drinking before, but they seem to be embracing our cans," he says.

But what about the taste? There have to be plenty of people out there that say there is a difference between the beer in a bottle versus in a can. Kuflinec says, "The cans have been very consistent. We've gone to great length to keep things like 'dissolve oxygen levels' to 'CO2 levels' consistent to our bottled products."

Utahns are notoriously outdoorsy people, and cans seem to fit in nicely here. Kuflinec agrees that they're a great match for our local lifestyle. "Uinta has been very fortunate to have strong support from outdoor enthusiasts such as campers, rafters, bikers and skiers. This type of package works better for active lifestyles—it's easier to pack in and pack out. That was one of the major forces driving us to cans," he says.

Uinta may have to make a choice here in the coming days, though. The state of Utah is giving them a single option in regard to their Hop Notch IPA. "You can sell it in bottles or cans, but not both," Kuflinec says, quoting what they were told by the DABC. They're not giving Uinta a reason for their decision, which is frustrating for the Uinta crew, as Kuflinec pointed out that Sierra Nevada Brewing sells both bottles and cans in state stores. If this is going to be the case, what would you prefer? Uinta would like to hear from you, so visit their website, uintabrewing.com, and voice your opinion.

I should point out that Uinta isn't the first brewery to embrace cans. Bohemian and Moab Breweries have long been in cans, and the Utah Brewers Cooperative, makers of Squatters and Wasatch beers, is purchasing a canning line soon. Uinta's cans are available in damn near every grocery and convenience store in the state. Look for Cutthroat, Baba, Wyld and Sum'r. Hop Notch, for now, is only available in bottles. Love 'em or hate 'em, craft cans are here to stay.

Photo: Russel Daniels

Empty cans of Uinta Hop Notch IPA make their way down the line to be filled.

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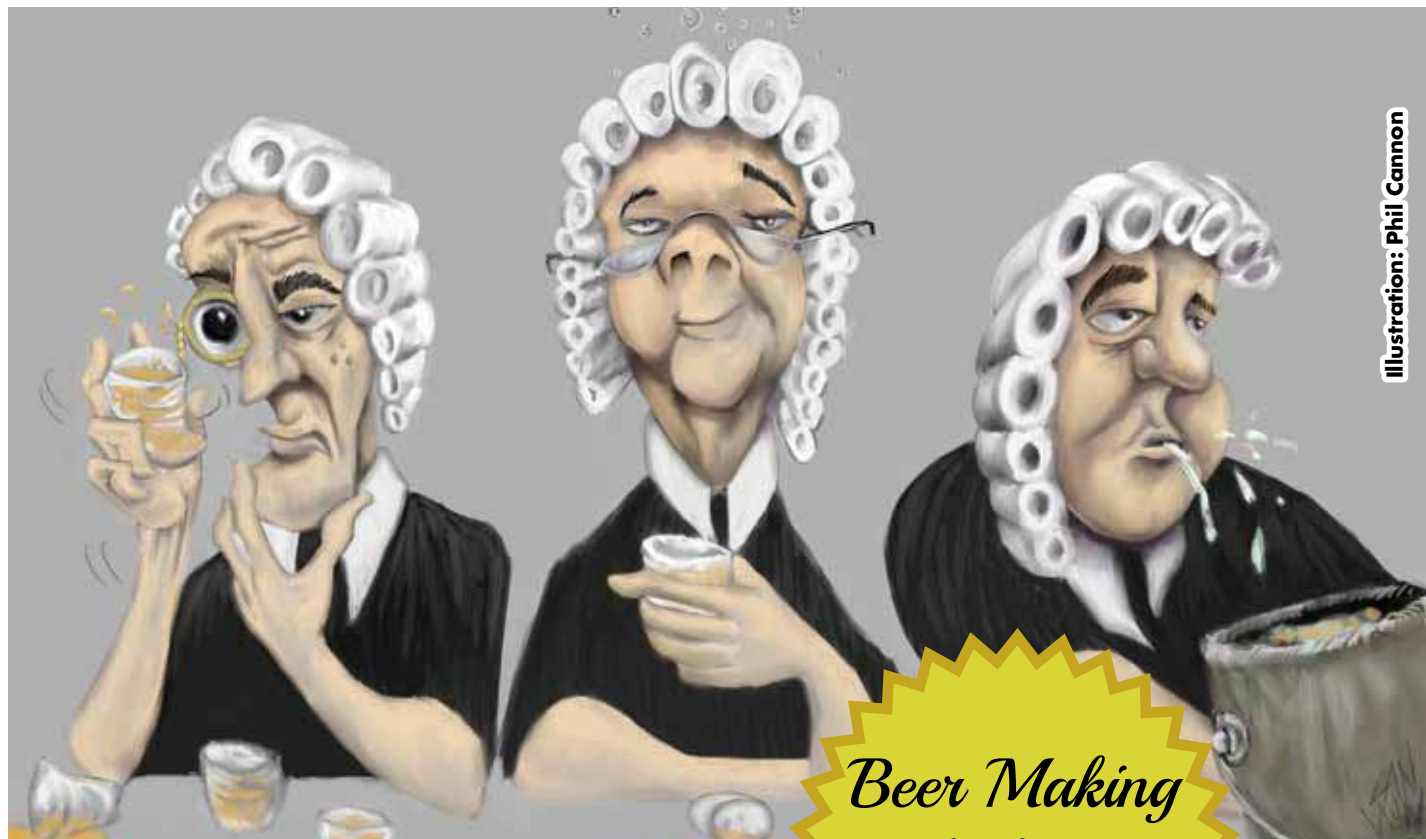


Illustration: Phil Cannon

The Beehive Brew-off:

By Sean Zimmerman-Wall • seanzdub@gmail.com

Beer Making with the Best of Em

People have considered "Utah beer" to be an oxymoron for many years, yet the craft-brewing scene here has evolved into a multi-faceted marketplace. Leading the charge are the home brewers. Prior to 2009, the practice of fermenting alcohol for one's own enjoyment was strictly prohibited by the state legislature. With the passing of HB 51, residents could then home brew up to 200 gallons of beer or wine for personal consumption. They were also granted the ability to transport their libations for use in competitions where they would be judged on taste and quality. **Jamie Burnham**, manager of Salt Lake City's *The Beer Nut*, saw this break in the clouds as an opportunity to capitalize on the uniting power of beer. In August of 2009, the first annual *Beehive Brew-off* was held, with over 300 entries being judged. It was a testament to the pent-up creativity that had been lying in wait, ready to be released upon the world.

Burnham has been part of *The Beer Nut's* family since 2005, and has cultivated her interest in home brewing along the way. "When you take a job like this, you've got to brew all the time. People ask you questions, and you have to be an expert to answer them. I'm supported by a lot of staff that know what they are doing, and that's helpful," says Burnham. Keeping abreast of various brewing techniques and industry innovations keeps her busy in and out of the office.

Salt Lake City proper has a population that supports stores like *The Beer Nut*, with home brewing on the rise since legalization. Burnham has been instrumental in the development of the *Beehive Brew-off* and spends nearly half of her year organizing the event. "I am like the puppet master, and I know how everything works," says Burnham. Putting on a brewing competition allows locals to showcase their skillsets and to promote the art in an official setting. "The *Beehive Brew-off* is sanctioned by

the **American Homebrewers Association**, and we bring in certified judges and professional home brewers to judge the competition," says Burnham.

There are 28 categories of beer judged, and each entry is tasted and then compared to the style guidelines for that specific beer. A category has six judges who define which styles are the best, and the gold medalists move forward to the Best of Show category. IPAs, schwarzbiers, golden ales, pilsners, Belgians and saisons are all on the table at this event.

Entering the *Brew-off* is as simple as making beer, and anyone 21 years and up can enter this competition. One entry consists of three 12 oz brown bottles with a paper label denoting style and owner rubberbanded to the outside. The three bottles are used first for an initial tasting, with one as a backup and then one for final testing, should that beer make it to Best of Show. All entries are painstakingly categorized by Burnham and then handed over to the judges once the competition goes under way. "You are not allowed to enter a category and judge that same category, and there is only one beer allowed per category per participant," says Burnham.

Judging the competition is certainly as labor-intensive as actually brewing the beer. The panel is composed of beer connoisseurs who have spent years refining their palates and understand the complexities of different flavors. "We have about a dozen local, certified judges, and we also pull staff members from local breweries. Head brewers see it as a way to have their staff gain additional training," says Burnham. On the weekend of the event, the judges are worked hard from 9 to 5 and have to taste and score hundreds of beers. One benefit of being a judge is catching a solid buzz, but by day's



end, a lot are down to just swill n' spit. It can be very demanding, but don't feel too sorry for them—these guys get to drink beer all day.

Since 2009, the entries into the *Beehive Brew-off* have grown 20 percent every year. This competition is also listed in the American Homebrewers Association's annual publication. Out-of-staters have entered, but Burnham notes that entries are about 90 percent local.

Most entries come from Northern Utah, but she hopes to see some desert beers come on in the future. "Another benefit of the competition is that people crave feedback. Their peers are analyzing it and helping them improve their skills," says Burnham. Each brewer is given his or her score sheet with constructive comments at the end of the event for personal use in their home brewing.

For 2013, actual medals will be awarded for gold, silver and bronze in each category, as well as Best of Show. Winners of the event are also eligible to have their beer selected by a professional brewery to be entered in the Pro-Am competition at the *Great American Beer Festival* in Denver. Mountains of swag from local businesses are also passed down to the entrants.

Entries for this year's *Brew-off* are being accepted from July 15–30 at *The Beer Nut*. Judging will commence on Aug. 3 and 4 at *The Bayou*. Unfortunately, this is a private event, and the public is not welcome due to current laws. A party and awards ceremony for the contestants will be held afterward, where the victors will be crowned in all their beer glory. Check out *beernut.com* for more info. Now get brewing!

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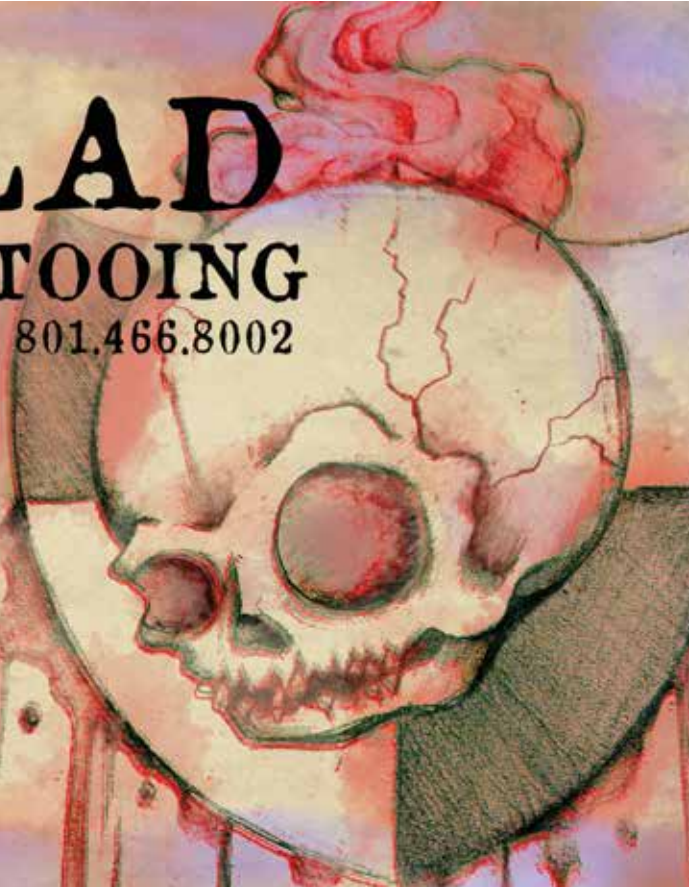
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QUADRUPEL YOUR FUN: UTAH'S FOUR FRESHEST BREWPUBS

Words by Cody Kirkland • againstcody@gmail.com • Photos by Chad Kirkland



When I reached the legal drinking age, I joked about aspiring to have a beer gut. I have always been a real scrawny guy with the metabolism of a hummingbird, so I figured I'd never consume enough beer to develop any visible bulge in my midsection. Half a dozen years later, the Utah craft beer scene directly correlates with my budding beer belly. Always eager to try new booze, the Kirkland brothers hit the road to see what's brewing out in the desert of eastern Utah, on the edge of the Great Salt Lake and up the hill in the Avenues.

First on the list was *Vernal Brewing Company*. I've been through Vernal a few times before and my only memories are dinosaur signs and fast food "restaurants." Understandably, I was surprised by the massive slate, glass and copper façade of the town's brand-new brewpub, which opened on April 26 of this year. Owners **Ginger** and **Eric Bowden** had the place built from the ground up and spared no expense—they brought in **Bart Bullington** from Laguna Beach to serve as brewmaster, hired a gardener to cultivate hops for specialty beers and produce for their pub menu, installed a poured-concrete bar and commissioned Napa artist **Penelope Moore** to make paintings for the dining room.

The place feels very un-Vernal, but the Bowdens are lifelong locals. Both Ginger and Eric have worked, like many Vernalites, in the petroleum industry, from the permitting office to the equipment fabrication shop, respectively. On the side, the Bowdens have homebrewed beer for the last eight years, after Ginger's homebrewing father got them hooked. With aspirations to someday open their own brewery, they opened a brewing supply store called *The Bucket* on Vernal's Main Street in September 2011. The next month, they successfully lobbied for a local ordinance to allow the opening of a brewery, since such legislation didn't yet exist in Vernal.

The locals proved to be very receptive of the new restaurant's burgers, pizza and French onion soup that is made with smoked porter. "We were packed every night. We had people coming in that we would have to turn away," says Ginger. There was only one problem, though—they didn't have any beer brewed yet. *Vernal Brewing Co.* beers are scheduled to flow this July, but until then, an extensive selection of Epic and Wasatch beers have been the stand-in suds. When they do get their own beers perfected, their names will represent the culture and landscape of Vernal—Dinobite IPA and Kokopelli Kölsch are obvious, and Directional Porter is named after directional oil drilling.

The Bowdens aspire to the success and quality of breweries such as Epic, and they built their brew house accordingly. With plenty of room to expand and a bottling line ready to be maxed out, *Vernal Brewing Co.* is poised to make a name for itself, both in the 4-percent ABV and full-strength markets. After proliferating their beers throughout Utah, Colorado and Wyoming, "We plan, eventually, to go global," says Eric. It would be surprising if they didn't—*Vernal Brewing Co.* is built to last.

On the other end of the brewpub spectrum—and just down the street from *Vernal Brewing Co.*—is *Hop N' Keg*, inside the *Quarry Steakhouse*. The *Quarry*, a homey mom-and-pop joint, is housed in a 100-year-old building that is filled with rafting photos, old beer signs and standard steakhouse fare. **Matt** and **Kathleen Hacking**, also Vernal natives and owners of both the *Quarry* and its recently added brewing operation, opened their doors four years ago. "It was something we always wanted to do [...]. There are very few places you can go and have a good beer with your dinner," says Matt. Now a grandfather, he's been homebrewing since he was a sophomore in high school, and says that they wanted to

make sure that the restaurant would work before they started the brewery. It did, and in April of 2012, after the Bowdens helped legalize commercial brewing in Vernal, the Hackings

opened up their little brew house. Now, in addition to the 15 Utah beers they have on tap, they serve three *Hop N' Keg* beers in their pub.

Eric and Ginger Bowden have spared no expense on their brand-new *Vernal Brewing Co.* headquarters.



Bonneville Brewing's Head Brewer, Dave Watson, already boasts a number of awards for his quality recipes.



Matt and Kathleen Hacking have grown their love of home brewing into the Hop N' Keg nanobrewery.

What *Hop N' Keg* does is basically large-scale homebrewing. Commercial craft breweries typically start with whole malted barley, whereas *Hop N' Keg* uses malt syrup, or extract, to produce their beer—a method usually reserved for homebrewing. The Hackings have procured three 155-gallon stainless steel vats made by Beadle Brewing, each serving as a brewing vessel, fermenter and keg in one unit. They've been serving large-scale versions of their homebrew recipes collected over the last few decades, poured straight from the tanks. Matt's pilsner/pale ale hybrid called "Palesner" was long gone before I got a chance to try it, and the Red Wash Crude, an Irish cream stout was a bit, well, syrupy. Their new batch of chokecherry pale ale, fermented with an addition of handpicked and hand-juiced local chokecherries, was surprisingly delicious. Although the Hackings and the *Quarry* patrons have enthusiastically gulped one batch after another, don't expect to see *Hop N' Keg* beers outside of the brewpub—the beers are strictly in-house.

Just over 200 miles west of Vernal, visible from I-80's Tooele exit, looms *Bonneville Brewery*, its presence made known a few miles earlier thanks to a giant billboard off the freeway. **Brad Shepherd**, owner of *All Star Bowling* locations in Tooele and the Salt Lake valley, bought and remodeled the former *Tracks Brewing Company* building. He hired **Dave Watson**, the assistant brewer at *Desert Edge* and assistant manager at *The Beer Nut*, as head brewer. Watson got his start brewing at the *High Desert Brewing Co.* in Las Cruces, NM. He started producing *Bonneville* beer in November of last year, selling it on tap at the *All Star* locations while the restaurant was being renovated. The brewpub opened its doors to the public on April 26, 2013 and in May, just six months after *Bonneville* began brewing, Watson was already winning awards for the brewery. At the *Mountain Brewers Beer Fest* in Idaho Falls, the **North American Brewers Association** awarded *Bonneville* a bronze medal for their Bee Wild honey wheat ale—brewed with wild Utah honey—and a silver medal for their Goldenrod golden ale.



Brewmaster and Co-owner of the Avenues Proper, Rio Connelly has a penchant for beers unknown.

"What we're doing here is definitely classic," says Watson. "[For] a lot of locals, [a visit to *Bonneville Brewery*] is the first time they're trying craft beer, so we're focused on quality and approachable styles before we start gettin' freaky," he says. The same could be said about the food at the brewpub, which Watson describes as "elevated pub food." One of the standouts on their menu is the Blamb Burger, made from a mix of beef and lamb, served with tzatziki on a pretzel bun. Underage patrons can dine on the ground floor of the restaurant, but the spacious upstairs bar is the heart of *Bonneville Brewery*. With all nine of their current beers on tap, a bar top made from crushed glass bottles, panoramic views of the Oquirrh mountains and dozens of photographs celebrating the racing greats of the *Bonneville Salt Flats*, the place is like a Utah visitors center with booze. Although the brewpub itself is a great place to try their first-rate beers (they sell 3 oz samples for 50 cents each), the *Beerhive*, *Bayou* and *Avenues Proper* feature rotating *Bonneville* beers on tap.

Back home in Salt Lake, **Rio Connelly** is raving about *Bonneville Brewery*. He's the Brewmaster and Co-owner of *Avenues Proper Restaurant & Pub*, a dedicated Utah beer advocate, and the first in Salt Lake to carry *Bonneville*. *Avenues Proper* was designed as a modern neighborhood pub, with a cubic glass brew house ensconced in a comfortable, wood-on-wood dining room. At *Avenues Proper*, which opened on April 27, 2013, the beer menu displays an obvious theme: Every one of the beers was made in Utah. On the taps alongside *Bonneville* are picks from *Bohemian*, *Unsanctified*, *Desert Edge* and *Shades of Pale*, among others—not to mention the 30-plus bottled selections, including Utah's first hard cider from *Hive Winery*. Connelly, like every brewer I've talked to, began brewing at home. While attending college in Washington state, the Murray native discovered a thriving beer culture that was lacking in Utah, and developed a thirst for the previously unknown beers he saw lining the supermarket shelves. When he was just 19, his father sponsored his first homebrewing

venture with his older brother, **Liam Connelly**, now *Avenues Proper's* Head Chef and Co-owner. His father "wanted to instill a respect for alcohol from having made it, having handled it, all the way from raw materials to glass," Connelly says.

And handle it he does. On May 28, Connelly served his first three house brews: a dry Irish stout called *Sláinte*, a Belgian single called *Patersbier*, and their flagship English golden ale, the *Proper Beer*. Because *Avenues Proper* already stocks classic beer styles from all the best breweries in Utah, Connelly has the freedom to experiment with these more esoteric styles. Though much of his experimentation comes from homebrewing, he gives much credit to his two years of brewing at *Epic*. "Working for **Kevin Crompton** at *Epic* was the best training I could have possibly had," he says. Connelly must have pulled his weight at *Epic*—his namesake beer, *Rio's Rompin' Rye*, is still on their roster and is a mainstay in my refrigerator. Connelly's *Patersbier* gives his old rye beer a run for its money—it's a "single" on the Trappist beer strength scale that goes as high as "quadrupel," but the spot-on Belgian flavor makes any whining about its 4-percent ABV irrelevant. Liam, the other Connelly, reflects this quality in the kitchen's seasonal, farm-to-table classy pub fare. The restaurant's sausages, pâté, pickles and fries are all made from scratch from local ingredients, as is nearly everything in the place. Welsh Rarebit and Utah Elk Carpaccio punctuate their dinner menu, and late-night beer and cocktail sessions can be spent snacking on Pale Ale Potato Chips and Duck Fat Popcorn. For now, the brewpub is the only place you can try the rotating cast of their house beers—Connelly's solid classics and obscure brews are sure to make *Avenues Proper* a beer geek destination.

To join me in the art of beer-gut cultivation, visit *Vernal Brewing Co.* at 55 S. 500 E. Vernal, UT, and *Hop N' Keg* is inside the *Quarry Steakhouse* at 29 S. Vernal Ave. *Bonneville Brewery* is located at 1641 N. Main Street in Tooele, Utah, and *Avenues Proper* can be found at 376 8th Ave. Suite C in Salt Lake City.

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BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel
mikey@slugmag.com

Odds are, if you’re reading this, living a “countercultural” lifestyle is at the top of the list on that whole quasi-grasshopper-vision quest thing you call a life. In SLC, beer would be considered a top player on the list. The predominant culture hates it, and counterculture, for the most part, embraces it. For this month’s beer reviews, we have a group of beers that may epitomize one local brewery’s attempt to give the predominant culture the middle finger while their neo-conservative boot heels are firmly placed against your throat. You’ll find that these beers (on the whole) have a unifying theme. See if you can guess what it is.

Priesthood Pale Ale
Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co./Unsacred
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap, 22 oz Bottle



Description: This one has a nice, deep ruby color, with a nose that’s grainy, piney and citrusy. As far as pale ales go, this is one dank, moist som’ bitch! Deep caramel pops out front with a rich earthiness. The end is hoppy and fruity with pine, berries and citrus.

Overview: Low in alcohol, but not watery by a long shot, it’s a nice, hearty pale ale, with good drinkability.

Rimando’s Wit
Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co./Unsacred
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap, 22 oz Bottle

Description: Rimando’s Wit has a hazy rice color with a fresh aroma of coriander and orange peel. The taste is



spicy up front with a nice breadiness. The end is citrusy and slightly dry from the spices—nice and refreshing.

Overview: Named for **Real Salt Lake** Goalie **Nick Rimando**, this is the tamest in theme and palate. Drink it up before that boy puts a cleat up your ass!

The Vision Lager
Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co./Unsacred
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap, 22 oz Bottle

Description: This lager is crystal-clear straw in color with a light, sweet grainy nose. The taste follows with nice, bready, toasty grain. It finishes with biscuit, bitter grass and a tame earthiness.

Overview: I’m having a “vision” of sorts right now. My spirit guide is telling me to ice-up some of these damn things, ‘cause nothing quenches a thirst on a hot summer day like a nice German-style lager.

Unfaithful IPA
Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co./Unsacred
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap, 22 oz Bottle

Description: Unfaithful is deep and golden in color like an IPA should be. My sniffer gets nice notes of biscuit, pine and hints of cascade citrus. The flavor starts with biscuit malts, floral hops and pine resin. The end is bitter, dry and slightly harsh.

Overview: Have faith here! This beer’s bitterness drives the need to keep drinking it. Its dryness, combined with low alcohol, creates some kind of yin-and-yang effect on the tongue, drying

and quenching at the same time. Try it—you’ll understand.

Living along the Wasatch Front as we do, many of us tend to forget that the state of Utah is a pretty damn big piece of real estate—breweries are starting to pop up in practically every region of our nanny state. The farthest in-state brewery from the capital city is Zion Canyon Brewing Company, which is located in the town of Springdale, 307 miles to the south. Zion Canyon was started back in the Fall of 2006 by brothers **Dale** and **Derek Harris** and has thrived in Southern Utah since it opened. In early 2011, the brewery expanded their distribution to include the Wasatch Front. The brewery was recently sold to another group, which is in the process of expanding their brands. That’s a brief history of the brewery, but what about the beer? There are currently five beers coming out of the small Springdale brewery, and here are my impressions of the four that I’ve had.

Hop Valley IPA
Brewery/Brand: Zion Canyon Brewing
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle

Description: It pours a hazy, amber-orange color. Stick your nose inside the glass, and you’ll get aromas of citrusy hops, some spices and malt. The flavor is sweet, with notes of flowers, caramel, lemon peel and pine. The finish is fairly bitter.

Overview: This is a pretty good session IPA—when served fresh, it really pops.

Jamaican Style Lager
Brewery/Brand: Zion Canyon Brewing
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle

Description: This beer pours gold with almost a minimal head. My massive nose picks up notes of sweet malts, some grain malts and floral hops. I also get some apple and other faint, fruity notes. The taste is sweet, malty grain cut with mild floral and faint spice hops.

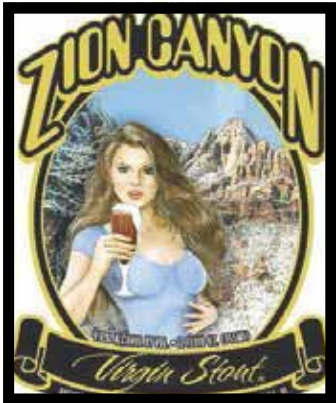
Overview: Not a bad attempt at an island lager—it works very well, especially this time of year.

Springdale Amber Ale
Brewery/Brand: Zion Canyon Brewing
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle

Description: This amber-colored beer pours with a bit of haze, off-white, thin head on top. The nose was a mix of malted biscuits, wheat toast and citrus-hop notes. The flavors start with caramel, toasted cereal and a hint of tobacco. Next comes a floral hop bitterness that transitions to citrus as it heads into the finish.

Overview: There is a lot going on in this amber ale—probably the most flavorful out of the four.

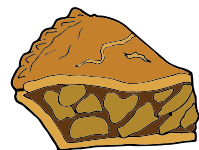
Virgin Stout
Brewery/Brand: Zion Canyon Brewing
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle



Description: Our last beer from ZCB pours an extremely dark brown with nice, burgundy highlights. The head is moderate and tan-hued. I really love getting my nose inside a beer to help boost the flavors. In this, I picked up big, roasty, almost burnt notes. The flavor mirrors the nose starting with dry, roasty cereal, chocolate and coffee. Vanilla comes next with a roasty, hoppy finish.

Overview: It has a medium/thin mouthfeel, and the light carbonation gives it a pleasant creaminess. It’s a nice stout.

Cheers!



Pie & Beer Pairing



Photos: Talyn Sherer

Paying homage to our state's extravagant Pioneer Day celebrations, we asked some local pioneer foodies to pair an appropriate menu item from their establishment with a favorite local beer available in the bottle, or on-tap inside the restaurant. Make it a merry Pie & Beer Day on July 24 by stuffing your bonnets to the brim with these tasty meals.

The Dodo 1355 E. 2100 S., Salt Lake City, Utah 801.486.2473 • thedodorestaurant.com

Pie: The Blueberry Sour Cream Pie is a refreshingly light-tasting cream pie with an abundance of blueberries, a flaky pastry crust and walnut streusel top. It is served with a generous dollop of fresh whipped cream.

Beer: The Apricot Hefeweizen is Wasatch Beers' fruitiest selection: The exuberant apricot character of this beer comes with subtle peach tones. The aroma includes a bit of malt, and the body is light.

Pairing: This fruit-forward weiss beer finishes with a crisp, refreshing effervescence that nicely complements the sweet yet tart Blueberry Sour Cream Pie. The Pie explodes with the refined

sweetness of the blueberries initially, and the whipped cream and walnut streusel top bolster the fruitiness as the tart tones set in. With this light hef, the pie washes down easily, as the crust is light and flaky, which sets this pie apart in being a game-ender—it is more of a "sessionable" pie, so to speak. The apricot notes of the beer meld with the almost caramel-tinted whipped cream, which allows the beer to transcend into a near meta-pie. Going down, the crumbles of the streusel top provide a hearty counterbalance to the subtly sweet beer. As the pie and beer begin to disappear, the crust washes down smoothly for a delightful, dulcet finish. —Bryan O'Meara, Co-owner



Garage on Beck 1199 Beck St., Salt Lake City, Utah 801.521.3904 • garageonbeck.com



Pie: Grandma's Chicken Pot Pie features a house-made pastry crust and is filled with tender chicken, steamy mixed veggies and a whole lotta love.

Beer: Epic's Pfeifferhorn is a full-strength and quaffable American lager with a hint of European flavor. The Pfeifferhorn lager has a subtle malt flavor, and a clean, crisp finish. It has a fine, spicy and slightly herbal, noble hop profile, which barely lingers on the palate.

Pairing: Grandma's Chicken Pot Pie is a warm, hearty dish that takes you back to the good ole days when summer evenings were free to enjoy a home-cooked meal made from scratch with loving

hands. The Garage has recreated this by using our own recipe for the Chicken Pot Pie's melt-in-your-mouth crust. Once your fork dives through the flakey, golden crust, it's met with a medley of vegetables that add just the right amount of pop to complement the juicy bits of chicken in each bite. Epic's Pfeifferhorn is the perfect refreshment with the pie—the lightness of the hops balancing out this hearty meal, its subtle notes giving the pie's robust flavors center stage. Epic's high-point feature gives this beer an extra boost of cheer, and you'll leave Grandma's (er ... The Garage) with a happy belly and a rosy grin. —Marsha Merrill, Co-Owner

The Pie Pizzeria 1320 E. 200 S., Salt Lake City, Utah (More locations in Midvale, South Jordan and Ogden) • 801.582.5700 • thepie.com

Pie: The Holy Shitake Pie is a thin crust pizza with pesto sauce, oven-roasted chicken, fresh shitake and champignon mushrooms, Sicilian-spiced tomatoes, aged mozzarella, whole roasted garlic cloves and finished with a truffle oil drizzle. It is available at all Pie Pizzeria locations until September.

Beer: Uinta Brewing Company's Trader IPA is light amber in appearance, with strong hop character and some pine and floral influences. It finishes clean with a delicate malt flavor and a hint of citrus zest.

Pairing: The Holy Shitake Pie is a lighter, extra-thin crust pie with a quarter of the cheese

you would find on a typical pie. The basil pesto and mushrooms give this pie a fresh and earthy base to build on. The light saltiness of the roasted chicken jousting with the tangy, Sicilian-spiced tomatoes sets the stage for the bold flavors of roasted garlic and truffle oil. While light and delicate, this pie is packed with a lot of flavor and demands a stronger beer that can compete. The hints of pine and floral in Uinta's Trader IPA merge well with the basil pesto, while the strong hop character of this beer grabs hold of the fresh garlic without overpowering it. High carbonation and a constant beer temperature of 36 degrees clear the way for each tasty bite. —Palmer, Co-Owner and Chef



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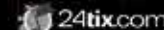
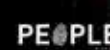
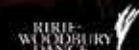
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DON'T BE AN ASS, USE A GLASS!

By Mike Riedel • mikey@slugmag.com
Illustrations: Sean Hennefer



I have a problem—a glassware problem. If it's a vessel made to carry a specific beer, I probably own it. Some of it is tradition, how some glasses are almost ceremonial in their approach to beer, but I know there's more to it than that. So, when people ask me, "Hey, moron! What difference does it make?" or "How can it possibly affect the taste of the beer?" I have some simple answers.

Whether from a bottle, can or straight out of the taps, glassware is vital to the beer-drinking experience. For example, the shape of a traditional beer stein influences the way the head is formed as the beer is poured in, which makes a big difference in appearance and taste. A darker beer should be drunk from a glass with a wider brim in order to allow for more release of the aromatic ingredients in the brew, thus enhancing both the strong flavor and aroma. Some bottled beers are pasteurized and need a taller, thinner pilsner glass for color and "pourability." These are just a few of the little things that can and do make a big difference in your drink-ing experience.

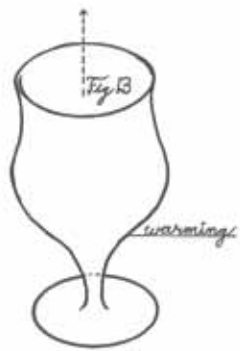
So, which is the correct glass to use with which beer? The answers are vast and varied. I've selected a few local beers and partnered them up with some nice examples of glassware that should enhance your beer enjoyment, while giving you a good idea of how to proceed on your own. Flavor, texture, aroma, glass—these are the things that help make your beer drinking memorable. Remember: You're drinking to relax and enjoy yourself—why not do all the things you can to enhance the experience? Cheers!

Tulip Stem

Beer: Paardebloem

Brewery: RedRock

The stem of this glass allows for the gradual warming of RedRock's Paardebloem from the holder's palm, which releases the more intense flavors the beer has to offer. The



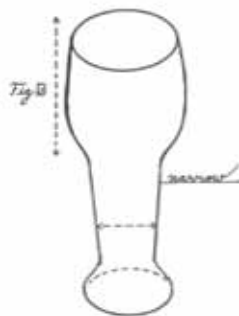
narrow rim provides a focused path for the peachy/lemony flavors accompanying the unique, floral bitterness that inhabits the beer.

Nonic Pint Glass

Beer: Pale Morning Ale

Brewery: Hoppers

Hoppers' Pale Morning Ale pairs perfectly with the Nonic (pronounced "No knick") pint glass. Its broad opening allows the beer to coat the entire tongue, washing this hop-forward beer over every taste bud. The glass works well with lighter beers that are well balanced with malt and hops.

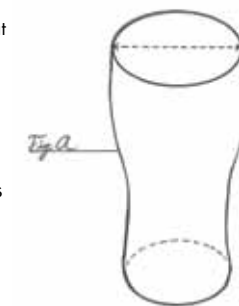


Weizen Glass

Beer: Bee's Knees Honey Wheat

Brewery: Roosters

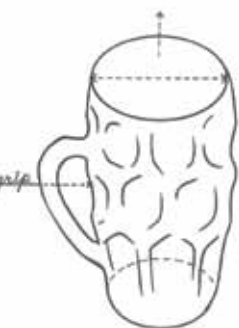
Roosters' Bee's Knees Honey Wheat looks and tastes fantastic in this Weizen glass. Its narrow bottom and wide, bulbous top help release aroma while providing room for the often thick, fluffy head produced by wheat beers. The glass bulb releases the lemon, wheat, floral, doughy and yeasty notes that make this beer so enjoyable.



British Dimpled Pint Jug

Beer: Hopped Rye

Brewery: Moab Brewing Co.



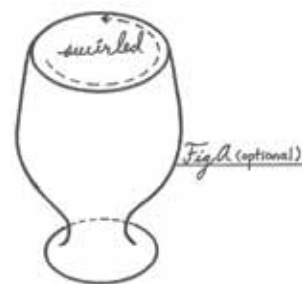
Moab Brewing's Hopped Rye looks comfy and inviting in this British dimpled pint jug. Primarily designed for grip and durability, its wide mouth opens up perfectly to give your ale plenty of room to breathe, releasing the big hop and rye aromas that this desert hybrid has to offer.

Squatty Stemmed Bowl

Beer: Latter Day Stout

Brewery: Desert Edge

Desert Edge's Latter Day Stout looks almost too good to drink in this squatty stemmed bowl. Designed to be palmed for warming (if desired), the wide bowl provides room to swirl and agitate the beer, bringing out all the aromas while the wide mouth coats the tongue. Perfect for complex dark beers like the LDS.

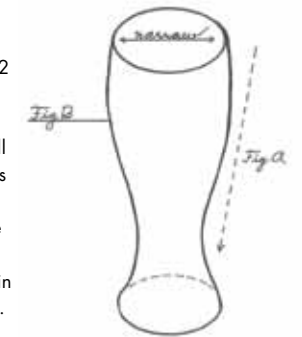


Classic Pilsner Glass

Beer: Czech Pilsner

Brewery: Bohemian

Bohemian's 1842 Pils is brilliant in this classic Pilsner glass. Tall and tapered, this slender shape reveals all of the color and the soaring bubble in this local classic. The broad top maintains the floral and grassy head, while the narrow mouth focuses the beer toward the back of the throat.



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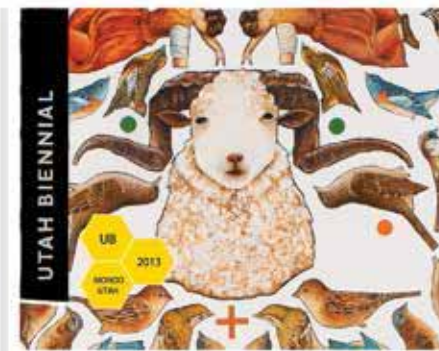
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THE Hop Bombshells

DRAFTING LADIES INTO THE HOMEBREW ARMY
By Megan Kennedy • iamnightsky@gmail.com

Photo: John Barkiple

The Hop Bombshells are (clockwise from left): Emily Park, Holly Russell, Brittany Nelson, Rose Flato, Becky Nix, Jamie Burnham and Tiffany Steele.

The story of the Hop Bombshells begins with a talented woman looking for her kind. **Jamie Burnham** is the manager of Salt Lake homebrewing institution *The Beer Nut*, and a little over a year ago, she got the spark of an idea from her assistant, **Dave Watson**, that maybe the lady patrons of her store would enjoy being part of a club where the craft and creativity of beer making could thrive. She put the idea out to her female customers who came to pick up supplies, and received an overwhelmingly positive response. After collecting names and emails, and admittedly "dragging [her] feet for a few months," she put together the Hop Bombshells, a club exclusively for the fairer sex of homebrewers.

The ladies come from a range of backgrounds when it comes to homebrewing. Several of them moved to Utah from out of state, where the local beer percentage is not as restricted, and so began homebrewing out of a kind of necessity. Others began the craft as a fun project with their husbands, and had their interest levels explode when they found the Hop Bombshells. And still, others were regulars of *The Beer Nut*, buying supplies for other people, until they decided it was time to take on brewing themselves. However they began, brewing has now become a staple in their lives. "The creativity piece is huge, and I love the food science behind it," says **Holly Russell**, who got her start when a coworker's talk of his own brewing got her intensely curious. **Becky Nix**, who began to brew after moving to Utah from Colorado, took it on to challenge the expensive beer prices. "I figured this can't be that hard to do. So I started making beer, and now it's this mad obsession," she says.

The club boasts about eight core members, but monthly meetings are open to women of any skill level, and so it is bigger than it looks at a glance. Every second Wednesday, the ladies gather, bring samples of their latest beer batches and more or less enact a tasting competition environment. They try each other's brews and present a constructive critique on how to improve recipes or techniques—they trouble-shoot and problem solve, which, all the ladies agree, is a massive help to the craft, meaning they can learn from each other's mistakes without having to actually repeat them. This process has already seen impressive results, with two members' recipes receiving silver medals at last year's *Queen of Beer* competition held in California. "It's so nice to learn from one another. You've got the different experience levels and that, for me, is the best part: learning the different tips and tricks from the different experience levels, 'cause it showed me what my husband was doing wrong, and so I get to go home and tell him 'OK, we have to try it this way,'" says **Brittany Nelson**.

The atmosphere of the Hop Bombshells is one of supportive camaraderie. Even though the club meetings include critique, the ladies are only interested in helping every one of their members achieve her best brew possible. This is an atmosphere that is possible partly in thanks to the ladies-only rule, which the club agrees helps members feel more comfortable. Multiple members have expressed frustration with poor treatment by male homebrewers of their shared hobby. Even Burnham, who manages *The Beer Nut* and hence, is clearly competent and knowledgeable of the craft, says she is often ignored by male customers who will avoid her offered help, and instead search for a male employee to answer their

questions. Women in plenty of fields can attest to similar frustration, and the club is helping not only with the craft itself, but helping build confidence as both a crafter and beer drinker. "That's been one of the nice things, too, watching the club as it develops: Everybody tends to get more confident about what their opinion is, what they taste in a certain beer, what they like out of a certain beer, what they wish was there. Everybody's developing a stronger opinion and has more of a sure footing. Plus, it doesn't hurt that we get to sit around and drink beer," says **Emily Park**.

Homebrewing is still largely seen as a man's game, but the Hop Bombshells are out to change that perspective and empower more women to get involved in the craft. "Historically speaking, women were the brewers in the first place. We want to share each other's knowledge, and not accept the fact that it's a boy's club," says Burnham. Bottom line: These ladies love the craft of beer brewing, and they are incredibly good at it. Some of them have even taken to growing hops in their own backyards (Don't worry, neighbors—it's not illegal!), giving them even greater control over their recipes. The club is still young, but very ambitious: Plans are in the works to begin some modest dues-collecting, which will then fund things like competition entries and brewery field trips. They plan to enter even more competitions this season than last, and no doubt more medals are in their future.

Ladies with any interest in homebrewing are welcome to attend the monthly Hop Bombshell meetings, every second Wednesday at *The Beer Nut*. You can also find them on Facebook, and at hopbombshells.com. Their website includes listings of upcoming competitions, events and recipes.

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BARLEY'S ANGELS

BEER SCHOOL IS NOW IN SESSION

By Megan Kennedy • iamnightsky@gmail.com

Originally started in Oregon, Barley's Angels is an international society dedicated to women who are passionate about craft beer. The organization allows women from any corner of the globe to begin their own chapter of the brand, and that's exactly what **Alexandra Ortiz de Fargher** of Park City did. Having already been well initiated into the craft beer scene (her husband, **Trent Fargher**, is the owner and founder of Shades of Pale Brewing Company) Ortiz de Fargher wanted to start her own craft beer adventure. She and all the members of Barley's Angels are dedicated to several philosophies: overturning the idea that beer is only a man's drink, and convincing women who have written off beer as a bitter, tinny and cheap substitute for wine or spirits that they just haven't met the right beer yet.

The group supports four core executive members who handle the event planning, including Ortiz de Fargher, **Amber Mills**, **Kristin Remenschneider** and **Jenn Deppe**. These ladies all come from different backgrounds into the world of craft beer. Deppe was looking for a fun, new hobby to help offset the stress of her work and side business, and was introduced by Mills to craft beer. Mills, who homebrews, watched friends brewing and decided to try it herself, thus beginning a love for good beer that eventually led her to Barley's Angels. Remenschneider comes from Michigan, where she worked in a large-scale brewery and got into craft beer. She met Ortiz de Fargher at one of the Barley's Angels events and quickly became a part of the group. The chapter is just over a year old, but is drawing beer enthusiasts and curious ladies like moths to a flame, with some of their events boasting attendance in the hundreds. It's a demonstration of what the Angels believe: More women would be into craft beer if they were introduced to it. "I think women are more open-minded at trying new things. Men know what they like, and they just want to stick to it. Even my husband's brewing friends think it's funny that his wife has a better palate than he does," says Deppe.

According to these ladies, the biggest contention between women and beer drinking is that beer has forever been marketed to men as a sort of masculine and cheap expression of their down-home grittiness. "Men just assume women know nothing about beer. It's marketed towards men—think of a frat house: It's all about partying and getting drunk, not enjoying the beer," says Mills. Barley's Angels is all about tearing down those invisible boundaries, and showing women that when they think "beer," it's not all Budweiser, Natty Light and can-crushing contests. "That's the purpose of us doing this, to educate

women in craft beer and have them try different things," says Remenschneider. Ortiz de Fargher says she was not a beer drinker until her husband began Shades of Pale, a microbrewery based out of Park City, with the goal to create unique and well-crafted beers. The brewery experience got her interested in the craft beer world, but her experience with beer prior had not made an impression on her. "Most of my exposure to beer was in college, and it tasted very tinny and metallic to me. I personally had a sweet tooth, and a lot of beers are very hoppy and bitter. But not all beer tastes like that. You have to find the one you like. I think women just haven't had that exposure," says Ortiz de Fargher. Showing non-beer drinkers that craft beers are flavorful—and can be as fruity and sweet as wine or their favorite cocktail—is

what the Angels are all about. They are confident that there is a beer out there for every palate.

While Barley's Angels have some homebrewers in their midst, education is their primary goal. They attend festivals and host various other events about every six weeks or so, in hopes of recruiting women to their society and, of course, to enjoy the brewing festivals themselves. In February, with the help of local business owners from several craft breweries, as well as the chocolatiers over at *Millcreek Cacao*, the ladies hosted a beer-and-chocolate-tasting event, which paired up craft beers with delicious, select fine chocolates. They've also done a beer-and-food-pairing event with the gentlemen at *Squatters* to learn about the art of pairing, as well as events at *Shades of Pale*. The ladies agree that it's these types of creative events that help non-beer drinkers understand the complexity and variation of all the craft beers out there. While the club is exclusive to women, they do allow men to their meetings in the form of educated guest lecturers, such as the knowledgeable master brewers of our local breweries. Just as recently as May, the group took a tour of *Uinta Brewing Company* and were introduced firsthand to their production environment. They have a wonderful camaraderie with the local breweries that fully support the club and provide them with excellent opportunities to extend the knowledge of everyone in the club.

Barley's Angels have a goal to reach 500 members, so if you've ever wanted to learn about craft beer, there's never been a better time! Ladies interested in becoming a part of Barley's Angels can contact the group via [facebook.com/barleysangelsutah](https://www.facebook.com/barleysangelsutah) or their website, barleysangelsutah.com.

Photo: Carla Boecklin



The Barley's Angels core members are beer lovers (L-R): Amber Mills, Kristin Remenschneider, Jenn Deppe and Alexandra Ortiz de Fargher.

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BEER PUBS WITH HISTORY AND SWAGGER

By Amanda Rock
amandarock.212@gmail.com



Photo Copyright Utah State Historical Society

Find out more about Wagener Brewing Co., Utah's first commercial brewery, on the *Thirst Fursday Historic Pub Crawl*. This photo shows a parade float in front of the brewery's offices in 1912, located at 142 E. 100 S. in Salt Lake City.

There is no better way to learn more about Utah's history with beer than to take a guided tour of a few of the most charismatic pubs in Salt Lake City. The *Thirst Fursday Historic Pub Crawl* is sponsored by the **Utah Heritage Foundation**, an organization committed to preserving Utah's historical buildings through outreach like this fun and drinky tour. On the first Thursday of the month, three pubs are crawled to, all offering insight into Salt Lake's history. Joining the tour costs \$20 and includes a handsome pint glass with a picture of H. Wagener Brewery Co.'s parade float (H. Wagener Brewing Co. was Salt Lake's first brewery).

Generating revenue for the non-profit while educating locals about their history, the *Thirst Fursday Historic Pub Crawls* are a fun way to spend a Thursday night. According to **Alison Flanders**, the Outreach Coordinator for the Utah Heritage Foundation, the pub crawl is mostly popular with young (and drunk), local history buffs. "You have to understand the culture to appreciate the irony of the LDS Church brewing and selling beer. It's like an inside joke," she says.

The tour I attended in June was led by **Jane Anderson**, who has been involved with the Utah Heritage Foundation for 15 years, serving both on the volunteer board and leading tours. She's been heading the pub tour since it started a year ago. If you've never been educated about the seedy side of Salt Lake's history by a sweet and spunky retiree, you haven't had the full Salt Lake City experience. Anderson was full of information as we walked from pub to pub. Trust me, hang close to the tour guide if you want a bonus history lesson.

Our first stop led us to *O'Shucks Bar & Grill*, a cozy and inviting place to stop for a cold one, located at 22 E. 100 S., right across the street from *City Creek*. Tucked underneath *Martine Cafe*, O'Shucks shares space with *Ahh Sushi*, an interesting (and baffling!) combination of scattered peanut shells and beer on tap, with sushi and maki rolls served on the other side. This building itself is charming. Constructed in 1860 with sandstone, the facade is softly weathered, and the windows are all mismatched. In previous lives, this building has also been a hotel and a bank—the current residents even use the bank safe as a beer cooler. Inside the bar, exposed brick and low lights encourage many drinks, good conversation and messy peanuts. This is where we were given a brief history of some of Utah's first brewing efforts, headed by **Brigham Young** himself and overseen by my new favorite hero, **Orrin Porter Rockwell**. He's known as the "Destroying Angel of Mormondom"—if that piques your interest.

The next stop was *Murphy's Bar & Grill*, known as "a step down in social clubs," and it literally is! Our tour guide explained that during prohibition, this building housed the *Keeley Ice Cream Co.* When you walk down the stairs from Main Street and cozy up to the bar, it's easy to imagine splitting a milkshake with your sweetie here, but I wanted a Dirty Martini and he wanted a Greyhound. This place has been here for 34 years and boasts "world famous" fish and chips. We will be visiting soon to check out the original ice cream parlor booths in the back of the bar—and maybe investigating the fish and chips.

The last stop was the *Beerhive Pub*, located on 128 S. Main Street. They have a lot of beer—like 200 different

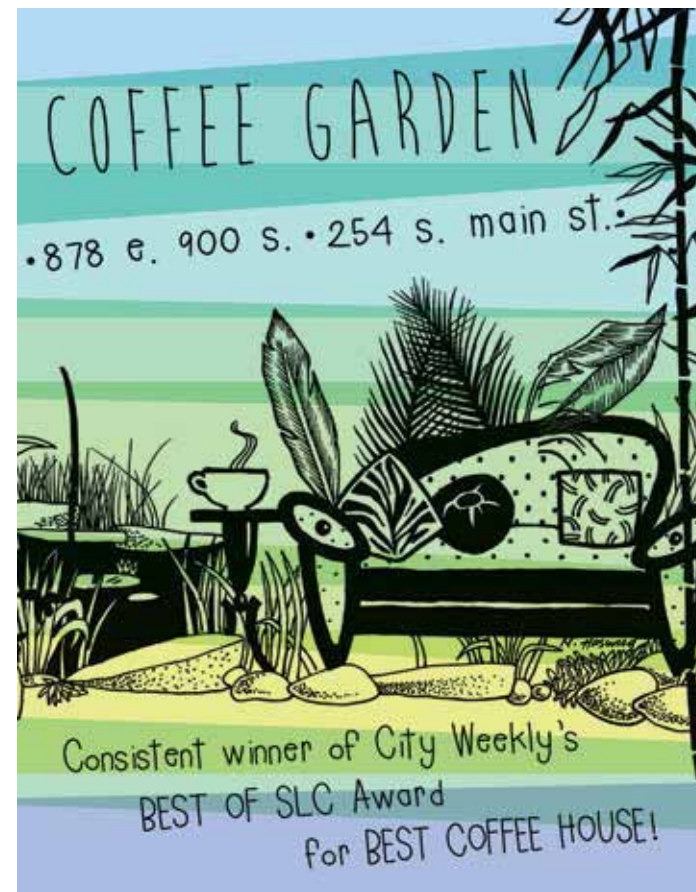
kinds of beer. They also have an impressive number of local brews on tap. This building was once known as "Salt Lake Rooming House of Evil," which is awesome. Prostitution and gambling were prevalent in this area of town in the early 1900s.

Chatting with Flanders, I learned how the pubs are selected for the crawl. Hours of volunteer research are dedicated to choosing a historic area of Salt Lake and locating three pubs within walking distance. The Utah Heritage Foundation selects a new area of the city to focus on every six months, and I have it on good word that Exchange Place is next. There's a lot of history and beer in what was slated to be the Wall Street of the West.

Choosing the pubs seems to be a bit easier. "The pubs have to be able to quickly serve 20 tour members, which isn't a problem. The local bars love this boost to sales," says Flanders. Also, the tour introduces people to hole-in-the-wall bars that could have been easily overlooked. I know I'll be visiting the pubs I visited on the last tour again.

While the pub crawl caught my eye initially, there are also a lot of other interesting BYOB (kidding!) events, like annual tours of historical houses. This year, they hosted the *Literate Ladies Lawn Sale*, which funds renovations to the newly acquired *Downy Mansion*, where the *Literate Ladies* book club meets.

All of these buildings have swagger and beer. The *Historic Pub Crawl* costs \$20, includes a pint glass and is a fun way to spend a Thursday night. Visit their website at utahheritagefoundation.org and sign up.



FINDING MY PIONEER ROOTS

By James Bennett • bennett.james.m@gmail.com

I had wanted to be involved with the annual Beer Issue since its conception, but there was always one glaring problem: I don't drink beer. As *SLUG Magazine's Highest Ranking Mormon*™, I was limited in what I could contribute. I had always been obsessed with the process of making beer (much like early Mormons were until that whole "Word of Wisdom" thing came along) and was intrigued by the culture of local home brewing. As I looked into it, I realized that, with an increase in home beer production, there was also an increase in the number of brewers that wanted to share the experience with their kids—albeit in a non-alcoholic way. Thus, I found my calling: I would brew my own root beer.

I had tried to make my own root beer in the past, with limited success. The easiest and most ward-party-friendly way to do it is the old dry ice method: a bag of sugar, a bottle of extract, a cooler full of water and a chunk of dry ice was all it took. Kids flip their shit looking at a bubbling cauldron, and it really is fun. Still, it seemed soulless, and it always tasted exactly the same. I had tried yeast-brewing root beer only to have bottles explode or get too yeasty. I switched to plastic bottles so I could better gauge the carbonation, and it worked. I moved away from extracts and tried a century-old recipe I found in an old Utah County cookbook. It was essentially a Provo housewife's attempt to replicate the bag of roots A&W originally sold to home brewers. I ordered birch bark, sarsaparilla, sassafras and licorice roots from a health food co-op and steeped them for an hour in filtered water. I then strained the liquid, added some molasses and a little yeast. I sealed the bottles and waited. The result was authentic, but it was bitter and tasted too strongly of yeast. It was probably all the rage on the pioneer homestead, but it was completely unfit for modern tastes. I was stuck. Mormon ingenuity had failed me. I needed to go in a different direction.

Regardless of your past root beer brewing experience, a visit to a well-stocked and friendly brewing supply store is a must. I went to *Salt City Brew Supply* and asked for help. **Cody McKendrick** showed me around. *SCBS'* main focus is beer brewing, but they carry a range of products, supplies and literature for all kinds of home beverage

production—including wine, soda and coffee. If I had wanted to go the long way, they certainly had the supplies for it. It turns out that many of the traditional roots and spices used for root beer can also be used in alcoholic beer: birch bark, sarsaparilla root, licorice, ginger, vanilla, mint and anise. The one root they didn't routinely stock was sassafras, an understandable omission when you consider that the plant is carcinogenic. Still, if you want to flirt with the cancer for flavor's sake, they can order it in for you. For those wanting to take the easy way out, as I was, *SCBS* also carries a selection of soda flavor extracts made by an Ozark Mountains company called *Rainbow Flavors*. In addition to root beer, *SCBS* stocks spruce and birch beers, sarsaparilla, cola, cherry and a few others.

With the flavor base problem solved, it was time to talk about adding bubbles. The yeast flavor of vintage home-brew root beer was so off-putting to me that I wanted another way to do it. McKendrick suggested the more modern practice of using a carbon dioxide tank to add carbonation. I wanted to try it. I left the shop with the extract, a five-gallon beer keg, some tubing, a CO₂ tank and a gas regulator. All I needed to do was mix the extract with water and sugar, hook the carbon dioxide to the keg and put the

mixture under 50 PSI for a week to allow the gas to properly dissolve into the liquid. The wait was on.

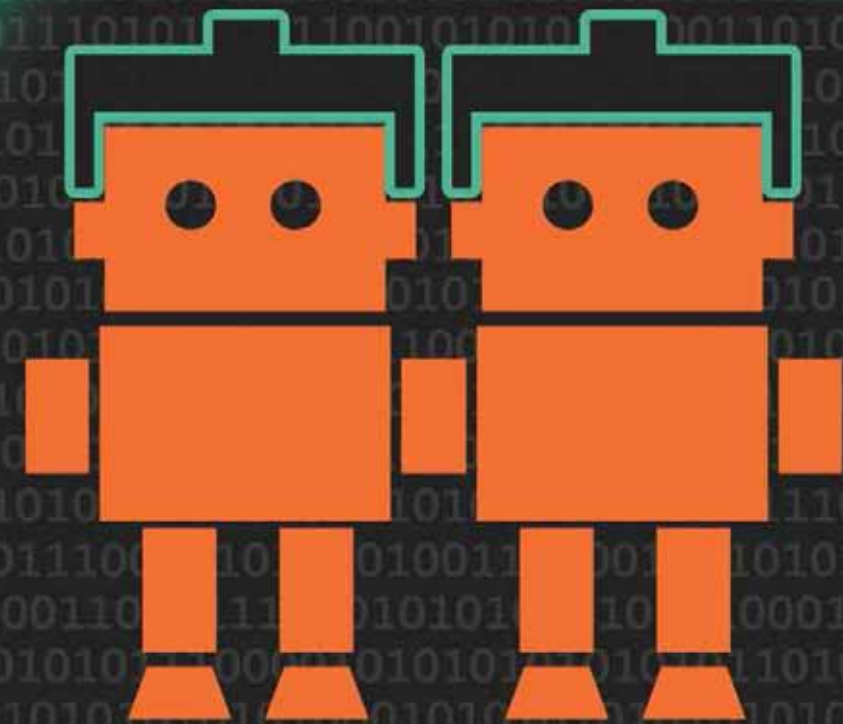
The best part about carbonation with gas is that it eliminates much of the guess work. With a yeast brew, you have to overly sweeten your mix so that it's still sweet enough after the microbes eat up the sugar and give off gas. If the yeast is especially active or lazy, you risk spoiling the whole batch. After about 10 days, the carbonation was where it needed to be, and the resulting drink was awesome. It had smooth, tiny bubbles and a very authentic flavor. It had deep, minty undertones, but it was so much better than any of my past attempts. In the future, I would go the same route, but I would add a little cinnamon and vanilla to the mix, and maybe use some brown sugar instead of white—because I think homemade soda should taste like homemade cookies.

Like all good things, this root beer was meant to be shared. I took the keg to an LDS ward campout one weekend in June and shared it with all those in attendance. Everyone loved it. Everyone, that is, except for 80-year-old **Sister Holding**. "This doesn't taste anything like the yeast root beer we used to make back in MY day," she said. Exactly, Sister Holding. Exactly.



Illustrations: Steve Thueson

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MUSIC + BEER = FAMILY

THE UBC MUSIC SQUAD

Photos: davebrewerphoto.com

Words by Alexander Ortega

alexander@slugmag.com



Cindi Robinson holds down the core of the rockin' UBC team (pictured back and center).

If you've never met *Utah Brewers Cooperative* Business Manager **Cindi Robinson**, then you have never seen such a passion for local music. Having grown up a straight edge kid who started going to hardcore shows at the age of 12 in 1992, she has certainly established a solid foothold in the Salt Lake music scene. The local shows she went to often featured **Clear**, **Tripphammer**, **Waterfront** and **The Stench** at extinct venues like *Playschool* and *The Zephyr*. From tabling at shows for animal-activism promotion to organizing bake sales for bands to raise money to go on tour, Robinson now continues her superlative enthusiasm for the local music scene on a day-to-day basis at *UBC*, as she has surrounded herself with notable local musicians by hiring them to work for the brewery. Regarding this employment phenomenon, she says, "I've always been involved [with music]. All of my friends happened to be musicians from that point on, so I've just been [with local music] forever."

As many straight edge kids are wont to do, Robinson broke edge at 21. A couple years later, in 2003, she remembers being "hired [while] on my couch in my living room," by her buddy, **Matt Biggins**, who "used to work here ... I happened to be unemployed at the time, and was just like, 'Whoa! I totally want to work at a brewery!'" She was hired and worked her way up from *The Beer Store* to business manager, which, of course, included hiring new people when needed. Robinson has been able to cultivate her ideal working environment based on the characteristics she had experienced with her friends in the scene. She says, "You've got to have a good sense of humor and bust ass, and it just so happens that the majority of musicians that I know are hard-working motherfuckers ... and have shitloads of skills." Robinson draws parallels between working for *UBC* and being used to the tedium of loading equipment in, setting up, rocking out, breaking down and loading back up.

"Usually, there's a lot of people in that world that like to bust ass and drink beer," Robinson says. "Go to a show—you gotta drink some beers! It goes hand in hand—it's part of the same beast." With the perfect ends for the grueling means, the like-minded workers of the *UBC* seem to stick: According to Robinson, the turnover rate at *UBC* is low, as these folks like their jobs and working with each other. If there ever is an opening at the brewery, somehow, somebody seems to show up at the right time to fill the void.

Darren Hutchison worked at *Brewvies* five years ago, and some of the guys from *RedRock* would frequent his former place of work. After noticing how happy those brewery workers were, he started researching the trade. After jamming with **Andy Patterson**, who is married to Robinson, Hutchison came in to ask for a job. He says, "I just talked to Cindi. I kept coming down. I had the fucking green hair rocking and everything—I never thought I'd get the job." It seems that, on the contrary, the green punk rock hair landed him a spot in the *UBC* family. Ever since, Hutchison has filled a few different occupations in the business—he has been a box truck driver, a brewer and now "runs the labeling machine," he says. "It's the best job I've ever had ... The people are great. There's days that are crazy busy and we have to stay late, but it doesn't matter—we're working with beer." He praises the change that has occurred with his bands' drinking habits: Where they used to guzzle Natty

Lights, they now enjoy beer with more refined palates, and have more tolerance for the high-point stuff, too. Surely, in relation to their name, this provides more street cred for Hutchison's longest-running band, the **Utah County Swillers**, for whom he plays bass. Hutchison also plays bass in two other bands currently, **Corvid** and **Jealous** (with Patterson and **Eli Morrison**). You can find the Swillers' and Corvid's music at their shows, and keep your eye out for a new Jealous demo coming soon.

To complement the music-playing half of Hutchison's life, his job at *UBC* allows him to make a decent living. He says, "It's taken care of me and my daughter. I've kept a house. That's where I practice." Working a job that feeds mouths and pays the bills likely contributes to the healthy spirit of *UBC* personnel overall. In regard to the people with whom he works, Hutchison says, "They're just dedicated people—seriously dedicated to what they're doing, their art of making beer and making it the best they can." Being among musicians who gel together, Robinson and the gang have concocted a theoretical (and tentative) *UBC*-employee band lineup with Hutchison on bass, **Mikey T.** on drums, **Dave Moss** on guitar, and **Chopper** on vocals—their usual instruments. "We want Chopper to sing again, really bad," says Hutchison. "God, he was great in **Decomposers** back in the day." Chopper has also been in **Black Hole**, **The Protocol**, **Hot Rocks**, **Tommy Gun Killers** and **The Switch** in his 23-year tenure in the Salt Lake music scene, though he is not currently in any bands. More recently, on April 20, 2011, Chopper began working for *UBC*, and as the Warehouse Manager, he mainly runs inventory. Chopper feels content and elated being in the *UBC* family: "When I got this job, my spirit lifted. I feel more free to do what I want. I'm accepted by everyone around here, no matter what I wear or what I have on my body or what comes out of my mouth," he says. Chopper currently has a solo acoustic-electric project he's working on called **Mañanero** where he sings and plays guitar and lap-steel guitar. "It'll be kind of pretty, but kind of bluesy, folksy, dirty punk," he says. He plans to record and perform before an audience once he feels the motivation. In regard to the *UBC* supergroup, he says, "Let's bring it on. It better be loud n' proud."



A glass tech at work and a guitarist at home, Dave Moss is a full-time artist. The UBC crew wants to hear Chopper sing and scream again.

Chopper enjoys reminiscing with Hutchison about the good ol' days of the SLC punk rebellion, though the most ubiquitous pieces of conversation are probably the *UBC* employees shit-talkin' with one another. Chopper says, "You can't take anything too serious around here because, one day, people are giving me shit—the next day it gets dumped onto them." Mikey T. points out a picture he snapped of Chopper in Denver, naked and passed out. "Fitting in is just being able to bullshit with somebody, really," Mikey says. Mikey started at *UBC* around this time two years ago, after Robinson called him up one day and told him to be there, and he is now a kegger. He, too, has been in his fair share of Salt Lake rock acts in his 15 years in the music scene—**Killbot**, **Negative Charge**, **Stark Raving Mad** and **Juke Joint 45**—but his current, sole project is his NWOBHM-style heavy metal band, **Visigoth**, whose tunes you can find on Bandcamp for free (with a suggested donation), or on Facebook, with a link to an online store for vinyl. He concurs that music is a usual conversational fixture between him and his work buddies, along with what shows they're going to—there's a HUGE calendar that includes all the employees' upcoming shows hanging on the wall! Mikey says, "Everybody listens to everybody's bands and goes to each



other's shows. It makes you feel kind of good ... It's like a big orgy of music."

Robinson and UBC even let their bands use the box truck to haul gear, further reinforcing their employees' lifestyles as musicians. Moss, the glass tech, says, "They let me borrow the van to load gear, to move all of our tons of equipment. There's not another job that would let me do that." Moss currently plays in **INVDRS** (whose latest album is sold out), and has played for **Art of Kanly**, **Pictures Can Tell** and **Static Cult**. Moss has been in the SLC music scene for 24 years, and though he has been with UBC for one, he "had been bugging Cindi for about probably five years before that," he says, as his bandmate, **Phil White**, used to work for UBC, too.

A clear sense of kinship pervades UBC's atmosphere—"We're very family-oriented," says Robinson. These folks help each other move, and they lend

their shoulders to cry on. They talk through problems, and they "take care of each other—we rule as a team, we suck as a team," she says. The positive feelings are mutual all around—Moss says of Robinson and her fun, energetic personality: "It's always fun, especially, first thing in the morning, getting [her] 'GOOD MORNING!'" In true familial camaraderie, Robinson even declares herself as the UBC mom and Plant Manager **Dave Ruff** as the dad. Given the music-filled environment of UBC, it seems that Robinson extends her way of being in love with Patterson to whomever else she comes in contact with: She says of her marriage with Patterson, "We met in music. We go to music, we talk about music, we listen to music—everything's music."

Robinson would call the UBC supergroup **Chopper and the Reanimators**. She says, "The UBC band would be the next step ... They've been talking about it forever."



Mikey T. kicks kegs and bass drums like it ain't no thang.

Top 5 UBC Audiophile Albums

CINDI ROBINSON:

Rollins Band – *Hard Volume*
Melvins – *Stoner Witch*
Goatsnake – Vol. 1
Author & Punisher – *Ursus Americanus*
Girls Against Boys – *Venus Luxure No. 1 Baby*

DARREN HUTCHISON:

Fear – *More Beer*
Motörhead – *Iron Fist*
The Exploited – *Beat the Bastards*
The Clash – *London Calling*
Circle Jerks – *Group Sex*

CHOPPER:

Laughing Hyenas – *You Can't Pray a Lie*
Horace Andy – *Skylarking*

ZZ Top – *Tres Hombres*
Mark Pickerel – *Snake in the Radio*
Red Rat – *I'm a big kid now*

MIKEY T.:

Iron Maiden – *Powerslave*
Motörhead – *Bastards*
Running Wild – *Black Hand Inn*
Y&T – *Mean Streak*
Grim Reaper – *See You in Hell*

DAVE MOSS:

Van Halen – *1984*
High on Fire – *Death Is This Communion*
D.R.I. – *Dealing with it!*
Hank III – *Straight to Hell*
Slayer – *South of Heaven*



Darren Hutchison slaps his bass strings at home and labels on bottles at the UBC.



UTAH FILM CENTER

JULY 2013 SCREENING & EVENT SCHEDULE

TUESDAY /// JULY 2 @ 7PM
 FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS
SIGN PAINTERS
 As recently as the 1980s, storefronts, murals, banners and billboards were all hand-lettered with brush & paint. Today, the proliferation of computer-designed, die-cut vinyl lettering and inkjet printers has ushered a creeping sameness into our landscape. Presented in partnership with AIGA and Craft Lake City.

SATURDAY /// JULY 6 @ 11AM
 TUMBLEWEEDS: YEAR-ROUND
CHICKEN RUN
 From the Academy Award-winning team behind the popular "Wallace and Gromit" shorts comes a feature-length animated adventure set at Tweedy's chicken farm, where any chicken who doesn't make her egg quota can meet a "fowl" fate.

TUESDAY /// JULY 9 @ 7PM
 NHMU SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT
FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE
 Monster forest fires used to be a once-in-a-decade nightmare. Now, they're a reality across vast stretches of North America every summer. Post screening discussion. Presented in partnership with the Natural History Museum of Utah.

THURSDAY /// JULY 11 @ 7PM
 SPECIAL SCREENING
127 HOURS
 A fascinating and absorbing survival drama, depicting Aron Ralston's survival and dissecting how his go-for-broke life got him into that predicament in the first place. — Sean Means
 Post screening Q+A with Sean Means, film critic for the Salt Lake Tribune

THURSDAY /// JULY 11 @ 7PM
 UTAH FILM CIRCUIT - WEST JORDAN
BROOKLYN CASTLE
 Intermediate School 318 in Brooklyn, New York has won a record 26 national chess championships, a remarkable achievement for any school, let alone one where the majority of the students are living near the poverty line. Follow the students of the IS 318 chess club as they try to earn another national title.

TUESDAY /// JULY 16 @ 6PM
 FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS
DR. ATOMIC
 This modern opera focuses on the J. Robert Oppenheimer experiments that led to the creation of the atomic bomb. Presented in Partnership with Utah Campaign to Abolish Nuclear Weapons and Utah Symphony/Utah Opera.

WEDNESDAY /// JULY 17 @ 7PM
 THROUGH THE LENS
THE INSTITUTE
 The Institute follows the experiences of participants in a San Francisco-based phenomenon, where cryptic narratives and real worlds collide. Journey into a secret underground organization teeming beneath the surface of everyday life. Presented in partnership with Radio West. Post screening Q+A.

THURSDAY /// JULY 18 @ 7PM
 DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR-ROUND
DAMN THE HEELS!
 AUDIENCE AWARD WINNER
 Join us at Brewvies for a screening of the Audience Award Winner from the 2013 Damn These Heels! LGBT Film Festival. More information available at www.damntheseheels.org.

TUESDAY /// JULY 30 @ 7PM
 FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS
THE MOO MAN
 The story of a farmer and his unruly cows, filmed on the marshes of the Pevensey Levels. In an attempt to save his farm, Stephen Hook decides to turn his back on the cost cutting dairies and supermarkets, and instead stay small and keep his close relationship with the herd.

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The Craft

By Princess Kennedy • theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

A true Utah busy-bee, Princess Kennedy embodies the pioneer DIY spirit by crafting her own daytime tote.

Photo: John Barkiple

Along with some of the damage that comes from being raised Mormon in Salt Lake, we're also set up with gifts that are unique unto us. We are usually very driven and successful with what we are passionate about, like the busy bee that is the mascot of the Beehive State—we do it without even thinking.

We have a long history of creative and talented people hailing from our background. Whether or not we care to recognize our shared past, it is inevitable that if you're passionate about being a musician, a tattoo artist or belly dancer, it was probably your parents that first encouraged (or in most cases, forced) you to take piano, sing in choir, take art classes, dance, etc.

One thing that is certainly not unique to Utah yet is an area we excel in, is the gift of arts and crafts. We're steeped in the talents of furniture making, sewing, stitching, jewelry—you name it, we have a friend who does it. I'm certainly not saying you had to be raised Mormon to have retained these gifts, but with the influence so prevalent in our culture, everyone seems to be in on the game. The best place to see all this talent is at next month's *Craft Lake City*, held Aug. 9–10 at the *Gallivan Center*.

For those who haven't been, I can safely say it is one of the largest festivals of its kind—at least in Utah, anyway. It's two jam-packed days of music from very talented local musicians, food from very talented local cooks and crafts of hundreds of different kinds from very talented local artisans. Whether you want needlepoint **Motörhead** tea towels, giant portraits of pin-up girls, handmade clothes, jellies, jewelry ...

My column isn't large enough to name all that you can find at *CLC*, so go for yourself and plan on finding a few treasures.

Last year (and this year), I was lucky enough to MC the stage. I walked around soaking in the atmos', and it awoke in me that need to create that I had forgotten, or let go, or whatever had happened, and I promised myself I was going to reconnect with that which I had lost.

I wrote once that I did wigs for the San Francisco Opera (a totes cray craft in itself) and while on tour, I was taught to sew by the costumer. I spent years after that making all my own clothes, costumes and gowns. As a child, I had an aunt with a shop in San Diego called *The Yarn Loft*, and every summer while visiting, I was allowed to pick out a new embroidery project. It's how I remember coping with the endless road trip through California with my six other siblings without offing myself.

Of course, I procrastinated pulling out the sewing machine, but eventually did when I needed a new purse/bag. When it comes to a daytime tote, I have few rules: It has to be big enough to carry everything, but not so big I actually try to. It has to be over the shoulder, since I only bike, and it can't look like a bike bag cuz they are too masculine. I realized that the only way to solve the dilemma of not finding this bag was to make it myself. The first was made out of some really crazy brocade drapes that I found. My satchel turned out to be the best bag I've ever owned, and since then, I vowed never to buy another when I can make the perfect one myself. I actually have about five now.

My current project is a beach bag, since my summer has shaped up to hanging out at a lot of America's best beaches, and it needed to fit the bohemian style I've been sporting lately, so I decided to revisit my childhood love of embroidery. Like a true, overachieving ex-Mormon, I chose the most difficult and time-consuming project.

The bag itself is made of repurposed denim, in the most amazing shade of turquoise. But upon this fabric so blue, I'm embroidering a giant peacock in brilliant colors of chartreuse, bronze and navy. I sewed light reflecting on the top of the bird with sparkle thread (a son of a bitch to work with), and aside from the bird itself, I need to embroider the branches of flowers it sits in. I don't know what the fuck I was thinking when I took it on—I won't be using it as a beach bag at this point, but as a project I work on at said beach.

Oh well—I have thoroughly enjoyed rediscovering this craft and forgotten how much it calms my mind, harnesses my ADD and makes me feel like I am doing something productive while sitting on my couch for hours. Whether or not I ever do it again, this bag will definitely be a conversation piece I'll have for years of beach parties to come.

Make sure you come to *Craft Lake City* Aug. 9–10 and see my bag (I plan to sport it), peruse and buy some wares from the incredibly talented people of our region, and if you're lucky, be inspired yourself. Go to craftlakecity.com for more information.



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Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

The Year of the Gun: Goin' in Hot!

By Mike Brown
Instagram: @Fagatron

I'm not sure who coined the phrase, but due to all the recent public shootings, 2013 has aptly been nicknamed "The Year of the Gun." As far as constitutional amendments go, I'm more of a First Amendment guy than a Second Amendment guy. I prefer the one that gives me the right to say and write whatever the fuck I want, as opposed to the one that lets us 'Muricans pack heat.

With the NSA keeping tabs on all our info and dick pics, I don't think any of those rights matter anymore. That being said, after years of refusing to hold a firearm, I changed my mind a few weeks ago and decided to go to the desert and shoot the shit out of a banana with various assault weapons. You know what? It was pretty fun. I've always liked breaking things and blowing stuff up, and shooting guns reminded me a lot of lighting off fireworks, or the time I broke all my dishes at 3 in the morning and posted the footage on YouTube.

There are several reasons why it's been so long that I haven't shot a gun. It's not so much that guns creep me out—I guess it's more the people I always see who have them—like cops or my Republican family. My family loves guns. Every Thanksgiving, they invite me to the desert to go take a crack at some targets, but I get afraid one of them might shoot me, and there goes my chunk of the will, so I usually skip out.

My friends with guns don't want to take me because bullets are fucking expensive these days. I can't say I blame them—my friendship is appeased easier with a shot than with a shoot. Since alcohol is much cheaper than firearms, sometimes I wonder why our country doesn't settle more disputes with it. Think about it: What if, instead of invading Iran or Afghanistan, we just went down there, opened up a bunch of titty bars, all got wasted together and squashed our beef? Oh, yeah, Muslims don't drink. I guess they can hang out with the Mormon soldiers while the rest of the world has a great time.

Another reason I don't pack a pistol is because my need for killing things is easily satisfied by my Xbox. When they blame school shootings on video games, I don't get it. In my fucked-up brain, the violent games prevent such behavior—get it out of your system with your system. The more time you spend playing your PlayStation and jacking off, the less time you have to plot how to kill your principal. Isn't that what normal teenagers are supposed to do anyway, these days? Push buttons and beat their meat?

I guess things have changed since I was in junior high. I stopped getting bullied in eighth grade when I started doing drugs. Drugs were a great solution to my bullying problem, because now I was hanging out with all the bad kids that the bullies were either one of or afraid of. I despise the school shootings as much as any other rational human, but you gotta think, these days, it takes some serious balls to be a school bully. Being that asshole jock can now get you a hole in the head. So think twice before delivering that next wedgie, kids. As far as bully prevention goes, if I were a teacher, I'd just show my students the Columbine footage over and over again.

I learned a lot about guns and how to use them on that sunny afternoon in Grantsville. My shooting instructor asked me what I knew about guns and gun safety, and if I knew the four golden rules of using such mechanisms. When asked the first rule, I replied with, "Don't shoot anybody?" Wrong. As far as I knew, that was the only rule of gun safety. As long as we all leave the desert with no holes in us (other than the women that were there, zing!), then we followed all the safety rules, in my opinion.

Here are the actual rules I learned. Rule Number One: All guns are always loaded. Rule Number Two: Never let your muzzle cover anything you're not willing to destroy. Rule Number Three: Keep your finger off the trigger until your sights are on target and




Mike Brown's gun safety rules mirror those of his penis—god save us all.

you're ready to fire. Rule Number Four: Be sure of your backstop and beyond.

I'm going to make my penis follow the same rules from now on: My penis is always loaded. Never let my penis cover anything I'm not willing to destroy. Keep my finger off my penis until I'm ready to fire. Be sure of my penis and beyond.


Apologies to my gun-nut friends, but I don't remember all the different kinds of guns I shot, and I didn't make much of a point to because they all did the same thing—they shot shit—assault rifles, a Glock, a .22 revolver, and my personal favorite, the shotgun. Prior to going to the range, to me, "shotgun" meant the only way I could ever have a wedding or the best way to drink a beer.

All in all, shooting guns was fun, and I now accept it as a legit recreational activity, as long as you follow the same rules as my penis.



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7 Duncan Phillips Presents Garage Acoustic Showcase FREE SHOW 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	8	9 Hobo Nephews Of Uncle Frank ***FREE SHOW*** \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	10	11 Live Jazz Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars FREE SHOW	12 Max Pain & The Groovies CAB 20 Danger Hailstorm \$5 SHOW	13 TBD Brunch 11-3
14 Duncan Phillips Presents Fall River Ramblers & Photo Black FREE SHOW 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	15	16 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	17	18 Live Jazz Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars FREE SHOW	19 Intra-venus and the Cosmonauts Night Sweets \$5 SHOW	20 Sean K Preston Ugly Valley Boys \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
21 Groove Garden Brunch 11-3p	22	23 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	24	25 Live Jazz Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars FREE SHOW	26 WAYNE THE TRAIN HANCOCK Morgan Snow & John Davis \$5 SHOW	27 Pink Lightning \$5 SHOW Brunch 11-3
28 Duncan Phillips Presents The Clarksdale Ghosts Garage Acoustic Series FREE SHOW 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	29	30 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	31	<div>JULY</div> <div> www.GARAGEONBECK.com www.facebook.com/garageonbeck </div>		

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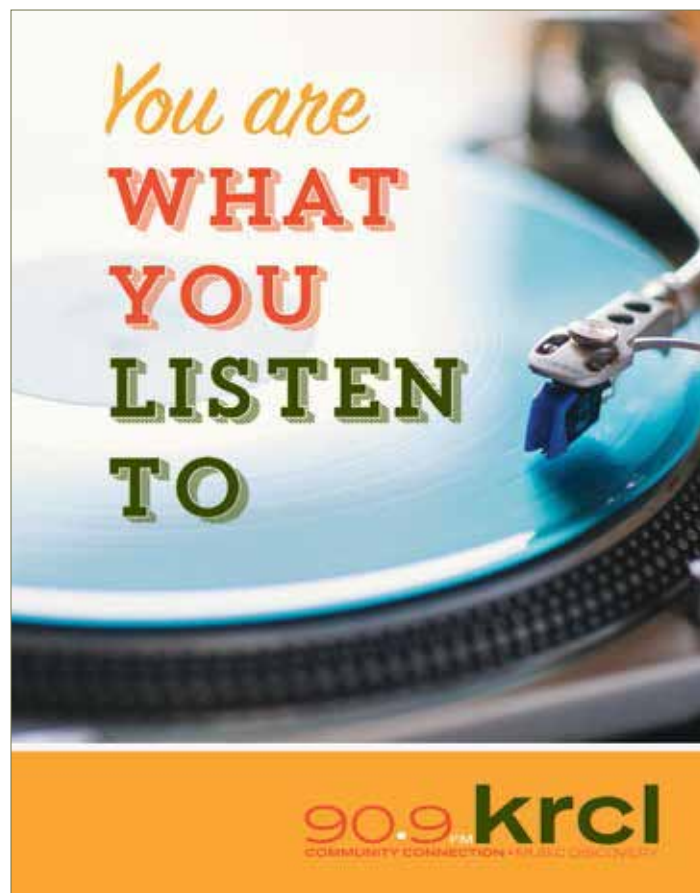
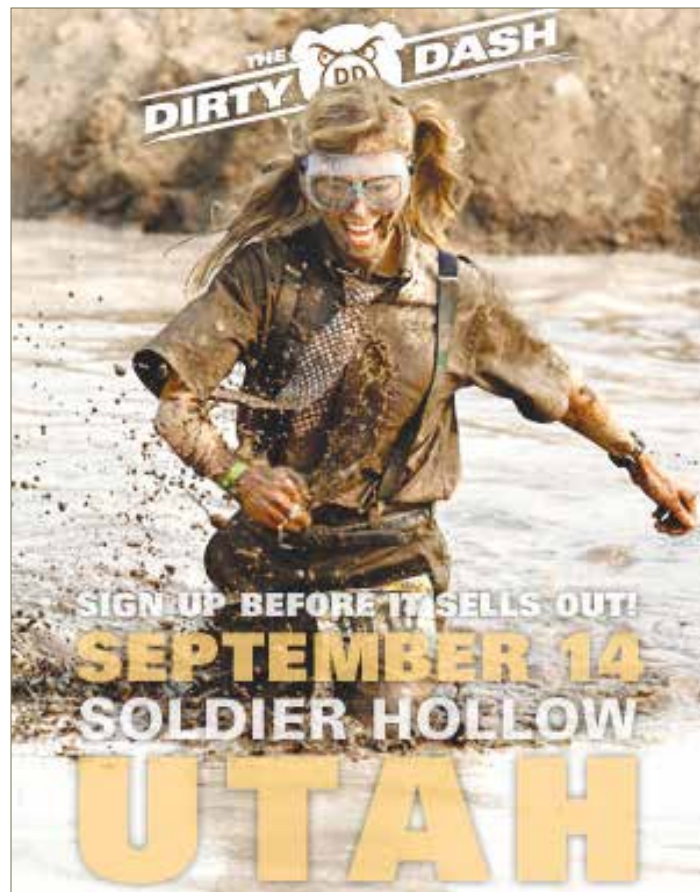
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Beer Fest Calendar

By Mike Riedel • mikey@slugmag.com



Illustration: Ricky Vigil

Brothers and sisters, we have the makings of a very hot summer in front of us. As this is the holy Beer Issue, I, the Beer Gnerd and your pastor in beer, have provided for you this list of nearby beer festivals to help you break the heat, while giving you the opportunity to laugh at your friend, Jeff, as he pukes in his shoes.

Evanston Brew Fest July 20, 2013 evanstonbrewfest4.eventbrite.com

One of our favorite "local" beer festivals happens just over the border in Evanston, Wyo.

This small town, known mostly to Utahns for their fireworks and bootlegging access, closes down its main street and opens up the taps to a host of regional breweries. This year, there will be approximately 22 breweries represented (14 on-site) and 60-plus different brews available for tasting. Activities include live music, great food, adult Big Wheel races and much more.

Overview: One fee gets you all the mini mug fills you'll need. The proximity to the Wasatch Front makes this the perfect Pie & Beer Day getaway. Take a day trip, or stay at one of the many affordable hotels to sleep it off. This brew fest always has us coming back.

Utah Beer Festival Aug. 17, 2013 utahbeerfestival.com

Our good friends at *City Weekly* have taken on the monumental task of putting on Salt Lake City's best beer festival. It's had some rocky beginnings, but now the *Utah Beer Festival* has turned into a massive success, and it's all in the heart of downtown SLC. Not only are they pouring some of Utah's premier local suds, but they have also achieved the ability to get a few out-of-state breweries into this festival, including Deschutes, Sierra Nevada and Full Sail.

Overview: The entry fee gets you drink tokens and your own taster mug. If you wish to part with a few more shekels, there are also special food and beer pairings available.

Snowbird Oktoberfest Aug. 17-Oct. 13, 2013 Every Saturday - Sunday snowbird.com/events/oktoberfest

In 1973, two German immigrants, inspired by the towering mountains that reminded them of the old country, went to *Snowbird*, gathered their friends and ate, drank and played as they did in their homeland, to honor the centuries-old custom of *Oktoberfest*. The festival has grown to become one of the largest festivals in Utah. *Oktoberfest* includes "Oktoberfest Halle," featuring some of the tastiest shizzle and schnitzel that Bavaria has to offer, with entertainment from local and national German bands and yodelers.

Overview: In the beginning, the beer offerings were meager, but now beer tents pepper the landscape and 60,000 people are expected to attend this year. It's truly the most breathtakingly beautiful beer fest you'll ever attend.

Great American Beer Festival Oct. 10-12, 2013 greatamericanbeerfestival.com

Next to *Oktoberfest* in Munich, this may be the biggest damn beer fest of them all. Located in Denver, Colo., this massive spectacle dedicated to American craft beer hosts an average of 2,800 different beers from some 600 of the nation's finest breweries. According to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, there is no other place on Earth where a beer geek can find more beers on tap in one place. If you're reading this and are truly a fan of craft beer and all it represents, you must make the journey to our neighboring state's largest city.

Overview: Beware, tickets to this event sell out almost immediately. There are four different sessions spread out over three days. Don't fear if you don't manage to snag a ticket—the entire city transforms itself into its own beer fest. Now go have fun!

Illustration: Sean Hennefer



Dear Copper;

Simple question: what's the official laws with drinking in public in SLC? I've seen people walk down State Street past an officer with a beer in-hand and not get hassled, yet watched a cop car roll up on a neighbors house to give him and his friends grief for drinking quietly on his stoop. It seems like local law enforcement doesn't know when to do what at any given point. What are the guidelines?

Much Love;
Secretly Swillin'

Love accepted, my fine Rummy—I mean Wino—I mean Swiller ... Friend:

You cannot drink alcohol in public in Salt Lake City. Unlike Las Vegas, you can't walk down the street with drink in hand. Alcohol must be imbibed on private property, or, if it's within a public area, then permission and permits are required. An example would be the Utah Arts Festival, which is held in the middle of the public street, the Main Library's grounds and the City/County Building. Or, think of all the bars and restaurants—like Pie Hole and the Atlantic Cafe—that have alcohol served on patios located on the public sidewalk. These places must have permission and permits from the Mormon church ... I mean, the government.

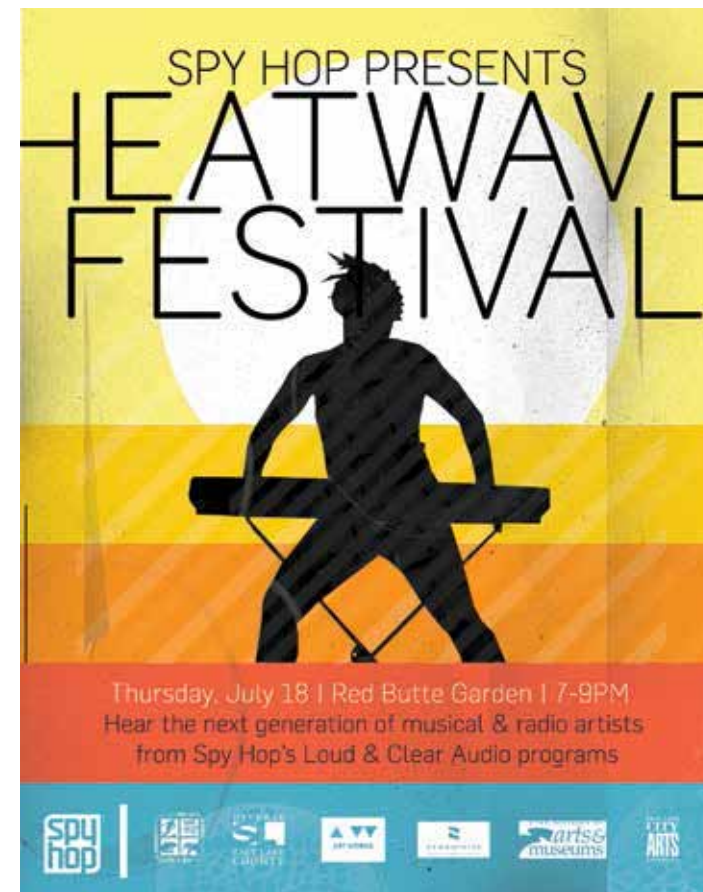
There is no cause for cops to hassle your friend on his own private property for drinking

beer. Most likely, they were there for a noise complaint, underage drinkers or something similar, but cops don't respond to beer drinking complaints.

What most people don't know is that Utah has no "public intoxication" law. Utah has an "intoxication" law (UCC 76.9.701), which says that it's illegal to be intoxicated by any substance to such an extent, even inside your private residence, that you become a danger to yourself or others. You also can't get so wasted on whatever substance, including inside your own home, that you "unreasonably disturb" other persons. That's why one dude, calmly walking down the street, drunk off his ass and sipping out of a cup, goes unmolested by the cops, while the other dude, sipping out of a similar cup, with a foul, loud mouth, offensively hip-thrusting at the girl walking the other way, gets the night stick up his ass.

As you indicate, cops have a ton of discretion with how alcohol laws are enforced. Generally, if you're not dicks to them when they arrive at your loud party, they won't be dicks to you. You can't disturb the cops' peace, so they're at your house because you're disturbing someone else's. Be respectful of the job they have to do, and at the most, you'll get a ticket, but usually just a warning.

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





Gabe Spotts, Kickflip.

GABE

SPOTTS: PUSHING THROUGH THE RANKS

By Shawn Mayer • [superjunkshow.tumblr.com](#) • Photos: [westoncolton.com](#)

In order to become a professional athlete in this day and age, one must devote their entire life to their sport. Much like those vying for a chance to play in the NFL or the NBA, extreme sportsters must eat, sleep and breathe action. They are routinely practicing, training and strengthening, all accompanied (in my nicest mom voice) by a balanced diet and eight hours of sleep. The level of competition is insane. Long gone are the days of the

smoked-out, drunk professional (I miss those days). In order to break into and maintain a career, one has to really keep their game up. Otherwise, the next hungry 17-year-old kid will be there to steal the spotlight. One such kid is named Gabriel “Gabe” Spotts.

Spotts has become the next and newest Am to rise up from the Provo area. Like his friends and heroes **Matt Fisher** and **Brodie Penrod**, Spotts is hoping

to garner enough attention to eventually get him out of the suburbs and into the big city. With the help of his sponsors, which include local companies *Fortica Skateboards*, *Discrete Headwear*, *Skullcandy* and *Board of Provo*, Spotts has been keeping the Utah scene relevant through traveling and competing on the amateur circuit.

Spotts’ obsession with skateboarding began when he

Gabe Spotts, Frontside 50-50.

“got [his] first real skateboard in the fifth grade, so around 11 years old,” he says, although he’d like to claim he’s been skating since he could walk. Once he got his “big-boy board,” Spotts became a local at the American Fork skatepark. Although he was still wet behind the ears, Spotts quickly secured his first sponsor of sorts. “I used to skate with this kid whose dad, **Chad Allen**, was super cool and wanted to start a skate company,” he says. When Nuke Skateboards was created, Spotts began to receive his first decks. He says, “We sucked at the time, but it was cool because Chad would hook us up anyway as a way of pushing us.” Although Nuke Skateboards didn’t last very long, Spotts and Allen formed a relationship that would benefit both of them in the long run. As the company fell by the wayside, Spotts was expanding his bag of tricks. In 2008, Allen tried his hand in the skate industry again with the introduction of *Fortica Skateboards*. Spotts was immediately on board. It was the feeling of familiarity that kept Spotts by Allen’s side and vice versa. “He lives around the corner—he lets me help approve graphics and pays for my contest fees. He’s always been there for me and me for him,” says Spotts.

Another important supporter in Spotts’ success has been **Todd Ingersoll**. For those of you who don’t know, Ingersoll is an action sports junkie and a huge supporter of the youth. In 2010, he founded **Skate 4 Homies**, a foundation aimed at providing



Gabe Spotts, an unstoppable, 17-year-old ripper.

underprivileged kids the tools and resources needed to partake in the sport. As for Spotts, Ingersoll has become a sort of manager/agent and boss. When the two aren’t busy remodeling homes, they are talking skateboards. “Todd is awesome!” Spotts says. “He’s always been there to give me advice and to further my career, besides just being a good friend. He basically tells me what I need to do and helps me get there”—like contests, for instance, which have become a vital part in launching a skater’s career. “I actually dig contests. They’re a good way to judge how good or bad you are,” says Spotts. Thanks to Ingersoll and his sponsors, Spotts is able to gauge his value in the contest circuit. “Last year, he rented a van and paid for the hotel in Arizona for the Phoenix Am for 15 of us. He’s the man!”

When Spotts isn’t out on the road, he’s kicking it in Provo, cruising the parks. “I like skating the park just because everything’s perfect, and I don’t have to worry about a cop lurking over my shoulder,” he says. Spotts also attributes the convenience of the public parks to the growth of the talent down South. He says, “We all skate together and push each other: **Alex Washington**, **Aaron Lopez**, **Chandler**, **Logan Summer**, Fisher and Penrod.” After warming up at the park, Spotts likes to try to get photos at some of his favorite spots. “I shoot photos with **Gage Thompson** and **Weston Colton**. I try to film with **Dustin Hill**, but he’s a family man and sometimes has to bring the kids with him,” he says. Spotts also mentioned that he and Fisher were also working on an edit. They’ve been busy filming Ledge Land and Lakeview benches, a few close street spots that he says are his favorites, and the U, of course. What I immediately noticed about Gabe’s skating is the way he translates park skills to the streets—everything looks pretty effortless. Spotts says his style is yet to be determined, and it’s the biggest part of his game that he’s working on. “I would say I’m still trying to figure it [out] myself, but a lot of people have influenced me, especially Brodie and Matt. As far as Ams go, **Trevor Colden** and **Dashawn Jordan** kill it and are the next dudes in line. **Cody McEntire** and **Shane O’Neill** are so sick!”

Spotts isn’t just about skating all the time, though. He likes to hike and generally stay active when he’s not pushing wood. “I actually tried skiing last year. It was more fun than snowboarding,” he says. Seeing as **Julian Carr**, professional skier and CEO of Discrete is





Gabe Spotts, Melongrab.

Gabe Spotts, Back Smith

Gabe Spotts, Frontside Flip



flowing him product now, that's a smart statement (not that I agree with it). Spotts and Fisher are the only two skaters currently on Discrete's roster, and have been brought aboard to help expand the brand's exposure in skateboarding. "[Carr] basically came to me and said he wanted to branch out and have me be a part of the team. I had talked to Ingersoll about it as well. I was stoked," says Spotts. Having secured so many local and national sponsors will ensure that he gets everything necessary to compete and hopefully fulfill his dream as a skater.

"I have one more year of high school to go—then I'm not really sure," Spotts says when talking about his future plans. He has a lot he wants to accomplish in the next year, including the Dam Am contest series and competing in his first *Summer of Death*. "If I can't make it as a skater, I'd love to be a part of [the industry] somehow—maybe graphic design," he says. At just 17 years young, Spotts admits that he doesn't really know that much, but he does know that skateboarding "just feels right." With his commitment and his support crew, I'm starting to think that maybe, just maybe, Spotts won't have to pursue a graphic design job. At least, not until he's in his 40s.

Follow Spotts on Twitter @GabeSpotts and find him on Vimeo. Look for Spotts' name as he competes and climbs the ranks in the Am series, and be sure to support him at this year's *SLUG SOD* skate series, starting with the first one on July 20.

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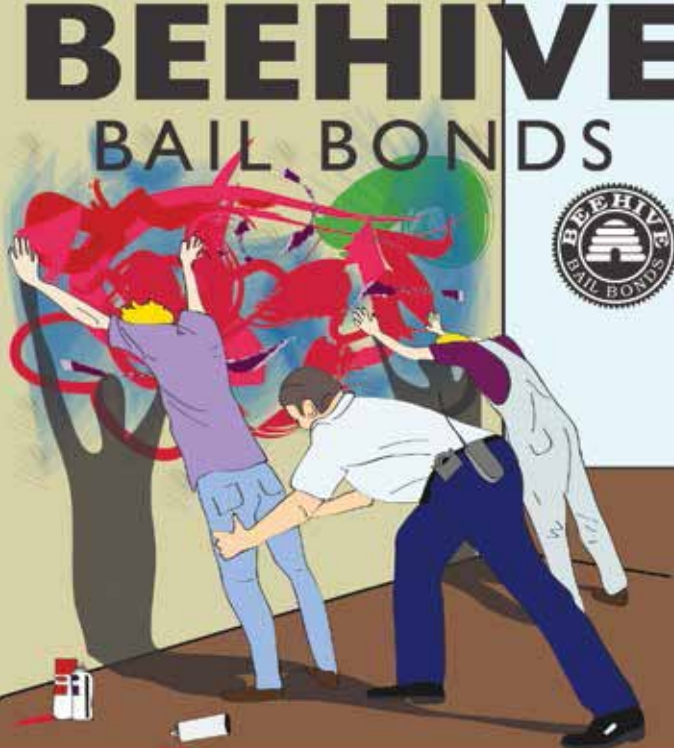
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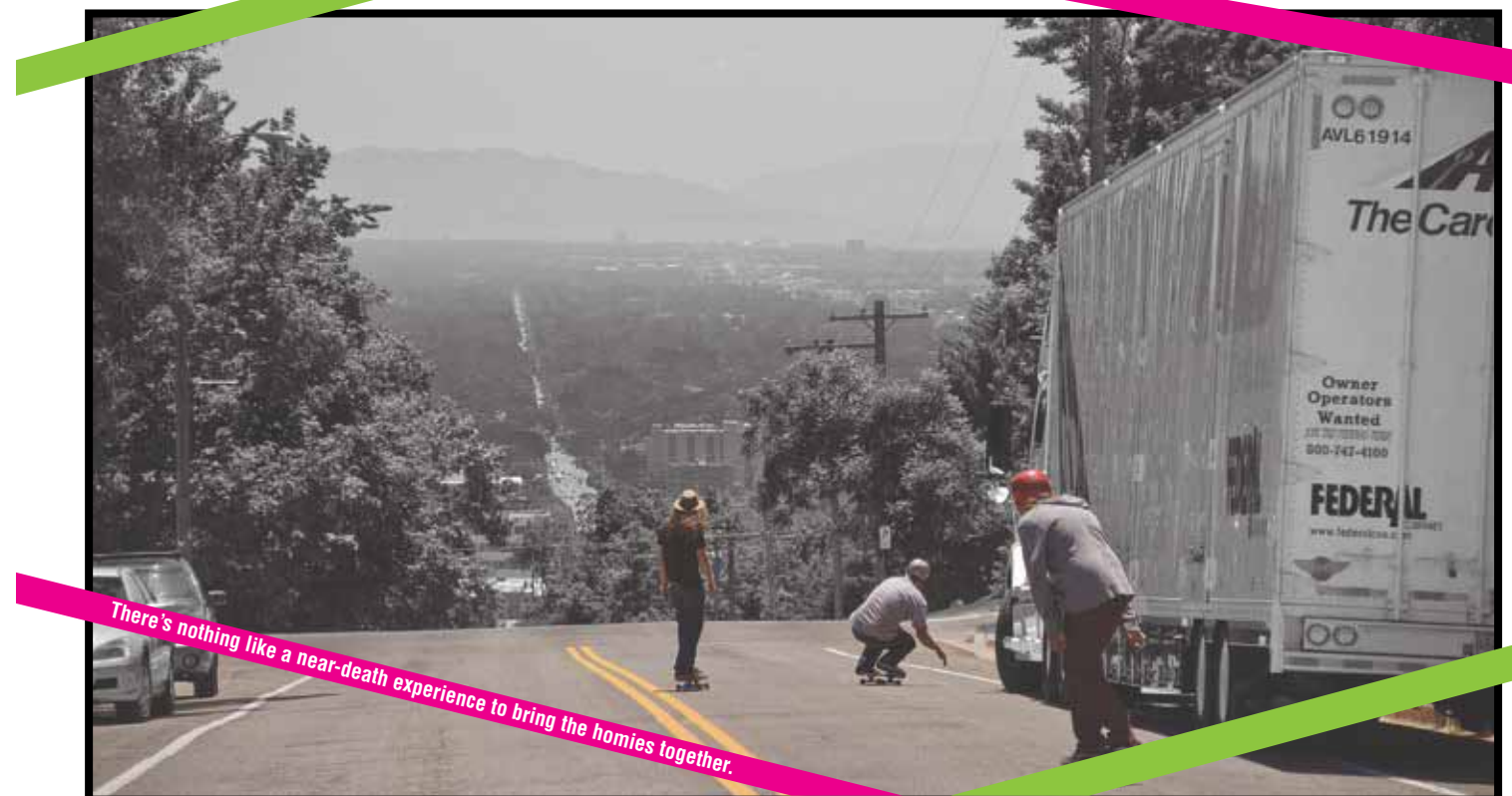


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The Concrete Waves of the **Great Salt Lake**

Words by Billy Ditzig • billy@slugmag.com

Photos: Jake Vivori

Hill bombing is the foundation of skateboarding. Sometime in the early 1950s, California surfers started unscrewing the trucks from their roller skates and began attaching them to carved planks of wood in an effort to figure out how to surf the streets. Skateboards were skinnier then and had clay wheels, but they still got the job done. Searching for the perfect concrete wave when the ocean lay flat became a daily occurrence among the California natives, until pool skating got big in the '70s. You see, cruising hills wasn't like the skate park back then—it was the skate park. Since that time, the concrete wave has only grown.

Hill bombing is really fucking gnarly nowadays. Just YouTube "hill bombing" if you don't believe me. At 40-plus miles per hour on your board, it can be do or die—I guess that's why it's so fun. It's playing on the edge, holding on until you can't hold on anymore. The feeling I get when bombing a hill is almost indescribable. While I'm going uphill, a rush starts to build—not so much adrenaline at this point, but the anticipation of adrenaline. I find myself taking in things I feel others who do not skate would not. Things like stop sign locations, potholes, branches and rough patches of ground are key checkpoints in a successful cruise. When I arrive at the top, I stare down the slope, take my first of many deep breaths and bump something gangster in my headphones.

When you drop in and take your first couple of pushes, everything will start to come in line. I like to pop a little ollie as I start to build up speed and take off, then tuck

into a power stance—a position that holds my balance steady with a little weight on the front foot for stability at high speeds. Then the rush kicks in. If you're unfamiliar with the form of adrenaline rush that hill bombing can produce, it feels like riding the sketchiest roller coaster ever, with no seat belt, or getting chased by a rhino across Africa. **Jason Gianchetta** thought back to his past when I asked him how to bomb B Street in the Avenues and not get scared. "The first time I bombed a hill and didn't get scared was when **Lizard King** taught me [that] no matter how big the hill, your body weight and the steepness of the hill will only allow you to go X. If you can get comfortable going X, you can bomb any hill you want," he says. It is hard to get comfortable at X for me, though. It isn't until I've ridden away and I'm at the bottom that a soothing feeling comes over me.

When bombing hills, I always make sure to rock a helmet. I know helmets may not be the coolest, but bombing hills is super dangerous. There are too many shitty drivers with the attention span of squirrels who won't see a human bullet waving their arms at them. No matter what your skill level, it only takes one wrong pebble or turn to change a fun lap into a nightmare. Bombing hills is bonding with your homies through near-death experience. It's challenging your board-control skills, mental strength and your overall ability to fight. It's a constant battle with your legs to hold on through the three stages of speed wobbles. The first stage of speed wobbles is when your feet start to fall asleep from the vibration through the skateboard—this is easy to get through: You just keep rolling. The next stage of speed wobbles is when the vibration moves up into your legs

and starts to loosen your knees—you can still roll right through this with some fight. The last stage of speed wobbles is when your lower body has loosened up so much, your board starts to make "S" swivels. It is possible to still ride through this, but not as likely. Ways of avoiding speed wobbles include doing a little foot drag to slow yourself down, or learning to power-slide.

One of my favorite homies to do University runs with is **Dave Doman**. Doman is the man! He's got the best vibe and any session skating with Doman is sure to be an enjoyable one. A few years ago, in August of 2009, before we met, he had an unfortunate skating accident on his way to go surf in California. A mellow hill and a shitty mishap landed him in a coma. The skate gods must have been chilling with Doman hard because he is now fully recovered, and a continuing inspiration to me to keep wearing my helmet—he never skates without it.

I don't want you to get longboarders confused with us, though. Longboarding is a totally different experience, even though we may seem to have a lot of similarities. When the ollie was invented, it was groundbreaking—being able to pop over cracks and curbs was a miracle. When it comes to hill bombing on a skateboard, being able to power slide at high speeds without the use of plastic-handled gloves is a hard skill to learn, and requires a lot of time, pain and commitment. No true skateboarder would ever go back from that to some no-trick cruiser board. All across the U.S. in places like Los Angeles, and recently at the University of Utah, communities are attempting to ban all hill bombing efforts, not only because of it being

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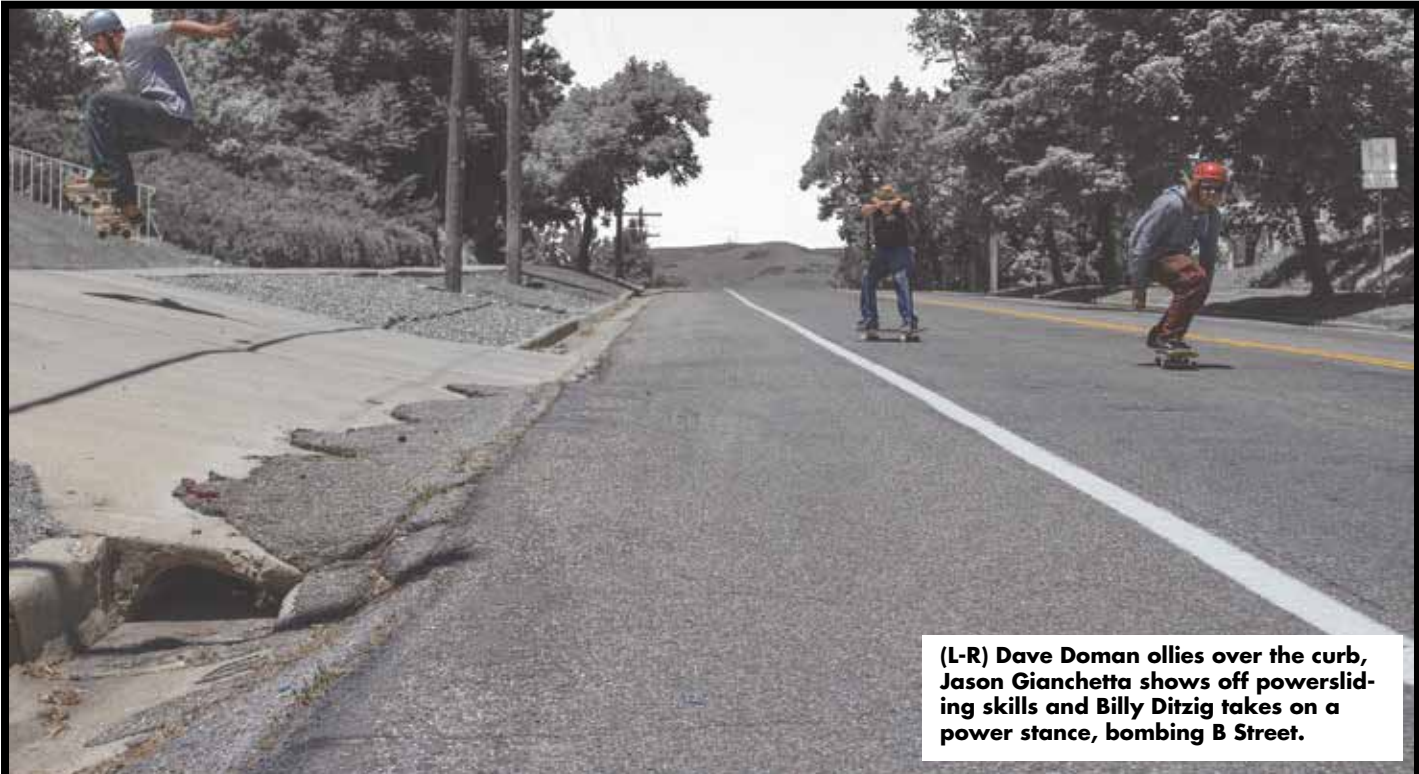
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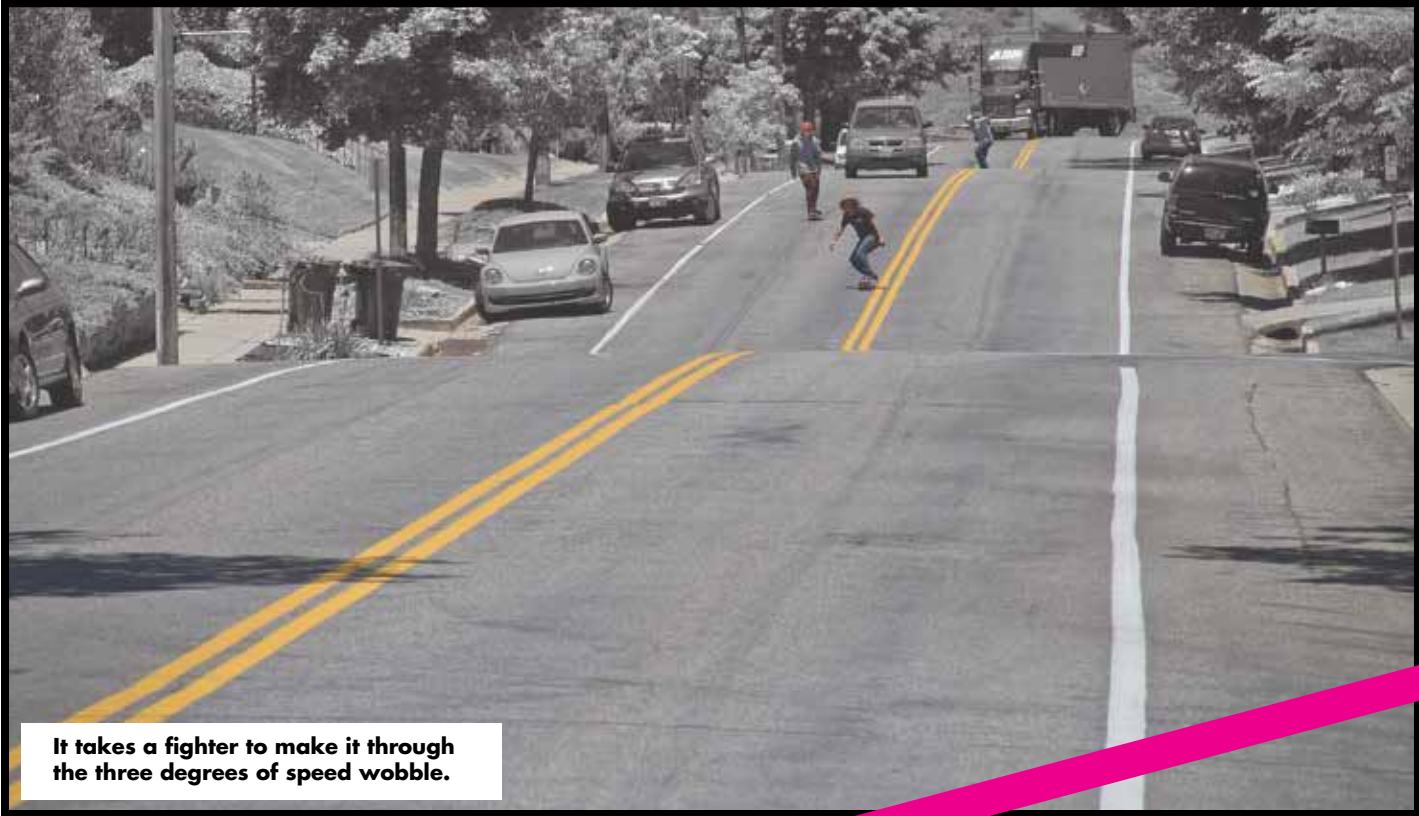

potentially dangerous for you, but because it can also hurt others. An anonymous source told me the reason they are cracking down on the no-skateboarding rule on University property is because an out-of-control longboarder crashed into a walking professor and broke her leg. It's not that we hate long boarders personally—we just hate that people associate skateboarders with them. It's unfair that just because they

bought the Coupe de Ville of skateboards without even a learner's permit, they're grouped into the same category as a hard-earned skateboarder. We dedicate countless days to learning our craft. Skateboarding is not something you just pad up for and host a jock-bro-style race—skateboarding is a lifestyle.

If you are looking to get into hill bombing, don't look too far. Chances are, there is a hill just up the street from you. Salt Lake is the city of slope—mad slope. We've got skiing, snowboarding, mountain boarding, downhill biking and even those pesky longboarders. Tighten up your trucks to avoid speed wobbles, grab your helmet and huck it. There's no feeling like escaping death. So bust it!



(L-R) Dave Doman ollies over the curb, Jason Gianchetta shows off powersliding skills and Billy Ditzig takes on a power stance, bombing B Street.



It takes a fighter to make it through the three degrees of speed wobble.

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Movie REVIEWS

From lighthearted rom-coms to iconic documentaries, Salt Lake's *Damn These Heels!* LGBT Film Festival features some of the most heavy-hitting films in contemporary, queer cinema. The festival celebrates 10 years of programming this year, with double the films running July 12–14 in the *Jeanne Wagner* and *Black Box Theatres* at the *Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center*. This year's lineup is phenomenal, with unique films sure to satisfy the most fastidious film buff. Find the complete schedule, and buy passes and tickets at utahfilmcenter.org.

Continental
Directed by Malcolm Ingram
Screening: 07.13, 11 a.m. @ Black Box

The story of the *Continental Baths* is one of a gilded age of gay liberation, set in the post-Stonewall, pre-AIDS bubble of early '70s New York City. When businessman **Steve Ostrow** opened the club, cops were corrupt, and the Mafia exploited gay patronage in shoddy bars and unsanitary baths. Ostrow's club, in operation from '68 to '74, was located underneath the beautiful *Ansonia Hotel*, was open 24/7 and featured a massive dancefloor, 400 private rooms, an orgy room, indoor pool, bars, cafes, a hair salon and an STI clinic. Director Malcolm Ingram (*Small Town Gay Bar*, *Bear Nation*) puts Ostrow in his rightful spotlight—his world-class demeanor and passion for gay rights established the *Continental Baths* as the city's premier gay entertainment venue. It's the place where a barely legal DJ called **Frankie Knuckles** was fathering house music and where **Bette** "Bathhouse Betty" **Midler** and **Barry Manilow** started their careers. It then became a nightlife hotspot, entertaining celebrities **Andy Warhol**, **Mick Jagger** and others, though its popularity eventually went bust when straight patrons flooded in. In the current, mediated cruising culture dominated by *Grindr* this is a glorious tale of the good 'ol days—revisit that golden age of sex and song, and experience the *Continental*. —*Christian Schultz*

I Am Divine
Directed by Jeffrey Schwarz

Screening: 07.14, 7 p.m. @ Jeanne Wagner



Divine was that campy, trashy, queeny diva who, besides being one of the most notorious actors in cinematic history, remains the most iconic drag performer to ever grace a stage. She's a cult hero, a midnight movie celebrity, Hi-NRG techno artist and an all-around genuine, loveable personality. This documentary presents Divine's life story, from **Glenn Milstead**'s high school years through her acting heyday with **John Waters** and the performances through the '80s that led to exhaustion, overeating and an untimely death in 1988 at the age of 42. New and old fans (of Divine, Waters and '70s counter culture) will appreciate this overview of the queer icon, told by his friends, his mother and soundclips from the ol' queen herself. Beyond the notoriety, you'll feel the warm generosity of Divine, who, as a teen Dreamlander in Baltimore, would dress up like **Liz Taylor** and throw lavish parties (at his parents' expense). Regardless of where Divine makes sense in your life (perhaps you're Salt Lake's biggest **Edna Turnblad** fan), this is a great American tale of talent, the trappings of fame and a great big, queer heart. —*Christian Schultz*

G.B.F.
Directed by Darren Stein
Screening: 07.14, 7 p.m. @ Jeanne Wagner

G.B.F. (Gay Best Friend), directed by Darren Stein (*Jawbreaker*), is all about the commodification and objectification of "gay." The LGBT community is often marginalized in many negative ways, and one way this takes place—

that almost doesn't seem negative—is when they're treated like fashion accessories instead of like people. *G.B.F.* explores this marginalization through humor, sarcasm ... and *Mean Girls* references. *G.B.F.* follows Tanner (**Michael J. Willett**) as he is outed at his high school and finds himself the target of the three most popular girls in school—Fawcett (**Sasha Pieterse**), 'Shley (**Andrea Bowen**) and Caprice (**Xosha Roquemore**)—all vying to make him their personal G.B.F., but the situation might just lose him his B.F., Brent (**Paul Iacono**). **Megan Mullally** makes an appearance as Brent's overly accepting mother, and **Natasha Lyonne** is brilliant as the school's Gay-Straight Alliance teacher representative. The dialogue in this film is off-the-charts fabulous, and the music ain't too damn shabby, either. It's a little slow in the middle, but, hey, so was high school. *G.B.F.* also gives the best answer ever to the stupid, "Who's the boy? Who's the girl?" question often put to male gay couples: "Actually, I think you're both the boy. That's kinda the point." —*John Ford*

Gore Vidal: The United States of Amnesia
Directed by Nicholas D. Wrathall
Screening: 07.14, 11:30 a.m. @ Jeanne Wagner

My favorite American is often Gore Vidal. He's the great American gadfly—WWII vet, Hollywood screenwriter, postmodern novelist, public intellectual, socialite and patrician of our Republic. His life's story is included in a queer film festival for his unapologetic defense of homosexuality and feminism from the postwar period until his death last summer. Vidal's 1948 novel, *The City and the Pillar*, gave America its first depiction of explicit homosexuality with a positive outcome—he wrote a gay subplot into the classic film *Ben Hur* and the protagonist of his 1968 novel, *Myra Breckinridge*, is a campy MTF dominatrix. He also had a life partner, **Howard R. Austen**, his greatest friend, whom he lived with for 59 years. This doc gives the late Vidal a fresh vitality through numerous interviews taken throughout the man's life, alongside commentary from some friends—his literary executor, his

contended *dauphin*, the late **Christopher Hitchens**, among others, through portraits of his infamous feuds (with **William F. Buckley**, **Norman Mailer**, **Truman Capote**) and in lessons learned from his friends (**JFK**, **Gorbachev**, **Faulkner**). Whether you're a big Vidal fan or are unfamiliar, this is a lovely gateway into the life of a great queer patriot. —*Christian Schultz*

Laurence Anyways
Directed by Xavier Dolan
Screening: 07.13, 7 p.m. @ Jeanne Wagner



It's rare to come across a perfect film—one that captures the many abstracts of humanity so clearly and closely, you feel as though it has pulled out your soul and translated it to the screen. This award-winning drama is the *DTH!*'s centerpiece film, and rightly so. Set in '80s-era Montreal, Xavier Dolan's *Laurence Anyways* tells the decade-long story of Laurence Alia's (**Melvil Poupaud**) gradual transformation from a man to a woman, and the resulting complications to his relationship with his girlfriend, Frederique Belair (**Suzanne Clément**). The story is unique, painful and surprisingly relatable, with unforgettable performances by both actors, but it is the execution that shines most in this film. The visual details, both fantastical and subtle, complement the dialogue poetically, with a glorious soundtrack that blends new wave staples with classical compositions. The only part I lamented was my lack of French fluency so I wouldn't have to rip my eyes away to read the subtitles. If you only go to one film at *DTH!* This year, make it this one. —*Esther Meroño*

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Product REVIEWS

Brewer Zeal Optics zealoptics.com

When I first tried on these Zeal shades, they felt strangely light and feeble. When I looked into them, I discovered that these glasses are made of 100-percent plant-based materials. While I value and laud any company who makes an effort to utilize renewable materials, this—in conjunction with their seeming lightness—led me to question their \$129 price tag. What I did not anticipate was the comfort that lightness in a pair of sunglasses produces: As one who rides my bike around, prone to wearing a hat or a helmet, I found that the flexibility of the Brewer’s Z-Resin™ Frame and un-heavy nature of these sunglasses added to my comfort while navigating through the city. Also, in a recent jaunt driving an automobile (where I use my eyes on the road in a different way than when I’m cycling), I found that the polarized Hyperion™ Lenses on these bad boys do a great job of blocking light to keep my excursions focused and safe. Although I’m not wholly convinced on the price tag, I do think that these specs are quality-made and derive from a healthy, environmentally conscious method of production. —Alexander Ortega

I-MEGO Throne Gold Headphones i-mego.com



I am ALWAYS looking for a good pair of headphones that excel at these four things: audio, aesthetic, durability and, most important of all, comfort. I have cute, little ears, but they are so fucking sensitive. I-MEGO’s Throne headphones have definitely impressed me in this regard. The memory-foam ear pads are soft around my cartilage, and the leather headband feels like it’s nonexistent on top of my head, so I don’t need to massage my temples and

ears for an hour afterward. The audio isn’t earth-shattering—apparently, the Gold model is geared toward big bass as opposed to the Poison model, which is tuned for acoustics—but the sound is clear and dynamic. Aesthetics-wise, they’re gold-plated and look like vintage mics, which is pretty classy and gets me some compliments when I wear them out. As for durability, we’ll have to see how they hold up. Though they’re showy, the Throne headphones are made simply, which means they don’t have too many fancy parts like a pair of \$200 Fanny Wangs I once had, which broke apart within a couple months. I’m pretty satisfied with these, and definitely recommend them if you’re looking for the same things I am in a pair of headphones. —Esther Meroño

...Lost Mini Uber Plank lostenterprises.com



As I grow older, I get shittier and shittier at street skating. My knees deteriorate at the same rate as my liver, forcing my kickflips to look worse and worse. My solution? Cruiser boards! Introducing the Lost Skateboards Mini Uber Plank! The Uber Plank is a stiff, tight-turning, super-fun mini. The smaller wheelbase makes for tight, sharp turns to control your speed. It comes with 65 mm wheels that have a little bit of a harder dueromitor (85A) to give the Uber Plank some extra speed. The wheels are still soft enough to give you the grip on the road that you need, and the Resin Works lamination makes this little guy durable as fuck. You won’t feel bad bailing this thing full-blast into a curb. You do need a bit of god-given skater’s balance to really rock the Uber Plank due to how tight it turns, but that’s not a bad thing. Also, the brighter graphics will make sure you will never let your Lost skate get lost. Overall, this board is super fun and a great fit to my quiver. And it got me to the liquor store super fast. —Mike Brown

PowerA Moga Pro Controller mogaanywhere.com

This is how you bridge that awkward gap between hardcore and mobile gaming. I don’t play a game

on my phone unless I am in dire need of distracting myself from the universe for precisely three minutes. The Moga Pro changed that. With a killer ergonomic design, a slew of available games and easy setup process, I don’t see any other way to use a game pad on your Android device. The Pro has multiple benefits over the pocket, but the biggest are the design and handgrips. The comfort is so much better with its PlayStation-style design. The app store is another phenomenally set-up portion of the experience—apps are listed inside the Moga Pivot store, but link directly to Google Play. This is how it should have been done the entire time. If blasting aliens is at the top of your to-do list, or maybe hacking back the hordes of undead, this is the controller that should accompany your journey. —Thomas Winkley

Rock Out 2 Speaker Goal Zero goalzero.com



The Rock Out 2 is a huge step up from the original Rock Out. The new design makes controlling your listening experience even better. Just plug in your music device, slip it in the pocket, zip up the speaker and you’re ready to go. The new controls on the front make it easy to pause and play, skip songs or turn it up when your favorite jam comes on. The Rock Out 2 is like a mini subwoofer, making it the perfect summer-time accessory. I have taken it to the Sasquatch Music Festival campgrounds, to pool parties and BBQs, and it has provided the perfect element when a little extra beat is needed. The bungee straps on the back of the speaker make it easy to attach to your backpack or bike, making hikes and rides through the city streets more exciting. Now, I may not have tossed it off a 50-foot cliff, but it has been through its fair share of drops, throws, tosses and even endured a little bit of light rain, and it still plays like a champ. Charging the Rock Out 2 is also a breeze—I am still waiting for it to die from the first time I charged it up, living up to its 20-hour charge promise. It can also be daisy-chained to other Rock Out 2 speakers, which will make my next campout sound even more epic. Goal Zero has taken a step in the right direction with this new speaker, creating something both effective and efficient for any adventurer. —Karamea Pearl Puriri

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**BEAUTIFUL
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Highway Haikus

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

For better or worse, I've accepted that being a human with breasts, long hair and a voluptuous backside automatically subjects me to a barrage of verbal assaults the moment I step outside. Choosing to straddle a bike instead of driving a car to navigate the city streets triples the amount of titillating, one-way conversations I have on a daily basis, simply because I'm more visible to all of the loud and obnoxious wisecracks out there on all sides of (and in) the bike lane.

From the predictable catcalls and wolf whistles, to the usual, impatient honks, "Fuck yous" and "Get off the roads," I've heard it all in those intimate moments when I'm a mere three feet (or less) from bold strangers. I think the most creative one that's been yelled my way happened when I was riding up 600 South in a dress one summer afternoon, and someone slowed down enough coming off the freeway for me to catch a full sentence: "Why don't you ride me, instead!"

I reached out to the **SaltCycle** community on Facebook to find out what other bits of poetry and conversation have been offered to our community's cyclists, and found an interesting pattern: It seems that men tend to get more aggressive and negative comments thrown their way—nine times out of ten, when I'm riding with a boy, I'm guaranteed to hear the word "faggot" out of the mouth of a pin-pricked man in an oversized vehicle—and have more tales of physical assault (beverages thrown, car chases, threats, etc.). The women however, get more ... creeps. You know that carnal glint deep

in the eyes of your significant other when you throw on some **Marvin Gaye** and slowly undress (let's keep it PG-13, guys)? Well, I think I speak for a decent percentage of the women out there when I say that it's extremely uncomfortable to see that look on a man's face in any other context, and even more so when it's verbalized or even whistled. I'm not a pedaling piece of meat, however scrumptious my ass might look, and you, complete stranger, have no right to make me feel as such just because you're traveling 20 mph faster than I am—because I will catch up to you at the next light.

There are three ways to address such mongoloids: the "parade princess," the "one-fingered hello" and what I like to call "the stupid idiot." The parade princess is my favorite reply to anger. Basically, you hear someone yell "Fuck you" or honk at you to get out of their way, and you turn to them, give them a big smile, and wave enthusiastically. We live in Utah, people—this state is built on guilt and shame, so learn to use it to your advantage! The one-fingered hello is purely for my own anger management. It's clichéd and expected, and all it ever does is mirror the response or fuel the rage further, but sometimes waving that middle finger in the air just feels right. I've witnessed the stupid idiot on a few group rides, and all I have to say to all you stupid idiots is that no matter how intoxicated you are, you've gotta be a really stupid fucking idiot to think your 15-pound carbon frame is a match against a two-ton pickup truck—keep your testosterone under control! (I'm allowed to say that because I'm on my period.)

I leave you all with the words of the great Thumper: "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all." So STFU.

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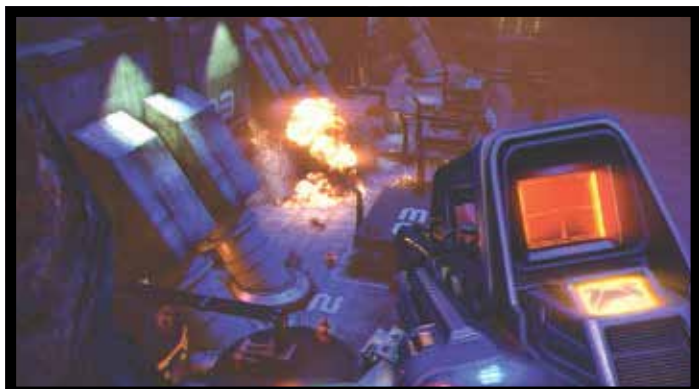
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GAME Reviews



"This isn't what I remember 2007 looking like, but I was pretty drunk ..."

Far Cry 3: Blood Dragon
Ubisoft
Reviewed On: XBLA
Also On: PC, PSN
Street: 04.30

Far Cry 3: Blood Dragon was assumed to be an April Fool's joke: The initial premise sounded too good to be true, but it turns out that it was actually a legitimate game that just happened to be announced on April 1. That's a mean trick, Ubisoft—but thank you. Stripping away the jungles of the original and replacing them with a neon-filled, post-nuclear year 2007, *Blood Dragon* is dripping with nostalgia and constant references to the '80s, starting with the loading screens inspired by VHS tracking. The game follows the story of Rex Power Colt, the archetypal '80s action-movie badass taken to a cybernetic extreme. You don't care why he's there, and neither does the game itself. The story is just an excuse for Rex, voiced by classic sci-fi hero **Michael Biehn**, to kick lots of cyborg ass, and it doesn't waste a lot of time setting up a coherent story, concerned more with being corny and referencing everything imaginable. I particularly liked the changes from the original, like distracting enemies by throwing a 20-sided die instead of pebbles, hunting glowing-eyed tigers and shining silver cyber sharks, or the constant one-liners after every kill and groaning complaints after picking up every collectible. The new, game-changing mechanic works great, too: luring the eponymous blood dragons into the enemy base with cyber hearts ripped from your enemies' chests to kill everything for you. Unfortunately, by the end of the game, the aesthetics start to grate pretty horribly. The neon landscape, in particular, started to burn my eyes, and I was actually kind of grateful when the credits started rolling. Still, the *Far Cry 3* formula is addictive as hell for a reason,

and I highly recommend *Blood Dragon* to anyone with a couple of bucks to spare. It's a budget game, sure, but it's worth the \$15 for a few laughs. —Matt Brunk

Sonic the Hedgehog
SEGA
Reviewed On: iPad3
Also On: iOS/Android
Street: 05.15

It's been a rough decade for SEGA and their blue hedgehog—from *Shadow the Hedgehog* to the derivative *Sonic 4* episodes. There hasn't been a lot to celebrate with the once-classic platformer franchise. Even their re-releases of old titles have had troubles on iOS, where a horrible emulator hindered performance and left classics like *Golden Axe* buggy, blurry and unplayable. Fortunately, this trend reversed in late 2011, when SEGA collaborated with emulation professional **Christian Whitehead** to adapt his unauthorized re-releases of *Sonic* games for mobile, beginning with a flawless translation of *Sonic CD* (the best *Sonic* game), and continuing this month with a transformative update to their existing *Sonic the Hedgehog* app. Gone are the jagged pixels, terrible sound and nearly unplayable controls of the original 2009 iOS port. With Whitehead's emulator under the hood, *Sonic* looks, sounds and plays better than it ever has, purring along at a silky 60 frames per second. It even expands on the original in ways previously reserved for custom mods: Along with the ability to save, a time attack mode and tilt-based special stages, *Sonic the Hedgehog* allows players to control Tails and Knuckles after beating the game. Not only does this open the still-ingenious level design for gamers to explore every nook and cranny, but it preserves and enhances one of the most iconic platforming experiences ever—something any longtime gamer will appreciate. —Randy Dankievitch

BOOK Reviews

Attempting Normal
Marc Maron
Spiegel and Grau
Street: 04.30

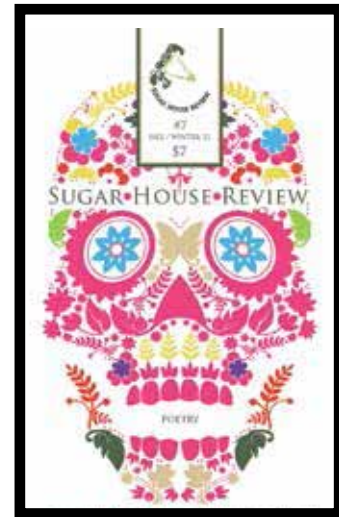
Although his 50th birthday is approaching soon, comedian Marc Maron is finally getting the rightful attention and recognition he's been seeking for nearly two decades. Even though it took a lot longer to become well-known than Maron would have liked, all those years of struggling eventually generated incredible material, which this book captures perfectly. Maron is best known for his brilliant podcast, *WTF*, which he started back in 2009 as his career was in the ditch and doors were slamming all around him. This book consists of 25 chapters, which are made up of short essays from Maron's fascinating and sad life as a comic. Never one to be modest or withholding, Maron tells incredible tales of everything from bad experiences with prostitutes and his two failed marriages, to an uncomfortable meeting with **Lorne Michaels** and stealing from *Whale Foods*. But after reading *Attempting Normal*, I almost wish that I had never listened to the podcast, or heard any of Maron's standup, as some of the material is repeated in the book, which took a little bit of the edge off of the humor. Therefore, if Maron's name is brand new to you, this book is a fucking goldmine. —Jory Carroll

Black Sabbath: Pioneers of Heavy Metal
Brian Aberback
Enslow Publishers
Street: 08.01.10

In 1968, a force emerged from Birmingham, England, scoffing at hippie ideals and sweeping murky tonality over the music scene. When Black Sabbath released their first LP of the same name, an inkling of what we know today as heavy metal emerged. Brian Aberback's chronicle of the band, from their genesis to now, recounts details of their early career suitably. However, a great deal of the short account is focused too heavily on **Ozzy Osbourne**. The launching point for the non-fiction novella is a delineation of each member of the original lineup separately. I enjoyed information about **Geezer Butler**, **Bill Ward** and **Tony Iommi** (most notably, convictions that a freak accident resulted in the common practice of downtuning in modern metal). The remaining portion of the book—detailing the events that unfolded after Osbourne was fired from the ensemble—have a split focus between Osbourne and the remaining band. I would have much preferred to hear an even account of each integral member, including **Ronnie James Dio** (had they conducted interviews before his passing). Though I enjoyed a new take on a band

so fundamental to my development, I simply can't imagine myself reading another "unauthorized rockography" from Enslow. —LeAundra Jeffs

Sugar House Review
#7: Fall/Winter '12
Various Authors
Sugar House Review
Street: 10.01.12




For their seventh issue, I was stoked to read poems from a variety of authors with different outlooks toward poetry as a craft and the subjects they communicate. This collection covers multiple spectrums of meditations on life and language. While the staff of the *Sugar House Review* is based in Salt Lake, they accept pieces by authors from all over. Though this creates a diversity that pretty much guarantees you'll find something that resonates with you, I was hoping to find more words from local authors, or poems based around local themes (of 42 authors, four live in Salt Lake). Local **Matthew Ivan Bennet**'s poems explored themes of the vision of utopia as taught by Latter-Day Saints. "I Descended from Utopians" is particularly local, as it muses on the utopia hoped for by Mormons, and how that vision became blocked by the "gentiles" that took over. "Humiliation" and "Adult Children," by **Kay Cosgrove**, were short but stimulating poems that particularly inspired me. You can download a PDF online at sugarhoureview.com for \$2, or find this at local bookstores. With the variety of authors and the nature of poetry, I suggest busting out this book during your small downtime moments. —Brinley Froelich

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Gallery Stroll




Photo Courtesy Derek Dyer

The Urban Arts Festival features performances from the local Bboy Federation along with a slew of talented, local artists.

My City, My Kind of Art: Art for the Urbanite

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Arts festivals are like a Gallery Stroll on steroids! There is a lot of great art condensed in one area for me to peruse, drool over and save my pennies up for. Utah is home to many outstanding arts festivals—from powerhouses like the *Utah* and *Park City Arts Festivals* to hidden gems like the *Helper Arts Festival*. While every festival has its own look and feel, many of the same artists join a festival circuit and spend the summer traveling from one festival to another. I mean no disrespect, but after a few years and a few festivals, I start to feel a little “been there, seen that.” Enter the *Urban Arts Festival*, a festival as ever-changing and dynamic as the city it represents.

Festival Founder and Executive Director of the **Utah Arts Alliance**, **Derek Dyer** has been a driving force in coordinating, facilitating and collaborating with urban artists for the last 10 years. He’s developed quite a reputation for revamping and revitalizing whatever space he and his artist allies enter. For example, three years ago, it was Pierpont Avenue that needed a jolt of activity. The *Utah Urban Arts Festival* was a great way to get the community out to visit the artists and shops, reminding them about this quaint avenue full of creativity.

Now in its third year, the festival moves to the Gateway July 20 from 11 a.m. – 8 p.m. “Once we opened the *Urban Arts Gallery* at the Gateway in January, we started talking about the idea of moving the *Urban Arts Festival* to the Gateway as well. We decided that the location had a lot of positive attributes and built-in infrastructure that would help us create a better experience for everyone involved.

Plus, with easy access from Trax and plenty of parking, we would easily be able to increase attendance this year. The decision to make it free should also dramatically increase attendance and accessibility,” says Dyer.

One of my favorite summer/fall/winter/spring beverages, beer, is a must when I’m spending the day shopping and looking at art. Rumor has it that the festival is moving on up and will host a beer garden. Dyer confirms, saying, “Yes, this year, we will host the beer and wine concessions in the beautiful Grand Hall with an outdoor area that overlooks the main stage and the paint wall. The paint wall is another cool addition. We will be providing a wall where we will have live painting demonstrations from professional street artists, as well as a community wall where anyone can paint.”

The title “Urban Arts” can encompass many unexpected things, and this year, Dyer says, “We’ve partnered with *We Are One Skate Park* and *SLUG Magazine’s Summer of Death* [amateur skateboard contest series] to provide a skate park and the skate competition at the festival this year, and for the skate enthusiasts, we will be featuring a skate deck art exhibit and competition in the *Urban Arts Gallery*.”

I really enjoy the combination of visual and performance art represented in an arts festival setting. Dyer says the stage will feature a Breakdance Battle from the Bboy Federation, and there will be over 100 local artist booths.

You know where I’ll be on July 20—checking out the *Urban Arts Festival* from 11 a.m. – 8 p.m. Remember, admission is free, so get out and stroll through your urban art community—it’s what makes city life so colorful! For more info, visit urbanartsfest.org.

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Local MUSIC REVIEWS

Aquatic Ghost Colony
Pen Pal
Self-Released
Street: 05.23.12
Aquatic Ghost Colony = Au Revoir Simone + Drew Danburry

Growing up LDS, I've heard one or two ward talent-show prodigies. *Pen Pal* reminded me of a product of something that a family might sing together at such an event, but that might have only made itself manifest after *Tiana*, who I'm guessing is under 8 but over 4 years old, sings on "Sunflower Princess." *Pen Pal* is filled with acoustic guitar, whistling and some nice atmospheric rain effects, which come across as charming. "Hot Air Balloon" embodies a nostalgic ambience: One may recollect a journey with the elements of life floating by, as the various sound effects come in and then slowly fade out, all muddling with a fuzzy edge to give it a vintage feel. —Brinley Froelich

Atomica
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 04.05
Atomica = Butthole Surfers + The Cramps
 Atomica exists in a form of punk rock that's not easy to classify, but it's fun. It's reckless, and it's carefree, particularly when yelling at the allegedly brain-washed listener to smash their TV—this is something that I emphatically approve of. It's also a bit uneven, and while I can't say the groovy opener "Buffalo Bill" is ever going to make my top five list despite its twisted lyrics, I'd think about making room for more anthems like "Serenity Now!" or "Cherry Zepelin." I admire how much energy and confidence they've already got, which must be mighty impressive live. Seeing as it's their debut EP, there's plenty of space for them to grow. I'm looking forward to it. —Matt Brunk

Baby Gurl
A Name And A Blessing
Beastly Reality Records
Street: 02.07
Baby Gurl = Accidente + Lightning Bolt + Hella
 After seeing these guys perform live in May, it is clear to me that Baby Gurl

have captured a sound that is unlike any other band in Utah. With nothing but a bass player (**Chris Wadsworth**), some electronic toys and a drum set (**Jordan Fairbanks**), the sound that comes out of this album is big and beautiful. Skin-beating math beats, a driving bassline and some sophisticated electronic looping are the hallmarks of every song. It's hard to pick a favorite out of this album because it's that solid. Songs like "Tune In The Key Of Pussy" are musically complex and have great comedic timing. "Tweaker Time" is a sort-of mini concept album about smoking meth and waking up in a strange backyard. Another fine example of their comedic skills is "James," which has some of my favorite lyrics this year, starting with "Watch out motherfuckers/ I'm going to run you over/In my electric wheelchair." "James" makes you want to put the top down on your car and blast it for everyone to hear. I look forward to hearing about their tour with **Yaktooth** this summer where they'll be playing with Portland's finest, **Gaytheist**. Find their album on *Bandcamp* or better yet, see these guys live. —Alex Cragun

The Blue Plates
Lovers and Bankers
Self-Released
Street: 08.25.12
The Blue Plates = Bob Dylan + The Rolling Stones + Drive-By Truckers
Lovers and Bankers is a short collection of Woodstock-era folk-rock, re-imagined by a couple of guys who loved it then and love it still. This release consists of five bluesy tracks, and the retro vibe makes it a delightful soundtrack for a carefree day on the beach, drinking Malibu Rum with the likes of Captain Ron. Smoky vocals make it feel like a favorite uncle just pulled out his guitar and sang you a couple of songs himself, and that cozy vibe is certainly the definitive highpoint of the album. Listen up on a lazy afternoon. —Ischa B.

Bullets & Belles
Glad
Self-Released
Street: 01.04
Bullets & Belles = She & Him + The Ravonettes + Dave Alvin
 Bullets & Belles play contemporary

folk-infused with some of the most resonant vocal harmonies I can recall. It's incredible to me that this group could sing every tune of theirs a cappella and still be captivating. "A Change Unlike the Rest" is a jaunty song that has a celebratory atmosphere to it, and its message to face change without fear is food for the soul. Another standout is the country-meets-doo-wop "Against the Walls," where the vocal play and instrumentation come together at their apex. The production on this band's release is impressive—and that's not to say that they're a studio creation. Instead, the spot-on production allows the talent and creativity to excel. The vocal interplay and the approach to the arrangements of these songs make it only a matter of time before this band finds a sizable degree of success, and I say that with confidence because after every listen, I only want more. —James Orme

Chalk
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 04.01
Chalk = Stephen Malkmus + Guided By Voices + Plumtree
 Hey kids, remember the '90s? *Pete & Pete* were your favorite Petes, Topanga was a perfectly normal-sounding name and Lori Beth Denberg was the wisest person you knew. Well, *Chalk* is all that. With their self-titled debut full-length, Chalk creates a sound that is total '90s indie rock nostalgia—there's Britpop, indie pop, a bit of twee, plenty of **Rivers Cuomo** (especially on "Joke or Numb/Flare," for the **Weezer** fans)—it's a grab bag of the sounds of an alternative '90s childhood. It's not an album of pastiche, though, because Chalk absorbs these influences, shuffles them and reinvents that '90s sound all on their own. "Pipes" is a fantastic Britpop-influenced song, "VHSOD" has a great **Sonic Youth** energy—you're gonna want to listen to "500 Days of Bummer" all summer. —Christian Schultz

Cliffs
Experiments EP
Self-Released
Street: 10.04.12
Cliffs = (MGMT + Panda Bear) x Saucerful of Secrets-era Pink Floyd
 The flower-child's bouquet of influ-

ences on *Experiments* touches on many psychedelic front-runners of the past as well as a bevy of acid-trip contemporaries. "Marigold" features trippy keys and clean, reverb-laden guitars with dreamy, distant vocals and has an almost **Simon & Garfunkel** taste to it, while "A Strange Love" has a **Peter Bjorn and John** quality with stimulating keyboards and simple-but-catchy guitar licks. Cliffs have put together a great, very listenable EP (it made it into my regular listening cycle) with catchy riffs, warm vocals, and some sunny surf tunes, but they travel down too many well-worn paths. Psychedelic and '60s-inspired music is about pushing boundaries, but, ironically, Cliffs don't really delve into new space on *Experiments*. The combination of influences give Cliffs a sound all their own, but a nice acid trip would take them to new places, and though it sounds pretty good, some more production polish wouldn't hurt. —CJ Morgan

Dead Revelator
Concrete Law
Self-Released
Street: 02.20
Dead Revelator = Prong + Hell Promise + Lamb of God
 A fortunate effect of the current era of Internet music consumption is that musical knowledge and reference points are exponentially larger than those of even 15 years ago. This works to the advantage of Salt Lake's Dead Revelator's because, even though they play a unique amalgam of styles, the musical knowledge base of today makes their music promptly accessible and identifiable. Their brand is a combo of groove metal interspersed with elements of thrash, hardcore and what can only be described as western flavor. *Concrete Law* gets your head bobbing and is unmistakably Western, particularly in the interludes. Although this probably won't appeal to the kvltest of the kvltest, that hardly matters as these guys sound more like they'd take driving around pickup trucks and hitting up some barbecue over communing with Norse gods any day. Cowboy hats and flying Vs, that's what Dead Revelator is all about. —Peter Fryer

Drew Danburry
The Second Pillar

Self-Released
Street: 03.11
Drew Danburry = Built to Spill + Calexico

While coming in a bit shorter than *The First Pillar EP*, this *Second Pillar* by Danburry shows a bit more frustration in comparison to what seemed like a romantic nostalgia often touched on in *The First*. Hints of this frustration are found in the second track, “Our Acrimonious Introduction or Apache, The,” which starts pretty mildly, building up energy with the percussion and Danburry’s voice yelled into a megaphone. “Cardboard Cutouts” and “Alex Rogan or Bruce Leroy” have a pretty distinct garage-punk vibe, singing about the process of expression and creating, which can make an artist who throws their voice out there a tad self-conscious. It’s best to get those issues out through song, and these get pretty rowdy, which I can jam to. By the end, we return back to a solo Danburry and his guitar in “Nouveau Roman: Pro Ballet Is My Future” with a simple melody about being wronged. I’m looking forward to seeing what’s next in a full-length! –*Brinley Froelich*

Life Has A Way
13 Shots
Self-Released
Street: 01.01.10
Life Has A Way = Gutter-mouth + Circle Jerks + Blanks 77 + Sloppy Seconds

There are simply not enough bands that approach punk rock the way Life Has A Way does, with humor from the gutter, intensity galore, and an overall “fuck you” attitude that most bands are either too soft or too serious to even approach. These fellas know exactly how to grab from more extreme areas of tempo and rhythm, but keep things melodic at the same time. The different elements come together splendidly, the way good punk rock should, with the band becoming one driving unit. LHAW also do a great job of being a great crossroads of different kinds of punk, with bits of ‘80s hardcore, ‘90s melodicore, some flourishes of ‘77-style street punk, and even heavy metal rears its ugly head once in a while. I’m impressed with a band that knows exactly what they want to do and are able to achieve that without fail. –*James Orme*

Lisa Hillary
Edge of the World
Self-Released
Street: 01.18
Lisa Hillary = Natalie Merchant + Sarah McLachlan + Brandi Carlile

Lisa Hillary’s album, *Edge of the World*, is driven by her exquisite work on the acoustic guitar, made complete by her breathy, rich voice. The lyrics are intense, whether joyful or somber, and

convey her perspective as a human and as a songwriter. It’s exactly what I expect from an album of this genre as the true magnetism of something as simple as a “girl with a guitar” comes from the real passion that shines through in the material. Some additional male vocals on a couple of tracks add a little more of that country twang, aligning them neatly within America’s most successful genre. If you are a lover of pretty little ditties on the guitar, you will surely love Lisa Hillary. –*Ischa B.*

Lucid 8
American Eyesore
Self-Released
Street: 01.13
Lucid 8 = Green Jellÿ + Life-house + The Rembrandts

Lucid 8’s debut full-length is a testament to the influences the band members cite as their musical inspiration. The songs on the album reflect a definite ‘90s sensibility, with tracks that could not only fit in happily on the radio between **Everclear** and **Third Eye Blind**, but also fit in just fine as the title track of a fave ‘90s TV show. Some of the material even has a TV-theme vibe, which reflects the marketability of the band’s sound. With a classic rock ensemble and feel, a touch of punk, a smidge of surf and a dash of anarchist lyrics, Lucid 8 are making a clear statement about their sonic perspective. If you enjoy ‘90s rock classics, this album is for you. –*Ischa B.*

Omeed the Nag
Status
Self-Released
Street: 08.17.12
Omeed the Nag = Swollen Members + Atmosphere + Brother Ali

Omeed the Nag has collaborated with a number of local hip hop artists, including **Pat Maine**, **Malevolent MC** and **Burnell Washburn** to release *Status*. The beats are heavily sample-based, and most are rather repetitive. “Thinker” features a nice keyboard synth, but the same four-beat measure is repeated throughout the entire song. “Still Leaving” has a real nice flow to it, along with some scratches in the background that give it that golden boom bap feel. Omeed’s rhyme schemes and lyrical flow are sub-par. Washburn’s part in “The Dopeness” and Pat Maine’s part in “Help” are, by far, the best parts of this album. Omeed has a nice **Aesop Rock** sort of gritty feel to his voice, but he does this half-rap-half-sing-song thing that sounds silly. *Status* isn’t a bad album, but it sounds no different and no better than the same cookie-cutter hip hop that we’re all so tired of. –*Chris Proctor*

Rich Wyman
Good Company
Auspicious Records
Street: 10.05.12
Rich Wyman = Michael McDonald + Eddie Money + Huey Lewis

Rich Wyman’s album, *Good Company*, is a delicious slice of piano-ballad pie. I know it’s cliché, but I can’t help but think of **Elton John**’s work when I listen to these tracks—they have that same bounce and those wide-open choruses. The production on the album is truly excellent, with each instrument doing its part to support Wyman’s fantastic piano and vocals. It certainly helps that he worked with some of Utah’s finest musical talents, including drummer **Van Christensen** and guitarist **Taylor Hansen**, to complete each composition. Wyman got it right—this album is “good company” to get your day started right, in the car or on your back porch with a beer. I definitely recommend it! –*Ischa B.*

Tri-Polar Bear
The Hibernation EP
Self-Released
Street: 11.17.12
Tri-Polar Bear = Bloodhound Gang + Teenage Bottlerocket + Bruno Mars

The *Hibernation EP* starts out with a **Green Day**–esque riff, follows it up with a “Skate or Die” drumbeat on “Bleach My Bones,” and continues its journey via a variety of ‘90s punk/ska influences throughout. A dash of **Jim Croce**/**Jason Mraz** singer-songwriter sensibility here and there, but especially on the final track “Hazel-eyed Torture,” expands the band’s potential audience, and also teases of possible future experiments with the band’s sound and genre in general. The EP’s got me looking forward to their future endeavors, so give it a listen, and see if it tickles your fancy, too. –*Ischa B.*

The Tuxedo Tramps
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 01.18
The Tuxedo Tramps = The Cramps + Zombina and the Skeletones + Satan’s Tears

These Orem psychobilly boys and girl have found a way to walk many thin lines to stay original in a genre that seems to be highly lacking in that area. They first struck me as just another psychobilly band, but as I listened further, garage elements emerged. Then the heavier-than-normal blues influence began to show through. At one point, I would’ve said that they need to tighten things up rhythmically, but even their loose approach brings character and

charm to the record. As a longtime psychobilly fan, I wanted more stand-up bass, but even that ridiculous complaint faded away in favor of appreciation for the fact that they don’t sound like every other psychobilly band. I would say that my favorite track is “Stay,” where **Krystal Harman** takes over lead vocal duties. That’s not to say that **Carl Harman** should quit as regular lead vocalist, but the fact that this band can do both struck me as a very cool thing, and I would love to hear more. –*James Orme*

Vour
Self-Titled
Rest 30 Records
Street: 12.25.11
Vour = Juana Ghani + Dr. Teeth and the Electric Mayhem

Growing up in a ski town meant going to a lot of free, outdoor concerts in the summer, which pretty much always involved a lot of beer and a lot of jazzy jam bands. Vour would fit well on a bill for that kind of family-friendly mountain jam, with swanky beats and a plethora of instrumentation. It’s the type of music that I’d prefer to see live rather than listening to on my own time, but their bossa-nova-inspired keys would settle well while on a blanket on the slopes with a 12-pack. The overall vibe of the 14 tracks felt like an improvised jam-sesh, but the rare tracks with singing, such as “Tell it to Another Man” and “Caveman” show some coherent refinement. –*Brinley Froelich*

Youth Choir
Demo 2013
Self-Released
Street: 03.24
Youth Choir = Sick of It All + Weekend Nachos + Youth of Today

Finally, a demo that doesn’t sound like it was recorded on your eighth grade boom box. With the advances in sound engineering, there is no excuse for a demo to sound awful, so kudos to these guys for sounding great. But sound quality only gets you so far, and is by no means a necessity. The real story is that Youth Choir is making tight, succinct, raging hardcore that retains no shortage of ‘80s hardcore and attitude. Check “Sometimes Fat Guys Don’t Wear White,” which admonishes the hefty in the pit and then promptly brings the best mosh part of the demo, following the line, “You made it suck!” There are certainly things Youth Choir care about, but your feelings are not one of them. Hopefully, Youth Choir breaks out of the Beehive State and demolishes house shows nationwide. –*Peter Fryer*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Autopsy
The Headless Ritual
Peaceville Records
Street: 07.02
Autopsy = Abscess + Death + Asphyx



Did you think San Francisco death metal crew Autopsy's comeback album, *Macabre Eternal*, was hot tits? Well, this new festering, putrid bag of pus-ridden tunes makes *Macabre Eternal* seem lack-luster. It's basically what one should expect from a band that has a hell of a lot of years of collective experience. Things fall right into place: perfect mixing, catchy songs, speed mixed with down tempo crunches, the whole reeking bag of classic death metal treats. *The Headless Ritual* kills not only as a classic-sounding death metal record, but makes the so-called brutal bands seem silly. There's a bunch more dirge-doom stuff with this new offering—lots and lots of great guitar work either in the core riffs or mighty-beyond-chop-licking soloing. It gives the rotten corpse of Autopsy a new putrid flavor, while remaining true to the band's roots and expectations. There is a reason Autopsy are considered legends, and this new offering just gives more fodder for the followers to try to live up to the greatness they exude. —Bryer Wharton

Bass Drum Of Death
Self-Titled
Innovative Leisure
Street: 06.23
Bass Drum Of Death = Happy Birthday + Wavves + Cheap Time

When a single overridden guitar chord introduces the 10-second snare-drum-roll opening "I Wanna Be Forgotten" (the first track), the endless 15-second snare-intro of **Cheap Time's** "Living In The Past" comes to mind. I don't know

if it's due to cutting time or adding guitar, but Bass Drum Of Death killed it. The pace steps up with the first cymbal crash and slows only for "Such A Bore," a jam with '60s-era strumming and thick **Shangri-Las**-style bass drum. The scratchy harmonies that **John Barrett** sings behind his lead vocals on the choruses echo as if recorded in a public bathroom, and the delicious melodies linger in my mind longer than the foul stench of that same public loo. The rhythm section seems to be speeding up throughout the psychedelic guitar breakdown of "Shattered Me"—a welcome dynamic that finds its way into many of the remaining songs. —Steve Richardson

Big Deal
June Gloom
Mute Artists
Street: 05.31
Big Deal = Summer Camp + Slow Club

Though it opens on a gloomy note (which had me worried I was reviewing another downtrodden shoegaze album) with "Golden Light," the album quickly morphs into cutesy upbeat dream pop that borders on twee. The way **Kacey Underwood** and **Alice Costelloe** share the vocal spotlight is reminiscent of **Los Campesinos!**, but without the attitude or over-the-top accents. The end of the album does get a bit darker, and the vocal responsibilities shift more to soft-spoken male vocalist Underwood. "Pristine" and "Close Your Eyes" are bummer endings for a short, fun fling. Dark or upbeat, the songs are cool and intriguing. —Cody Hudson

Daft Punk
Random Access Memories
Columbia
Street: 05.21
Daft Punk = Prince + Kavinsky

Right from the beginning of *Random Access Memories*, the tone is set through the first track, "Give Life Back to Music." With a short but sweet guitar riff that then transcends into some groovyrealness that I haven't heard in a long time, "Give Life Back to Music" does exactly what the title implies. My favorite song on the album is, hands down, "Get Lucky" for a number of reasons. First off, "Get Lucky" itself is an amazing song—put **Pharell Williams** on anything, and it'll be amaz-



ing. Whether you're out trying to get lucky in bed or a Las Vegas casino, it's something everyone can relate to, and, because it's a Daft Punk song, you'll probably be up all night getting lucky to "Get Lucky" in the background—genius! Daft Punk's *Random Access Memories* is a must-buy. —Mama Beatz

Eddie Spaghetti
The Value of Nothing
Bloodshot Records
Street: 06.18
Eddie Spaghetti = John Doe + Lucero + Dave Alvin

Eddie Spaghetti evidently has just too much rock n' roll in his soul. With his day job fronting the **Supersuckers**, you'd think he'd exorcise every rockin' demon in him, but even that's not enough, so where his previous solo endeavors are more straight country, he's brought harder stuff to get the party going. Ironically, Spaghetti enlisted honky-tonk luminary **Jesse Dayton** to produce, sing and play all over this record. Country still finds its way to the surface on the laidback "One Man Job," a fun back-and-forth duet between Spaghetti and Dayton. The out-and-out rocker, "Fuckin' With My Head," is a punk tune that would be at home on a **Dead Boys** record. Spaghetti is a force that I don't believe can be stopped—he jumps from country-rock to straight country to wherever he deems the correct place to be: He's no-bullshit, and that's the best thing I can say about anybody. —James Orme

Laura Mvula
Sing To The Moon
Columbia
Street: 05.14
Laura Mvula = Etta James + Mary J. Blige + Adele
With her debut album, Laura Mvula

has a lot to offer if you're into music that soothes and relaxes you into a meditation. The wide range of her voice is displayed throughout the album beautifully, and is pleasing to the ear. Personally, I expected more of an electronic R&B style to her music, and was a little bit let down when it turned out to be more of a traditional sound with a slower tempo. My favorite track on the album was "Make Me Lovely," which uses classical instruments to create sort of a seductive swing feel. Some other highlights of the album were "Green Garden," a faster-paced song, and "Sing To The Moon." As someone who likes electronic music best, I found myself thinking that the vocals would sound good in a dance remix, but alas, the slow pace is putting me to sleep. —Julia Sachs

Lesbian
Forestelevision
Translation Loss Records
Street: 06.25
Lesbian = Neurosis + Red Sparowes + (early) Job For A Cowboy

While it isn't the worst album I've heard this year, Lesbian's *Forestelevision* might be the laziest. As if unsure of whether they wanted to sound like a jam band tribute to **Radiohead** or an unexciting knockoff of **Neurosis**, Lesbian frequently descends into meandering mediocrity. The whole album sounds like a series of half-baked riff ideas stapled together and hastily affixed with a "progressive doom" label, complete with deathcore breakdowns, atonal guitar jangling, and obnoxious post-rock interludes. The band thanks "drugs" in the liner notes of their 2010 *Stratospheria Cubensis*, which is appropriate, as I can't imagine anybody actually enjoying this album without the assistance of hardcore narcotics. Periodically, the album will transition through sincerely interesting material, but instead of sounding premeditated and deliberate, it sounds like a million monkeys typing on a million typewriters and eventually reproducing the entire collected works of **Stephenie Meyer**. —Henry Glasheen

Lux Interna
there is light in the body, there is blood in the sun
Pesanta Urfolk
Street: 05.27

Lux Interna = Spectral Light and Moonshine Firefly Snakeoil Jam-boree + Swans

The fifth release by **Joshua Levi Ian** and **Kathryn Mary**, this beautiful album recapitulates dark neo-folk without dragging along the negatives that subgenre often implies, marrying it to the gothic Americana sound of bands like **Munly** or **Wovenhand** (whose keyboardist **Jeff Linsenmaier** guests here) with touches of 1990s darkwave. Starting bittersweet with the claustrophobic “King Winter,” the album opens up like some Rafflesia flower, reaching its climax on the hillbilly horror story of “Wounded Stag,” the stunning “Three-fold” and expansive “Seed.” This is one of the best crafted albums I’ve heard in a long time, with its almost literary pacing, from opening to climax to the final comedown, yielding much more than just a collection of songs. The CD and LP are gorgeously packaged, featuring artwork by **David D’Andrea** that perfectly sets the mood for this intricate, layered, dark but glittering piece of work. –*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Power Trip

Manifest Decimation
Southern Lord
Street: 06.11
Power Trip = Nuclear Assault + Demolition Hammer + Leeway
Lord have mercy, that **Paolo Giardi** artwork! That’s it, I could stop the review here. One peep of that slithering, grinding, writhing wartime pastiche, and you already know where this shit’s going—to the chalky center of your fucking skull. Marching their Bay-by-way-of-Dallas crossover sound right into an acid reservoir of turbulent reverb, *Manifest Decimation* is dirty. It’s filthy. It’s fully capable of stomping an aural mudhole right through the core of your fleshy brain. No pandering balladry (though the golden era ‘**Tallica**’ intro of “Conditioned to Death” calls on visions of Cliff n’ Kirk), or tongue-in-neon-cheek “party thrash” retro jocking. This is nasty, unadulterated crossover thrash, savagely evil all locked into primal concrete grooving—“Murderer’s Row,” “Hammer of Doubt,” “Heretic’s Fork”—all bangers, and all spewed forth from the bubbling lips of **Vic Rattlehead** right before flatlining. Your heroes are dead—exalt the new ones. –*Dylan Chadwick*

Queens Of The Stone Age

...*Like Clockwork*
Matador Records
Street: 06.03
QOTSA = The Black Keys + Masters Of Reality + Truckfighters – overbearing hype

The sixth full-length album from **Josh Homme**’s ever-changing alt-rock band is probably going to be the album that divides fans. Sometimes, bands need to

change directions, and we’re witnessing the progression of QOTSA in stellar fashion. ...*Like Clockwork* shifts between steady hits, trailing ballads and experimental endeavors, a pleasant transition from the heavy rock we’ve heard over the past decade. Tracks like “I Sat By The Ocean” and “My God Is The Sun” will bring in longtime listeners, while material like “The Vampyre Of Time And Memory” and “Smooth Sailing” will show people the next direction the band seems to be headed into. With guest ringers like **Dave Grohl**, **Trent Reznor** and **Elton John** making contributions, this album is both their most star-studded and free-flowing to date. It’s not going to tear down the walls of rock, but it’s definitely going to make people question their taste in rock music, and maybe that’s a good thing. –*Gavin Sheehan*

Safety Scissors

In A Manner of Sleeping
BPitch Control
Street: 06.11
Safety Scissors = Kid606 + Ellen Allien + Clams Casino
Safety Scissors/**Matthew Patterson Curry** (MPCI) enviably went from art school to a successful career in electronic music, with a host of international festival appearances and respectable peers supporting his work. From the tracks I have heard, I appreciate that Curry is someone seeking wonder. There are some euphoric electro-dance moments to be found on *In A Manner of Sleeping*—such as the entirety of “Lemon Scented Moist Pillowette.” Upon first listening, I was a bit uncertain regarding my feelings about some of the vocal performances. I was simply curious as to how a few of the songs would sound as instrumental pieces. However, it must be noted that the melding of pop and experimental electronic sensibilities is more successful on this record than many that may be considered within its genre/aesthetic mode. The final two tracks, “My Best Ideas” and “Second Story,” aurally appealing and comfortably strange, are ideal examples of why, as the vocal performances bolster this success. –*T.H.*

Secret Policeman’s Ball

Teenage Crimewave
AGGRONAUTIX
Street: 06.04
Secret Policeman’s Ball = Arcade Fire + Metric

Don’t let the shoegazer cover fool you—this is not your traditional indie-rock record. It’s sweepy and effect-laden, with soft and gentle melodics with moody, haunting female vocals—but that’s not all. Two minutes and 30 seconds later, the haunting vocals spiral offtrack into screeching howls, like something out of a death metal album. Unexpected, although more than welcome, Secret Policeman’s Ball

likes to play with your conceptions of who they are: Songs like “A Flock of Beagles” showcases a more traditional indie sound, and then throw it all away for another moody song—my favorite is “Sweaters.” Oh, and did I mention the 45-second-long hardcore punk tribute “Try To Find Shon A New Hat”? Good luck predicting what they do next. This is a great album that doesn’t feel like it’s conforming to your expectations. –*Matt Brunk*

Spectralis

Sob Story
Slumberland Records
Street: 06.18
Spectralis = Holy Water Buffalo + Elvis Costello + Big Star



The sophomore album from U.K. band Spectralis is a step up from their 2011 debut record, *Bad Penny*, as their sound seems more confident and polished. The brain behind the band is **Louis Jones**, and his well-crafted pop/rock songs and distinct voice make this album stand out from much of what is being released today. Maybe it’s just because the Spectrals are from across the pond as well, but the sound on this album reminded me a lot of fellow English musicians like **Nick Lowe**, who emerged on the scene back in the late ‘70s and early ‘80s. Some of the standout tunes on this album, like “Let Me Cave In” and the title track, “Sob Story,” show off the influences of the aforementioned musicians, but the Spectrals’ sound presents a new twist on the style. The 12 songs on this album don’t necessarily blow you away, but they are catchy and enjoyable. –*Jory Carroll*

TEEN

Carolina EP
Carpark Records
Street: 05.28
TEEN = Yo La Tengo + Feist

This five-song EP is just as impressive as TEEN’s sophomore full-length, *In Limbo*, from last year. The Brooklyn girls have strayed from their **Shangri-Las**-meets-psych vibe and have moved into a more diverse, rock-oriented direction. In the title track, TEEN comes across as a female **Led Zeppelin** from space, while the repetitive, electric drone of

“Circus” sounds straight out of *I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass*. “Cannibal” and “Paradise” could’ve come from a completely different band—the bubbly guitar, slot-machine noises and **Teeny Lieberman**’s sunny vocals sound more modern and flexible than *In Limbo*. I like where TEEN are going—they sound more mature, unique and pleasantly all over the place. It seems like nobody in Salt Lake has heard of TEEN yet, so there’s still a chance to be the first of your friends to buy their record before they play *Twilight* or something. –*Cody Kirkland*

True Widow

Circumambulation
Relapse Records
Street: 07.23
True Widow = Codeine + Marriages

Compared to *As High As the Highest Heavens and from the Center of the Circumference of the Earth*, *Circumambulation* proceeds with sparser guitar and deliberate bass, beginning the slow burner as such with “Creeper.” Guitarist/vocalist **Dan Phillips** supplies higher vocal melodies, complementing the bass-heavy “S:H:S” to build this album; “Four Teeth” massages the atmosphere as bassist **Nicole Estill**’s milk-and-honey voice saturates with droning, prolonged syllables matched with occasional accompaniment from Phillips in mutual jouissance as the guitar flashes unselfishly. Once “Numb Hand” ensues, it’s clear that this iteration of True Widow’s “stonegaze” wants to bubble with magmatic volatility, or buckle and creak despite Estill’s even-keeled singing of “Carry on” ... in “Trollstigen.” “I:M:O” is a euphonious, instrumental treat, and “HW:R” and “LUNGR” weave distinct melodies—sunny and ominous, respectively—to conclude the album with a gorgeous coronation. *Circumambulation* is a pilgrimage around your internal shrine—one I superlatively suggest taking. –*Alexander Ortega*

Western Lows

Glacials
Jaxart Records
Street: 07.09
Western Lows = Radical Face + Band of Horses

Glacials is a musical/narrative constellation of nostalgia—beware, but embrace it at any cost. It’s **Jack Burnside**’s debut album, recorded by **Now It’s Overhead**’s **Andy LeMaster**, whose production lends a subtle wall of sound approach—icy synths are buried behind the rock n’ roll veneer. It’s very reminiscent of **Ben Cooper**’s projects, especially Radical Face’s 2006 album, *Ghost*. Midway through the record, the exuberant track, “Icicles,” melted my pop heart. The whole effort is a slow burner—the more you listen, the more it pulls you in. –*Christian Schultz*

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- July 19th CrabFest 2013 w/ Hectic Hobo, Juana Ghani, Lady Muraski and Bombshell Academy
- July 26th The Funk & Gonzo Show

SATurdays:

- July 6th Green Leef
- July 13th Sugartown Alley and Friends
- July 20th Folk Hogan w/Babble Rabbit, Merlin's Beard and Wildcat Strike
- July 27th The Night Gaunts and Friends

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THE SHRED SHED SLC JULY/AUGUST CALENDAR	
Fri.5	Archers & illiminators // Silversyde // At the Wayside
Sat.6	GUNNER // Rile // Don't Trust Anybody // Commoner // Speak Out
Sun.7	The World is a Beautiful Place and I am No Longer Afraid to Die // Pity Sex // +More
Wed.10	Mixtapes // Light Years // You Blew It! // Problem Daughter // One Way Life
Thur.11	Here Lies the Difference
Fri.12	Archeopteryx // False Division // Of Earth inside
Sat.13	Be Like Max // The AOK's // Show Me Island // The Anchorage // The Last Slice
Sun.14	William Bonney // And I, the Lion // KWNGU
Wed.17	Second to Last
Thur.18	Charlatan // The Boy That Lives // As Death Becomes Our Own // Captives // +More
Fri.19	Tainted Halos // Hi Fi Murder
Mon.22	Money Penny // TBA
Tue.23	Sights Sounds (Tour Kickoff)
Wed.24	From Indian Lakes // Tallhart
Fri.26	American hitmen // Kiss me Kill me // Double or Nothing // The Zero Summers
Sat.27	Earth Control // Vied // Day Hymns
Sun.28	Wreck and Reference
Mon.29	Hollow Tongue
Tue.30	Masked Intruder // Shai Hulud // Elway // Sam Russo // Problem Daughter
Wed.31	Communist Kayte // Chapter Eleven
Thur.1	JAWWZZ! (Tour Kickoff) // Baby Ghosts // Wild Moth // Places We Slept
Fri.2	Old Port
Sat.3	Strike to Survive // State Faults // Show me Island // Au Revoir // And I, The Lion
Mon.5	Doomed To Extinction // Sure Sign of the Nail
Thur.8	Silence Protocol
Fri.9	Athiest CD Release
SHREDSHEDSLC.COM // DOORS AT 7 PM // 60 EAST EXCHANGE PLACE (350 SOUTH) // ALL AGES	

The DAILY CALENDAR

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

Friday, July 5

Dark Seas, The Rugs - *Brewskis*
The Copper Gamins, Beachmen, Bastard John - *Burt's*
Cache Valley Cruise-In - *Cache County Fairgrounds*

Gordon Wilson, Wayside, Stonecutter, Old Blue & The Rock'n Roll Machine - *Carol's Cove II*

DJ Chris Kennedy - *Downstairs*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Lorin Walker Madsen - *Garage*

J. Wail, Sosa Sly - *Green Pig*

Band On The Moon, BTC - *Kilby*

Rooftop Concert Series: Official After Party - *Muse*

Rooftop Concert Series: Get Off My Cloud - The Songs of the Rolling Stones, The National Parks - Provo Town Square Parking Terrace
Old Crow Medicine Show, Parker Millsap - *Red Butte*

Coke Bust, Speak Out, Relentless Approach, Youth Choir - *Salt Haus*
Archers & Illuminators, Silversyde, At The Wayside - *Shred Shed*
Blues Traveler - *Stein Eriksen Lodge*
Dick Dale, Sex Wax Surfers - *The Royal*
Dubwise - *Urban*
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*
MiNX - *Woodshed*

Saturday, July 6

Happy Birthday, Henry Glasheen!

Happy Birthday, Ryan Perkins!

Happy Birthday, Timm Paxton!

Mullet Hatchet - *Brewskis*

Truckstop Darlin', Brother Dege, Drunk & Hungry - *Burt's*

Cache Valley Cruise-In - *Cache County Fairgrounds*

El Komander - *Complex*

Homegrown Hip Hop Championships - *Complex*

Take Me Home - The Music of John Denver - *Deer Valley*

DJ Mom Jeans - *Downstairs*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Pentagram Crackers, Albino Father, The Circulars - *Garage*

Lot 44 - *Green Pig*

The Rugs - *Hog Wallow*

Evolution Music Tour - *In The Venue*

Baker Street Blues Band, Lake Island, The Fission Breakers, The 2:13's - *Kilby*

Merchant Royal, John Gold; The Salt, The Sea, & The Sun God; Kathleen Frewin - *Muse*

Portugal. The Man, Guards - *Park City Live*

Downtown Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park

DJ Orange - *Royal*

Salt City Derby Girls - *Salt Palace*

Gunner, Rile, DTA, Speak Out, Commoner - *Shred Shed*

Sign Painters - *SLC Main Library*

Micky & The Motorcars - *State Room*

HVDD: Star Spangled Beat Down - *The Hive*

Harold Lloyd with Live Organ - *Tower Theatre*

COBOL, Mama Beatz, Bello - *Urban*

Glenn Beck's Man In The Moon - *USANA*

Green Leafs - *Woodshed*

Sunday, July 7

Big Black Cloud, Drunk Dad, Foster Body, Oryx - *Burt's*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

DJ Flash & Flare - *Green Pig*

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

Park Silly Sunday Market

- *Park City's Historic Main Street*

Dads, Pity Sex, Esther, Rocky Mountain

District, The World Is A Beautiful Place & I

Am No Longer Afraid To Die - *Shred Shed*

Monday, July 8

Happy Birthday, Peter Fryer!

Happy Birthday, Cody Hudson!

Black Lodge, Natas Lived, Zombiance, The

Creature From Jekyll Island - *Bar Deluxe*

SpyHop: Real Stories - *Broadway Theatre*

Blythe - *Burt's*

Nicki Bluhm & The Gramblers, Tumbleweed

Wanderers - *State Room*

Tuesday, July 9

Merchant Royal, Yankee Bang Bang

- *Bar Deluxe*

Sleep For Dreaming, Yeldah - *Burt's*

Hobo Nephews Of Uncle Frank - *Garage*

The Neighbourhood, JMSN - *In The Venue*

Danger Button, Secret Abilities - *Kilby*

Pink Martini - *Red Butte*

Chicken Run - *SLC Main Library*

Music At Main: Coyote Vision Group, Albino Father - SLC Main Library

Dare To Have Flair!: Humor Writing

- *SLCC Community Writing Center*

Raccoon Dog, Little Barefoot, Mountain

Woman - *Why Sound*

Wednesday, July 10

Jessica Hernandez & The Deltas, Shadow

Puppet - *Bar Deluxe*

Rational Anthem, The Hung Ups, Jon

Davidson - *Burt's*

Robert Randolph & The Family Band

- *Depot*

Craft Lake City DIY Workshop

presented by Cricut - Garage

Kevin Dern - *Hog Wallow*

Deafheaven, Marriages, Cult Leader - *Kilby*

Mixtapes, You Blew It!, Light Years, One

Way Life, Problem Daughter - *Shred Shed*

The Baptist Generals, Coyote Vision Group,

Your Meteor - *Urban*

Music Glue - *Woodshed*

Thursday, July 11

Happy Birthday, Mame Wallace!

Sleepwalker, Nopium, You're Young,

Downfall, Missing Method - *Bar Deluxe*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars

- *Garage*

Caveman Blvd. - *Green Pig*

Morgan Snow - *Hog Wallow*

Jumping Trains, Mara Read, Chalk - *Kilby*

Cyber Cowboy & The Flying Coffee Beans,

Jupiter - *Muse*

Here Lies The Difference - *Shred Shed*

Red Dog Revival, Pest Rulz, Red Telephone

- *Urban*

September Say Goodbye - *Why Sound*

The Obliterate Plague, Incediant, Doomed

To Instinction - *Willie's*

Friday, July 12

Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirty, Charles

Ellsworth, Crook & The Bluff - *Bar Deluxe*

WingedFoot Entertainment - *Brewskis*

The Purrs, Old Port & The Religious

Enforcers - *Burt's*

Revolver, Getter - *Complex*

The Wicked Divas - *Deer Valley*

DJ Dolph - *Downstairs*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Max Pain & The Groovies, Cab 20,

Danger Hailstorm - *Garage*

Mobile Death Camp, Truce, A Balance Of

Power, T.R.P. - *Gino's*

Son Of Ian - *Green Pig*

Marinade - *Hog Wallow*

SLC Rise Up! - Liberty Park

Speak For Yourself - *Muse*

Rodrigo y Gabriela, Alex Wilson

- *Red Butte*

Damn These Heels! - Rose Wagner

Exile, Juice Newton - *Sandy Amphitheater*

Archeopteryx, False Division, Of Earth

Inside - *Shred Shed*

The Stone Foxes, The Weekenders

- *State Room*

American Hitmen, The Last Wednesday

- *The Royal*

SLUG Localized: King Niko,

Polytype, Beachmen - Urban

Sugar House Art Walk - *Various Galleries*

Steven Halliday, Opskamatrists, The Wide

Awakes - *Why Sound*

Matthew & The Hope - *Woodshed*

Saturday, July 13

Nico Vega, Crash Kings, Joel Pack & The

Pops - *Bar Deluxe*

Colonel Coyote - *Brewskis*

The Audience, National Theatre from

London - *Broadway Theatre*

Lord Dying, Cornered By Zombies,

Hypernova Holocaust, Oldtimer - *Burt's*

Miss Peru Utah - *City Limits*

Big B - *Club Sound*

The Beginning At Last, Poonhamer, Life Has

A Way - *Complex*

Arturo Sandoval - *Deer Valley*

RAIT, Lita Ford - *Depot*

Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Vision - *Green Pig*

Utah Blues Society Benefit - *Hog Wallow*

Dre Day 2013 - *In The Venue*

California Wives, My Gold Mask - *Kilby*

Utah Reggae Festival - Liberty Park

Tunnel Book Workshop: Tunnel Vision

- *Marriott Library*

Visioneer, UNI, Science Gone Wrong

- *Muse*

Downtown Farmer's Market

- Pioneer Park

Damn These Heels! - Rose Wagner

The Postal Service, Baths - *Saltair*

New Electric Sound, The North Valley

- *Sandy Amphitheater*

Be Like Max, Show Me Island, The Last

Slice, The A-OKs, The Anchorage

- *Shred Shed*

Alt Press Fest - SLC Main Library

Speech Writing with Doug Woodall

- *SLCC Community Writing Center*

BoDeans - *State Room*

Fortunate Youth, Illoom - *Urban*

Sugartown Alley - *Woodshed*

Sunday, July 14

Happy Birthday, Nate Abbott!

Urban Flea Market - 600 So. Main St.

The Sawyer Family, Change To Fire - *Burt's*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Fall River Ramblers, Pablo Blaak - *Garage*

JCRD: Molly Morbids vs. Castle Rock N'

Rollers - *Golden Spike Arena*

DJ Lemont - *Green Pig*

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

David Wax Museum, Bramble, Hope & Tim - *Kilby*

Park Silly Sunday Market

- *Park City's Historic Main Street*

Brandi Carlile, The Lone Bellow - *Red Butte*

Damn These Heels! - Rose Wagner

William Bonney, And I The Lion, KWNGU

- *Shred Shed*

The Futurebirds, Diarrhea Planet - *Urban*

Monday, July 15

Happy Birthday, Karamea Puriril

Happy Birthday, Eleanor Scholz!

De! Rhymes Divine - *Burt's*

Bruce Hornsby & The Noisemakers,

Railroad Earth - *Deer Valley Resort*

Roadkill Ghost Choir, You Me & Apollo -

Kilby

David Byrne & St. Vincent - *Red Butte*

Tuesday, July 16

Happy Birthday, Maggie Call!

Happy Birthday, Brooklyn Ottens!

Opera @ SLFS: La Boheme - *Broadway Theatre*

Thunderbird, Lady Murasaki, The 2:13's,

Custom Model - *Burt's*

Ahoy Captain, First Things First - *Kilby*

Dave Alvin & The Guilty Ones - *Peery's*

Egyptian Theatre

Smash Mouth, Sugar Ray, Gin Blossoms,

Vertical Horizon, Fastball

- *Sandy Amphitheater*

Music At Main: Hectic Hobo,

Marinade - SLC Main Library

Dr. Atomic - *SLC Main Library*

Dare To Have Flair!: Humor Writing

- *SLCC Community Writing Center*

Sorne, Gaszia, Arrows Inward - *Urban*

Wednesday, July 17

Clear Black - *Burt's*

Lipbone Redding - *Hog Wallow*

Garrison Keillors, Aoife O'Donovan

- *Red Butte*

Second To Last - *Shred Shed*

Haydn, Mozart & Schubert

- *St. Mary's Church*

Peter Murphy: Mr. Moonlight Tour 35 Years

of Bauhaus, Ours - *Urban*

Music Glue - *Woodshed*

Thursday, July 18

Dan Tedesco, Fauna, Powerhouse

- *Bar Deluxe*

New York Rifles, The Jingoos - *Burt's*

Jimmy Eat World, X Ambassadors - *Depot*

Evita - *Egyptian Theatre*

Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars

- *Garage*

Dirk Quinn Band - *Green Pig*

Rick Gerber - *Hog Wallow*

You Are Plural - *Kilby*

American Ghoul - Metro

Twilight Concert Series: Belle & Sebastian, Blitzen Trapper

- Pioneer Park

Heat Wave Festival - *Red Butte*

Charlatan, The Boy That Lives, As Death

Becomes Our Own, Captives - *Shred Shed*

Orgone, What It Is! - *State Room*

Rootz Underground, Afro Omega, Tribe Of

I - *Urban*

Kenny Chesney - *USANA*

Audrey Smiley - *Velour*

Tribe Of I - *Woodshed*

Friday, July 19

Pop-Up Ogden - *Alleged*

Kap Bros. - *Brewskis*

Doom & Gloom 3: Old Timer, Huldra,

Ocxcross, INVDRS - *Burt's*

Elite Fight Night XVIII - *Complex*

Bad Brad & Karamea's Zodiac

Birthday Extravaganza

- Copper Palate Press

Steve Martin & Steep Canyon Rangers, Edie

Brickell & Utah Symphony

7/1 - The Melodic, The Blank Tapes, Charles Ellsworth
 7/2 - Steffon Olsen, Adam Pope, Persona Non Grata, Infusion
 7/3 - Elliott Motel, the dark jive, Coatsville
 7/5 - Band On The Moon CD Release & Tour Send Off, BTC CD Release, TBA
 7/6 - Baker Street Blues Band, Lake Island, The Fission Breakers, The 2:13's
 7/9 - Danger Button, Secret Abilities, TBA
 7/10 - Deafheaven, Marriages, Cult Leader
 7/11 - Jumping Trains, Mara Read, Chalk
 7/13 - California Wives, My Gold Mask
 7/14 - David Wax Museum, Bramble, Hope And Tim
 7/15 - Roadkill Ghost Choir, You Me & Apollo, TBA
 7/16 - Ahoy Captain, First Things First
 7/18 - You Are Plural, TBA
 7/19 - The Bird In The Trees, The Dirty Spoons, Sarah Degraw, Jeremy Hansen
 7/20 - Hurris & Gig, Polytype, Mr. Smith
 7/23 - Lauren Mann, Josaleigh Pollett, Millie & The Moths
 7/24 - William Tyler, TBA
 7/25 - Trash Talk, Ratking, Null Revolution
 7/26 - Powerdove, Merchant Royal, TBA
 7/27 - L'Anarchiste, Deerpeople, Golden Sun, Young & Old



J U L Y

UPCOMING S&S EVENTS:

7/27 - Slightly Stoopid/Atmosphere (The Great Saltair)
 7/30 - Frightened Rabbit (The Depot), 7/31 - Mac Miller (The Complex)
 8/7 - Wavves (In The Venue), 9/6 - Icona Pop (The Complex)
 9/8 - Animal Collective (The Depot), 9/9 - Charli XCX (In The Venue)
 9/24 - Jake Bugg (The Depot), 9/30 - Yellowcard (The Complex)
 10/26 - Macklemore & Ryan Lewis, Talib Kweli (Maverik Center)
 10/30 - Atlas Genius (In The Venue), 10/30 - Bonobo (The Complex)

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THE URBAN LOUNGE

JULY

1: Little Hurricane, The Bully
 3: RED WHITE & BOOM!
 5: Dubwise
 6: COBOL, Mama Beatz, Bello (Free before 10:30 & \$5 After)
 10: The Baptist Generals, Coyote Vision Group, Your Meteor
 11: Red Dog Revival, Pest Ruiz, Red Telephone
 12: King Niko, Polytype, Beachmen
 13: SLCL Presents Utah Reggae Festival After Party:
 Fortunate Youth, Illoom (\$10 or \$5 with a Reggae Fest Stamp)
 14: The Futurebirds, Diarrhea Planet
 16: Sorne, Gaszia, Arrows Inward
 17: Peter Murphy: Mr. Moonlight Tour 35 Years of Bauhaus, Ours
 18: Rootz Underground, Afro Omega, Tribe Of I
 19: The Heartless Bastards, Writer
 20: Flash & Flare, Mama Beatz (Free before 10:30 & \$5 After)
 23: Dessa (Of Doomtree)
 24: The Maldives, Star Anna, The Bully
 25: Mickey Avalon, Concise Kilgore, Atheist
 26: Spirit Master, Koala Temple, Holy Water Buffalo
 27: LAST RED BENNIES SHOW EVER, The Pentagram Crackers, Night Sweats
 28: Bob Log III, Beard Of Solitude
 29: Scott H Biram
 30: The Soft White Sixties, Starmy, The Weekenders
 31: LET THERE BE HOUSE: Sidney Grey, Josh Max, Dan Dixon, Dave Jones

241 S. 500 E. SLC / 21 & OVER

COMING SOON!

Aug 1: Max Pain & The Groovies
 Aug 3: The Last Tolchock Trio Show
 Aug 5: Sebadoh
 Aug 7: Smith Westerns
 Aug 13: Kurt Vile & The Violators
 Aug 15: Xavier Rudd
 Aug 21: Stones Throw Soul Tour
 Aug 22: The Melodians
 Aug 24: Burnell Washburn
 Aug 29: !!!
 Aug 30: Baroness
 Aug 31: Afro Omega
 Sep 05: S (Featuring Jenn of Carrisa's Wierd)
 Sep 06: Deerhunter
 Sep 10: Ra Ra Riot
 Sep 12: Break Science
 Sep 13: Typhoon
 Sep 17: The Legendary Pink Dots
 Sep 22: Lightning Dust
 Sep 24: Hanni El Khatib & Bass Drum Of Death
 Sep 25: Chelsea Wolfe
 Oct 1: Gold Panda
 Oct 5: Young Galaxy
 Oct 11: Frank Turner
 Oct 14: Carbon Leaf
 Oct 31: KRCL Presents Vile Blue Shades
 BACK FROM THE DEAD HALLOWEEN SHOW

THE COMPLEX

FOR UPCOMING EVENTS
WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM



COMING SOON
 07/06 - EL KOMANDER
 07/13 - PLUGGED IN
 07/26 - J BOOG
 07/31 - MAC MILLER
 08/23 - REBELUTION w MATISYAHU
 09/30 - YELLOWCARD

CLUB NIGHTS (21+)
TUESDAYS - COMEDY ROADKILL OPEN MIC COMEDY - FREE - DOORS 7:30
FRIDAYS - EVOLVE DIFFERENT PROMOTERS FOR DIFFERENT VIBES
SATURDAYS - MAMBO CLUB UTAH'S HOTTEST LATIN NIGHT

TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT WWW.PARTYTIX.COM
OR IN PERSON AT THE FOLLOWING OUTLETS

GRAYWHALE
 U OF U - 801-583-3333
 TAYLORSVILLE - 801-964-5700
 BOUNTIFUL - 801-677-0333
 OGDEN - 801-399-0609
 WEST JORDAN - 801-676-6010
 SANDY - 801-576-0999

AZTEK HIGHWAY
 89 WEST 3300 SOUTH
 SLC, UT 84115
 801-466-2235
 3651 WALL AVE (NEW GATE MALL)
 OGDEN, UT 84405
 801-466-2235

SMOKEY TOWN
 9117 W MAGNA MAIN ST
 MAGNA, UT 84044
 801-250-7000
DOUSED
 353 W 200 S SUITE 101
 SLC, UT 84101
 801-953-1325

WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM
 536 W 100 S SLC 801 997-0222

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LIVE MUSIC

S A L T L A K E C I T Y



SLIGHTLY STOOPID + ATMOSPHERE

JULY 27 ■ THE GREAT SALT AIR

THE GROUCH & ELIGH

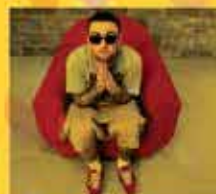
7 PM ALL AGES \$35 / \$40



FRIGHTENED RABBIT

JULY 30 ■ THE DEPOT

8 PM AGES 21+ \$17 / \$20



MAC MILLER

JULY 31 ■ THE DEPOT

ACTION BRONSON,
CHANCE THE RAPPER,
VINCE STAPLES, THE INTERNET
6:30PM ALL AGES \$26 / \$30



WAVVES

AUG 7 ■ IN THE VENUE

7PM ALL AGES \$12 / \$15



ICONA POP

SEPT 6 ■ THE COMPLEX

K.FLAY, SIRAH

7PM ALL AGES \$18 / \$20



ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

SEPT 8 ■ THE DEPOT

DAN DEACON

7PM ALL AGES \$22 / \$25



CHARLI XCX

SEPT 9 ■ IN THE VENUE

7PM ALL AGES \$15 / \$17



JAKE BUGG

SEPT 24 ■ THE DEPOT

7PM ALL AGES \$16 / \$18



YELLOWCARD

SEPT 30 ■ THE COMPLEX

GEOFF RICKLY (of THURSDAY)

7PM ALL AGES \$22 / \$25



MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS

OCT 26 ■ MAVERICK CNTR

TALIB KWELI, BIG K.R.I.T.
6:30PM ALL AGES



ATLAS GENIUS

OCT 30 ■ IN THE VENUE

THE COLOURIST

7PM ALL AGES \$16 / \$18



BONOBO

OCT 31 ■ THE COMPLEX

8PM AGES 21+ \$20 / \$25