

SLUG

magazine



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VOL. 25 • ISSUE 304 • APRIL 2014
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PRESENTS



BETTY WHO
ZAK WATERS, CARDIKNOX
APRIL 8 @ BAR DELUXE
8 PM 21+ \$10



YOUNG THE GIANT
VANCE JOY (PRESENTED BY X96)
APRIL 10 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$24



PHANTOGRAM
TEEN
APRIL 16 @ IN THE VENUE
7 PM ALL AGES \$20 ADV / \$22 DAY OF



CHVRCHES
THE RANGE
APRIL 22 @ THE DEPOT
7 PM \$21/\$26(21+) - \$25/\$28(ALL AGES)



THE GLITCH MOB
ANA SIA, PENTHOUSE PENTHOUSE
APRIL 28 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$20 ADV / \$23 DAY OF



KARMIN (#PULSESTOUR)
BONNIE MCKEE
MAY 8 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$19.50 ADV / \$22 DAY OF



RODRIGUEZ
THIS IS NOT A SEATED EVENT
MAY 20 @ THE DEPOT
7 PM 21+ \$50



HAIM
TENNIS
MAY 22 @ THE DEPOT
7 PM ALL AGES \$18 / \$20



THE NAKED AND FAMOUS
WHITE SEA, STRANGE BABIES
MAY 26 @ THE DEPOT
7 PM \$21/\$23(21+) - \$23/\$25(ALL AGES)



GRIEVES
SON REAL, FEARCE VILL
MAY 31 @ IN THE VENUE
7 PM ALL AGES \$15



CAS HALEY
KIMIE, MIKE LOVE, TUBBY LOVE
JUNE 1 @ IN THE VENUE
7 PM ALL AGES \$16 / \$18



PETER MURPHY
JUNE 25 @ THE DEPOT
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About the Cover: We have watched photographer **Talyn Sherer** over plenty of in-print photos and photo galleries, and knew he that was the one to capture **Cult Leader** in their natural habitat. Read on pg. 36!

DISCLAIMER: SLUG Magazine does not necessarily maintain the same opinions as those found in our articles, interviews or advertisements. We do not intend any offense toward anyone of any particular background, but, rather, seek to circulate ideas and dialogue through quality coverage of contemporary music, art, action sports and the subcultures therein ... except rollerblading. Ahem. Content is property of SLUG Magazine—please do not use without permission, lest we sic the dark forces foretold in this, our “Underground Bible,” upon thee.

Contributor Limelight: Phil Cannon
Illustrator/Distro Driver



Phil Cannon is a treasured contributor here at SLUG. Starting in the summer of 2010 as an illustrator, Phil's self-taught style is unique and uncanny—a little bit dark and a little bit ugly, with attention paid to every little detail. Though his characters are sinister, Phil's a well-rounded personality, living as a ski bum up at Brighton over the winter and spending the rest of the year attending Comic Con, working with horses and doing smarty pants activities like studying history, physics, math and chemistry—oh, and cultivating his epic beard. In addition to illustrating, Phil's also a reliable distro driver, delivering mags every month throughout the valley. Catch a glimpse of his work within the pages of SLUG, on our Localized posters, or head over to the *Urban Arts Gallery* next month for some *Star Wars*-themed art!

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Dear Dickheads

Dear (Feminist) Dickheads:
Are you beautifulgenital-heads familiar with social media 'pranksters' Andrew Hales and Stuart Edge? These two actual dicks-for-heads are Provo-based collaborative 'pranksters' whose comedic oeuvre largely consists of preying on women in public spaces, usually in heavily-trafficked pedestrian areas on local college campuses. For example, in their video "Sweeping Girls Off Their Feet" (4-1/2 million views since Sept. 2103!) the pair prowls the hallways of UVU literally sweepin'—(go ahead, I'm going to be sick to my stomach if I write that again). All of the women—at least the ones that made a good show for these dudes—are all jumped from behind and shrug off the incident as an awkward inconvenience. Hales tries the assault on a cis-dude and he's not having it, so they respectfully lay off. On his own YouTube page Hales calls it assault, writing this: "aka literally picking up chicks, this is one of those campus-only ideas that borders along assault, luckily everyone responded positively." No borders are respected here—this is sexual assault—actual non-consensual, physical violation of a person's bodily and psychic space. Women are *absolutely not* objects to be made into comedy pranks at the wishes of voyeuristic dudes with camcorders. The larger point here being: Edge performed his "Magic Kissing Card Trick" (yuck-gross-ewwww) on Jimmy Fallon's Late Night last year and both he and Hales are sustaining a massive following, spawning copycats around the globe. So, when the time comes to review these 'locals' here at home, can all SLUGers agree to preempt their predatory antics at every occasion and resist their terrible brand of exploitative comedy? **RESIST PSYCHIC DEATH.**

—xRiotgrrrlx93@aol.com

Dear xRiotgrrrlx93,

Yeah, we agree that Hales and Edge are definitely a couple of slimy, hetero-normative male chauvinists who are violating other students' space—it's a shame that they've received

such a following. We've determined that the solution is to stop going to college. There are way too many bros. Of course, we're going to have to eschew people's main exposure to feminist ideology and terms like "cis" and "psychic space" found in Gender Studies classes, but fuck it—we can just go to college at Boing! House. We don't even have to call it "college" anymore—we can call it "vagina flourish realization" (intentionally without any capital letters, lest we invoke phallic grapheme imagery). We can eliminate all the phalli in our life—we won't even have to talk in class because tongues resemble phalluses, too. We can even change "class" to "Irigaray lip conversation." Crap, wait ... nobody knows what the fuck we're talking about. Riotgrrl, we love your intentions, however, this rhetoric is too rooted in the lofty lexicon of humanities academia, and all the UVU kids are going to give us blank stares. #youwenttocollege xoxo, SLUG Mag

Dear Dickheads,
What do you know about pre-grad school stress? AM I GOING TO GET A JOB IN THE MEANWHILE?! WILL I BE ABLE TO FEED MYSELF WITHOUT AN EXCLUSIVELY DUMPSTER DIET?! And what about the GRE? Or, should I say, the 'let's-see-if-you-can-remember-everything-from-your-sophomore-year-of-high-school-math-while-trapped-in-a-fluorescently-lit-room-exam'. DO THESE THINGS EVEN MATTER? What if my personality is completely gone by the time it's over? What if I end up in a shitty 9 to 5 job and I'm forever surrounded by fluorescent lights and MISERY? My life might be over before it begins....

—Fitzgerald Academia

Dear Fitz,
You're fucked!
xoxo,
SLUG Mag

FAX, SNAIL MAIL OR EMAIL US YOUR LETTERS!

Fax: 801.487.1359 • Mailing Address: Dear Dickheads c/o SLUG Mag • 351 Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B SLC, UT 84101 or dickheads@slugmag.com



salt 9: Jillian Mayer
on view now through August 17, 2014



Tacita Dean: JG
on view now through May 4, 2014

Sundance Alumni at UMFA

LEFT | Jillian Mayer (American, b. 1984), *#PostModem*, 2013. Video still, 14 minutes, 38 seconds. Edition of 5. Courtesy David Castillo Gallery.
RIGHT | Tacita Dean (British, b. 1965), *JG*, 2013. Courtesy Marian Goodman Gallery, New York and Paris, and Frith Street Gallery, London.

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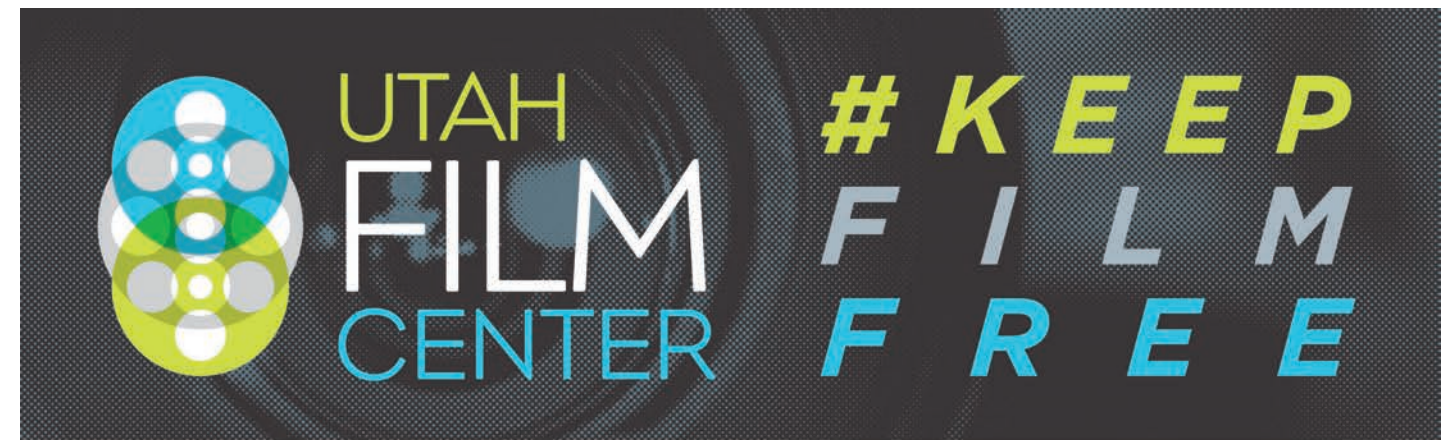
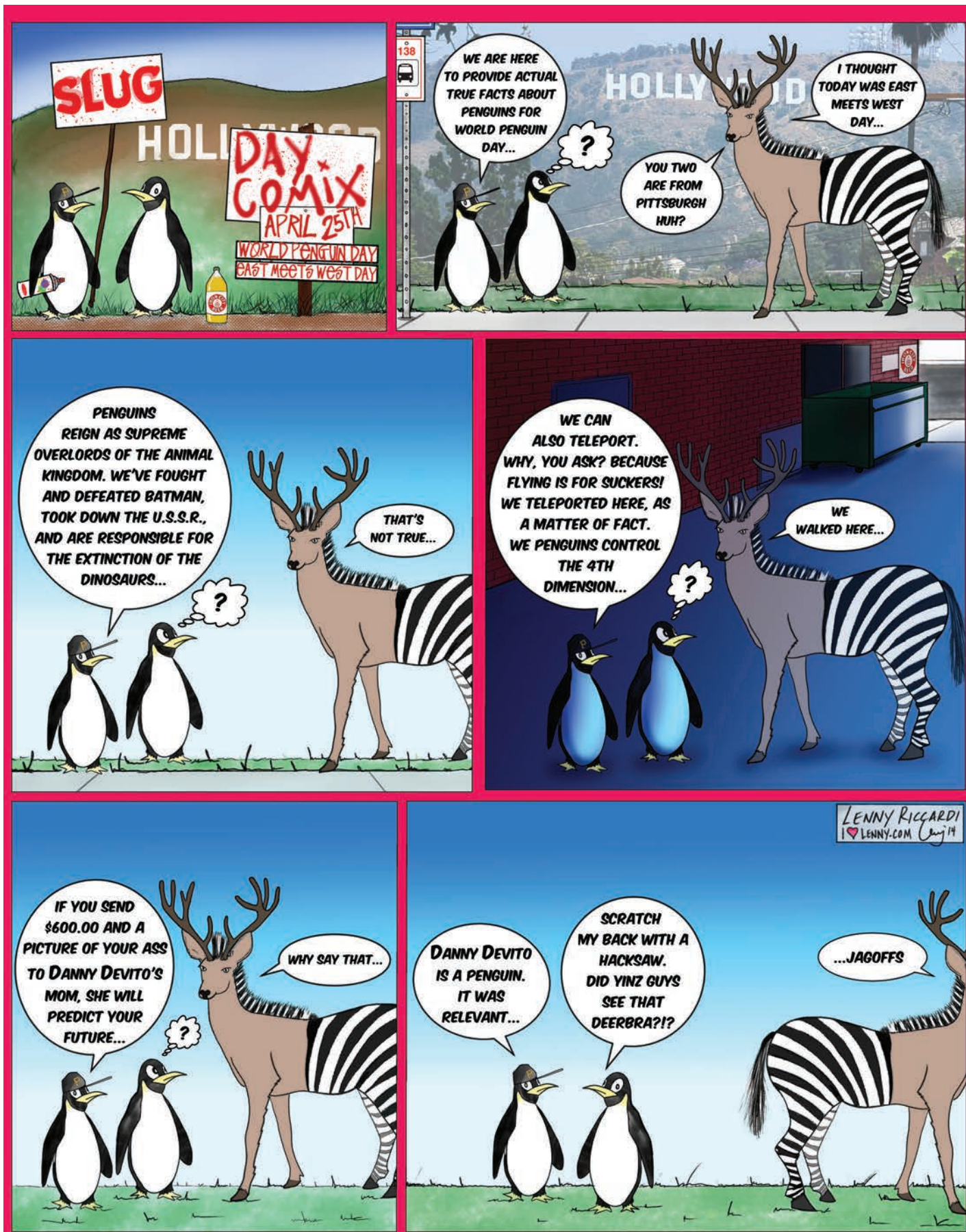
UPCOMING EVENTS

Talk with Artist Jade Walker
APR 11 | 7 PM
Good Blood
DO IT MID-EXHIBITION PERFORMANCE
APR 18 | 6-8 PM
Luna Mesa
TRENT HARRIS PREMIERE FILM SCREENING
APR 25 | 6 PM RECEPTION | 7:30 PM FILM



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Get "filmspired!" Join us for a repeat screening of an audience favorite from the 2014 Tumbleweeds Film Festival for Children & Youth. For more info please visit www.utahfilmcenter.org



THURSDAY /// APRIL 17 @ 7PM
DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR-ROUND

REACHING FOR THE MOON

Frustrated poet Elizabeth Bishop travels to Brazil and encounters the beguiling architect Lota de Macedo Soares. Initial hostilities make way for a complicated, yet long-lasting love affair that dramatically alters Bishop's relationship to the world around her.



TUESDAY /// APRIL 8 @ 7PM
NHMU SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT

SPELLBOUND

Dr. Edwards arrives at the Green Manors Mental Asylum and falls for the beautiful Dr. Petersen. But she discovers that he's a paranoid amnesiac impostor, which leaves her wondering: what happened to the real Dr. Edwards? *Spellbound*—which was nominated for six Oscars—is one of Hitchcock's finest films.



TUESDAY /// APRIL 22 @ 7PM
SILK & SPICES FESTIVAL

HERO

This Academy Award nominated film features great performances and some wonderfully choreographed fight scenes. In ancient China, the Qin king has long been obsessed with conquering the country and becoming her first Emperor, which makes him the target of three legendary assassins.



WEDNESDAY /// APRIL 9 @ 7PM
FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS

THE FIRST MOVIE

When filmmaker Mark Cousins and his crew travel to Goptapa, a small Village in Iraq devastated by Saddam Hussein's regime, they discover children who have known nothing but war. The children receive camcorders and create their own movies filled with wonder and boundless imagination.



TUESDAY /// APRIL 29 @ 7PM
FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS

MORE THAN HONEY

Oscar nominated director Markus Imhoof (*The Boat Is Full*) tackles the vexing issue of why bees worldwide are facing extinction. With the tenacity of a man out to solve a world-class mystery, he investigates this global phenomenon, from California to Switzerland, China and Australia.



TUESDAY /// APRIL 15 @ 7PM
LIFE IMITATING ART

THE MISSING PICTURE

The Missing Picture explores Rithy Panh's quest to create the missing images during the period when the Khmer Rouge ruled over Cambodia between 1975 and 1979. Panh uses intricately detailed clay figurines intercut with archival footage he found to relay what is indelibly recorded in his memory.



WEDNESDAY /// APRIL 30 @ 7PM
CREATIVITY IN FOCUS

THE GREAT NORTH KOREAN PICTURE SHOW

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Much of Charles Ellsworth's music career is predicated upon being a traveling musician.

Charles Ellsworth

LOCALIZED ♦
By LeAundra Jeffs
leandrajeffs@gmail.com
Photos: Russel Daniels

This month's *Localized*, on April 18, will feature a mysterious hodgepodge of sincerity. **Crook and the Bluff** will start off the set with western-tinged psych-blues, after which blues crooning, working man rocking, badass motherfuckers **Vincent Draper and the Dirty Thirty** will sexy your face off. Following, mustachioed and chocolate-voiced singer-songwriter and strum-master **Charles Ellsworth** will finish things off. This delicious treat begins at 10 p.m. at *Urban Lounge*, \$5 for those 21+. The night is hosted by **Ischa B.** and sponsored by Budweiser, Spill Ink and KRCL 90.9FM.

♦ CHARLES ELLSWORTH ♦

Two blocks from the residence of Vincent Draper, I met with Charles Ellsworth. After smoking a few cigarettes on the porch, we proceeded inside, and in his trademark hilarious style, as soon as we sat down, Ellsworth says, "You should start the interview with me forcibly saying, 'Sit down and take a hit of this bowl.'" Ellsworth, apparently, likes to keep up his deserved rock-star image, though the bowl was imaginary.

Charles' career started at a young age after a chance encounter. "I was at the video store down the street from my house when I was 12 and I decided to buy *The Song Remains the Same* by **Led Zeppelin** because I had never listened to them before. The next day, I told my mom I wanted to play guitar," Ellsworth says.

Much of Ellsworth's career has been based around touring the country and spreading his music. "My most recent tour was a national tour with **Shadow Puppet**. For the most part, it was me and one of my best friends and his dog driving around the country together, playing music every night, drinking in dive bars and passing out in the van," Ellsworth says. His life on the road has transformed the way he performs and writes. "When you play every night and your gas or food money is on the line, you eventually become a better performer overall. You not only get better at playing the music and executing the parts, but you improve at interacting with people and comfortably being onstage, which is something I used to struggle with a lot," Ellsworth says. His songs have always incorporated some aspect of travel, and it is genuinely due to his abundant trekking experience.

When it comes to their album, *Salt Lake City: A Love Story*, not

only are there two distinct styles featured, but the perspectives from **Carson Wolfe**, aka Vincent Draper, and Ellsworth are very different. "Carson has lived here his entire life and I'm a transplant. All of my songs on the record, except for the title track, refer to other places around the country or the world," Ellsworth says. Their love of the City of Salt is also expressed in a markedly individual way. "It's my way of saying you hate Salt Lake when you're in the fishbowl, but when you get out and come back, you realize how special it really is," Ellsworth says. Their outlook on relationships and lives in Utah provide an interesting picture of this place we call home. "[Carson]'s is different than mine, which is about heartbreak and relationships on the road, but his is about being in the same town, having to deal with running into a person you used to be with. It's funny: The entire record is about break-ups," Ellsworth says.

On the subject of collaborating for *Localized*, Ellsworth hopes that there will be an interchange of artists for the performance. "[Carson] plays drums for me. Otherwise, I'm sure there will be some sort of changing of musicians. We definitely want to make it as unique an experience as possible, so I would like to collaborate onstage as much as possible," Ellsworth says.

Wolfe and Ellsworth are not only partners in performance, but a pair of very good friends, allowing them to create an even closer musical bond. Ellsworth says, "My fa-

vorite part about playing with Carson is that he comes purely from a place of passion. Playing with [Carson] always brings that back for me. I want to play music with him forever, if it allows." Like **Saddle Creek Records**, these two have created a network of artists who perform and record together. "I released an album about three years ago called **Charles Ellsworth and the Dirty Thirty**. The Dirty Thirty is a rotating cast of musicians who all play on each other's records," says Ellsworth. This group of young musicians work together to create a performance system of songwriting hulk.

Working together with another artist on a split forces a mashing of methods and, in this case, resulted in an unobtrusive approach. "We went into the studio with certain goals in mind. Our motto for this whole record was 'less is more, but if you're going to go with more, go with more **Slayer**.' The whole thing was an exercise in minimalism," says Ellsworth. Wolfe and Ellsworth recorded the rhythm section themselves, allowing them to look at their record from a different perspective. "[Carson] and I live-tracked all the drum and bass together. I think it was a way for the rhythm section to come together and have a natural, fun feel," Ellsworth says.

In the end, as Ellsworth says, "You can spot a fraud from a mile away," and that will never be a problem for the members of Vincent Draper and the Dirty Thirty or Charles Ellsworth. These men make music about what
(continued on next page)

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they know, crafting songs that go straight from their heartache to our ears, teaching us something about ourselves, and now, about the glorious Salt Lake City.

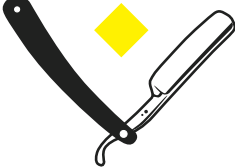
◆ VINCENT DRAPER AND ◆
THE DIRTY THIRTY

Vincent Draper and the Dirty Thirty are a group of fantastically sarcastic gentlemen. The Dirty Thirty began their legacy when **Carson Wolfe** and **Eric Lund**'s previous band, **Small Town Sinners**, broke up. A short number of years later, two others (**Alex Terry**, drums, and **Jon Robertson**, bass) joined to round out what is now a quartet, having met through, of course, the music community. "When Eric was on vacation, I subbed bass for The Small Town Sinners for about two weeks. I don't know where he came from," says Robertson, gesturing to Terry.

Wolfe, who takes on frontman responsibilities for the band, learned to play guitar and began songwriting at a young age. "I started playing music when my friend left his guitar at my house in junior high. I would just doodle around on it. Then I started writing terrible songs and just

never quit," Wolfe says. This early experience in songwriting has given him a leg up in his current music-writing ventures. "Typically, my inspiration comes from a drunken place. As a songwriter, I'm pretty emo. My songwriting generally comes to a halt as soon as there is a girl who I am interested in, then my heart will get broken and I start being a better artist again," Wolfe says.

Wolfe and Charles Ellsworth are fresh off the recording of their first split album, *Salt Lake City: A Love Story*, which details love found and lost both inside the city and on the road. "I think Chuck has an interesting way of letting you get to know the characters in his songs to the extent that they end up being very personal," says Wolfe. The evident contrast comes, mostly, in the form of songwriting styles presented by both men. "I don't typically write in a storytelling manner. Mine comes across a lot vaguer with more imagery." When put concisely, it sounds a bit like this: "In other words, you've got your **Neil Young**, and you've got your **Bob Dylan**," Terry says. In the end, the album came together very distinctively in concrete form. "I think the contrast worked out well in the final product. It goes back and forth from specific to impressionistic, and best, it's dedicated to our home," Wolfe says.



Vincent Draper and
the Dirty Thirty

In the spirit of our Salty City's family of artists, Wolfe and Ellsworth recruited a handful of talented locals to assist their musical creation. "We covered one of **Josaleigh Pollett**'s songs and she sang backups on a few of the tracks. **Genevieve Smith** was a cellist and **Sam Osimitz** from **Hectic Hobo** played the fiddle," Wolfe says. The band hasn't decided yet, but they are discussing the possibility of enlisting one or all of them to perform with them for *Localized*. The use of locals even comes down to the chosen recording studio, *Archive Recordings*, and sound engineer, **Wes Johnson**.

Recounts of a recording experience can be very telling about both the record and the artist. "Chuck and I had to become the band, and we ended up being the entire rhythm section [for the] album. We live-tracked him on bass and me on drums. Getting to step back and not be a singer or guitar player gave us both a new perspective on the album," Wolfe says. Creating a final product during a recording process is about more than just playing music in a studio. "Once you get to the recording, the playing part of your music is such a minor detail. It goes through such a rigorous process that you can literally fuck up all your notes and there is technology out there to make it sound perfect," Terry says. Wolfe chimed in, saying, "We rely entirely on Beat Doctor and Autotune," followed by a final quip from Terry: "We've got **T-Pain** in the house right here!" he says.

The first release of *Salt Lake City: A Love Story* has been released exclusively on vinyl with a supplemental digital download. "One of the things we like to take pride in is that when you purchase a tangible item from us, you get something special. On the previous recording, *Sam*, we included a manila envelope with some stickers and buttons," says Terry.

After an hour of hilarious banter, I left Wolfe's house with a large grin on my face. Getting the opportunity to meet and converse with a group of hardworking local artists always gives me heightened hope for humanity.

Localized is sure to be exceptional, with a possibility of the whole conglomerate sharing a stage on and off throughout the performance. "Usually, when you got to a show, one person plays and then the next, but our shows with Chuck are more of a collaboration of artists, with interchanging members during the entire show," Lund says.



(L-R) Eric Lund, Carson Wolfe, Jon Robertson and Alex Terry are the hardworking musicians behind Vincent Draper and the Dirty Thirty.

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SKEWERED THAI:

A Nice,
New Old Place

By Heck Fork Grief



Photo: Paul Johns

The Green Tofu Curry with perfectly tender and juicy Grilled Lemongrass Chicken hits the spot any day of the week.

I love restaurants in repurposed houses. So much emotional work is done with this simple setting—you are an invited guest, you are home again, you are part of an ongoing history.

This restaurant's space is like a home turned church, turned restaurant. It has an adapted, lived-in feel—a little gentrified, but modestly proud. Two peaked windows in the dining room fetch in plenty of natural light, brightening the muted color scheme of brown and cream—and at nighttime, the festive lights of *Trolley Square* are just across the street. The south half block east from *Trolley Square* is one of the few remaining commercial bits of Salt Lake left with an old town feeling, particularly now that malignant developers have monstrously destroyed the charm of old Sugarhouse.

I have dined at *Skewered Thai* for lunches and late lunches, because I am a polite and compliant servant of the masses and work every night, (except Tuesdays, when I am a compliant and polite homebody). As this is a rice house, aside from the name, I have yet to see a skewer, but I haven't yet had the larger dinner-size servings of meat, so they might appear in that context. There is both white and brown rice available for each lunch. I have always experienced brown rice as horrible, hippy-dippy food (though I liked tofu, sprouts and even Vegemite on the first try), but I have been changed by this restaurant. I actually liked the brown rice with this food—for me, it's a whole new taste landscape. I imagine it would annoy in some more delicate rice dishes—fish and vegetable at my favorite Chinese, and I bet it would ruin sushi and risotto—but the firmly planted flavors of this fresh and mild

Thai take the brown rice famously (the white rice is also very good, of course).

For lunch, \$9 gets you a three- or four-course meal. First, a little salad: Thai peanut dressing, thin and a little sweet, over chopped iceberg lettuce with maybe four strips of fried wonton skin and a twist of carrot. It is modest, but enough. This is amended later with the arrival of fried vegetable rolls, served with a honey-colored sweet sauce. They are crisp and quickly gone. With the salad and egg roll, you have the choice of a plate-full of noodles or a pair of dishes selected from a list of 12 to be eaten with rice.

The noodle plates are largish portions and dependably consistent, but not as peppy or engaging as some of the other Thai places I frequent. The noodle dishes, particularly the Pad Thai and the Pad Siew, are languorous and satisfying. The Drunken Noodles (Pad Kee Mao) are better students, presenting themselves smartly with a little crackle of heat and flavors interesting enough to make each forkful a little lesson in pleasure. This dish takes the \$2 splurge for shrimp particularly well.

As far as rice dishes go, the three color curries are all good bets. The flavor of the yellow and the green differ only around the edges—the green having more of a yellow curry flavor than my ex-

perience expects. The flavors of these two are saturated and only moderately spicy. They are fresh without being too bright on the tongue. The red curry takes a lower note on my taste buds initially, but fans out nicely. I like the red curry here very much—my co-conspirators favor the green. The Massaman Curry is more peanut-edged, and not as sweet as some of the other versions in town, which is a good thing.

After tasting the Basil Stir Fry (Pad Ga Prow), I just couldn't tell it apart in flavor from the Pad Prik Khing (both seemed like a version of the latter, after a fashion). The first should be strongly basil- and fish-sauce flavored, and the latter richly red curried, but without the relief of coconut milk. Neither one of these dishes, as I ordered them, filled those expectations. All Thai food is village food to a large extent, or so I am told. I suppose the cook in charge at *Skewered Thai* just sees things differently than I. Both dishes are tasty, though I don't recognize either as a version of what they claim.

The meat choices, Grilled Lemongrass Chicken and BBQ Pork (Moo Yang) are sublime. The chicken is succulent, and the flavors string out delicately from lemongrass to saline to flesh. The BBQ Pork has a rightness about it that closes my eyes for just a moment on the first bite. These morsels make me hungry for more.

This is an affordable, clean, somewhat formal but welcoming little restaurant, and it should be on your lunch list, if Asian is your bag. Dinner is also served after 3 p.m. with a larger menu. The food is solid, generous, and—though not scorching or brash—it is also free from the too-sweet posturing of some local Thai dinners.

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Witty? Check. Charming? Check. Pretty? Check. Princess Kennedy has what it takes to host a TV show, so give her one already, dammit!

I've decided it's about time I get my own talk show. To the TV station powers that be: I'm witty, charming and pretty—and classically trained for acting on camera. Hit me up for a full list of credentials. Aside from predicting that I'd be a great television personality, I think I have the deep appreciation for our "pretty great state" (which, in my opinion, is a self-deprecating motto) that comes from my constant travel outside of it.

Anyone who might follow my life and times will know that I just spent the winter away from Utah. I used the excuse of escaping the snow and inversion to go coastal for a couple months and work on a book that I'm writing. I ended up with a really great opportunity to house-sit for someone in Santa Cruz, and the experience left a rather salty-aired taste in my mouth. Here's a little secret to California: Anywhere you go that's not Los Angeles or San Francisco is full of nothing but right-wing, gun-rack-sporting assholes, and that's all I will say on the matter.

I never thought I'd live to see the day that I loved Salt Lake City and bashed California. I spent so much of my youth hating it here that I never really took the time to appreciate its finer points. Aside from the luxury of missing the snow days and being able to breathe, I spend probably 90 percent of those 10 weeks hating where I was and missing my home.

OK, so if I had a talk show or TV spot of some sort, I would definitely incorporate my "Top 10" lists of things and stuff. Let's pretend for one moment that I do have a show and I'll give you a preview of the Top 10 things I love and missed most about SLC.

1: This one is a no-brainer: the mountains and scen-

ery. It's true that SLC, despite being landlocked, has some of the most beautiful, diverse and expansive terrain of any other city in the world. I mean, Hollywood figured that out a long time ago.

2: Speaking of diversity, the geography isn't the only thing unique to SLC. We are living in a state that battles on the forefront of politics—most currently, the whole equality issue. It sucked bad enough that I left in the midst of the gay marriage thing, but had I been here, it would have been the Capitol 14.

3-5: Interesting, talented and beautiful people.

This one I catch a lot of flak for: the sheer amount of beautiful people we have in our city. It's this weird phenomenon, and if you have spent any time outside the state, you've noticed. Outside of Utah, everyone just looks like the cross-eyed, redheaded stepchild in comparison to our beauties.

I've written before that Salt Lake has more tattooed people than any other city. Not only that—they are fabulously inked. A large percentage of people in other states who are tattooed are fat, greasy rockabilly rejects.

From a young age, Utahns are taught to excel in the arts, especially music. Yes, there are cities with great music scenes, but if you go to a live show in California, they are these gross, Orange County-sounding, pop punk, frat boy rejects who wouldn't even comprehend the amazing stuff we pump out here.

6: The foodies. I'm in love with the fantastic food and concepts popping up in the city. *Forage*, *Finca*

and *Pallet* are some of my local faves, but the thing I missed most was *Crown Burger's* fry sauce.

7: My friends, the Tranimals. The ladies of SLC's **Bad Kids Collective** have taken a national pastime and embraced the fuck out of it. Their outrageous fashion and personas rank with and even excel their big-city counterparts. Every drag show I went to in both LA and SF left me bored.

8: Family.

9: The layout of the city and the bicycle community. I hate biking in other places. We are so spoiled to have the big roads we do and, as a whole, I feel I get respected by cars more here.

10: It's pretty apparent that I was left feeling really homesick, but the Number One thing I missed was my heart. I definitely leave it here whenever I travel (just to clear up any rumors of me leaving SLC permanently).

The only thing that really bites my ass about the city is that people are so quick to knock it. I just HATE hearing locals say that Utah sucks. The one thing I would bring back home from the community of Santa Cruz is their hometown pride. You can't go anywhere without seeing most of the locals sporting SC merch. To those who bitch about where we live, leave for a couple months. It's totes true—absence makes the heart grow fonder.

If I were to get that talk show, I'd be steadfast to change our state motto (and haters' minds) by calling it: Hello Utah, you're pretty fucking great!

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What You
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What You
Don't
Know
About
Comic

Jason Harvey

By Ashlee Mason • Instagram: @ashbagmason

FACT: Jason Harvey is originally from Hilleg Porterville in Morgan County, Utah, the land of the burned-down *Troll 2* chapel we all love and admire dearly. He's been performing standup for roughly four and a half years now, and decided to up his personal ante by organizing and hosting the monthly show, *Comedy! And Other Opinions* at 5 Monkeys, a bar in the heart of Murray.

OPINION: 5 Monkeys is a very good place to be every third Thursday of the month when you've got \$5 in your pocket that's itchin' to burn. The shows start at 8 p.m., 21+.

FACT: The premise of *Comedy! And Other Opinions* began when Harvey got tired of the same old formula where the host would go up, introduce a comic, come back on, introduce the next comic, and so on ... "I wanted to break it up a little bit, and do something different," Harvey says. "So, I decided to do a random interview after each set where we have two chairs and microphones set up onstage. After their set, they sit down, and we do an improv game, or I ask them a really random, weird question."

OPINION: This is a very good idea. For show times, go to facebook.com/comedyandotheropinions.

FACT: Comics like Manuel Rodriguez, Natasha Mower, Christopher Stephenson and Jamie Maxfield regularly hit the stage for Harvey's shows. He uses his armchair Q&A experiment to tease out the writing process by giving the performers an opportunity to think on their feet and start a funny conversation. It also gives the audience the opportunity to hear something other than the already tortured-over material they're used to.

OPINION: 5 Monkeys is a perfect venue for comedy shows. "I love their stage," Harvey says. "The bar is set away from the stage area, so you don't have to compete with clanging bar sounds or people playing pool. The setup is really cool, and I always had a good time doing comedy there."

FACT: Harvey also has a weekly sketch comedy show called *Glass Eye Dog* at youtube.com/glasseyedog. He, Rodriguez and Michael Eccleston get together and have ridiculously random conversations where, eventually, one of them will say, "Let's turn it into something. Now ... so what's it gonna be?" says Harvey. From there, they execute hilarious sketches, post them online and let the accolades come raining down.

OPINION: Filming one show a week makes the rest of our citizenry look incredibly lazy. Although the boys take occasional breaks (usually around the

holidays, since that's when everyone is stressed out, busy and has to go stupid Christmas shopping for people they can barely tolerate), *Glass Eye Dog* is a well-oiled machine that will feed you a near-endless supply of comedy for free when you're dicking off at work or stoned as hell at 3 in the morning.

FACT: As a result of working in retail and having to talk to people for way too long, Harvey has developed a habit of just doing dumb little jokes here and there to pass the time and make customers feel better about spending their hard-earned money on Johnny Cash T-shirts. Harvey says, "Whenever I'm talking and something ends up being funny, I think about how I can shape that into an actual stand-up bit. How can I incorporate what's funny in this situation into something that is funny for everybody?" Also FACT, when asked to define himself in one word in a language other than English, he said, "Sheißel!"

OPINION: As a result of Harvey being an all-around humble, friendly guy who ain't afraid to say he still gets stage fright, it's an unsettling yet agreeable surprise to discover how raunchy and bonkers his performance can truly be.

FACT: When pressed about what breed of dog he'd choose the SLC comedy scene to be, Harvey went with a St. Bernard: "It's very friendly—like Beethoven—it's a very welcoming dog. People who come in from out of town, we try to get them stage time. So yeah, a big breed that's not ferocious," he says. "It's in its adolescence. It's in between that period where it's not chewing shoes anymore, but it still drools a lot when it shouldn't. Like on my arm? On my chair? Ugh. My main criticism of the local comedy scene is that there's a lot of slobber and shit."

OPINION: I have no official opinion of the aforementioned statement. I'm too goddamn busy laughing.

FACT: Upon conclusion of the interview, Harvey was asked what kind of comic he hopes to be. In response, he said he'll always be performing standup because it's nice to just be up onstage, get his dumb thoughts out there, and see if it's funny to anyone else besides himself (and totally recommends that whoever's interested in doing the same should, because it's strangely worth it, even if it goes nowhere). He wants to continue writing sketches—possibly even some screenplays—and eventually get into directing.

OPINION: Well, our guess is that now you know enough facts and opinions about Jason Harvey to basically want to stalk him—so do it! Ask for his acceptance of your everlasting friendship on Facebook or follow his Twitter handle, @Harvey_harvey, and catch *Comedy! And Other Opinions* on April 17 at 5 Monkeys.

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Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Ogling the Olympics with
Faye Gulini
By Mike Brown
Instagram: @Fagatron

I've been on a real interview kick lately. First a pro runway model, then a pro soccer player and now a pro snowboarder. Growing up in the Salt Lake shred scene, running into a pro shred head really isn't a big deal. I've shared beers and blunts with several of them over the years, but they shall remain nameless due to the industry's tendency toward drug testing these days. I've never had the chance to share a beer with a pro who got a taste of the Olympics, until Faye Gulini was kind enough to split a pitcher with me and her BF, **Lil Jeff**.

Originally, I wanted to interview a gold medalist for this article. But, after numerous failed attempts to contact one of the local rippers who brought home some hardware, and with my looming *SLUG* deadline, I opted for a better plan: interview someone who got 4th place and ask them questions that a gold medalist probably wouldn't be able to answer due to ruining contractual obligations between them and their sponsors in regard to obscenity.

MB: I didn't watch any of the Olympics this year, but I went to the halfpipe contest when it was here in 2002.

Faye: Hey, I went to the halfpipe, too! I was also in the opening ceremony—remember the Children of Light?

MB: Is that what sparked your Olympic dream?

Faye: Uh, yeah, sure.

MB: So, you competed in the boarder cross. Where do you train for that?

Faye: Kind of wherever—they don't really build courses. So, we really don't train unless we are at the event.

MB: What's it like being a better snowboarder than your boyfriend? Does it affect the relationship?

Faye: It's nice. It affects the relationship a lot.

Lil Jeff: I'm super competitive, so it gets weird.

MB: Were you and all the other snowboarders making fun of **Shaun White** for pissing out of slope style?

Faye: It's a bummer that someone else couldn't compete in his spot.

MB: I just feel that anytime there's an opportunity to make fun of Shaun White, a person should take it. Was the course really a bit dangerous like he said?

Faye: Yeah, a lot of people take [the opportunity]. Nope, but we got there after he had pulled out. It sucks for Shaun because people are bummed on him, but it also sucks that someone else could have gone and didn't get the chance.



Olympian Faye Gulini and boyfriend Lil Jeff sit down with Mike Brown for a heart-to-heart at the Cotton Bottom.

Photo: John Barkiple

MB: Well, at first I didn't really blame Shaun for pulling out. (Insert Shaun White pullout joke here).

Faye: Yeah, I don't know a ton about the slope style course, but everyone else seemed to manage just fine.

MB: Except for that Russian skier who got paralyzed. How was the boarder cross course? Any problems with it?

Faye: Nope, it was great.

MB: So, you stayed in a hotel most of the time instead of the Olympic Village, so you wouldn't be able to confirm the rumors that Trojan left a big box of condoms in all the rooms?

Faye: I don't think that was true. I don't know because I wasn't at the Village very much, but I feel like I would have heard about that. I have heard that they give out condoms, though. Maybe at the cafeteria.

MB: I think they should give out condoms at the medal ceremony, because if you are an Olympic champion, chances are you're getting laid next. So, if you stayed in a hotel most of the time instead of the Village, did you get so see any stray dogs?

Faye: Yeah, they were all over. The dog thing was true—that's why so many people adopted them.

MB: I'm super curious about the drug testing process. It seemed like such a huge deal with snowboarding when the Olympics were in Salt Lake.

Faye: It was pretty casual. But at the end of your competition, they'll take you in a separate room with each team. So, Team USA will also have a chaperone and one person from the doping agency will be there,

too. Then you do all the measuring yourself, because if anyone else touches it, someone can claim that they tampered with your drug test ... So I guess it's kind of strict, but you basically just pee in a cup and give it to someone. The US Anti-Doping Agency can test you anytime, anywhere.

MB: Do they, though?

Faye: No. We get tested once or twice a year for the US team.

MB: Lil Jeff wants to know how you think you would have done in the Special Olympics.

Faye: I dunno. I probably would have gotten last.

MB: What is the dumbest question any reporter asked you during the whole Olympic process?

Faye: I dunno, yours?

While we were eating sandwiches and doing the interview at the *Cotton Bottom*, some of the patrons and workers overheard that Faye was in the Olympics and boy, were they excited. Joe Six-Packs seem to cream their pants over Olympic athletes. They came up and thanked her for representing our country, and she was cool enough to not even ask for a free tab. It was refreshing that, within the media blitz that is the Olympics, there are riders like Faye who treat competitions as a chance to ride with all their buddies instead of shooting themselves because they didn't medal.

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Hickman opened shop with Death Waltz in 2011, a name taken from the title of a track by Italian horror-prog and frequent **Argento**-collaborators, **Goblin**. Hickman says that he spent about three months writing stuff down, trying to come up with a name for the label, "Something that'd look good," he says, knowing that he "definitely wanted 'recording company'" in the title because it had an "old school ring to it," he says. "[I was] at home listening to *Suspiria* ... looking at the sleeve, saw 'Death Waltz,' and said, 'That's it!'"

Hickman is directly involved with all aspects of the label, including customer service. Asked about why it's important for him to have a direct line of communication between himself and Death Waltz customers, he says, "I've always been like that, to be honest, because I'm a fan. Not being cheesy, it's the truth. I like to keep people in the loop."

His enthusiasm for sharing knowledge bleeds over into every aspect of quality record listening, and the conversation, of course, began by talking about his current, treasured turntable, a Michell Transcriptor—the classic piece of hi-fi gear most recognizable for its use by Alex Delarge (**Malcolm McDowell**) in *A Clockwork Orange*. "That's always been my dream deck, and I've always had fairly mid-range decks," Hickman says. Two years ago, at a London record/hifi store, Hickman saw the Transcriptor and had to have it, so he sold a few things. "For me, there's something super iconic about it," says Hickman. "There's something really nice about a vintage deck ... My amp's a really old Pioneer. I don't think it's a nostalgia thing—it just looks cool." He's currently in the process of writing a gear guide broken into price points for people getting into vinyl, and recommends to always buy vintage when it comes to turntables and stereo gear. "Some people don't like to get used gear due to worry, but there's a reason why that stuff still works," he says. "Things

[have] become more disposable. People upgrade all the time, but these things were built to last a lifetime."

Hickman is also responsible for bringing *Record Store Day* to the UK seven years ago, while running *Rough Trade East* record shop, one of the UK's most recognized music institutions. Of the event's current status, he says, "Personally, I think it's kind of [at] a breaking point. When RSD started, stores were really struggling. Vinyl hadn't broken through like it has now. Vinyl sales are high now." Hickman says that, on a personal level, he'd like to see the number of RSD releases drop. He says, "Next year, I would like to see no releases taking place, and just celebrations—not trying to be controversial." We are in agreement that the day should be about going to your local store and having a great time (Full-disclosure: I'm the owner of *Albatross Recordings* in Salt Lake). "Seeing people out with their kids, and the kids being really excited ... at some point, if it just becomes a commercial venture, it could lose the magic," says Hickman.

Considering some highlights as far as experiences since starting Death Waltz, Hickman says, "So many: being able to work with **Fabio Frizzi** and striking up a friendship. Being able to talk to **Alan Howarth** and **John Carpenter**. Getting sleeve notes. Working with **Dinos Chapman** for *The Fog* release," to name a few. He says, "Every release is really special. I wouldn't do it otherwise."

Jeff Grace's scores for **Ti West's** *The House of the Devil* and *The Innkeepers* were originally to be the label's first two releases, but these things can take time. **Frizzi's** score for the **Lucio Fulci** film, *Zombi 2/Zombie Flesh Eaters* became the first, in 2012, while the scores for *The House of the Devil* and *The Innkeepers* are finally due in several months. *Beyond the Black Rainbow* is planned for July. He says of how he chooses a score to release: "It has to be interesting as an album, independent of the movie. [You] have to be able to listen to it, otherwise, there's no point." It's a wonderful thing to see the person responsible for these reissues as excited as the audience. "When I started the label, I just wanted to do something cool that I'd want to buy," Hickman says. "[I] never thought that things would get that big. I just thought it'd be a fun thing: Press 500, sell it—next 500. I didn't realize the need for something like what Death Waltz does." The label has a slew of RSD releases for April, including composer **Clint Mansell's** score for *In The Wall*, and plans a "Willy Wonka-style" golden ticket giveaway as part of this year's celebration.

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SOUNDS FROM OUT THERE:

RECORDS, RECORD STORE DAY AND SINGING PLANETS

By Ryan Hall • dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com

Last September, the Voyager 1 left our solar system. That cold little coffin containing all of what mankind thought was important in 1977 is now careening through uncharted interstellar space. Onboard that space craft is a gold-plated phonographic record containing images and sounds that represent a fairly decent cross-section of human and animal life, as well as a record of some of our best scientific achievements up to that point. When examined in the context of historical record keeping, physical media will always be used as an artifact. When it comes to recorded music, the distinct artifact-ness (you can heft, touch, handle it) of vinyl records make them an endearing part of the human condition. The things we cherish the most require some sort of tactile proof they exist.

To this end, on April 19, **Lefse Records** (pronounced leff-suh) is putting out a very special box set of seven 7" records inspired by the Voyager 1. *The Space Project* began with an incredible premise in mind. While passing through our solar system, Voyager 1 picked up and recorded portions of each planet's electromagnetic spectrum. These fluctuations in the radiation of the magnetosphere of each planet produced "sounds" (permanently in quotes here because they aren't sounds, per se) that change in their timbre and pitch relative to the size and mass of each object. These are the sounds of planets singing.

These recorded fluctuations are now public domain. When Lefse Records founder **Matt Halverson** listened to these sounds and heard the inherent musicality of each tone, this idea was born: Commission a bunch of different artists to implement these sounds to whatever end they feel appropriate in their composition. The result was as varied as the names on this compilation. Some of them are pretty obvious—how are you going to make a compilation literally using space sounds and not call up **J. Spaceman**? Halverson opted to keep the rules for this project loose to non-existent. The only qualification was that each artist had to use the "sounds" of each planet/moon in their composition. Each artist was commissioned to a different planet or moon (Miranda is a moon of Uranus; Io is one of Jupiter's moons). Halverson half-feared that artists would use this project as a vehicle to flex their avant-garde muscles. He says, "I was afraid that everyone was going to take this one-off release and make something non-music like or bizarre." The result is anything but. "I was surprised by **Youth Lagoon**, **Mutual Benefit**, **Spiritualized** and **Beach House**,

artists who actually wrote lyrics and made a song out of it. I was hoping for that, but not fully expecting it," he says.

Each utilized these "sounds" to different ends. Youth Lagoon chopped and condensed Uranus' fluctuating radiation into sharp, static-laden beats for his otherwise straightforward pop track, "Worms." Other artists used their respective "sounds" to create a shimmering noise floor or an elongated drone that complemented or matched their guitar/synth tones: creating warm, celestial sounds. Halverson was especially impressed by the way **Blues Control** was able to perfectly tune their guitars to the key of Uranus and play within that tone. **The Antlers** completely cut loose from their celebrated, emotion-filled pop song and used these "sounds" as what Halverson calls "a kind of guitar solo" in their droning, instrumental composition.



Other artists sharing a more experimental/electronic bent used these "sounds" as an additive tone to their already dream-like soundscapes. While nothing sounds forced on this record, artists such as **Zomes**, **Anna Meredith**, **Jesu** and **Absolutely Free** share the most in common with the unfiltered, unedited "sounds" radiating somewhere in the galaxy. Commenting on the inherent musicality of these "sounds," Halverson says, "I was shocked at how much it sounded like very minimal, droning, dense electronic music." The pitch, timbre and tone of these "sounds" allowed these artists who work with ambient sounds to effortlessly fold them into their soundscape, creating a compilation that is endlessly varied and listenable.

There is a great scene in the beginning of the movie *Contact* where the camera starts on Earth and gradually zooms out, moving beyond our solar system and eventually beyond our galaxy. As the camera pulls away, we hear radio transmissions from our past eras grow fainter and fainter until we are beyond the limit that these sounds can reach. Similarly, as we experience more and more media through a digital format, it is important that we have a counter-balance to the somewhat ephemeral nature of digital consumption. The fact that a physical artifact, a record, is still out there traveling alone, traveling with mankind's accumulated knowledge and experience on a gold-plated disc, gives some weight to the importance of physical media. We record our history on physical artifacts. The way we may communicate with extra-terrestrial life is through a record. Kinda gives more significance to Record Store Day, huh?

The Space Project will be available as a limited-edition box set on April 19 through Lefse Records at your favorite record store.



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With Record Store Day just around the corner on April 19, expect some excellent releases from **Sub Pop Records**. Publishing four records, Sub Pop is offering a selection of solid bands. From the grungy standby **Mudhoney** to the nominal electro-pop group **Norwist** and the folksy **Chad VanGaalen**, Sub Pop has something for every audiophile. However, everything pales in comparison to the release of **Pissed Jeans' The Very Best of Sub Pop 2009-2013: "Live" at the BBC**.

More than 10 years after the band's inception, Pissed Jeans have gone from punk stardom to Sub Pop's best-kept secret. A combination of hardcore punk and noise rock, with a smattering of dudeist cynicism, Pissed Jeans were a total gamble—a divergence from typical Sub Pop artists of the last decade like **Fleet Foxes** and **The Shins**. The first time I ever heard Pissed Jeans was their second album, *Hope For Men*. However, what brought me to the table as a full-fledged fan was their first album, *Shallow*. Full of suppressed sexual energy and societal angst, my life revolved around the album for a large portion of my 21st year.

Matt Korvette, lead singer of Pissed Jeans, was pretty upfront about the decision to publish the EP. "We [were] asked if we wanted to do something by Sub Pop, and [Record Store Day] has been around long enough—we figured 'sure,'" says Korvette. Recorded live on the UK's *Punk Show* with Mike Davies, the EP is four of their more well-known songs, like "Cafeteria Food" and "False Jessi Part 2." "We had a recording we thought was cool to put out, so we sort of went for it and did it," he says. The album is a drudged,

thumping tryst in the alleyway—sort of a mock-up of a **John Peel** Session (He's the only English radio DJ I know of) meets a basement show. Korvette sings in a fake cockney accent on most of the four songs. Known for their riotous performances, you can hear the energy and aggression in this live recording. "This record is bad, but it's weird enough to put out there," says Korvette. **Black Flag** meets **Butthole Surfers**, fronted by a **Nick Cage**-like performer, these four songs are either a great introduction to Pissed Jeans' material or a supplement to their rather sparse but quality collection.

Korvette explains the exquisite feature and bonuses of their *Record Store Day* release: "It's a professionally printed cardboard sleeve, glued on three sides. The vinyl comes in a protective paper sleeve," says Korvette. "I think people have figured out how to make a record look nice—you don't need to like, fill up an inflatable pouch of water glitter that explodes when you play a song twice. The medium is pretty much already perfected—you don't have to mess with it."

Record Store Day isn't just about the jams and sweet swag—it's about keeping local stores in business and introducing yourself to music you would have otherwise overlooked. In these days of iTunes, SoundCloud and Bandcamp, the record store is under assault on two fronts: the infinite selection/variety of the Internet and how ungodly cheap it is. Some have praised this as a democratization of music, the potential nail in the coffin to large conglomerates like **Capitol Records** and **CBS**. Another effect of the "locationless music store" is the damage it has done to small record shops around

the world. Korvette explains that while the variety is great, the Internet lacks direction. "You can go to the Internet and find a recipe to cook dinner, but you need someone to narrow it down for you and direct you in the right place. Record stores are good when it comes to [guiding people to] music," he says. Korvette continues saying that the physical activity of going to a record store with friends is a much more exciting and interactive experience, saying, "It's hard to gather with your friends and look at an online distro."

Korvette lays a lot of significance in record stores for his own musical development, as well as the band's. Korvette's favorite shop, called *Double Decker Records*, located in Allentown, Pa., is where Pissed Jeans was born. "Myself and the other members of Pissed Jeans, we've been going there since it opened. When we were teenagers, when you just learned to drive, just hanging out there and going there ... it really shaped our taste. Pissed Jeans wouldn't exist if it weren't for that place, really," he says.

Korvette also had nothing but great things to say about their label. Pissed Jeans have been with Sub Pop since 2007 and Korvette appreciates the lack of pomp and pretentiousness at Sub Pop. "I always admired Sub Pop Records, but they seemed beyond my reach. It's this cool thing that has a history, but I never thought twice about them because, 'Why would I ever be on that record label?'" he says.

Find Pissed Jeans' *The Very Best of Sub Pop 2009-2013: "Live" at the BBC* at your nearest record store on April 19.

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SACRED BONES
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Vinyl Vive!

Sacred Bones' Caleb Braaten on

Record Stores, Reissues and Vinyl

Christian Schultz • christian@slugmag.com

Founded in 2007, Sacred Bones Records has grown from a small, independent label based in Brooklyn into a diverse community of international artists—with a range that includes the avant-pop star **Zola Jesus**, the psych-kraut of **Psychic Ills**, the dismantled post-punk of **Pop. 1280** and **The Men**, coldwave outfits **VÅR** and **Lust for Youth**, and industrial noise fright **Pharmakon**. Though difficult to categorize, Sacred Bones releases are hooked through with fervent, often unsettling dedication to the craft and communal life of music. Likewise, the label's dedication to vinyl releases is equally obsessive—each instantly identifiable by an always-present icon: an ouroboros circling a black triangle. From new sounds by emerging artists to rare reissues, label founder Caleb Braaten discusses with *SLUG* why record stores and vinyl are alive and exciting.

"Record stores have always felt like a home to me," says Braaten, a Colorado native whose ear for dismantled beauty grew out of the home he found in Denver's *Twist & Shout* record shop. "As a kid, after school, we would always go hang out there," he explains. "Even before that, me and my friends would ride our bikes and buy tapes at stores and shit like that. It was a big part of my formative years." Braaten worked there for about six years before moving to New York City in 2003, embedding himself in the always-happening scene there.

"I just wanted to put out my friends' 7", says Braaten about his label's modest origins. "The original idea behind the label wasn't even really to put out new music," he explains. "I wanted to do some of that, too, but I really wanted to focus on reissues. I was currently working at a record store, *Academy Records* in Brooklyn. With some encouragement from some friends, I just decided to go ahead and do it—I knew enough people in record stores across the country that I could at least get a few copies out."

The progression to cult status (though as a label for new artists, not reissues) was quick for Sacred Bones. "I kept discovering new bands that were amazing," says Braaten. "Maybe, before I started the label, I wasn't quite as plugged into the new music scene—as soon as I started it, the ball just kept rolling." The label's profile grew significantly a few years back, when **David Lynch** joined the roster, with the reissue of his 1977 *Eraserhead* soundtrack (a "dream come true," Braaten gushes). Now, cult filmmaker **Jim Jarmusch** calls the label home as well.

Sacred Bones' dedication to vinyl felt natural—not trendy—for Braaten, who kept collecting records throughout the medium's dry spell in the '90s. "When I started Sacred Bones, it was really at this point where interest in vinyl

really started to rise—I was very lucky in that way," he says. "As a medium to experience new music in the last 10 years, records have been really important. That's the world I was already involved in—the record world. My heart is in records." In addition to vinyl LPs, CDs and downloads, many releases are also available in elaborate limited editions. Eschewing digital music trends has not affected the label in the slightest—in fact, the majority of Sacred Bones' sales are physical—a testament to the faith Braaten has in SB's artists and followers.

Despite the wild acclaim that Braaten's received with his current roster, his initial desire to reissue out-of-print recordings didn't go away. Call him a crate-digger, if you must—"I've always enjoyed discovering new music," he says. "The funnest way to do that is to find it in a record bin somewhere." Many of Braaten's finds found physical life on *Killed By Deathrock, Vol. 1*, a compilation of obscure post-punk, deathrock and dark punk tracks the label released earlier this year. "The response has blown me away," he says. "The majority of those records were just found in bins over the years. It's amazing these songs are finally finding people's ears after sitting dormant for so long." The compilation acts as a love letter to the culture that nurtured him.

For the past three years, *Todo Muere*, the label's annual *Record Store Day* compilation, has served as a gift from Sacred Bones to fans and new listeners alike. "RSD is a great platform to reach people who don't necessarily know about the label," Braaten says. "It's become such a true event that people who don't necessarily go to record stores on a regular basis are going to record stores, checking out exclusive releases and learning new things about what's going on. I thought that [*Todo Muere*] was a great platform to get people to hear some of the stuff that we're doing on Sacred Bones and something nice to give to people who are already fans. That's why we put in rare songs and weirdo covers, as a one-time thing—it's something cool and collectable. It's a lot of fun to put together every year."

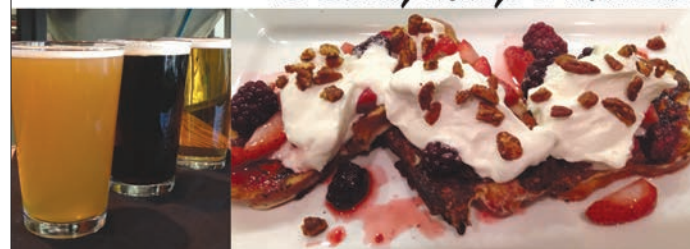
When asked about the label's growth, Braaten stays modest and grateful. "We've gotten a lot of really great opportunities, and we've taken all of them," he says. "Combined with that and a little bit of luck and some really talented people, we've been able to grow into something pretty significant."

Pick up *Todo Muere Vol. 4*, *Killed By Deathrock* or any of Sacred Bones' recent releases at your favorite local shop on *Record Store Day* on April 19. Peruse them in the digital realm at sacredbonesrecords.com.

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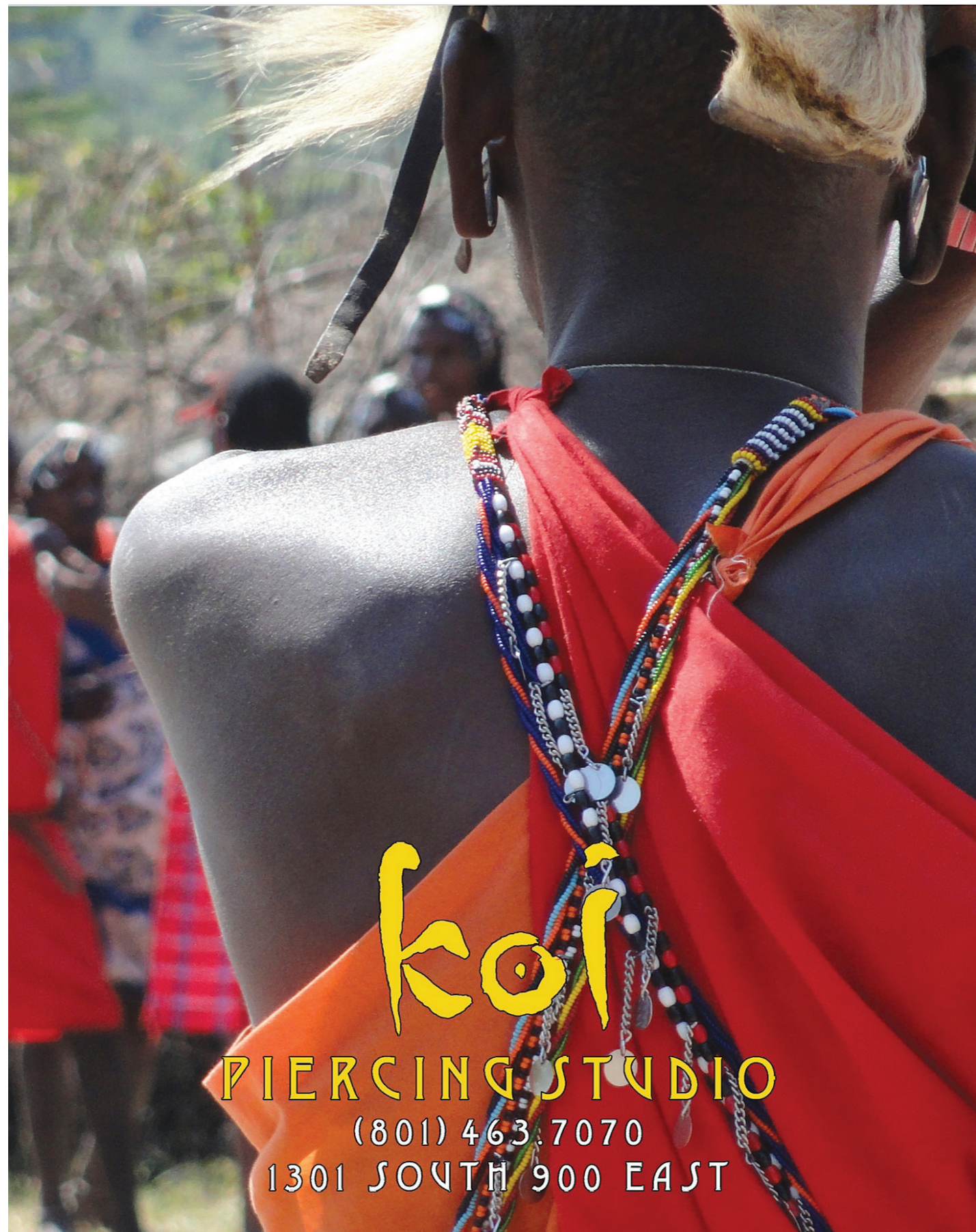
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SLUG SLIDES THROUGH SXSW



Last month was the time of year for another *SLUG* romp-down to the huge music festival *South by Southwest* (SXSW) for its 28th year of taking over the Music Capital of the World: Austin, Texas. *SLUG* caught some prolific, emerging and downright obscure acts to bring back home to the Beehive State. Read further for the lowdown on the good (or bad) stuff that stood out for our audiophile ears!

Animals as Leaders
The Dirty Dog Bar 03.14
MetalSucks Showcase
Animals as Leaders =
Russian Circles + Ratatat +
jazz

Once **After the Burial** finished their set at *The Dirty Dog Bar* on 6th Street, half the crowd exited the venue to the drunk pit that made up a SXSW Friday night in Austin. This purge left one of the most respectful crowds I saw during the SXSW festival, standing around in anticipation for Animals As Leaders to set up their equipment. Time stretched itself out until, finally, the band was found onstage setting up their instruments and were ready for the night at 1 a.m. AAL's guitarists equip themselves with two eight-string guitars, **Tosin Abasi** manipulating one and **Javier Reyes** handling the other. **Matt Garstka** anchors the band on drums. Abasi lent their set humble, soft words, and at lightning speed, the band kicked off into a fury of extremely fast and unique guitar playing with a range of interworked techniques—sweeping, tapping and adaptations of classical combined with thumb slapping, hammer-ons and palm mutes, to name a few, applied to the eight-string with machine-like accuracy. A symphony of progressive metal found its way to a crowd of silent, attentive followers trying to keep up with the intense instrumentation. Mirroring the crowd's composure, the band's onstage dynamics included minimal movement in playing their instruments—no exaggerated, repeated, vomiting lurches, no jumping around. Any stage antics were channeled into

composing multiple melodies layered on top of each other, and outlandish riffs while using techniques to make up for not having a bass player. Anybody into music from jazz to hardcore and metal should take the chance to at least listen, if not see a live performance of AAL live. Check out their new album, released March 25 from **Sumerian Records**. —Joshua Joye

Buck Biloxi and the Fucks
Hotel Vegas 03.15
Burgermania III
Buck Biloxi and the Fucks
= Ramones + Dead Boys x
Daniel Johnston

I stumbled upon the New Orleans-based Buck Biloxi and the Fucks while attending **Burger Records'** third showcase at SXSW. Right away, I could tell these guys (and one gal on drums) were going to give us one great show. They plugged into the backline, quickly sound-checked and launched into a lo-fi punk set with charmingly snotty lyrics: "I don't understand a thing that you people say and think/You're just a bunch of dumb-ass robots thinking you're so interesting—who gives a fuck?" Buck Biloxi is a master know-it-all, singing thoughts we're all guilty of thinking, but don't dare say. "I want you to shut the hell up for me/You sure have a lot to say—why don't you just go away?" Buck Biloxi and the Fucks hate a lot of stuff in the most endearing way. Most songs clock in at a little over one minute—just long enough to learn the words to, but not long enough to sing them. After spending five days waiting in long lines behind drunken dudes wearing vintage day-glow parkas, I felt happy bopping to their bratty, sassy punk on my last night in Austin. Stumbling upon acts like Buck Biloxi and the Fucks is the reason why SXSW continues to remain on my yearly to-do list. Now, if we could just get them out here to play a house party in Salt Lake City ... —Angela H. Brown

Chris Mitchell
Elephant Room 03.15
Official SXSW Showcase

Chris Mitchell = Kenny G
+ Dave Koz + Fred Meyer
circa 1993

On our last day in Austin, my fellow correspondent Joshua Joye, also a lover of Midcentury bebop, suggested I visit the *Elephant Room* Downtown, where lots of jazz shows happen. I headed over by myself to see Chris Mitchell. I had never heard of him, but I was looking forward to a break from all the rap and punk shows I was attending. The typical basement jazz club was a cool, dark respite from the madness above ground, and I settled into an inconspicuous table off to the side. I treated myself to an expensive beer. At the first sip, a sax-wielding figure in the back of the club began to blow. The crowd turned. Chris Mitchell began a slow progression up the aisle, shoving his horn in patrons' faces as he played lame, un-stimulating '90s mall jazz. He joined his backing band at the front of the room and I began to sweat. I was in jazz Hell. Not free jazz, not bop, not cool whatsoever. They call it "contemporary smooth jazz"—every song sounded like the saxophone hook from **George Michael's** "Careless Whisper." The white, middle-aged audience loved it. After switching to clarinet, Mitchell ended a song with one shrill note that lasted about two minutes. The crowd went wild. It was like watching a man masturbate onstage to resounding applause. He dragged the note on, wagging his clarinet up between tables until a security guy shook his head, signaling him to return to the stage. At the end of the song, Mitchell said, "I know y'all never met anyone like me before." Yeah, I have—when **Dave Chappelle** impersonated **Rick James** on *Chappelle's Show*. This was one of the most embarrassing performances I've ever witnessed, and I'm pretty sure Chris Mitchell was completely serious. —Cody Kirkland

Dinos Boys
Hotel Vegas 03.12
Punk, Showcase
Dinos Boys = The Damned x
The Boys

There's just something about the very

name, Dinos Boys, which had me in raptures when I was assigned to watch this band of whom I'd never heard before. It was late afternoon on the cusp of evening as the sunset shone through an open door at *Hotel Vegas*, and the whole affair made me feel like I was at "Dino's Bar and Grill" from **Thin Lizzy's** "The Boys Are Back in Town." As I caught sight of co-singer/guitarist **Danny Song's** **Still Little Fingers** T-shirt, I knew that I was in for a treat—his getup and the other singer/guitarist, **Chase Noles'** black-and-red Freddy Krueger long-sleeve and denim vest with a **999** back patch suggested that these guys were tried and true punx leftover from a forgotten era. Noles' '70s Chelsea mullet lent him a look akin to **Stiv Bators'** white-trash visage, and as they kicked off the jams, I was sent to a '77 wonderland. Song and Noles gang up on vocals throughout most of their songs, which lends each cut an anthemic feel. I wish I knew the words, because everything they scream-sang elicited the urge to sing along, which was indicative of their street rock n' roll candor. One song that stood out at this performance and the next one at which I caught the Atlanta-based band was "She Cut Me," which can be found on their Bandcamp page, *demdinoboyz.bandcamp.com*. The song is simultaneously tough and catchy with an "ohh" punctuating the chorus. After their set, I approached Song to let him know that I thought Dinos Boys' set was "fuckin' awesome," and to express that it had been a LONG time since I'd seen a '77 band. He replied, "We're the only '77 band." They're snotty, and it rules. —Alexander Ortega

Kayo Dot
Quantam Lounge 03.13
Invisible Oranges
Showcase
Kayo Dot = Mount Eerie +
Woods of Desolation

Briskly walking into the *Quantam Lounge* from across town, I can hear the minimal decibels of noise from Kayo Dot working the crowd at the end of the narrow venue. Earplugs go in, and I situate myself into a tightly woven circle of bodies to make sure that no

amount of the experimental, avant-garde goth metal [bonded to chamber-rock soundwaves] evaporates into the ether. This act is charged with a drummer, guitarist, saxophonist, synthesizer player and vocals by creator and only original member **Toby Driver**. The band plays soft, repetitive, un-surfaced waves of sound, which allow Driver's silver serpent tongue to ripple in wet reverb. He uses his soft, trailing-off, poetic words to beckon the crowd close just before the band lashes out with a wave of viscous black metal. The audience tenses up to take on the brute force of the chaotic blast of metal with guitars wailing in long, drawn-out drones until they slowly subside to calming drum beats interlaced with vocals. Theming the show off of rising and falling from metal to poetic folk, respectively, the saxophone, synthesizer and drums stitch all parts together in KD's set throughout the night. They play their latest self-released album, *Hubardo*—the band's entire set for the night. As the audience creates waves of head-bobbing amid gazes and stares, the bass is quickly replaced with Driver's keyboarding to add in extra depth, almost like an organ with the stops pulled out. The unique keyboard bass



Photo: Joshua Joye

TJ Cowgill of King Dude prepares his sing-a-long seancé about Lucifer being the light of the world.

becomes clear only after the sound engineer is told to “turn the keyboard up” two or three times. The rest of KD’s set moves on through a marriage of mixed noises and harmonizing vocals to create a close-to-indefinable sound that they have crafted for years in order to give these select followers at SXSW an aural imprint for the rest of the week. —Joshua Joye

King Dude
Gypsy Lounge 03.15
Sailor Jerry Showcase
King Dude = Tom Waits +
Cult of Youth

When I first heard **TJ Cowgill**, aka King Dude, it was winter and the album was *Love*—his spooky, deeply resonating voice and droning, reverberating acoustic guitar wove lyrics about Earth, death and the devil together in a fitting wintertime soundtrack. Now, two years later, joined by Alexander Ortega and Joshua Joye, I milled around amid a somewhat subdued crowd, stoically guzzling Sailor Jerry rum drinks in a last-ditch effort to extend our week-long party. To scattered shouts and applause, Cowgill took the stage in front of a blacked-out American flag.

During a drawn-out setup and sound check, Cowgill chain-smoked while we watched his every move. When the band finally started, Cowgill held the audience’s attention like a preacher. Instead of the spacious, atmospheric sound on *Love*, King Dude’s live sound was plugged in, heavier and more aggressive as they played a blend of country, folk and rock n’ roll, vaguely informed by black metal—people call it “goth Americana.” Cowgill commanded the midnight stage, yelling like a satanic **Tom Waits** as drummer **Joey D’Auria** slammed a fistful of chains onto his snare in a performance that Cowgill introduced as a song about life extension—“Do some research,” he said. During faster, more rock-oriented songs, Cowgill shredded and sang like an evil **Mike Ness**, breaking up the séance vibe of the slower, darker songs. He chain-smoked through the entire set and took slugs from a bottle of cheap whiskey between songs. “Lucifer’s the Light of the World” topped off the set, with a sing-along about our love for Lucifer and his love for us. It made me feel weird inside, but I liked it. It was probably just the death of my remaining subconscious Mormon guilt—the perfect mood to record our final *SLUG Soundwaves* recap over at the *Texas State Cemetery*. —Cody Kirkland

Perfect Pussy
Red 7 Patio 03.14
Punk Showcase
Perfect Pussy = Alice Bags +
Poly Styrene + Pharmakon

I was sitting on a church pew swooning in UK electronica music by **Matthew Barnes** (aka **Forest Sword**), when I glanced at my phone. I was going to be late! Grabbing my bag, I ran out of *Austin’s Central Presbyterian Church* on race to the *Red 7 Patio*, where Perfect Pussy was about to play. I had a feeling their set was going to be loud, fast and really fucking short—the kind of punk show you could miss if you were 10 minutes late. I pounded pavement past hundreds of drunk festivalgoers until I made it to the venue. Luckily, there was no line at the door and I strategically worked my way up to the front. Perfect Pussy was already wailing through their second song, playing their unique brand of abrasive, “fuck you” punk. **Meredith Graves** screeched with her eyes closed, folding her body in half at the waist as she belted out indecipherable vocals. By the third song, Graves had removed her long-sleeved sweater revealing several upper body tattoos, some resembling those made by a DIY tattoo gun. Graves was vicious on the mic, screaming like she was being carried away by a pack of wolves. She held her microphone a good three to four inches from her mouth. Not all of Graves’ passionate yelps made it through the PA. Those

of us who were on the front row could hear these unamplified voice parts, a nod to hardcore vocal stylings of the ’80s. Perfect Pussy pushed on through the fourth and final song, blasting the crowd with noise. I pogo-ed with the crowd, lifted my head, and it was over. Without uttering a word, Graves threw the microphone on the floor of the stage, grabbed her bag and walked off. The audience seemed stunned—burned by the fierce energy they were just left with. I stood in front of the stage, taking in the experience when a woman in her mid-50s tapped me on my shoulder. “Who in God’s name was that?” —Angela H. Brown

Protomartyr
The Hideout 03.15
Monofonus Press Showcase
Poromartyr = The Middle
Class x Parquet Courts

Maybe it’s the theatre stage of the nondescript venue, *The Hideout*, and its dark, bohemian atmosphere, but Protomartyr deliver something transcendent. Frontman vocalist **Joe Casey** looks like a dad in his pleated pants and tucked-in, buttoned-up shirt with a white undershirt. His vocals are shouts, which he punctuates with correlating scowls, and the words he spits paint pictures of dark street corners, perhaps of Detroit, their hometown (where, Casey noted, they don’t have roundabouts). Guitarist **Greg Ahee** looks as though he could be Casey’s son, and bassist **Scott Davidson** and drummer **Scott Leonard** look like potential neighborhood kids onstage in a showing that comes across more like a play than a rock set. Casey loosens to a deep croon from his bitter half-snarls and sings in a baritone atop Ahee’s angular, wistful guitar work. The singer scrunches up his face expressively, and it’s in his performance that Protomartyr’s set becomes something like a rock-musicalized poetry reading without the effects of slam poetry, yet also without the graceless flurry of mosh pit dancers. Though their set is enigmatic, there’s something charmingly artless about the way in which Protomartyr deliver their music; they lie somewhere between the post-punk of **Gang of Four**’s more severe moments and the less vitriolic moments of *Damaged* by **Black Flag**. Their songs each stand on their own, but it seems that (no matter in which order they’re placed in a set, seemingly) their songs culminate in a synergistic wallop, which invokes grit and greyness and the warehouses in their blighted Michigan home city. As they sidled into what might have been their last song of the evening, something in Ahee’s guitar/pedal/amp setup shorted out, and Casey smiled to let the crowd know that they were done. With a wave of his hand, the act was over. —Alexander Ortega



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1. Dinos Boys brought back the spirit of '77 for their set at *Hotel Vegas*. 2. *La Barbecue* hosted #SXSellout where Curse Heavens played a mix of thrash and sludge metal. 3. Kurt Vile played a solo set without his usual backup band, The Violators. 4. White Mystery rocked out in their free in-store at *Trailer Space Records*. 5. Indian ran their instruments through an ungodly amount of pedals to produce a heavy, merciless doom sound. 6. Kylea brings the Mohawk fans to a stand still with viscus amounts of sludge. 7. Buck Biloxi and the Fucks lived up to their name with a smart-ass demeanor in their lyrics and during their set. 8. Fucked Up frontman Damian Abraham provided an exuberant, energetic performance. 9. Hip-hop duo People Under The Stairs performed '90s classics like "San Francisco Knights" and rapped a song from their upcoming album for the first time ever. 10. Forest Swords wowed the audience at the Pitchfork Showcase at the *Central Presbyterian Church*.

Photo Credit: ● AHB ✕ Joshua Joye ▲ Alexander Ortega ■ Cody Kirkland

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God's Lonely Children

CULT LEADER

Emerge From The Shadows

By Megan Kennedy • iamnightsky@gmail.com

There is an old archetype in the stories that humans have passed through the generations, which literary and cultural nerds refer to as the "Descent into Hell." If you've seen a superhero movie in the last decade, then you know the beat of its redemptive heart: After reaching the heights of success and power, the hero is forced into a darkness that they have heretofore never encountered—one that threatens to drown everything they've built and fought for. The end seems nigh, but victory is achieved and the hero—not without loss—ascends again out of the pit. Cult Leader guitarist **Mike Mason** perfectly expresses the spirit of this ascension that he, **Anthony Lucero** and **Casey Hansen** have kept burning in the blackness. Discussing the moment the group was faced with an uncertain future for their past project, **Gaza**, Mason says, simply: "It can't end like that." So, from ashes, Cult Leader was born in Salt Lake City. Within less than a year, Mason, Hansen and Lucero faced the end of a successful band, the creation of a new one, and became part of the **Deathwish Inc.** record-label family: a redemptive myth in the music world, if ever there was one.

Lucero, Hansen and Mason are pragmatic men, and have long kept in the backs of their heads a battle plan for a bandless outcome they hoped would never appear. When it did, they were ready. "I was fully prepared to go full-bore DIY, like, nobody would want to touch us. I think that's a good way to look at the opportunities in life—what happens when you don't get the opportunity anymore? It's always useful to know what you're doing without anyone else around," says Hansen. They recorded a new EP, *Nothing For Us Here*, independently with engineer **Wes Johnson**, ready and willing to cradle this creation themselves, unsure of how the industry was going to react to this sudden upheaval. They sent copies out to several sources, including longtime friend **Jacob Bannon** of **Converge**, owner of Deathwish Inc. In less than 24 hours, Bannon had messaged Lucero on Facebook, welcoming the group with open

arms. "Magic is the best way to describe it," says Lucero. "We had already built a relationship with Jacob—we were already friends ... but none of us expected to actually get picked up. We hoped for it, of course." Just like that, Cult Leader had a solid foundation beneath their feet and a springboard from which to launch this new project onto the national stage.

Starting out, the band first had to decide to whom the role of vocalist would be given, and his bandmates, without question, nominated Lucero in full faith of his abilities. Lucero, who long ago had seeds of ideas for vocals planted in the back of his mind, came to the job ready to explore those concepts, and with them, the band built the foundations of their sound and their soon-to-be-released EP.

Nothing For Us Here is a short but powerful EP, full of gnashing dread and sick despair: a frenzied mix of hardcore and punk, along with an occasional spice of something heavier—hints of black and death metal lurk in the furious beats, the layered, harsh vocals and the discordant guitar wails. The tracks are brief but full of varied character, ranging from the thick and chaotic "Flightless Birds" to the six-minute barren dirge, "Driftwood," which began as a mess-around jam track and evolved into a unique, gloomy flow that ends the album in a sorrowful yet somehow calm place. It's not technical in its heaviness, but ruthless and viscous; primitive in structure but far from simple. The band is thrilled to have a vocalist as proactive in the creation process as Lucero has become. Bassist **Sam Richards** says, "For the first time, in a band I've been in, a vocalist came [up] with an idea for a song, for a vocal-

driven song, which is exciting." More than that, Lucero brings a thundering, gravel-thick voice, which occasionally makes it sound as if his jaw is coming unhinged. It's a brutal symphony that is hard to squeeze into a predetermined genre, something the band appreciates.

While Mason and Hansen kept their roles as guitarist and drummer, respectively, Lucero took this new opportunity to put down his bass, which he played in previous bands. Mason's and Hansen's trust in Lucero is already reaping rewards: The guttural, fierce bellow of his creative input has allowed Cult Leader to explore a wide variation in their sound, writing songs that are vocally driven, like the low and fierce "Mongrel." "I like being able to bring that approach," says Lucero. "Now I get to think in two separate modes. I always had vocal ideas before, but I was not going to impose because it's not my full instrument, so I could suggest, but it was never full-blown writing. With [Cult Leader], it's really refreshing to be able to do that." Lucero's mother, an English teacher, introduced him to the morbid beauty of **Edgar Allan Poe** early in his childhood, an inspiration that has certainly followed him into his new role of lyric writing. It is helping Cult Leader create a twisted, pagan undertone to their sound through his invocation of animalistic, first-person perspectives in contrast to past themes of overt political and social ills.

With Lucero choosing to forego playing bass to work exclusively on vocals, the trio decided to reach out for a bass player, and Hansen suggested the number one choice on his backup list: Richards of **Heartless Breakers** and several other local projects. "On the topic of always preparing for whatever, I feel like I'm always scouting people," says Hansen. "In a perfect world, I'd have enough time to play with everyone I thought was a good musician and I could get along with. Sam was always someone who seemed to not just like playing music, but *knew* music. I always got along with him—he always seemed

very dedicated, [and] he seemed to hit all the things [on my list]."

Richards says that, at first, the guys were very hush-hush in their approach to him, but that he was eager to accept as soon as the offer was put down. "I've known these guys for a while, and one day I got a message that was like, 'Hey man, hypothetically ...' just super vague-like... 'If the three of us were to do a band, would you want to play bass?' It was just kind of feeling out. But we jammed, and it worked," says Richards. He has no intentions of quitting Heartless Breakers, who are latching to their own rising star recently. However, since he is not a primary songwriter he can maintain a lessened role in Heartless Breakers without them suffering for it. Richards is stoked to be part of a band that is, as Hansen puts it, "in 'go-for-it' mode." He got a taste of touring with his old band, **Reviver**, and has wanted another opportunity for it. "I really wanted to tour more, but I hit a wall, and had to be a homebody and play catch-up and play it slow with all my music," says Richardson. "But to have an opportunity with three other people who really want to go hard at this, and have a shot

to do something cool ... Worst-case scenario, if we were to go DIY, we know we could do that." Lucero is finding in his new role a pantheon of emotional reactions. He is grateful for the opportunity to front Cult Leader as an outlet for his own dismal emotions by screaming like a monster in front of a wild crowd of people. So far, he doesn't miss his bass onstage. The experience is so new that it feels, for him, both energizing and exhausting. "Playing music in general, when I have that outlet, frees me up in the rest of my life," he says. "I can dump all the negative shit into that. Then, in my day-to-day life, I can feel more free, more light."

Already, the group is finding rejuvenation in their new roles and continue to approach their songwriting organically by writing and jamming together. This creates a supportive environment where every member can contribute ideas for any instrument. It's the kind of environment that can grow only in a place of mutual trust and appreciation.

The band, as a whole, sees nothing but brightness for the future, a reality that wasn't always the case in the last year. But through their solidarity and

their willingness to expand horizons, to slide into new roles and see what they find, they've achieved a survival that many bands have failed to achieve. They have brought with them out of the shadows an unnerving, emotional record that hints at the greatness to follow its release. It speaks to the determination of these musicians who use their music as true expression, as a revelation of both strength and misery, that old see-saw of human experience. Cult Leader are raw in their honesty and resolve.

Nothing For Us Here will be making its debut on April 15. The band says it already has two complete songs waiting in the wings for the next EP, and is writing a full-length that may come out later this year. They will be a part of Salt Lake's growing *Crucial Fest* in June, after coming back from a two-leg tour with Nashville's **Yautja** across the US.

Do not miss their EP-release show on April 4 at *The Shred Shed*, and be sure to pick up the *Nothing For Us Here 7"*.

(L-R)
Michael Mason,
Casey Hansen,
Sam Richards and Anthony Lucero of
Cult Leader unleash their *Nothing For Us Here*
EP on April 15 via Deathwish Inc.

Photo: Talyn Sherer



By Jordan Deveraux • tomjordan21@gmail.com • Photos: Matthew Windsor

If you've ever eaten at the locally famous *Blue Plate Diner*, you may have noticed that more than one employee is zipping around the restaurant in shoes with blown-out toes. And if you've any reckoning of the talent that graces our streets and skateparks on four wheels and a narrow mass of plywood, then you know that some of Salt Lake's finest shred-sledders are also employees of one of Salt Lake's finest diners—and you probably could have skipped the first few lines of introductory information. The real news is that *Blue Plate Diner* will be the masthead under which this city's next big skate video will sail. That's right—a marriage of restaurant and wood pushing. Sound familiar? Certainly not! That's because this will be the first time, by my estimation, that a restaurant and a posse of skateboarders will have worked together to create something as unique as this in Salt Lake City.

I'm no stranger to homie jobs—those poor, naïve employers who, by fate, pull one scraggly lookin' dude (or girl) from a barrel hoping to mold him (or her) into a standup employee, not knowing that they just pulled nine more monkeys from that same barrel and that the company will be saddled with goofs for the next six months. But things are different over at Utah's best flap-jack saloon (13 years owning the title of *City Weekly's* Best Breakfast, and featured in *Diners, Drive-ins, and Dives* in 2008). What makes *Blue Plate* an exception is that most of their employees (the type I ruthlessly brutalized above) have been there for multiple years. For example, local ripper **Shawn "Dirty" Hadley** has worked there for just over six years. Perhaps this longevity owes to the sympathetic work environment that is *Blue*

Plate Diner. **Joe Mandl**, general manager of the restaurant and overseer of the video itself, has been involved in the skateboarding community for quite some time, citing old homies like the **48 Crew**. When I asked him if he allots any special holidays for skate trips, he informed me it needn't be skate related at all, saying, "Anytime someone wants to take a vacation, they can."

Alongside *Dirty*, the video features a star-studded cast of locals like **Levi Faust**, **Nick** and **Sam Hubble**, **Dylan McGinnis** and **Holland Redd**, all of whom will have full parts. The staff has officially been filming the video for a year. When I asked Mandl about the filming process, he says, "... Getting these guys to get footage is like pulling teeth." That's not to say that they haven't stayed busy over this dry yet blustery winter. I met Mandl and most of the crew in a full-story skate warehouse Downtown where they have been able to steadily film for the *Blue Plate* skate video as well as other projects that the individuals are working on. The winter hideout is a masterpiece wrought by local Masonite aficionado **Steve England**, who is the would-be heir to the old indoor park *Real Ride*—had it not been closed down some years back.

Despite the camaraderie between management and staff, most of those who comprise what Mandl calls the "unofficial" *Blue Plate* skate team have remained in relatively bottom-rung positions at the restaurant. With the exception of Redd, all of them are busses. When I asked Faust about this detail, he unflinchingly says, "Holland bitched out and became a server because he couldn't handle bussing." With a handful of friends to potentially cover shifts, these guys seem to bask in the life of Riley. Only working maybe a few days a week,

they are able to stay at the top of their game while still earning some extra scratch for rent and brew.

Not only is the restaurant populated with skateboarders, but some of Salt Lake's biggest bands also have members who work at the diner. **Jason Denney**, drummer for the raucous metal two-piece **Cornered by Zombies**, **Elliot Secrist** from **God's Revolver** and **Sayde Price** all call *Blue Plate* home. As if this project can't get any more homegrown, the soundtrack for the video will be orchestrated entirely by the artists aforementioned.

Despite my repeated efforts in goading them for a title, Mandl and filmer/editor **E.J.** haven't landed on anything for certain. Mandl says, "Me and E.J. have been kicking around names, but they're pretty stupid: *Blue Skate*; *Wakey Wakey*, *Eggs and Bakey*." Both are winners, in my opinion.

Along with the world-class skateboarding, the video will feature footage from a Wendover trip the group took together, which I'm told will be nothing short of world-class debauchery.

Blue Plate Diner is the perfect model for how a local establishment should function. By not only acknowledging skateboarding as a legitimate hobby, but also collaborating full-heartedly in an extra-occupational endeavor with their staff, the folks over at the diner have created an amiable working and eating environment that is worth every breakfast accolade under the sun.

The film's release date is TBA, as it's still in the filming and editing process, but expect it out at the end of April or early May if all goes as planned, with a premiere worthy of its local epicness.

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PHOTO FEATURE

I am a skateboarder first and a photographer second. With that in mind, there are a lot of tricks that I have always wanted to shoot, almost just to see the tricks done. A wallride over stairs is one of those tricks.

By **Weston Colton** / westoncolton.com

There is something about wallrides that is so raw and classic. It's all attitude and style. It's **Natas, Gonz** and **Jim Thiebaud**. It's punk rock, and it's skateboarding.



Carson Parkinson—Frontside Wallride—SLC, Utah

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SLUG'S PICKS OF THE MONTH

Angela H. Brown Editor **TRUST JOYLAND**

Esther Meroño Managing Editor **THE COATHANGERS SUCK MY SHIRT**

Joshua Joye Lead Designer **BLACK LIPS UNDERNEATH THE RAINBOW**

Alexander Ortega (VINYL) Editorial Assistant **THE MEN TOMORROW'S HITS**

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Product Reviews

Anchorhead Coffee
Middle Class Rut “Pick Up Your Head” Signature Whole-Bean Coffee
anchorheadcoffee.com

I was skeptical when my editor handed me a bag of coffee from a roaster I’d never heard of, named after a band I don’t like, with an unknown origin and roast date. Apparently, Anchorhead is a near-Seattle coffee company run by a former Middle Class Rut audio engineer. When I dumped a few beans into my hand for visual inspection, “Oh god ...” was my first reaction. I hadn’t seen coffee beans this oily, stale and over-roasted in a long time. I shook my head as I dosed and ground the greasy buggers, immediately washing the dosing cup and cleaning the grinder. I brewed up a batch in the office French press before our staff meeting and poured a cup for my editor and myself. Caramel, jasmine and burned sirloin aromas fought for attention, but the steak aroma ultimately won. It looked like the pond at Liberty Park after the Chevron oil spill. Roast and chocolate flavors were apparent up front, with white sugar sweetness, nonexistent acidity and an astringent, bottom-of-the-deep-fryer finish. Halfway into our cups and the office meeting, my editor involuntarily belched, disrupting the proceedings. “Sorry, it’s the coffee,” he said. I was feeling similarly uneasy—the coffee was really icky. Not even diner coffee bad—which can sometimes be good—just bad. I’m sure some people enjoy coffee like this, with its (unknown) origin flavors roasted away beyond all recognition and left to sit until it’s rancid. But then again, I’m sure some people actually enjoy extra-well-done steaks and Starbucks coffee, too. —Cody Kirkland

Huf Footwear
The Sutter
hufworldwide.com

Huf Worldwide has created a classic shoe with a classy feel with The Sutter. This simple and low-profile shoe has everything that you need in a skate/casual shoe, and nothing more. A suede upper sole with a light and breathable mesh liner is the only thing that separates your foot from your grip tape (or outside world), making for excellent board feel and control. The vulcanized

toe cap is on the narrower side along with the rest of the shoe, allowing you to get a nice flick on those flip tricks as well as a sleek fit similar to a Vans classic, without looking like every other hipster in the valley. The minimal amount of material used does cause this shoe to wear slightly quicker than other skate shoes. However, the patented rubber H-patterned grip outsole takes the brunt of the immediate wear to help keep the toe from ripping too quickly. Sleek and casual but also clean, this shoe is for skate rats and dinner party crashers alike, and feels great without socks for those beach days. A great shoe that fits in no time, The Sutter is a solid classic for the skate- and style-minded consumer. —Steve Goemaat

Peak Design
Capture Camera Clip and P.O.V. Kit
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In the strap-on/strap-off photography paradigm, the strapless photographer suffered ridicule. Enter Peak Design and the Kickstarted Capture Camera Clip. While not for the timid, Capture blends freedom and security in a machined-aluminum package. When using Capture, I prefer an off-the-hip carry with my DSLR lens pointed down. My little finger easily reached the red release button when I wrapped my hand around the grip. The strapless shooting experience made for easy composition and camera control, and just as I thought to set my camera down to take interview notes: CLICK! My camera locked into the belt-mounted Capture. I’m not all that timid, but it still took several successful attach/release cycles before I trusted the Capture’s firm hold on my camera. It also required belt access, so I had to ditch my SLUG hoodie and tuck in my shirt. Alternately, I could have lifted my shirt to expose my belt when clipping the camera, but that’d be an awkward, two-handed compromise. Peak Design also offers a POV kit for handlebar/backpack-mounted GoPro cameras or for changing the angle of Capture’s camera attachment. For a rangefinder, I used the POV J-mount for belt carry and to rig the Capture on a messenger bag. Capture’s width accommodated a thick, three-inch wide strap. Each job is different, and I won’t use Capture every time I shoot, but it’ll certainly be useful

when I need to juggle more than one camera, so I’ll put a baseplate on every camera I own (and crank the hex-head bolts). —John Barkiple

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Hennepin
spyoptic.com

Sometimes one can immediately sense the quality of a pair of sunglasses by just holding them, which was my occasion with the Spy Optics Hennepin model. As I took them out of the box, light reflected off the lenses, a royal-blue-changing-to-green affair, and I became quite excited to put these on. Not only do they look great on me (as they would on anyone), the Hennepin shielded my eyes from the sun coolly, as though my visual plane had been transformed to that of the moon. The particular lenses are from Spy’s Happy Lens line, of the Happy Grey Green variety. They’re meant for driving and any sort of casual situation in which sunglasses may be preferred, and they live up to their promise of “cutting down brightness without distorting colors”—I’d even say that they increased my visual focus while driving. Spy claims that they feature an “anti-reflective inner lens coating,” which is effective, by and large, though I think I caught a glimpse of my eye “in the mirror,” so to speak, but no matter. The black-and-white turtleshell frame, made from hand-machined acetate, is stylish yet

understated with a classic Wayfarer-like shape. I like that they flash with a subtle flare, but are mostly black. It’s like I’m the leader of the bad guys or something. —Alexander Ortega

Subtech Sports
Subtech Dryskin
subtechsports.com

Subtech have created a completely waterproof, slim-fit skin for smartphones and tablets, so all you outdoor enthusiasts can rest easy. The Dryskin is a condom for your phone. It’s a thin, stretchy plastic that wraps tightly around your device, and a sticker across the back completes the seal. Once on, the phone is 100-percent water, sand, dirt, and snow proof. And like all screen protectors, my phone’s touchscreen was responsive through the case. Even the Touch ID on my iPhone 5s could easily read my fingerprint. When submerged underwater, my phone was kept dry and safe. Although Subtech claims that you can take underwater photos and videos with their product, my touch screen became completely unresponsive once submerged. With the Dryskin on, you have no access to charge your device or use headphones, either. Dryskin is a great temporary product (each skin can be used three times) to keep your phone safe during harsh weather conditions or outdoor activities, but personally, I prefer something a little more stable over a momentary fix. —Nate Abbott



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Movie Reviews

The Grand Budapest Hotel
Director: Wes Anderson
American Empirical Pictures
In Theaters: 03.21



One of my favorite elements of filmmaking is being able to know who created the production just by seeing a single frame or hearing one line of dialogue. Such is the case with Wes Anderson and his marvelous style and set design. Anyone can look at any one of his peculiar films and know exactly whose brilliance was behind it. Anderson continues the streak with his latest project that is a story within a story within a story. **Ralph Fiennes** stars as M. Gustave, the concierge at the once luxurious Grand Budapest Hotel. The story follows Mr. Gustave as he trains the new lobby boy, Zero (**Tony Revolori**), and endures a series of unfortunate events, including a murder accusation, false imprisonment and the acquisition of a priceless piece of art. Fiennes delivers an excellent performance as a pompous mentor whom you absolutely hate to love. The inclusion of Anderson regulars—albeit with minimal screen time—like **Adrien Brody**, **Edward Norton**, **Jason Schwartzman** and **Bill Murray** only enhance the director’s brush stroke. While, at times, the script can run off course and feel stagnant, the environments and set decoration easily make up for any mishaps. While it may not be Anderson’s great-

est achievement, any fan of the eccentric director’s repertoire will not walk away disappointed. —*Jimmy Martin*

Mr. Peabody and Sherman
Director: Rob Minkoff
DreamWorks Animation
In Theaters: 03.07



As Hollywood scrapes the bottom of the recycle can, they managed to snatch up an animated project based on characters from segments of the 1960s cartoon series, *The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show*. For those unaware of the bit, Mr. Peabody (voiced by **Ty Burrell**) is a super-intelligent dog who adopted a human child named Sherman (voiced by **Max Charles**). Together, the two explore history with their time traveling device, the WABAC (pronounced “way back”) machine. In this rendition, Sherman takes a classmate on a joyride through time, only to have chaos ensue. This is a perfect case of “never judge a movie by its trailer,” because the carefully crafted jokes and ridiculously projected puns can be enjoyed by anyone whether they have never heard of the characters or enjoyed them on television back when **Dwight D. Eisenhower** was President. As the duo travel to ancient Egypt, the Renaissance and the Trojan War, kids are cleverly introduced to a variety of historical figures and facts that may otherwise be ignored. It’s essentially *Bill & Ted’s Excellent Adven-*

ture without the “69” jokes. The animation is sleek, the addition of **Stephen Colbert** is more than welcome, and I honestly can’t remember the last time I laughed at a fart joke in a children’s movie. It’s the first pleasant surprise of the year. —*Jimmy Martin*

Need for Speed
Director: Scott Waugh
Touchstone Pictures
In Theaters: 03.14

It’s a universal instinct to believe that any film based on a video game is going to be absolute garbage. Look at the evidence: *Super Mario Bros.*, *Street Fighter*, *Hitman* and *Max Payne* were all disasters. So, when walking into a film based on a 20-year-old racing franchise, you would obviously think it would be the same old song and dance, but such is not the case! Sure, it’s a clichéd story wrapped around an absurd assortment of events, but if you love car chases and roaring engines, director Scott Waugh offers an endless buffet of screeching tires and crumpled metal. **Aaron Paul** (aka *Breaking Bad*’s Jesse Pinkman) moves to the big screen as Tobey Marshall, a skilled driver who was never given his shot at the big leagues. When a childhood rival turned professional racecar driver frames Tobey for murder and sends him to prison, an act of revenge is set into motion in the form of an underground race hosted by **Michael Keaton** (if you want a glimpse of what Keaton will be like in a proposed *Beetlejuice* sequel, this is it). Call it my guilty pleasure, but I become as giddy as a schoolgirl when a muscle car’s engine screams for attention. Yes, it’s dumb, but it’s dumb fun and, every once in awhile, that style can work out for the better. So, sit back, turn your brain off, eat your popcorn and enjoy the mayhem. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Punk Singer
Director: Sini Anderson
IFC Films
On DVD: 03.25

Premiering at the *SXSW Film Festival* in 2013, *The Punk Singer* is the doc that answers all the questions you’ve ever had about riot grrrl **Kathleen Hanna**. Directed by Sini Anderson, *The Punk Singer* does an excellent job

at covering all aspects of Hanna’s personal and public life without glossing over details. Spanning her time as the influential, in-your-face feminist frontwoman of **Bikini Kill** and their breakup in 1996, her resurgence in performance-based art-punk trio **Le Tigre**, Hanna’s longtime marriage to **Beastie Boys’ Adam Horovitz** and her recent struggle with Lyme Disease, *The Punk Singer* is an all-inclusive look into this powerful woman’s societal contributions and personal struggle through emotional interviews with the singer herself and a variety of musicians and artists who know and respect her. It’s a must-see for every music fan or feminist, as it documents an important change in the male-dominated punk scene of the ’80s and ’90s, and will undoubtedly serve as inspiration for budding feminists. Check out our interview with Hanna on her latest project, **The Julie Ruin**, on *slugmag.com*. —*Esther Meroño*

The Scene: An Exploration of Music in Toronto
Director: Josh Jensen
Virgil Films and Entertainment
On DVD: 03.25


This nicely produced documentary shows that Canadians are no different from Americans when it comes to starting out a music career. It is a greatly detailed story about a few different prospering underground metal-rap, punkish rock and indie artists’ lives. It is about how music has affected them, their passion to play their music and their need to create. The film is a journey from the squat houses lined with egg cartons, the struggle of just trying to get a gig at the local dive bar and the lifestyle on the road, to the highs of playing the top-notch venues. A major part of the music scene in Toronto was left completely untouched, though. An artist listed the different genres in the scene, but it was to my disappointment that neither he nor any others mentioned electronic music in Toronto. I also could not believe when an artist proclaimed they didn’t like the night club environment (where the bands play) or the things that happened there. Making music is often about sex, drugs and rock n’ roll—maybe they should join one of those Christian church bands. —*Mistress Nancy*



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Illustration: Ryan Perkins

Cyclofemme: An Interview with Sarai Snyder

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

There aren't a whole lot of female bicycle activists out there, so the moment I found out Sarai Snyder, founder of the website Girl Bike Love (girlbikelove.com) and the worldwide Cyclofemme ride (cyclofemme.com), was due to speak at the *Utah Bike Summit* on April 25, I knew I had to pick her brain. Snyder's figured out, like many of us, that bicycles are a tool for female empowerment, but unlike many of us, she's made herself a leader in the community so that others can benefit from her knowledge and slowly change the world, one lady cyclist at a time.

BG: What inspired you to start Girl Bike Love?

Snyder: I ran a bike shop for about four years, and I just kind of recognized that, not only did I want to share my knowledge with women all over the place, but also, I really wanted to help bike shops. I really wanted to be a resource to help them make that connection with female cyclists.

BG: Can you remember the "aha!" moment you had when you realized what cycling was doing for you?

Snyder: I think it was kind of a gradual process for me ... I'd always been a really creative person ... but the thing that riding a bike did for me was that it helped me to focus, and all of a sudden, I was able to really hone in on what I wanted to do, how I wanted to communicate better. I started to notice how riding a bike affected my relationships positively, connecting with people in my community more. Having the passion changed my life.

BG: You talk a lot about how, historically, bicycles served as a gateway to the emancipation of women starting in the 1800s. A lot has changed since then—how do bicycles empower the modern woman?

Snyder: The application has changed a little bit, but it's still the same principle. It's still independence, access, connectivity, mobility ... independence from relying on a car or public transportation or other people for transportation. If you think about how many women are unable, especially single mothers, to afford a car, but still need to get to work—the bicycle provides that potential. In a lot of areas, it provides access to healthcare, economic development and access to resources they might not have otherwise.

BG: As an event organizer myself, I find it really difficult to get women to show up. What advice can you give to those of us trying to get women to events?

Snyder: I think a lot of women don't quite figure it out for a while. You can't always be like, "Well, this is gonna change your life." It's usually a gentle message, 'cause people are afraid to change their lives—empowerment's kind of scary because it means that you have to do something. I believe that Cyclofemme has been successful in keeping everything simple and easy, and not having a lot of rules and expectations ... The important thing to remember is, as women, our gender is a very small part of who we are, so trying to create an event for all women related to riding bicycles makes it really hard because we're not all the same—some of us have different interests ... Remember that we're cyclists, too, and that there's gonna be different types of rides that bring women together. I think that promoting the community aspect of it is really important, and making sure you give women a chance to connect on the ride, or after the ride or before the ride. It takes time, too—you have to be committed to it. Once that community starts to develop, it'll flourish on its own.

BG: What's the Cyclofemme count up to?

Snyder: We're about [63] rides right now in [10] countries. This year's goal is 500 rides, all 50 states [and worldwide].

BG: What can we expect to hear from you at the *Bike Summit*?

Snyder: The title of the presentation is "The Power of the Pedal." I feel like in advocacy a lot of times, we get so busy thinking about safety and infrastructure and funding and working with the government to get the resources that we need, but sometimes we forget that getting more people involved is one of the main things that's going to help us in getting those things that we need, and the way we get more people involved is in telling better stories. So, I'm gonna tell some stories and I hope that other people are gonna tell me some stories.

Register to attend the *Utah Bike Summit* and hear Sarai Snyder's "The Power of the Pedal" in person by going to utah-bikes.org, and read the extended interview at slugmag.com. Salt Lake has its own Cyclofemme ride, organized by Christy Jensen, on May 10 at noon, leaving from Saturday Cycles. It's an all-inclusive ride, for all levels and refreshments will be provided at the end. I would also like to invite all the ladies of the cycling community to a special "Bad Girls" ride on Saturday, April 26 at noon, meeting at Mestizo Coffeehouse. Details over at saltyspokes.wordpress.com—this is one you won't wanna miss.

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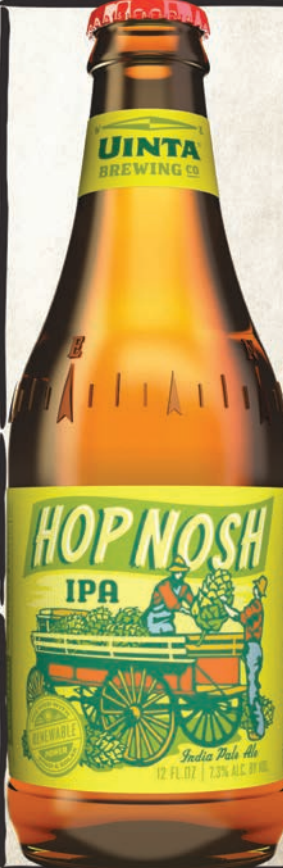
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**EARTH, WIND
AND BEER**

Beer Reviews

By Mike Riedel
mikey@slugmag.com

One of my favorite things about beer is hops. They can transform a sweet soup of malty goodness into a palatable, heavenly dream. Once upon a time, hops were primarily used to balance out the beer's sweetness and make it a more drinkable experience. Soon thereafter, its preservative qualities made its mark on the culture, adding to the mysterious flower's importance. In today's beer life, we in North America (and around the world, for that matter) have discovered that there is a complex ribbon of bitter/resiny flavor profiles out there that have transformed delicious, traditional beers into uncanny fruity impersonations of beers that, previously, could only have been dreamed about. Sure, you can alter a beer's flavor by adding fruits or chemicals, but to make a fruity tropical beer as it's meant to be with just malted barley, hops, water and yeast—now that's a special feat that should be appreciated and cherished. I've found a couple of new additions to the market that fit the great, hoppy criteria that I think are definitely worth your time.

foamy head of pure white. Get your nose down in there and you'll find a shload of big mango fruitiness with a bit of toasted cereal beneath. The taste starts with a smidge of pale malt, and the fruitiness from the nose is also present on the tongue. Grassy/earthy hops are much more prevalent toward the end. The finish is dry, clean and toasty.

Overall: This beer was never really meant for the Utah market, but as production schedules at Denver's Epic Brewery have normalized, we can now reap the benefits.

Heelch O' Hops DIPA
Brewery/Brand: Anderson Valley Brewing Co.
ABV: 8.7%
Serving Style: 12 oz. Bottle



Description: This one has great clarity with a pleasant glow of orange and yellow against the bar light. The nose is full of pine, citrus and peach. The flavor starts where the nose left off: peachy with citrus and pine. Sugary caramel malt and toast bring up the middle with a nice, piney bitterness rounding out the end, finishing semi-dry with a hint of alcohol.

Overall: Anderson Valley's beers have been in the Utah market for nearly 10 years. This double IPA is fairly new and one of their better hoppy offerings.

After you're done here, skip on over to utahbeer.blogspot.com and check out what other beer jewels may be floating around town this month. Cheers!

Escape to Colorado IPA
Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co.
ABV: 6.2%
Serving Style: 22 oz. Bottle
Description: Pours a slightly hazy butternut squash color with a nice

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COP,

All our state neighbors are getting high on that good weed and those drive thru liquor store laundromats, but all we do is buy highway patrol new prowlers instead of paying for a million mormon babies' quality educations. I'm curious as to how much gas \$\$ we're forking out to the boys in blue as they wait at the border for some long haired high ass driving his shitty Subaru to cross state lines, all for a bottle of flowers? At least Colorado weed pays for schools and tastes better than the dirt wax I get out here. Also, heard we have a guy in prison for life because he sold in a school zone. I'm all for preservin' the innocence of children, but for Christmas this year I want cells saved for baby rapers, Ted Bundys and politicians—put in a good word with the big guy upstairs for me. Cops are cool because they abide by the written rule (sometimes) but my beef is with blurring moral lines and the fact that this narcotic known as pot makes me want to kill myself less than alcohol. How do we implement change?

Thanks,

#lwrotethishigh

Dear Hashtag Stoned:

Your writing is awesome evidence that weed dumbs you down. Read it sober and you'll see.

Yes, UHP buys "prowlers" for their troopers to police this state's highways. I have several close acquaintances who work UHP interdiction, and there has been no "prowler" increase that targets shitty, recreational pot-possession Subarus traveling from Colorado to Utah. Monzas and Pintos, yes, but not Subarus.

Providing money for Mormon babies (and for that matter, children of any religion) to be educated has never been a Utah legislature priority and probably never will be.

Colorado made a couple million bucks their first month in marijuana taxes. The first \$40 million has to go to schools, so they're not

even going to cover that requirement. They probably make more off the lotto than weed. We'll see what happens down the road.

No one goes to prison for life for selling weed in a school zone anymore. Feds don't work possession cases—they work trafficking and distribution cases. Less than 1 percent of drug convicts are incarcerated for simple possession.

Here are a few points to ponder: This country just spent five decades doing everything possible to get people to quit smoking cigarettes. Five decades from now, we'll be doing the same thing, trying to quit smoking weed. You will not find one legit doctor who says that smoking weed has any medicinal value. Read the 2012 British Lung Foundation study on marijuana. According to their medical studies, one joint increases your risk of lung cancer as much as 20 cigarettes. And don't think the pro—"puff puff pass" people only have their sights set on just legal marijuana.

I know people love gettin' high on bud. I won't say it's worse than alcohol—it's probably not. My point is, isn't one drug that devastates society enough? Why do we need two, or three or more? Legalizing more drugs just seems like some super libertarian, "if it feels good do it" movement of the hour. I think we as a country should pause before we have to spend another five decades trying to clean up the legal weed fiasco.

Lastly, as Mr. Davis from the Dallas Morning News recently pointed out, if you have a choice to have your child ride in a car with someone who just drank one excellent beer or smoked one excellent hydroponic joint, which would you choose?

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Gallery Stroll

Art is Springing Up Everywhere
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

The dainty flowers push through the hardened ground, past the decayed winter foliage to find sunlight and warmth, announcing it's spring! Often you do not see the single bud emerge, or even the little patch, but eventually, when your garden is filled with bright flowers, you realize the metamorphosis is complete and you are surrounded by life and beauty. I liken the journey of the bud to that of artists, toiling away in basements and old garages, sheds and drab spare bedrooms, creating things of beauty and, when finished, they emerge with works that encourage, amuse and beautify the world around us. One sculpture or mural will often go unnoticed, rushed by on the way to work or school, but when several artists amass in one area, say a gallery stroll, it gives reason for pause. The *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* takes place the third Friday of every month, allowing you to slow down and appreciate the beauty of the Salt Lake art scene.



New Clouds I, Oil on linen by Ed Mell.

New life springs up in historic neighborhoods. Once upon a time, before you and I were running this scene, the corner of 200 East and 200 South was known as the Edison District. The spirit of industry and innovation is still alive and well in this nook of the city. Home to the CUAC Gallery, Copper Palate Press and Guthrie Studios, this month the neighborhood got even hipper with the opening of *Modern West Fine Art*. The gallery, opened on March 28, is the realization of **Diane Stewart**, a Salt Lake City collector and patron of the arts, and **Donna Poulton**, a curator and art historian. The two have teamed up to create a gallery that supports a modern vision of the new American West, a West rich in inspiration and tradition influencing today's contemporary artists. The gallery has already amassed a powerhouse of artists waiting to grace its walls; including **Tony Abeyta**, **David Jonason**, **Ed Mell**, **Annette Lemieux**, **Billy Schenck**, **Logan Hagege**, **Mark Eberhard**, **Jann Haworth**, **Bale Creek Allen**, **Ben Steele** and **Frank Buffalo Hyd**. Stop by to welcome them to the neighborhood and update your impression of American West art.

Refinishing is a way of refining, and when you take an old building and give it a new purpose—if you do it right—you can have the best of the old and the new, creating a space that lives in-between. *Mod a-go-go* is that space—a place to appreciate and shop for mid-century furnishing while enjoying new art and new friends. Located at 242 E. South Temple, store owners **Marcus Gibby** and **Eric Morley** have quickly

gathered a loyal group of new, up-and-coming artists including **Heather Ackley**, **Dave Styer**, **Matt Page**, **Buddy Eyre**, **Tim Odland**, **Marcus Gibby**, **Steve Stone**, **Bill Galvan** and **Brittani Nay**. These artists not only participate in the shows, they help brainstorm themes for each month, such as April's *Video Game* show. Themes are selected roughly two to three months prior, at which time, submissions for that show are accepted. *Mod a-go-go* loves new and emerging artists and doesn't require an artist to have a large body of work to submit. Quality work that fits in with the month's themes is the only requirement. For more information on upcoming shows and themes, or to submit work, visit info@modagogo.com.

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Chicken kicking in HD is a whole new experience.

Bravely Default Square Enix/Nintendo of America Reviewed on: 3DS (Exclusive) Street: 02.07

Bravely Default brought back some memories of playing that first *Final Fantasy* game for me—except I wasn't frustrated from not being able to find the next town. *Bravely Default* is almost idiot-proof in that regard, by leading you around the world with exclamation points. You can still explore at your leisure; the towns look like you're wandering through a painting—it's a really beautiful visual. JRPGs always come with character stereotypes, and there's always a womanizer in the bunch. Sometimes they're charming and actually get a laugh—not here. I was thoroughly annoyed by the one in my party—Ringabel—and especially hated the stupid old man who showed up. The battle system is turn-based with a bit of a twist. You can choose "Brave" and attack multiple times and then rest for a few turns, or you can choose "default," where you'll take less damage and save up for those brave attacks. It's literally the name of the game here, and it's the core of your strategy throughout. It's a great new take on the old combat system—making this a fresh, fun *Final Fantasy* look-alike. —Ashley Lippert

Fable Anniversary Lionhead/Microsoft Reviewed on: Xbox 360 (Exclusive) Street: 02.04

Fans of epic adventure games like *Skyrim* owe a debt to **Peter Molyneux** and Lionhead Studios for creating the *Fable* series. Though revisiting *Fable* evokes a comparison more akin to *Legend of Zelda*, it's important to remember that the game broke new ground in the open world/fantasy genre. I can't remember a game before *Fable* that allowed the player to slaughter a whole town if it suited their fancy, but there were a lot of them after the game was released. In *Fable Anniversary*, the game's already beautiful graphics have been given the HD treatment, accentuating the unique artistic style that remains one of *Fable*'s


strongest features. The anniversary edition also includes *The Lost Chapters*, an expansion that offers players new quests and weapons. Though the graphics and **Danny Elfman**'s cinematic score have been beautifully remastered, the gameplay is still trapped in 2004. Juggling melée, ranged and magical combat with a clunky blocking and targeting system is quite the ordeal. Boss battles quickly become tedious as you whittle down hit points with the same combination of attacks. In the end, however, the stellar graphics and nostalgic fantasy environment make *Fable Anniversary* a worthy trip down memory lane. —Alex Springer

The Wolf Among Us: Episode Two – Smoke and Mirrors Telltale Games Reviewed on: Xbox 360 Also on: PC, PS3, Vita, iOS, OS X Street: 02.05

The long-awaited second chapter to the *Fables*-based game has all the makings for a great murder mystery that you almost hope you never solve. Delving deeper into the Vertigo comics universe, the terrifying Blackbeard makes his appearance in the series, bringing a more sinister feeling to the already dark storyline. Series favorite Jack turns into more of an annoyance on Bigby's investigation than a help. This choose-your-own-adventure game even takes a look at a piece of the comics that the creators hadn't even explored, visiting a strip club (complete with animated nudity) run by Georgie Porgie as a tattooed bloke with something to hide. Aside from the story-telling aspect, which comes off fantastic, the gameplay adds more depth to the choices you make as each one continues to affect how things turn out down the road. Even the slightest movements in a fight determine how you come out later on in the chapter. The only downside is still the voice acting, which, in some cases, works, but often falls flat because of the pauses and delays. This game definitely has replay value and will make you question whether or not you're on the right path. —Gavin Sheehan

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Book Reviews

Birth School Metallica Death: The Biography Volume 1

Paul Brannigan and Ian Winwood
Da Capo Press
Street: 11.05.13

Full disclosure: I'm a card-carrying Metallica-basher. I paid fanclub dues, wrote an 80-page university-level thesis on the band, and though I can admit that *St. Anger* is one of the band's (if not an entire genre's) worst showings, I own it. What I'm saying is that I'm wholly biased on the **Metallica** story. The fall from grace has happened and redemption is highly unlikely, but it's like a story that's so goddamn Shakespearean, I just can't stop watching it play out. Vol. 1 is the band's early days (i.e. the "easy to like" period from inception to '92), and while there're a few decent *Tallica* tomes on the market (notably **Mick Wall's** *Enter Night*), this one gets my vote for being heavier on the anecdotal nuggets and lighter on the bloated rock-philosophizing. The story about **Cliff Burton** moving fans aside with a ball-peen hammer gets my ultimate vote, and neither author skimps on calling out **Lars Ulrich**. There's nothing to complain about and more than enough for heads to dig into. Seek it out. —Dylan Chadwick

Pedal Forward: The 10 Life and Business Lessons I Have Learned On My Bike

Trey Hall
Cairn Publishing Denver LLC
Street: 10.01.13

Trey Hall and his friend **Ken Calwell** were struck by a truck while they were on a long bike ride. Both riders were horribly injured in the accident, and both had astonishing recoveries. Trey Hall pulls from his experience riding his bike and recovering from his accident to share 10 lessons that teach us how to be more successful in business. He uses his experience to explore how cycling practices can impact business decisions and life choices as well as how they serve as a driving force in his astonishing recovery. Hall does a great job relaying why it is important to find what drives you and to use that as a motivational factor in your own life. His writing is casual and easy to embrace in this short read. As I

read Hall's encouraging story, I found myself being constantly reminded of lessons learned in my own life where I have found myself grasping the big picture: being patient and always moving forward. —Ben Trentelman

Respect Yourself: Stax Records and the Soul Explosion

Robert Gordon
Bloomsbury USA
Street: 11.12.13



Otis Redding, one of America's most influential artists who changed the way we think about music—even after his early death—owed much of his success to his label. Conversely, the label, *Stax Records*, owed much of their success to Redding. It was a symbiotic relationship up until his untimely death in 1967. As a huge fan of both the Stax label and Otis himself, I say thank god for this relationship. I must also give thanks to Robert Gordon for writing such a timely and impressively journalistic account of the founding of one of America's greatest labels. This book is filled to the brim with humorous and altogether insightful anecdotes—not just about the people who founded the label, but also about the numerous artists for whom Stax was a gift from heaven: **Isaac Hayes**, **Sam and Dave**, **Booker T. and the M.G.'s**, **Wilson Pickett** (a personal favorite) and **Judy Clay**. —Taylor Hale

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Foster Body are a punk combo comprised of four of SLC’s hardest-working millennials, happening an alternative scene around their friendships. *Landscapes*, their debut EP, captures the group at a brilliant moment of process—merging strong musical sentiments and live performance practice into a compelling vision for contemporary post-punk. The album, recorded by **Michael Fuchs** (of **Passive Tourist**) and mastered by **Matt Mateus**, is a swirling mass of avant-hardcore and shuddering art punk that recalls the fury and odd excitements of early post-punk, no wave and noise recording. Individual elements—**Dyana Durfee**’s quick and lithe bass fingers, **Robin Banks**’ eerily echoed vocal bursts, **Madison Donnelly**’s quick, resolute drumming and **Korey Daniel Martin**’s many-sided guitar tones—are all met in fabulous balance over these eight brief tracks, marking *Landscapes* as a marvelous taste of punk potential. Here is a group at the first peak of their talent, poised for their next possibility. —*Christian Schultz*

her luminaria
The Dawn Is Your Enemy
Self-Released
Street: 10.16.13
her luminaria = Uzi & Ari + Deer Tick

her luminaria is quietly emerging into the SLC music scene with a beautiful collision of Midwestern grit and soft synth. Fans of **The Tallest Man On Earth** will appreciate **JP Krein**’s sandpapery, soulful vocals while **Elliott Smith** lovers will connect with his emo, heart-dripping lyrics. In “Vine St.,” he reminisces, “I miss waking up to coffee and your eggshell paint.” The tracks seem to have been recorded in a raw, one-take type setting, which adds to the visceral feel. “Love Like Burgundy” features a bell-sounding keyboard riff that adds texture, while “Snow Flurries” is a spoken love story. *The Dawn Is Your Enemy* is resolute and tender—a proper winter album. —*Kia McGinnis*

In The Making
A Wisher, A Liar
Self-Released
Street: 10.22.13
In The Making = A Thorn For Every Heart + LoveHateHero / Hidden In Plain View

First off, I like this album, so I’m going to get my biggest pet peeve out of the way before I get into it—this album sounds like it was recorded in a tin can, which is not a compliment. Getting past the quality of the recording though, I genuinely like these songs. They remind me most of A Thorn For Every Heart, minus a bit of technicality and with a little more pop-punk attitude. There’s a little bit of variety between the faster-paced “Life as a Montage” with its multiple overlapping

vocals, and the aggressively emo ballad “Get This Right” that shows they’ve at least got some range. They clearly draw much from their post-hardcore predecessors, which is arguably a detriment, but it doesn’t sound any worse than, say, early **Silverstein**. It’s a promising start. —*Matt Brunk*

Taylor Fang
Or Die
Self-Released
Street: 02.17
Taylor Fang = MF Doom + an Atari cartridge

The five-song album by local producer **Nick Bentz** is reminiscent of childhood Saturday mornings spent playing Super Nintendo with a bowl of milk and cereal. This theme works well for the album, as you are immediately transported back to a land of corded game controls and pixel-saturated worlds, filthy with Italian plumbers. With the sound samples that Bentz uses, the songs individually accomplish more than the album does as a whole. I would be far more likely to add a few tracks to a playlist I am compiling than play the album in its entirety in the future. Not to say the mixing or mastering is poor, just that too much of a good thing will always be overwhelming, especially when each of the five songs use the same 8-bit-inspired Mario background sound cartridge over and over. I say definitely download it and find out for yourself at taylorfang.bandcamp.com. —*Joshua Allam*

The Lazy Waves
Wavetable
Self-Released
Street: 02.18
The Lazy Waves = (Crystal Castles + Rooney) x Erasure

Indie electro-pop is the en vogue subgenre at the moment and that is totally OK with me. The Lazy Waves’ latest EP combines a lot of the genre’s best traits, things like space-age synth sounds backing earthy lyrics and vocals, to create this solid four-track EP. The three-piece group’s offering kicks off nicely with its best, most danceable track, “Tonight (Get On The Streets),” which features an unidentifiable (by me, at least) sample about human exploration mixed in with advice from The Lazy Waves’ lead singer, **Michael Gross**, urging listeners that, “If you want to be someone, then get on the streets tonight.” It’s just a fun, toe-tap-inducing album with four fantastic songs. Best part? Get it for \$3.50 on thelazywaves.bandcamp.com

—*Blake Leszczynski*

MoneyPenny
Self-Titled
Wisemove Records
Street: 01.21

MoneyPenny = (Blink-182 + Good Charlotte + Warped Tour ‘05) – ‘05

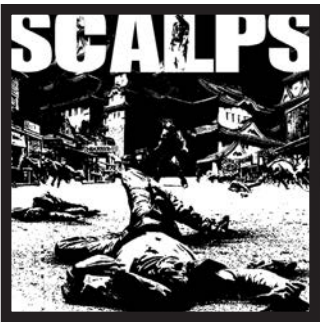
If I wasn’t a decade removed from being 17, I’d probably be jamming to this pop punk album in my beat-up Chevy Lumina with a vanilla ice from Top Spot and my best friend, but I’ve since upgraded to a Subaru, pour-overs, a husband and post-whatever. Still, I’m a nostalgist, and this brings back some sunny memories of a time when all that really mattered in life was whether or not the boy I was crushing noticed me that day. Stand-out tracks are just-whiny-enough “Boys In Bands Are Trouble” (well, duh), bitter break-up ballad “Below The Surface,” and the oooh-aaah-able “Out of Time,” but press play on any of these and you’ll find a clean and catchy track you would’ve sung along to if you were cool (but not like, too cool) in 2005. Teenagers still exist, right? They’ll love this if they’re not all listening to EDM by now. —*Hannah Horvath*

Q1
The End is to Begin
Self-Released
Street: 02.14
Q1 = Slug + Del The Funky Homosapien

Anyone that pays homage to **Eminem** on his album has my respect. Q1’s debut solo album, *The End is to Begin*, has such a unique sound that exemplifies his passion for hip-hop. While the production is more focused on the storytelling antics, each song has a unique style, which combines sounds reminiscent of East Coast and Midwest hip-hop. He flows about his inspirations, passions and life stories up to this point. Incorporating his family and killer local emcees, like **Atheist**, **Donnie Bonelli**, **Mimi Knowles**, **Chance Lewis** and more, leaves this album with a solid Wasatch sound. The theme of the album can be heard in the opening track, “To end is to begin. Let’s end, let’s end, let’s end ...” Other tracks worth checking: “Pictures of You,” “Do What You Do,” and **Atheist**’s verse on “Weird Science” is straight fire! I can’t wait to hear more from Q1. —*Allie Russell*

Scalps
Serenades Of An Abomination
Escapegoat Records
Street: 02.02
Scalps = His Hero Is Gone + EYEHATEGOD + From Ashes Rise

We’re not talking dandruff shampoo here. Scalps is assuredly a reference to those bloody spoils of war—a perfect mascot for the music this band makes. This is one ugly album. Scalps combine D-beat, sludge and hardcore into a compelling swirl of aggression



and bleakness, which is further sussed out in their lyrics. I need to award bonus points for the inclusion of lyrics in the music files I received, all other labels should take note. The entire EP is strong, although more variation in the syllables of the vocal pattern would send this over the top. This minor gripe is overshadowed by the weight of riffs and the intelligent inclusion of vocal samples, bongos and other sounds that make a three-note riff or a six-minute track the strong components of the album, rather than drudgery. I’m still not sure what the final track, “The Lynchian Slip,” is all about—is it a joke track? Avant-garde? Super serious? In the end, it doesn’t matter—this is a no-brainer destination for those who like their music thick, dark and heavy. —*Peter Fryer*

Silver Antlers
All a River
Inner Islands
Street: 01.04
Silver Antlers = Mark Banning + WYLD WYZRDZ + Sean McCann

It is really wonderful to hear some new work from **Skyler Hitchcox**, the guiding light behind Silver Antlers. To the uninitiated, Silver Antlers is heavily ritualized pop music that explores the endless possibilities of dreamy, shoegazy drone that seeks to communicate with something bigger than ourselves inside ourselves. Hitchcox’s heavily processed guitar does equal parts floating and shredding on this practiced, patient record. Percussion is hypnotically rhythmic and placid. The ever-ascending guitar and piano lines—layered inside each other like a Russian doll and punctuated by Hitchcox’s pitch-shifted voice—reverberate and echo back like solipsistic conversations with ourselves where we find someone else’s voice answering. Who does this belong to? When gripped with something this transcendent, it is impossible to tell. Everything is as it always has been. All a river. —*Ryan Hall*

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Music Reviews

Arum Rae
Warranted Queen EP
Self-Released
Street: 04.22
Arum Rae = Lana Del Ray + MiNX + The Dead Weather



Somewhere between **deadmau5** bass drops, the high-timbred soul of **Donna Summer** and the ragged guitar riffs of **The Kills**, you might find Arum Rae (formerly **White Dress**). This short EP takes you from downbeat electro-pop with processed vocals ("2001") to sweet soul with pop sensibilities reminiscent of **Noah and the Whale** (title track), all the way to the jagged, yet danceable number "Something's Happening." By the last track, "Proof," you're hearing minimalist beats and vocals with a dash of weirdness à la **Thom Yorke's The Eraser**. Bluntly, I fucking love it. My only complaint is that "2001" is a drab opening to an otherwise stellar effort, and this EP is way too goddamn short to properly show off this young woman's talent. GIVE ME MORE! —CJ Morgan

Bobby Bare Jr.
Undefeated
Bloodshot Records
Street: 04.15
Bobby Bare Jr. = My Morning Jacket + Big Star

Bobby Bare Jr. has some years under his belt, performing and creating post-punk, indie-rock music. *Undefeated* will be his first series of new songs since 2010 and one on which Bare Jr. showcases his ability to be musically diverse. Overall, *Undefeated* highlights his ties to Nashville with a twang—including a piano and brass section—while still keeping it post-punk. Some tracks have an incredible emphasis on the electric

guitar in songs like the title track, while still maintaining a semi-psychedelic background sound. As far as lyrics go, Bare Jr. finds his inspiration in **Shel Silverstein**—he pushes the boundaries but upholds a humorous mood that's easy to like. —Lizz Corrigan

Broken Bells
After The Disco
Columbia Records
Street: 01.14
Broken Bells = Portugal. The Man / Electric Guest

The Shins vocalist **James Mercer** and producer **Danger Mouse** are back with their second offering as Broken Bells. From *The Grey Album* to his work with **The Black Keys**, it's clear that Danger Mouse has an affinity for the blues and moody sounds. As a whole, there's nothing too different on this album from their debut, and it's the bluesy tracks, like "Leave It Alone," that feel the most powerful. Everything else sounds quite clean, but also feels lackluster. Even the few "casual" dance numbers, like the title track, aim more to provoke thought and emotion than body movement. While each song shows Danger Mouse's potential as a talented experimental producer, nothing screams greatness about the duo. It all becomes a little boring after a while and, though it's a nice listen, it's nothing that I'm inclined to hear again. —Justin Gallegos

David Novick
Your Sister's Hand
Drag City
Street: 03.18
David Novick = José Gonzalez + White Fence



If ever you find yourself on a meditation retreat in a forest, you might end up listening to this album. Novick's mixture of acoustic and electric guitars is delivered in a relaxing, soothing way, with Spanish-style plucking and soft hums, especially during "Until You Show." While he incorporates some pretty epic electric guitar dominance in "Last Moon," the juxtaposition with the acoustic guitar still maintains the peaceful thematic arc of the album. With minimal singing and droney guitars, *Your Sister's Hand* ventures into some interesting psych-realms, while sticking with a hypnotic, folky vibe, which ultimately evokes a calm experience. —Brinley Froelich

Future Death
Special Victims
Bloodmoss Records
Street: 05.27
Future Death = HEALTH + The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower

Future Death is a relatively new and explosively addictive noise/punk outfit emerging from Austin, Texas. Their new LP, *Special Victims*, is an assemblage of lo-fi tracks containing chaotic rock tracks thinly glossed with infrequent pop hooks—each delivering a mildly sweet flavor followed by an incredibly sour bite. **Alex Bhoze** from **This Will Destroy You** took over the helm in recording and mixing this record (in a funeral home, awesomely enough). You'll notice his handiwork in the way the tracks' raw drums—the record's distinctive strong point—conjoin perfectly with the vocalist's brassy yet charismatic wailing behind thrashing guitar textures. "Basements" and "Post-Everything" are the best examples of this. Hopefully, Future Death will gain enough confidence to plot a tour out west, because proficient noise-rock bands of this caliber flourish best in a live setting. —Gregory Gerulat

Home
Bound To Gravity
Sound Zero Records
Street: 02.21
Home = Eyehategod + Botch + (Meshuggah – Roger Olofsson)

I had to dig through the dusty recesses of my mental vault to describe Home.

They straddle the line between sludge and post-hardcore. You can hear some mathcore hints, but they sound too dark, even for a general **Pelican** comparison. The opening track, "Hole," drives fast and immediately gut-punches you—the songs get the blood flowing. The album was recorded in solid takes rather than individual tracks, which gives it a raw sound in some respects. However, there are moments where the vocals could have been tuned a bit in post-production (see "Next To Last" and "Not Even Me"). Other than me being a picky arsehole, the album flows quite nicely, peaking in "Dead City" (disregard the melodic vocals—not feeling it). What makes this song great is the gritty mid-section that recalls Pelican and the fact that they dedicated nearly 10 minutes of time to it. The album didn't blow my mind, but they certainly have something right going on. —Alex Cragun

The Honey Trees
Bright Fire
Self-Released
Street: 04.08
The Honey Trees = The Civil Wars + Lorde



The Honey Trees are more than musicians—they're enchanters. **Becky Flip, Jeremy Larson** and **Jacob Wick** created an album that feels like it was produced in an enchanted forest, much like the one on the album's cover. These Californians light up their new album with illuminating and hypnotizing vocals about the nature of life and love. Musically, The Honey Trees fit neatly into the illusory pop genre with a dreamlike sound derived from pop rock. Their sound relies on sonic wavelengths that establish a specific,

fantastic tone as opposed to heavy guitar riffs. The melodies and instrumentals coincide, each complementing the other as they go. —*Lizz Corrigan*

Ikebe Shakedown

Stone By Stone

Ubiquity Records

Street: 04.15

Ikebe Shakedown = Africa '70 + The Meters

If you’ve ever listened to **Otis Redding** or **Al Green** and thought, “Gee, they sure don’t make ‘em like this anymore,” rest assured, it’s not for a lack of trying. Ikebe Shakedown are part of a growing contingent of musicians dedicated to replicating the feel of classic recordings. They do a good job, and it’s a noble goal, too. This retro-sounding set of instrumentals (made in the same studio where **Sharon Jones** records) is fun. It’s far more enjoyable, in fact, than I thought possible for an all-white band capitalizing on vintage afrobeat and R&B. Ultimately, though, Ikebe Shakedown are proficient, but helplessly out of their depth. I can’t imagine why anyone would prefer this to something more serious (**Fela’s** *Expensive Shit* comes to mind). Still, I’d bet these guys are a blast live. —*Dan Vesper*

Insomnium

Shadows of the Dying Sun

Century Media

Street: 04.29

Insomnium = Dark

Tranquillity + Katatonia + Swallow the Sun

Continuing to build their stronghold of melodic death metal, Finland’s Insomnium offer up their sixth full-length record without a ton of surprises and with all expectations met. Speaking of said stronghold, Insomnium seem to go out and pillage and destroy other melodic death metal bands that add way too much modern style into their mix. The band sticks to their guns here, with heavy riffs meaty enough to satisfy the hungriest of heavy metal folks. The meat is backed by a ton of melodic guitar work—it’s what has made and continues to make Insomnium a band to always listen to, even if melodic death metal isn’t quite your fancy. Pace shifts and many vocal change-ups keep things interesting throughout. What Insomnium do in regard to melodic death metal may be a bit of a farther cry from what the genre started as, but that leaves room for Insomnium to carve their own name in stone—or metal. —*Bryer Wharton*

Leyland Kirby

Breaks My Heart Each Time

Apollo Records

Street Date: 02.18

Leyland Kirby =

Flying Lotus/ESKMO

James Leyland Kirby’s kaleidoscopic soundscape shines brilliantly in his newest four-part EP. *Breaks My Heart Each Time* employs style mashed with some epic crescendos. Kirby’s knowledge of his craft is mesmerizing and thematic. It feels personal and is a welcome change to some of the more exclusive tracks produced within recent months. “Last Ditch Legacy” is gritty and tribal with some Flylo-esque claps and dubstep bass kicks. “Diminishing Emotion” is, by far, the track I most closely examined on the EP. Completely stripped-down and raw, this ambient piece represents the skeleton of Kirby’s production and acts as a sort of break between the grinding sounds of its predecessor, and the synth trills and fast-paced percussion found in “Starting Down The Sun.” This EP accurately reflects Kirby’s true musical genius and understanding of the art of auditory storytelling. —*Kamryn Feigel*

Lydia Loveless

Somewhere Else

Bloodshot Records

Street: 02.18

Lydia Loveless = Frank

Turner + Neko Case +

Emmylou Harris +

Miss Derringer

I first pegged Lydia Loveless as some sort of simple female equivalent to **Hank 3**, but as I listened further, I realized she is much more than that. Yes, her last release, *Indestructible Machine*, had somewhat honky-tonk leanings that I enjoyed, but it was still unfair to pigeonhole this versatile songstress into any category, country or otherwise. *Somewhere Else* strips away any preconceived notions with songs that are unflinchingly direct and honest. Even though the track “Chris Isaak” is definitely a country song, it still feels several miles away from what she’s done in the past. The song “Really Want to See You Again” carries the anxiety everyone has felt about the possibility of rejection and escaping the ensuing isolation. On this record, Loveless bares herself sincerely by tearing the holes of her own heartbreak and loneliness open a little wider just to give us a peek, so we might recognize and feel it, too. —*James Orme*

The Menzingers

Rented World

Epitaph Records

Street: 04.22

The Menzingers =

Broadway Calls +

The Lawrence Arms

Well, The Menzingers have delivered another album that the disgruntled and eccentric youth can tap their feet and bob their heads to. Menzingers have always walked that fine line of



punk along with allied bands such as **Against Me!** and **The Flatliners**, which almost gives their music a bipolar personality, if you will—you enjoy how mellow the album sounds but feel it could snap at any minute. The opening track, “I Don’t Wanna Be an Asshole Anymore,” sets a display of raw, emotional lyrics and sentimental melodies, which are also demonstrated by subsequent tracks like “Sentimental Physics” and “The Talk.” Then, in contrast, there is “When You Died”—the acoustic album closer that tells a dismal narrative of the loss of singer **Greg Barnett’s** friend. The album radiates with different emotions and vivid lyrics—it’s a great album to listen to on a mellow evening. —*Eric U. Norris*

Metatag

Transmission

Hel-Audio

Street: 01.22

Metatag = Tangerine Dream

+ Oneohtrix Point Never +

OuOu

Metatag’s tape cover bears a strong resemblance to **Joy Division’s** classic, *Unknown Pleasures*, if it were isolated and magnified a couple hundred times. Much like that image of a pulsar CP 1919 radio wave, Metatag plays under a microscope. Often restricted to a handful of repeating melodies undulating and ringing out and full of the warmest, most shimmering digital sounds created sans computer, *Transmission* also breaks wide open at times with a free-exchange between typical folk instrumentation (guitar, harpsichord) and the siren call of a deep, soulful drone. The who of this 60-plus minute tape is the mysterious Norwegian who goes by the symbol **Θ**, who put out an equally unpronounceable album last year full of dark-ambient soundscapes. This ever-ascending marble staircase of crystalline synths scratches all the itches that tape couldn’t. An album full of **John Carpenter** melody and repetition without any of the creeping darkness—this is beautiful stuff. —*Ryan Hall*

Mirah

Changing Light

Absolute Magnitude

Street: 05.13



Mirah = Thao Nguyen + Emily Wells

I am beyond thrilled that this release came my way, seeing as I haven’t really stopped listening to Mirah since *C’mon Miracle* was released a decade ago. As usual, in *Changing Light*, her lyrics could just as easily be published as a book of poetry, evoking strong feelings with narratives that still bring small baby tears to my eyes when listening. Her harmony with a voice box in “Oxen Hope” is where this phenomenon began, while expressing the endurance needed to move on, and it’s found later in “24th St,” where she sings about loving deeply while realizing things could end at any moment. I just want her to sing me lullabies to sleep every night with that soothing, comforting voice she has. —*Brinley Froelich*

Overlake

Sighs

Killing Horse Records

Street: 04.15

Overlake = my bloody valentine + Sonic Youth

The opening track (aptly titled “First”) is sleepy and cinematic, a dramatic yet understated introduction to an album that attempts to walk the fine line between indie and post-rock. **Tom Barrett’s** wispy vocals add a moody element to dulled guitar noise. Admittedly, the instrumentals are sometimes too repetitive and, personally, I feel that the group tries to span the album over too many genres, making their sound incredibly inconsistent. However, I will say that they successfully re-create an ambiance reminiscent of ‘80s and ‘90s shoegazey alternative. —*Allison Shephard*

Patrick Sexx

The Shadow That Took Shape

Alpha Pup Records

Street: 03.11

Patrick Sexx = The Chemical Brothers + Tweaker

Patrick Sexx created an album that sounds like a coloring book from an alternate reality. The title track has a slow synth accompanied by an upbeat chorus of backing vocals, which create a friendly atmosphere that sounds like a waking dream. Sparking, wire-like sounds and stuttered vocal samples

carry throughout this album, giving it a flow from one song to the next. This album is very different than what you would expect—yet, regardless of the expectations, you will be pleasantly surprised by what you hear. I would recommend it if you are a fan of experimental electronica. —*Seeth McGavien*

Protomartyr

Under Color of Official Right

Hardly Art

Street: 04.08

Protomartyr = Parquet

Courts + Beach Fossils



The intro to *Under Color of Official Right* might trick you into thinking you’re listening to neo-beach music on par with **The Drums**. Although the surf-reverberated guitar continues through the first track, the lyrics—sounding as if they’re sung through inflamed vocal chords—shatter the expectations of the surf rock genre. At the center of the album, a few tracks (spanning from “What the Wall Said” to “Bad Advice”) slow things down and come off as a bridge for the album.

The two tracks focus on rhythm and spoken vocals with guitar noise and distorted voices echoing from ear to ear (providing you wear headphones). If you’re not stoned, you might want to skip to “Son of Dis,” where Protomartyr push the BPMs back up. No matter what your state of sobriety, it’s worth sticking around for the gothy guitar riff on “Scum, Rise!” —*Steve Richardson*

PUP

Self-Titled

SideOneDummy Records

Street: 04.08

PUP = Fugazi + The Dirty Nil

+ Hollerado

With an even blend of punk, indie and garage rock, PUP have created a sound all to themselves with their self-titled debut. An overall enticing album, it employs heavy distortion contrasting with lighter, cleaner vocals playing both fast and slow when appropriate. “Back Against the Wall” best captures the raucous agility that punk rock is notorious for while “Guilt Trip” steadily evens out the amount of noise and melody. PUP definitely stand on their

own with this album—it’s an enjoyable weirdness to get lost in. —*Eric U. Norris*

Ringworm

Hammer of the Witch

Relapse

Street: 03.18

Ringworm = Ringworm

At this point, Ringworm’s greatest testament is their longevity, having been steadily grinding away since ‘98, crafting a stream of excellent records while most of their contemps have opted for the quick cash of a reunion spot. Switching to Relapse will certainly expose them to a wider fanbase of longhairs. The drums sound decidedly beefier here, with tracks like “Bleed” and “We’ll Always Have the End” showcasing the traditional interplay of **James “Human Furnace” Bull-och’s** razor-gargling shrieks with the twin-Teutonic crunch of **Matt Sorg** and **John Comprix**. Think classic Ringworm with a marginally groovier bent—skeptical ‘heads need only check out the title track sonic for reassurance and a potent “Birth is Pain”—esque gallop. *Hammer of the Witch* announces itself like every Ringworm album does, a snarling wallop to your aural senses, and then delivers much more (“One of us is Going to Have to Die...”)—for longtime fans and dewey-eyed newbs alike. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Sleepy Sun

Maui Tears

ATP Recordings

Stret: 01.28

Sleepy Sun = The Black

Angels + Pink Mountaintops

Maui Tears is the band’s finest work yet. It’s a perfection of everything good from *Fever* and *Spine Hits*. The record opens with “The Lane”—an angelic little ditty featuring guitars that soar through the clouds and rip through the ether in search of a realm of permanent shapes. **Brett Constantino** confronts the specter of love when he croons, “In a pool of roses we could swim. It’s only grand illusion of our earthly whim, a glimpse.” The next track, “Words,” releases the thrust tension and serenely floats at the vantage point of everywhere. The band demonstrates its range in “Galaxy Punk,” which pants like **Pixies** à la *Trompe le Monde*. These psych masters resist the lurking urge to tangent, which makes every song that much better. Following the peaks and troughs of a heart on fire without flattening, *Maui Tears* is poetic, sincere and well put-together. —*Jordan Deveraux*

The Shackeltons

Records

Think Loud Entertainment

Street: 04.22

The Shackeltons =

The Rakes + Les Savy Fav + The Von Bondies

Records resonates the same essence that **Test Icicles** did, only after the caffeine (or whatever stronger stimulant) had begun to wear off. The similarity between the groups is most apparent through the tone of The Shackeltons’ vocalist, **Mark Redding**, especially when on the verge of a high-pitched shriek, while avoiding the downfall of Test Icicles: their screamo sound. As *Records* progresses, the pace tends to slow and the genre begins to shift—not enough to bother me (I prefer the album’s semi-bluesy second half), but enough to notice some flux. Starting at the chorus of “Call Call,” The Shackletons begin adding experimental sounds, like a few notes from a saxophone (or synthetic saxophone). The album ends well and begins well, but I wouldn’t mind more intermingling between the styles throughout. —*Steve Richardson*

The Shilohs

Self-Titled

Light Organ Records

Street: 05.15

The Shilohs = Big Star +

Olivia Tremor Control +

Mercury Rev

Vancouver’s The Shilohs position themselves adjacent to power pop trail-blazers Big Star and **Badfinger**, though their sound more closely resembles another band indebted to the **Alex Chiltons** of the world: Olivia Tremor Control. Like OTC, The Shilohs have a sound so natural and amiable that it borders on cloying. The Mercury Rev-esque third track, “Sisters of Blue,” meanders like a stray dog on an abandoned beach, aimlessly searching for ... something. Or maybe nothing. “Stayed in bed all day again,” sighs lead singer **Johnny Payne**, content to let the day wash over him like high tide. It’s this easygoing attitude that makes The Shilohs so appealing, and also what holds them back. —*Taylor Hale*

St. Vincent

Self-Titled

Loma Vista

Street: 02.25

St. Vincent = Dirty Projectors

+ Darwin Deez

Annie Clark sure knows how to make a statement. In releasing “Digital Witness” as a response to a world that is growing obsessively consumed by technology, Clark simultaneously addresses her own technological dependence in the form of electronica mixed under a funky horn section. “I Prefer Your Love” slows down the album’s previously frantic pace with a slow, soulful declaration, supposedly to her mother, who was ill. Everything picks



back up soon after with oddball electronic bounciness and quirky lyrics in “Bring Me Your Loves.” Conclusively, this album manages to be Clark’s most accessible album, while also being the most experimental, and it is clear that Clark is confident in taking this new step. I’m fully expecting St. Vincent to reach superstardom with this album. —*Allison Shephard*

Trevor and the Joneses

There Was Lightning

Self-Released

Street: 12.22.12

Trevor and the Joneses =

The Brian Jonestown Mas-

sacre + The Zombies + The

Troggs + Blank Realm

Trevor and the Joneses bring back 1960s garage rock combined with the product of over 40 years of evolution in psychedelic rock n’ roll. **Trevor Jones** delivers the right amount of pop and snot with his vocals in “Dig This,” which invokes nostalgia for the late **Reg Presley’s** (The Troggs) “Wild Thing.” Other numbers, like “Sneak” and “It’s Getting Early,” sound fast and edgy. My only complaint is the songs like “Show Yourself” and “Super Slow” are indeed super slow and seem to drag forever, making them better background sounds than full-focused jams. The slower songs might bore listeners not in states of expanded consciousness. Otherwise, this album invokes memories of the glory days of rock n’ roll—very engaging, with the right amount of grit. If you haven’t picked this up, you are missing out. —*Nick Kuzmack*

Triptykon

Melana Chasmata

Century Media

Street: 04.14

Triptykon = Celtic Frost +

Valborg + Type O Negative

Many times in a review, when something like “more of the same” is said, it can be taken negatively. But when you’re Triptykon and have a massively successful debut under your belt, maybe you want a little bit of more of the same. Massive success is a fair statement because vinyl versions of the

The Daily Calendar

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Friday, April 4
The Ditchrunners, Utah County Swillers - *ABG's*
Larry & His Flask, Charles Ellsworth, Matthew & The Hope - *Bar Deluxe*
Jazz Brulee - *Bayou*
Backyard Possums, Breakers, Dark Seas - *Brewskis*
Grafton, Visions Of Decay, Hypernova
Holocaust, Wounds Of Valor - *Burt's*
Seance with the Crone - *Crone's Hollow*
Lavelle Dupree - *Downstairs*
Garrison Keillor - *Eccles Center*
Get Shot, The Cliterinas, The Ukeriors - *Gino's*
Tony Holiday - *Green Pig*
Son Of Ian - *Hog Wallow*
The Best Offer - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Vertical Scratchers, Lake Island, The Wild War - *Kilby*
Tera Vega, LHAW, Brute Force, Riksha - *Liquid Joe's*
Creature From Jekyll Island, The Delphic Quorum, SCROmance, Starbass - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Blue October, Architects - *Murray Theater*
The Band Named Stan, The Victories - *Muse Music*
Scientist in the Spotlight: Geology with David Wheatley - *Natural History Museum of Utah*
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*
Black Box Belly Dance Affair - Rose Wagner
Inspiração Do Fogo - Rose Wagner
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Cult Leader, Subrosa, Wearing Thin, Die Off - Shred Shed
Mike Iverson, Uinta Serenade - *South Valley Unitarian Universalist Society*
American Hitmen, Opal Hill Drive, Rune - *The Royal*
Kicks N' Licks, Steezo, Tall Man - *Urban*
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Red Yeti, Queenadilla, Blue Wavers, Faraday Le Soleil - *Velour*
Big Wild Wings, MiNX, Shasta & The Second Strings - *Woodshed*
Saturday, April 5
Happy Birthday, Dan Vesperi!
Victor Trevin Jr. & The Wild Ones - *Bar Deluxe*
Latin Jazz Factory - *Bayou*
Repeat Offender, Drunk As Shit, Rebellious Cause - *Burt's*
Boxzilla, Mark Sexton Band - *Canyons Resort*
Tumbleweeds Best of Fest 2014 - *City Library*
Mad Hatter Tea - *Crone's Hollow*
Christina Perri, Birdy - *Depot*
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
Jessica Lang Dance - *Eccles Center*
DJ Lemont - *Green Pig*
Velvatoness - *Hog Wallow*
Dreemland 8, MitiS, J. Rabbit - *In The Venue*
The Best Offer, The Secret World of Arrietty - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Palace Of Buddies, Marmits, Telepanther - *Kilby*
Folk Hogan, Citizen Noise Exchange, Baby Girl - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Turned To Stone, Never Before, Dead Revelator, Founders of Ruin, Uroboric Deity - *Murray Theater*
Nano Days - *Natural History Museum*
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*
Cazette, Spencer Brown, Le7els - *Park City Live*
Spring Orchid Show - *Red Butte*
Winter Farmers Market - Rio Grande
Black Box Belly Dance Affair

- Rose Wagner
Inspiração Do Fogo - Rose Wagner
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Break Anchor, Money Penny, Sinisters - *Shred Shed*
HVDD: Sirens Of Steel vs. Daughters Of Anarchy - *The Hive*
UCW-Zero Pro Wrestling - *UCW-Zero Arena*
La Femme, Koala Temple, JAWWZZII, DJ Matty Mo - *Urban*
Ryan Innes - *Velour*
Hoodoo, Ice Hotel - *Why Sound*
MiNX, Bombshell Academy, Bip Bip Bip... - *Woodshed*
Sunday, April 6
Mozart's Don Giovanni - *Broadway Theater*
Negura Bunget - *Burt's*
How To Hoo Doo - *Crone's Hollow*
The Best Offer - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Matthew Quen Nanes, Wasatch Fault, The Great Interstate - *Kilby*
Nano Days - *Natural History Museum*
Spring Orchid Show - *Red Butte*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
As Artifacts, Yaktooth, Nora Dates - *Shred Shed*
Ben Kilbourne - *Tin Angel*
Audacity, Foster Body, Pest Rulz - *Urban*
Monday, April 7
Nacosta, Red Telephone, Season Of The Witch, Thieves & Gypsies - *Bar Deluxe*
Intro to Incense Making - *Crone's Hollow*
Haystak, Big Snap, Cremro, J. James. Kaotic - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Chrome Sparks, High Counsel, MSTRSHRDR - *Urban*
Tuesday, April 8
Zak Waters, Betty Who - *Bar Deluxe*
Spellbound - *City Library*
ABK, Big Hoodoo - *In The Venue*
UBEEE, Gazsia, Dine Krew - *Kilby*
Tom Bennett, Michael Cundick - *Lokals*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Particle - *State Room*
Caravan Palace, Johnny Pepp, Jesse Walker - *Urban*
Wednesday, April 9
Kung-Fu Theater - *Brewvies*
Eagle Twin, Yautja, Discoid A - *Diabolical Records*
Lydia Loveless - *Garage*
Philosophy Of Soul - *Hog Wallow*
The Colourist, Night Terrors Of 1927, Wind & The Wave - *Kilby*
The First Movie - *Leonardo*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
Natural History Museum of Utah & Craft Lake City Presents: Terrariums with Lexie Dowdall - Natural History Museum
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
SLAC: 4000 Miles - *Salt Lake Acting Company*
Stroller Tours - *UMOCA*
The Saturday Giant, The May Reunion - *Velour*
Kelli Moyle, George Nelson - *Zest*
Thursday, April 10
Happy Birthday, Benji Pierson!
Peelander Z - *Bar Deluxe*
Tom Bennett - *Collie's Sports Bar*
Young The Giant, Vance Joy - *Complex*
Journey Of The Spirit - *Crone's Hollow*
G. Love & Special Sauce, Ethan Tucker - *Depot*
Morgan Snow - *Hog Wallow*
Tyler Farr, Charlie Worsham - *In The Venue*
GMO OMG - *Jim Santy Auditorium*

James W. King, John Allred, Karlie McKinnon, Moon Traveler - *Kilby*
Little Mania Micro Wrestling - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Wrekonize, Kung Fu Vampire, Dirtbag Dan, G-Mo Skee, U-Surp, Mart Mar, Mr. Bm, Grow Room Family - *Loading Dock*
VNV Nation, Whitecube - *Murray Theater*
Beats Antique - *Park City Live*
RDT: Land - *Rose Wagner*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Sky As Skin, Red Bennies, Playing Ghosts, Emeralds Tablets, Ghetto Blaster - *Shred Shed*
Peelander-Z, Problem Daughter, Chalk - *Urban*
Maxwell Hughes, Echo Dog, Columbia J - *Velour*
West Elm & Craft Lake City Presents: Learn Calligraphy with Skyler Chubak - West Elm
Brumby, Allred, Kitfox - *Why Sound*
Friday, April 11
The Jingoos, Tuxedo Tramps - *ABG's*
Decibel Trust - *Bar Deluxe*
Double Helix - *Bayou*
Tim Daniels Band - *Brewskis*
The West, Ever So Android, Fossil Arms, The Danger Kids - *Burt's*
Ballet West: The Rite Of Spring - *Capitol Theatre*
Codi Jordan Band, Stranger, Coral Thief - *Century Club*
Jarabe De Palo - *Club Karamba*
The White Buffalo, Chuck Ragan, Jonny Two Bags - *Depot*
The Weekenders - *Garage*
Woody Wood - *Hog Wallow*
Slow Food Park City: Food & Film Festival - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Salazar - *Kilby*
Bang Tango, Betty Hates Everything, Thunderhawk - *Liquid Joe's*
The Memorials, Merchant Royal, Bloodfunk, Shasta & The Second Strings - *Loading Dock*
The North Valley, The Hoot Hoots, Friends & Family - *Muse Music*
Dirt Road Devils - *Outlaw Saloon*
RDT: Land - *Rose Wagner*
Dethrone The Sovereign, Machines Of Man, Alumni - *Shred Shed*
MusicGarage Kids, The Departure - *Sprague Library*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
The Shame, Murrietta - *The Royal*
Typhoon, Wild Ones, Hollow Wood - *Urban*
Sugar House Art Walk - *Various Galleries*
The Fellows, Kid The Hawk, Kindred Dead, Coma Pilot - *Velour*
GeorgeLife - *Woodshed*
Saturday, April 12
D-Taylor, Mind N Muscle, Chokolate Pink - *5 Monkeys*
The Quick & Easy Boys - *Bar Deluxe*
Mr. Lucky Blues - *Bayou*
Private Screening- Exile Nation: The Plastic People - Brewvies
King Parrot, Vattnet Viskar, Huldra - *Burt's*
Anthony Jeselnik - *Depot*
Tony Holiday, Woody Wood, Michelle Moonshine - *Garage*
Michelle Moonshine - *Hog Wallow*
Slow Food Park City: Food & Film Festival - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Secret Abilities, Danger Button, The Artificial Flower Company, Telepanther - *Kilby*
Ira Glass - *Kingsbury*
Here We Go Tour, Stranger Band, Coral Thief, Makisi, Skunk Dub - *Loading Dock*
Dirt Road Devils - *Outlaw Saloon*
JES - *Park City Live*
Tasty Bulbs - *Red Butte*

RDT: Land - *Rose Wagner*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Death Pony, Goatsifter - *Shred Shed*
Awkwardfest 2014 - SLIC Arts Hub
Tinariwen, The Melodic - *State Room*
Craft Lake City Presents Crafting A Community - UMOCA
Strong Words, The Circulars, Big Wild Wings, DJ Matty Mo - *Urban*
Polytype, Coral Bones - *Velour*
The Statuettes, The Wasatch Fault, Britton Noel - *Why Sound*
Sunday, April 13
Nigel & The Metal Dogs - *Canyons Resort*
Karla Bonoff - *Egyptian Theatre*
Slow Food Park City: Food & Film Festival - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Ill Fede - *Kilby*
Bermuda, Set To Reflect, The Last Ten Seconds Of Life, Seeker, No Safe Way Home, It's Awake, Amorous - *Loading Dock*
DJ Jesse Walker - *Red Door*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
The Infamous Stringdusters, The Boston Boys - *State Room*
Geographer, Palace Of Buddies - *Urban*
Monday, April 14
Happy Birthday, Kelli Tompkins!
Active Strand, Ocean Commotion, John Lane - *Kilby*
The Animal In Me - *Loading Dock*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Death Before Dishonor, Ringworm, INVDRS, Cool Your Jets - *Shred Shed*
Javier - *Urban*
Tuesday, April 15
Happy Birthday, Brian Staker!
The Missing Picture - *City Library*
The Naked & Famous - *In The Venue*
Say Hi, Big Scary - *Kilby*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Flagship, Little Daylight, Terraplane Sun - *Shred Shed*
Katie Herzig, Mideau - *Urban*
The Minimalists: Reading & Signing - *Weller Book Works*
Jett Fesler - *Why Sound*
Wednesday, April 16
Atoms Fall - *Burt's*
The Underachievers, Denzel Curry, Dillion Cooper - *Complex*
The Cosmonauts, Super 78, Black Seas - *Garage*
Joshua Cook - *Hog Wallow*
Phantogram, TEEN - *In The Venue*
Psyche Ward Messiah, Salt Lake Spitfires - *Kafeneio*
St. Paul & The Broken Bones - *Kilby*
The Delta Saints, Candys River House - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
OFF!, Cerebral Balzy - *Loading Dock*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
Plan B's "3" - Rose Wagner
Step Brothers - *Shred Shed*
Michelle Moonshine, Woody Wood & Tony Holiday, Puddle Mountain Ramblers - *Urban*
Mideau - *Velour*
Thursday, April 17
Reaching For The Moon - *Brewvies*
ESE, The Romptompers - *Burt's*
Red Desert Ramblers - *Diamond Lils*
Corey Smaller - *Hog Wallow*
Hyper Crush, Jayetkay, TYR, SirensCeol - *In The Venue*
Green River Blues, Steel Born Buffalo, Candid Coyote - *Red Butte*
Salt Lake Comic Con: FanXperience - *Salt Palace*
TPain, Jung Cash, Vantrease, Big Reeno

- *Saltair*
Crab Legs - *Shred Shed*
Shovels & Rope, Parker Milsap - *State Room*
Cunninlynguists, J-Live, Sadistik, Nemo Achida - *Urban*
Joe Dean Recital - *Why Sound*
Friday, April 18
Amigo The Devil - *ABG's*
Mahler's Symphony No.5 - *Abravanel*
Rubedo, Roots Of Acatia, Folk Hogan, Tom Bennett - *Bar Deluxe*
A.M. Bump - *Bayou*
Aisle Of View - *Brewskis*
Eat The Turnbuckle, Burn Your World - *Burt's*
Frankie Negron - *Club Karamba*
Tribal Seeds, New Kingston, Inna Vision - *Complex*
New to the Pagan Community Meetup - *Crone's Hollow*
Tribal Seeds, New Kingston, Inna Vision - *Depot*
Roger Payne - *Eccles Center*
Peter Yarrow - *Egyptian Theatre*
David Williams - *Garage*
Grow Room Family, Big Peck, Boss Lady Satinn, Escape - *Gino's*
Lady Legs - *Hog Wallow*
The Goddamn Gallows - *In The Venue*
Tim's Vermeer - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
YONAS, The Specktors, Pell - *Kilby*
Ortega Omega, Honey, Commission, DJ Cue, Block Money Music, Writtn, Hustlenometry - *Liquid Joe's*
The Vampirates, Maimed For Life, Victims Willing - *Loading Dock*
Danny Wildcard, Brad Rizer, Tainted Halos, Carrie Myers, Scott Ferrin - *Mojos*
Colt 46 - *Outlaw Saloon*
Salt Lake Comic Con: FanXperience - *Salt Palace*
Circle Takes The Square, Worst Friends, Visitors, Clark - *Shred Shed*
Royal Bliss - *The Royal*
Good Blood: Do It Mid Exhibition - *UMOCA*
SLUG Localized: Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirtty, Charles Ellsworth, Crook & The Bluff - Urban
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
The Blue Aces - *Velour*
Until The Violence Stops Benefit Concert - Westminster
Swamp Donkey - *Why Sound*
Saturday, April 19
Mahler's Symphony No.5 - *Abravanel*
Tavaputs, Callow, Ike Fonesca - *Bar Deluxe*
The West Water Outlaws, Danger Hailstorm - *Brewskis*
Queer Prom - City Library
No Quarter - *Depot*
Record Store Day - *Diabolical/Albatross*
Peter Yarrow - *Egyptian Theatre*
Lady Legs - *Garage*
Record Store Day with SLUG & KRCL - U of U Graywhale
Back Wash - *Hog Wallow*
Combichrist, William Control, New Years Day - *In The Venue*
Tim's Vermeer - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Sleeper Agent, Holy Child, Pagiins - *Kilby*
Fifty Shades Of Men - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Lion I Am, We Rise The Tides, I Assailant, The Conscience - *Loading Dock*
Colt 46 - *Outlaw Saloon*
Birding - *Red Butte*
Winter Farmers Market - Rio Grande
Lukas Geniusas - *Rose Wagner*
Salt Lake Comic Con: FanXperience - *Salt Palace*
Dipped In Whiskey, Disengage, I Buried A Box - *Shred Shed*
JD McPherson, The Hollering Pines - *State Room*
UCW-Zero Pro Wrestling - *UCW-Zero Arena*
DJ Matty Mo - *Urban*
James Shepard, John Lane - *Why Sound*
Sunday, April 20
SLUG Presents Jesse Walker's 4th Annual Bunny Hop - Garage
Tim's Vermeer - *Jim Santy Auditorium*
Birding - *Red Butte*
Monday, April 21
Sevendust - *Complex*
Intro to Tarot Reading - *Crone's Hollow*

Temples, Drowners - *Urban*
Mary Roach: Reading & Signing - *Weller Book Works*
Tuesday, April 22
Happy Birthday, Megan Kennedy!
The Hauge - *Bar Deluxe*
Embryonic Devourment, Abolishment Of Flesh, The Opaque - *Burt's*
War Horse - *Capitol Theatre*
Hero - *City Library*
Switchfoot, The Royal Concept - *Complex*
CHVRCHES, The Range - *Depot*
Iron Reagan, Occultist, Year Of The Wolf, Tough Tittie - *Gino's*
Beware The Darkness, Kiss Me Kill Me, The Paper Guns, Blinded By Truth - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Bellows - *Shred Shed*
Graveyard, Bombus - *Urban*
Wednesday, April 23
Predatory Light, Moon Of Delirium, Winterlore - *Bar Deluxe*
Danny Shafer - *Hog Wallow*
Fortunate Youth, True Press - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Kill Lincoln, Bombshell Academy, Show Me Island - *Loading Dock*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
801 Sessions: The Pelicans, The Blue Aces, Murphy Jackson - Shred Shed
Micky & The Motorcars - *State Room*
Faster Pussycat, Red Light Saints, SevenTKing - *The Royal*
Thursday, April 24
Restless Heart - *Egyptian Theatre*
Mark Chaney & The Garage All Stars - *Garage*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*
Spy Hop Annual Benefit: Write The Future - Infinity
Rags & Ribbons, The Kings Solar, Cade Walker - *Kilby*
J. Craig Venter - *Kingsbury*
Lindsay Saunders, Claire Grayson, Founder - *Muse Music*
Ririe-Woodbury: Accelerate - *Rose Wagner*
Captives, Wearing Thin, No Sun - *Shred Shed*
Poor Man's Whiskey - *State Room*
Open Air Stereo, Miggs - *The Royal*
Hunter Hayes, Danielle Bradbery, Dan + Shay - *UCCU Center*
Mobb Deep, Concise Kilgore, DJ Juggy - *Urban*
Corey Christiansen Trio - *Why Sound*
Ed Hubble Band - *Willie's*
Friday, April 25
God's Revolver, Die Off, Emerald Tablets - *ABG's*
Tchaikovsky's Suite No.3 - *Abravanel*
King Niko, SynAesthetic - *Bar Deluxe*
Chalula - *Bayou*
Lady Legs - *Brewskis*
Resless Heart - *Egyptian Theatre*
Disforia, Visigoth, Sonic Prophecy, Helvetica Scenario - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Tom Bennett, Michael Cundick - *lokals*
Barbaloot Sultz - *Mestizo*
Starr Saunders, Nikki Forova - *Muse Music*
Rattlesnake Wine - *Outlaw Saloon*
And I The Lion - *Shred Shed*
Natural Roots, 2 ½ White Guys, The Sarah B Band, Show Me Island - *State Room*
Bombshell Academy, Autumn Eclipse - *The Royal*
Giraffula, Birthday Bash, The North Valley, Palace of Buddies, Uinta - *Urban*
Park City's Last Friday Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Driver Out, The Chronicle Trio, My New Mistress - *Why Sound*
Sugartown Alley, Hectic Hobo - *Woodshed*
Saturday, April 26
Tchaikovsky's Suite No.3 - *Abravanel*
Fetish Ball - *Area 51*
The Number Ones - *Bayou*
Frankie J. Grande, Lovey James, Christian Collins, Keenen Cahill - *Complex*
Downlink, Dieselboy, Jonny Law, Gameboy Dan - *Depot*
Brewer & Shipley - *Egyptian Theatre*
Contra Dancing, Loose Shoes - *First Unitarian Church*
Rick Gerber Band - *Hog Wallow*
Manchester Orchestra - *In The Venue*
Oscar D'Leon - *Infinity*
Omeed The Nag, Dusk Raps, House Of Lewis, Gryzzlee Beats, ConRad, Cannibal J

DM, MC Noetic, DJ Vagif - *Kilby*
Earth Jam 2014 - *Liberty Park*
Da Mafia 6ix, Twisted Insane, Whitney Peyton, Sozay, Alan Winkle, etc. - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
No Safe Way Home, Stories Of Ambition, Search Lights, Our City Skyline, Constellations - *Loading Dock*
Break Of Reality - *Murray Theater*
Rattlesnake Wine - *Outlaw Saloon*
Trees Are Terrific - *Red Butte*
Leopold & His Fiction - *Shred Shed*
Bombay Bicycle Club, Royal Canoe - *Urban*
Solarsuit - *Velour*
Truth Of Fiction - *Why Sound*
Sunday, April 27
Happy Birthday, Katie Panzer!
Happy Birthday, Rebecca Frost!
Geek Show Movie Night - *Brewvies*
Skating Polly, Black Sands, The Dharma Blues - *Kilby*
NOVA in Canyon Country - *Libby Gardner*
Earth Jam 2014 - *Liberty Park*
Frameworks, Gates, Tiny Moving Parts, Nora Dates - *Shred Shed*
White Fang, American Culture, JAWWZZII, Season Of The Witch - *Urban*
Monday, April 28
The Glitch Mob, Ana Sia, Penthouse Penthouse - *Complex*
Salt City Slam - *Weller Book Works*
Carly Ewell Recital - *Why Sound*
Tuesday, April 29
Happy Birthday, Gavin Sheehan!
Happy Birthday, Brian Kubarycz!
Happy Birthday, Steve Richardson!
A Minor Forest, La Verkin, Dwellers - *Bar Deluxe*
Anvil - *Burt's*
More Than Honey - *City Library*
Dark Moon Ritual with Earth Haven Coven - *Crone's Hollow*
We Are Scientists, PAWS - *Kilby*
Through The Roots, Tatanka & The Steppas - *Loading Dock*
Elisium, KHP, Hooga, Sektau - *Metro*
Ingrid Michaelson, Storyman, The Alternate Routes - *Saltair*

Warpaint, James Supercave - *Urban*
Wednesday, April 30
Warner Drive, Shasta & The Second Strings - *Burt's*
Childish Gambino - *Complex*
Dark Moon Drumming Circle - *Crone's Hollow*
Christian Coleman - *Hog Wallow*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
Justin Currie - *State Room*
The Great North Korean Picture Show - *UMFA*
Coyote Hoods, Bip Bip Bip, Austin Archer, Will Sartain - *Urban*
Thursday, May 1
Happy Birthday, Arnold Hsu!
La Absolule Fin Du Monde - *Bar Deluxe*
Christian Coleman - *Hatchet May - Burt's*
RuPaul's Drag Race - *Depot*
Joe McQueen Quartet and Fundraiser - *Garage*
The Porch - *Storytelling - Muse Music*
PYG: Motherhood Out Loud; Wasatch Theatre: Last Days of Judas Iscariot - *Rose Wagner*
Ellie Goulding, Rudimental - *Saltair*
Glimpse Trio - *Shred Shed*
Wayland, Betty Hates Everything, Swinging Lights - *The Royal*
The Dodos, Holy Water Buffalo - *Urban*
Friday, May 2
Pick up the new issue of SLUG - Anyplace Cool!
Happy Birthday, Logan Sorenson!
Glimpse Trio - *ABG's*
The Beat Goes On - *Abravanel*
The Jingoos - *Bar Deluxe*
Gloria Trevi - *Complex*
Carmen Morales, Tommy Lama - *Egyptian Theatre*
Marinade - *Hog Wallow*
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*
Red Bennies, La Verkin - *Shred Shed*
Little Hurricane - *State Room*
Dubwise - *Urban*
Nkut Adoption Weekend - *Utah Fair Park*
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*



KILBY COURT
APRIL

- 1: Small Black, Snowmine
- 2: Roots of Arcatia
- 3: Star Off CD Release, Westward, Band on the Moo
- 4: The Vertical Scratchers, Lake Island, The Wild War
- 5: Palace of Buddies, Marmits, Telepanther
- 6: Matthew Quen Nanes, Wasatch Fault, The Great Interstate
- 8: UBEEE, Gazsia, Dine Krew, TBA
- 9: The Colourist, Night Terrors of 1927, Wind and The Wave
- 10: James W King, John Allred, Karlie McKinnon, Moon Traveler
- 11: Salazar
- 12: Secret Abilities and Danger Button Split Release Party, The Artificial Flower Company, Telepanther
- 13: Ill Fede
- 14: Active Strand, Ocean Commotion, John Lane
- 15: Say Hi, Big Scary
- 16: St. Paul & The Broken Bones
- 17: Green River Blues, Steel Born Buffalo, Candid Coyote
- 18: YONAS, The Specktators, Pell
- 19: Sleeper Agent, Holy Child, Pagiins
- 24: Rags & Ribbons, The Kings Solar, Cade Walker
- 25: Diabolical Records Showcase!
- 26: Hip Hop Roots SLC / Snub spring line launch
- 27: Skating Polly, Black Sands, The Dharma Blues
- 29: We Are Scientists, PAWS

DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED

741 S KILBY CT SLC | ALL AGES

THE URBAN LOUNGE
APRIL

- 1: Fanfarlo, Lilies on Mars + Fanfarlo DJ set after show
- 2: FREE SHOW Dark Seas, Breakers, Future of the Ghost, Red Telephone
- 3: Stephen Malkmus & the Jicks, Speedy Ortiz
- 4: DUBWISE featuring: Kicks n' Licks, Steezo, Tall Man
- 5: La Femme, Koala Temple, Jawwzz + Matty Mo DJ Set after the show
- 6: FREE SHOW Audacity, Foster Body, Pest Rulz
- 7: FREE SHOW Chrome Sparks, High Counsel, MSTRSHRDR
- 8: Caravan Palace, Jesse Walker, Johnny Peppinger
- 10: Peelander-Z, Problem Daughter, Chalk
- 11: KRCL Presents: Typhoon, Wild Ones, Hollow Wood
- 12: Strong Words CD Release, The Circulars, Big Wild Wings + Matty Mo DJ Set after the show
- 13: Geographer
- 15: Katie Herzig, Mideau 7PM DOORS
- 16: Michelle Moonshine, Woody Wood & Tony Holiday, Puddle Mountain Ramblers
- 17: CunninLynguists, J-Live, Sadistik, Nemo Achida
- 18: SLUG LOCALIZED: Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirty, Charles Ellsworth, Crook & The Bluff
- 19: TRASH BASH + Matty Mo
- 21: KRCL Presents Temples, Drowners
- 22: Graveyard, Bombus
- 25: Giraffula Album Release + Birthday Bash, The North Valley, Palace of Buddies, Uinta
- 26: Bombay Bicycle Club, Royal Canoe
- 27: FREE SHOW White Fang, American Culture, Jawwzz, Season of The Witch
- 29: Warpaint, James Supercave
- 30: Sea Wolf, Sayde Price

COMING SOON:

May 1: The Dodos
May 3: Desert Noises
May 5: Devin The Dude + Berner + Potluck
May 6: Augustana & Twin Forks
May 7: Night Beats
May 8: VibeSquad
May 9: KRCL Presents The Cave Singers
May 12: FREE SHOW Koala Temple
May 13: Acid Mothers Temple
May 14: hellogoodbye & Vacationer
May 15: Old 97s
May 16: Max Pain & The Groovies Return From Tour
May 17: Matt Pond PA
May 18: Repo 8-Day Bash
May 19: FREE SHOW Beachmen
May 21: Lorin Walker Madsen
May 22: Kyle Gass Band
May 23: KRCL Presents Little Green Cars (Early Show)
May 23: Kishi Bashi (Late Show)
May 24: Dwellers Album Release
May 27: Tune-Yards
May 28: Margot & The Nuclear So & So's
May 30: Ill Gates
May 31: Dirt First Takeover!
June 2: French Horn Rebellion
June 3: Chet Faker

June 4: Dax Riggs
June 5: Indubious
June 10: Sage Francis
June 11: Yann Tiersen
June 12: Phesto
June 14: The Devil Whale
June 19: Allah-Las
June 21: Matty Mo and Flash & Flare Summer Party Featuring COOLIO
June 22: King Khan & The Shrines
June 25: KRCL Presents Sharon Van Etten
June 27: Psych Lake City Night #1: Max Pain & The Groovies
June 28: Psych Lake City Night #2: Spell Talk
July 1: Robert Francis
July 2: Courtney Barnett
July 6: Zepparella (Led Zeppelin Tribute)
July 12: CJ Miles
July 13: Mac DeMarco
July 24: Ash Borer
Aug 3: Broke City Reunion Show

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED

241 S 500 E SLC | 21+

CALL FOR ENTRIES



CRAFT FOODIES

CRAFT LAKE CITY IS ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS FOR CRAFT FOODIES FOR THE TWO-DAY, 6TH ANNUAL CRAFT LAKE CITY DIY FESTIVAL PRESENTED BY HARMONS NEIGHBORHOOD GROCER APPLICATIONS OPEN MARCH 3 - MAY 5, 2014 FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT CRAFTLAKECITY.COM/APPLY



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