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Robin Sessions: robin@slugmag.com About the Cover: The Utah state seal of a beehive on a stool was one of three finalist designs for the Utah state quarter to be released in November of 2007. Though the beehive design wasn't selected, we were enamored by the emblem. SLUG illustrator Ryan Perkins crafted this illustration of a hop hive in its likeness as symbol of Utah's robust craft brewing "Industry."

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Contributor Limelight: Christian Schultz Digital Content Coordinator



Christian Schultz started writing for *SLUG* in October of 2012, and his prose in all of his work is utterly spellbinding. He also joined the copy editing team this spring. His cerebral yet gracefully constructed sentences and his adept editing skills have been surefire signs that he'd make an excellent Digital Content Coordinator, and we're beaming with pride to have Christian in this position! He graduated with a BA in English from the U in spring of 2013, and continues his penchant for literature, bookworming through postmodern works by **Kathy Acker** and by local U professor Lance Olsen, about whose work he's written stellar reviews. Christian's interview pieces are equally impressive, as he spoke with Camera Obscura's Tracyanne Campbell and Sacred Bones' Caleb Braaten, both of which

turned out to be delightful reads. Christian loves a good pop, goth or punk show—anything from **Chyrches** to **Perfect Pussy**. He is the writer for our monthly **Bad Kids Collective** web column, Creature Feature, propagating queer youth culture and amplifying these performers' voices. You may see Christian cycling around Downtown on his way to Eva Bakery, or working the counter at Gourmandise!







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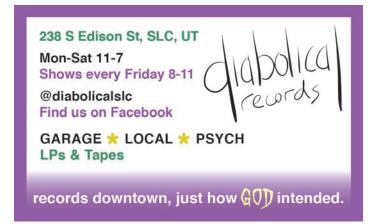
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Many thanks to all who've made the last six months so special.



When a group of kids came longboarding into my store and asked me how to remove an evil spirit from their Ouija board, I had to think about it for a minute. There are so many layers of fractal stupidity inherent to the question that it was impossible not to answer it sarcastically. It seemed incredible to me that a group of teenagers would possess within them the power to behold the forbidden knowledge of the Realm That Lies Beyond, but also tragically lack the necessary training to release a bonded spirit from their service. And why did they think some guy working the counter at a board game store would know about it? It's not like I can afford to go to wizard college. This is why we can't have nice things.

What kind of irresponsible bastard is teaching kids how to unbind the eldritch fibers that hold together the fabric of reality? What ever happened to the days when teenagers were content to smoke weed and worship Satan?

I get that you're mad at mommy and daddy for making you go to church, but leave interplanar communication to the professionals, please. And if you're going to summon a malign presence to haunt your Hasbro Ouija board, at least have the common decency to start a murder-suicide cult to appease the ancient blood gods. Otherwise, leave me alone so I can have more time to tell people we don't carry Cards Against

Level 20 Wizard

Much like your vocation, you seem very ... old. Yeah, surelongboarding is lame and it's a shame that kids these days don't follow through to master simple steps in commonplace tasks such as demon extrication in their damn Ouija boards. But Wiz, you gotta take some accountability: Whether your saggy ass wants to admit it or not, you're an elder and role model for these youngsters. Stop passing the buck and help these kids, buster-magic is your passion! Also, why the hell are you claiming to be a "Level 20 Wizard" if you didn't even go to wizard college? God, no wonder you're working at a board game store instead of slayin' dragons-you've probably driven your DM and fellow mages/elves/whatever-the-fuck to resent you, and never completed your training. I'm looking in my crystal ball, and I see a sad, bitter old man with warts, browsing MTGFanatic.com for the perfect creature to be the centerpiece of your commander deck that you just can't seem to get right. Failure. (Not that you have anyone to play Magic with anyway.)

xoxo, **SLUG Maa**

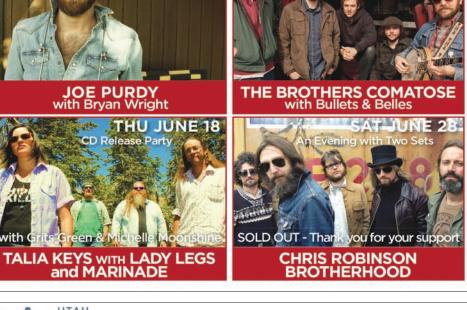
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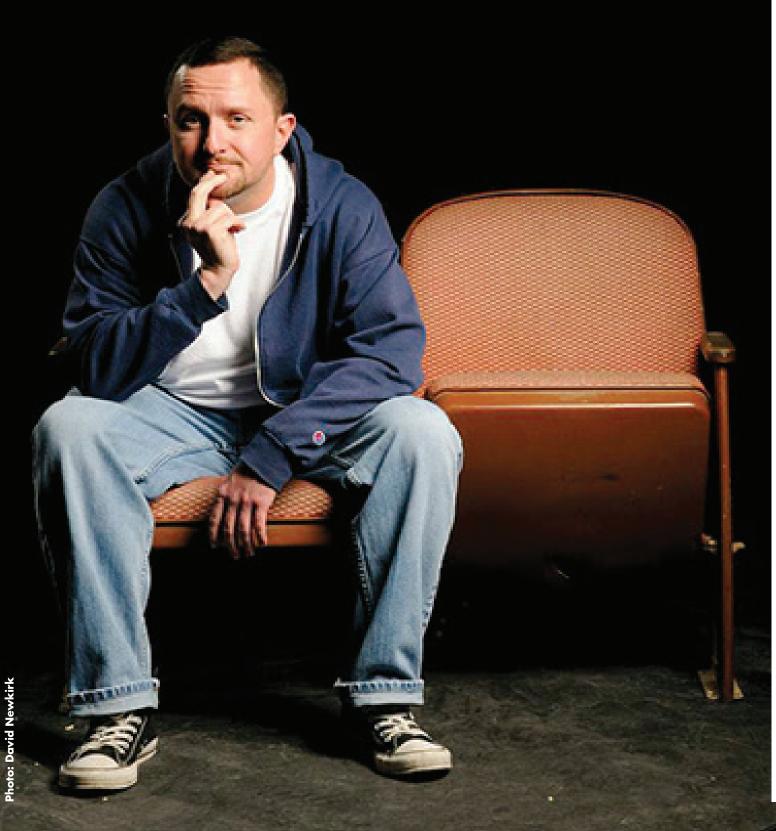
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Jeff Michael Vice

February 2, 1965 - May 27, 2014



On May 27, Salt Lake City lost one of its favorite sons. Jeff Vice was somebody that everyone in town knew—he couldn't walk into any bar or coffee shop without seeing a friend or being recognized by a fan with whom he would instantly interact, as if they were already friends. He gave everyone his attention and was always ready to talk movies, music and comics expertly and passionately.

As a graduate from *Utah State University*, Jeff started at *SLUG Magazine* during its early years and moved on to work many years at *Deseret News*, where he eventually rose to the position of movie critic. He also reviewed movies on X96's *Radio From Hell*, and along with Kerry Jackson and his "hetero lifemate" Shannon Barnson, was a founding member of the *Geekshow* podcast. It was *Geekshow* where Vice met fellow panelist, *SLUG*'s own Jimmy Martin and they started their local cable movie review show: The appropriately titled *Big Movie Mouth-Off*

Jeff was, at his core, a lover of art and pop culture. When he saw any opportunity to share that love, he'd quickly jump on it. Many of his friends have been snuck into early press screenings or have been loaned copies of movies and comic books, because he saw so much beauty and substance in these materials that he wanted to share it. He was always delighted to program a film series for the Salt Lake Film Society, or to figure out what was going to please the geeks on Geekshow's movie night—so much of that was Jeff working behind the scenes to make sure we were all entertained.

Whether you were discussing some artsy independent *Sundance* film or a Saturday morning cartoon, Vice would speak with fervor and passion about both. His knowledge of pop culture and movies, especially, was legendary—he could recall cast and crew on just about any film you threw at him with unreal accuracy.

On a personal note, when I first met Jeff Vice, I assumed that he was an unsocial nerd, like myself, and that's why we were easily good friends. I eventually realized that I couldn't be more wrong—Jeff had, literally, hundreds of friends. I can only guess what his mutant power was—he made room for all of us in his head and heart. So, while he left behind a mountain of podcasts, writings and other works for us to enjoy, I will miss seeing him pull up on his adult tricycle, blasting his boom box at some summer event, always running into him at Brewvies, going to a show with him at Burt's Tiki Lounge, or knowing that if you spent enough time at Dr. Volts on a Wednesday, he'd eventually show up—and these are just a few of the things I'll miss about my friend.

Jeff was easily one of the most giving people I've ever met—whether it was his time or his comic book and movie collections, he always seemed to be on the giving side of every exchange he was a part of. Even in the end, when he made the decision to be an organ donor, he was still giving like he always had.

Without Jeff, Salt Lake seem's like a greyer, less special place than it was when he was here. I'm honored to have known him and to have called him my friend. **-James Orme**

Jeff Vice was my friend, colleague and brother. He knew more about movies off the top of his head than IMDb. His smile was infectious, and his hugs were the best. Jeff made you feel like a best friend even if he met you only five minutes ago. Jeff was an amazing writer and critic. The world lost a really good one too soon. *-Jimmy Martin*

"With Great Power Comes Great Responsibility." These were the words that our friend Jeff told us, on more than one occasion, had impacted him the most. I've been thinking about these words a lot these last few days, as one does when faced with losing a friend like Jeff. Mr. Vice was my teacher, my brother, my confidant, my rescuer and, mostly, my friend

Jeff had an amazing power, one that he shared with almost everyone he met. He had a ton of love, and he radiated it. Jeff somehow managed to make you feel like one of the most important people in the world when he talked to you, even if it was only for a few minutes. Jeff knew everyone in the room, no matter which room you were in. Punk rock venue? Jeff knew everyone. Alternative Art Show? "HEY, JEFF!" Oh, hey! Look! A brand new bar ... "JEEEEEFFFFF!" shouts everyone in the bar, in unison (really, it sounds like that—they are pretty drunk).

My heart is sore right now, and it's a selfish sort of soreness. I'm sad to lose my friend. I'm sad for all the people that lost him, too. I am sad for the kind mother that has lost yet another son too early in life. I am sad for the brilliant woman whom he fell in love with before he passed, and the future they had cut far too short. There are so many people that Jeff loved, so many people feeling that loss. It's sobering.

"With Great Power Comes Great Responsibility." It's a rallying cry. His great power, his overwhelming, shadow-shattering love for people, his joy in company and companionship, his easy hug and kind smile, it's all a rallying cry. And it's become our great responsibility. That light can't go out, it cannot leave just because Jeff found another gig. Jeff had a lot of love to give, and we have to keep it going. **—Leigh George Kade**

Jeff was one of the kindest people I ever met. We worked together for more than 20 years —side by side for more than 15—and he brightened every day. He was a great journalist, a great friend and a great guy. I already miss him terribly. **–Scott D. Pierce**

I've only been with the podcast for a short while, but in that time, I've been fortunate to become a part of this nerdy band of brothers, the geek version of the Wu-Tang Clan. I'm a geek, but Jeff was a super geek. Jeff was our GZA aka the Genius. His brilliant mind was truly a marvel upon first meeting him. He was incredibly knowledgeable about anything and everything. I always felt intimidated by his vast wisdom, and I was afraid I would say something stupid. When we recorded the show, I'd always sit to his left with Jimmy to his right. When those microphones were turned on and Kerry counted us in, he made us bring our "A" game, every episode. Jeff and I would always cover out mics and do little inside jokes as the episode progressed. I've learned so much from him, and I appreciate his guidance and mentorship as I dove deeper and deeper into the geek world, but most of all, I appreciate his friendship. Jeff had a large number of friends, but made each and every one of us feel like his bestie.

What I loved most about Jeff was how comfortable he was in his own skin. He let his geek flag fly high ... REALLY high. He could care less. He inspired us all to be proud of who you are, no matter what people think. That's what I loved about him. Jeff Michael Vice, you will be missed. You lived a kick-ass life and I hope to God I can leave a legacy like you did when it's my time. His organs will be donated, and I'm truly excited for the wonderful person that will get his sensational, compassionate heart.

Geekshow says "Jeff!" -Jay Whittaker

My heart is broken and I am doing everything I can to keep it together. I have never loved someone the way I love Jeff Michael Vice. I said goodbye to the best friend I will ever have, a man that I can truly I love. I don't know how to function in this world without him. I will miss Jeff until the day I die. **-Shannon Barnson**

We are all in shock. His generous spirit continues, for he was an organ donor. Find some solace in the fact that a part of him will be on this planet for a long time. After reading, for days, everyone's wonderful tributes and outpouring of love and respect for our own Jeff Michael Vice, I am awed. I also feel that my own words pale. So I'll borrow someone else's.

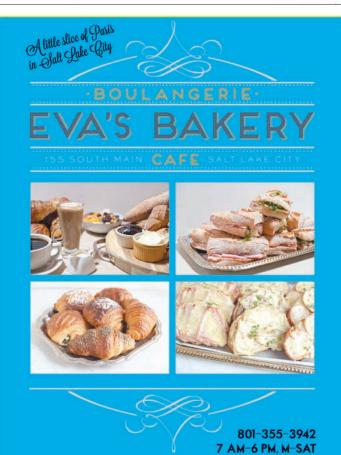
"Of my friend, I can only say this: Of all the souls I have encountered in my travels, his was the most ... human."

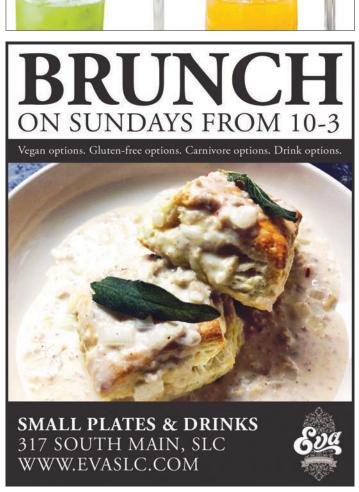
I will then raise my glass and say to the sky, "Beware, Crom! For a Geekshow panelist is on his way!" **-Kerry Jackson**

Jeff Vice. I struggle to think of anyone that had a kinder heart than he. Jeff was the first Geekshow panelist I felt comfortable being around. He had that effect on people. When you were talking with Jeff he made you feel important. He made you feel good about yourself. He always wanted everyone around him to feel included. Those are qualities that are hard to find and Jeff embodied them. To quote Kerry Jackson: "He truly was the best of us." I will miss him. **-By Tony Eccles**











Photos: Russel Daniels

Sometimes, one must sit back and marvel at the variety of music—especially metal—that exists in SLC. SLUG is proud to tap two bands who represent different faces of metal: power-proggers Disforia and Western thrashers Dead Revelator. Come see them and Founders of Ruin at June's Localized showcase at Urban Lounge on Friday the 13th for a measly \$5! The

show is 21+ and sponsored by Fat Tire, Spilt Ink and

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While Salt Lake's metal scene thrives on its variety, there hasn't been a band that has so starkly represented the city's unique roots as Dead Revelator. The band introduces an engaging mix of traditional rock and metal elements with a Western tinge, which is a description that is hard to quantify if you haven't heard it. But it exists, a distant cousin to the popular Southern blues tradition of bands like Down and Crowbar. According to guitarist Graeson Thorpe, where Southern metal pulls from blues, Western pulls from classic country traditions. The result is metal made just for the frontier-taming, gun-slinging, fiercely independent crowd—the descendants of the Wild West. It's metal tailored to Utah. "I just love country quitar, and it bleeds through in my writing process," says Thorpe. "Something about bending a major third to a perfect fourth has this really twangy, unique country sound, and I use that a lot. I figured it was

The band began with longtime friends Thorpe and drummer **Nate Dahlquist**, who have been jamming together since eighth grade. They both enjoyed playing in different bands over the years and, after a short break, decided to come together to build a new project. They scoped around and found bassist

Brendan Greene, who had just left Disforia. They happened upon their now ex-vocalist AJ Bell at a show they were playing sans vocals—who meshed well enough with the group to record on their debut album, Concrete Law, but wasn't a good permanent fit. The rest of the band had already considered high school friend and current vocalist Chad Anderson as their go-to backup. Anderson, who is also a guitarist for Disforia, accepted the offer, drawn, by the uniqueness of the group's sound. "When I heard it, I was like, damn!"

Graeson Thorpe (guitar),

Nate Dahlquist (drums) and

Chad Anderson (vocals).

For Greene, the band's individual palates are part of what contributes to their unique sound. "It's kind of in the middle of what we all listen to." he says. "I love punk, Chad's into power metal, everyone's Pantera background—it's right smack dab in the middle, and every one of our ideas works out because of that." The band also says it enables everyone to contribute to every instrumental process with ideas and experiments. Generally, Thorpe begins the songwriting process by bottling inspiration when it strikes him, then meticulously repeating new riffs as other ideas begin to organically pop up to fill in the blanks. He brings these longer pieces to the band, and then everyone begins their own building onto the skeleton. Concrete Law's tracks are a sort of violent romanticism for the Wild West, and include some inspiration from Stephen King's epic Dark Tower series.

The band says their next album, which they are currently working on, is going to be hunting down bigger prey. "The new stuff we're writing, the lyrics

necessarily talking about any big groups or idea that we don't like in general, just the ugliness we find in them," says Dahlquist. On their first album, the band was careful not to alienate any potential fans until they had really grown into their skins and figured out who would be listening. Now that they've got a better idea of their fanbase, the gloves are coming off. "It's a lot darker, this album. We wrote a song about Mormonism and an occurrence at BYU where they tortured homosexuals with electro-shock therapy. Sixteen out of the 17 who went through the program ended up killing themselves," says Thorpe. As the band progresses with their sound and identity, they are also solidifying that distinctively Utahn perspective, choosing to put their focus strongly on the city's most powerful Mormon overlords. But the album isn't going to be one of pure anger—they are also exploring more uplifting ideas. "Another theme on this album, too—not to sound cheesy—but it can actually help people. If you're lost or depressed or not in a good place, you can find hope. So it's kind of like a heavy metal bible," says Thorpe.

The band is planning on releasing a small EP at the Localized show, which is the debut recording of Anderson on vocals, a mix of three redone tracks from Concrete Law and one new track. They are hoping to have a full-length with Anderson done toward the end of this year, as well. They already have seven songs finished, but don't want to rush production or sell themselves short. So they are taking time to build up more material. Like many other sweet bands in the scene, Dead Revelator are polished in their presentation and are hungry for success. "We all want to tour—we all want to take it as far as we can. It's all so fun, living the dream every day," says Greene.

You can follow Dead Revelator on Facebook at facebook.com/DeadRevelator, Bandcamp at deadrevelator.bandcamp.com and Instagram @deadrevelator.

DISFORIA

Local power/progressive metal outfit Disforia seem to have predicted the future when they named their debut album Our Time Defined. Indeed, it does seem to be Disforia's time. When last we spoke with them in 2012, the group was enjoying a successful reception of the aforementioned debut album and gearing up to embark on an ambitious Indiegogo campaign to fund the next one. Now, here we are, two years later the campaign was a raging victory, and Disforia are on the edge of releasing what could well be the rocket fuel that pushes them onto the national stage upcoming album The Age of Ether.

Of course, it hasn't been all sunshine and unicorn farts for the group. They lost a bassist for some time and put vocalist John Yelland on double duty as the fill-in. Yelland says he is glad it is over. His vocal style reminiscent of the soaring pipes of dudes like Geoff Tate and James LaBrie—is not an easy one to pull off, even without an instrument strapped around his chest. "Playing bass and singing at the same time, something suffered, and usually it was the bass," says Yelland. They fixed that with the addition of new bassist Alex Facholas. They also hired Dayton Anderson, who answered the band's prayers of a consistent second guitarist, alongside founding member and lead quitarist Chad Anderson.

This time around, having a full lineup for most of the writing process helped the group feel more comfortable and focused. They feel they were able to really hone in on the stylistic choices that make Disforia unique, as well as find variation in their songwriting techniques to avoid becoming too repetitive. What came out of the studio is a grand step up from their last album. The Age of Ether will be an elaborate scifi concept album, with two interweaving narratives that influence each other. While not everyone is big on concept albums or on dedicating that extra

attention to parsing out the tale through the lyrics, Yelland is confident that listeners will still hear the completeness of the narrative. "The way we've written a lot of our songs is such that it really goes with the lyrical material, so everything seems completely storybased in the music. I think the listeners will definitely pick up on that," says Yelland.

Keyboardist and composer Austin Bentley is responsible for bringing producer Dan Jones (also of Chelsea Grin) into the fold, with connections through his other band, The Machines of Man. "[Jones is] awesome. He's very good at what he does. With our last album, I personally feel like the way it came out was not the way the majority of the band had envisioned. The way he engineers is far more up to the 'metal' standard, I would say. I feel like it's such a better fit now," says Bentley. The band agrees that Jones has brought a huge improvement to their sound, bringing the knowledge and an open personality of a scene veteran and musician to the studio. "There were a number of times I wanted to try something crazy or weird, and he'd be like, 'Why not? Let's do it,'" says Yelland. This openness was coupled with honest feedback if said craziness didn't mesh well with the sound—which, the band agrees, pushed them to deliver the best performance they could. The result is a far tighter and more focused Disforia.

The new album also features additional instruments like the violin, and even a sampling of a full symphony but the biggest excitements are, by far, the guest vocalists. Yelland befriended Brittney Slayes of

(L-R) Austin Bentley (keyboard, composition), Dayton Andersen (quitar), John Yelland (vocals) and Chad Anderson (guitar). Not pictured: bassist Alex Fachola

Canada's Unleash the Archers on Facebook, and, after conversing for some time, offered her a spot on a track called "Lunar Sunrise." Then, through means he says are highly classified, Yelland took a risk on a contact in Blind Guardian's camp with the hopes of snagging the attention of legendary vocalist Hansi Kürsch. His contact gareed to get Disforia's samples to Kürsch, with no guarantee he'd reply. Yelland, who is learning German, also included a recording in Kürsch's native language in hopes of making an impression. Two weeks later, he got a reply. "Lo and behold, I get an email that says he's interested," says Yelland. Unexpected illness delayed Kürsch's tracking, so the band pushed back their album release date to ensure all the pieces were in place rather than rush it out to market and regret missing this huge opportunity.

Again proving that success is all about risks, Bentley took his own by appealing to one of his illustrator heroes—the prolific **Dan Mumford**—about working with the band on a new art direction and loao. It took some persistence on Bentley's part—"I emailed him about once a month for a year," says Bentley—but eventually, Mumford responded and agreed to the job. He worked with them not only on the cover art, but on a new logo and T-shirt design that was used as an Indiegogo perk. Mumford's colorful, line-heavy, and organic sci-fi look has completely renovated the

2014 is certainly gearing up to be the Year of Ether. Shortly after this interview, the band hit a road bump when founding member and drummer Casey Frederick resigned unexpectedly. But Disforia is nothing if not persistent, and they are pushing to remain on schedule with a temporary replacement. The Age of Ether album release show is slated for June, along with their set at SLUG's Localized.





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Malted barley, hops, water and yeast—if there's one thing that beer has going for it in the world of fermented beverages, it's the great diversity of flavors that a brewer can coax out of these four main and important ingredients. For many beer drinkers, when the word "beer" comes to mind, tastes of light-toasted grain and grassy/floral bitterness pops into mind. This is what mainstream beer has been for so many people over the last 120 years, but there is a style of beer that goes back centuries, which owes its existence to necessity and ungovernable factors: the wild ale.

Known typically as "sour" beer, this ale's origins are derived from often-uncontrollable variances in yeast and hygiene. Wild ales were and are considered to be infected, spoiled or "green" mistakes in the brewing process. You definitely don't want yeast strains such as Lactobacillus, Brettanomyces (Brett), and Pediococcus showing up in your IPAs, pilsners and stouts—they'll destroy an otherwise tasty beer. But when you want some "funk," a little "cheese" and some jaw-locking tartness, those "critters" mentioned above can create beautifully complex and extraordinary beers in those same styles—if done properly.

Locally, there are three breweries that have been experimenting with wild yeast strains to make some funky sour beers: Epic's Elder Brett and Old Sage Brett, Squatters' Fifth Element Farmhouse Saison and 529 Oud Bruin, and Red Rock's Rêve Tripel and Paardebloem Dandelion Ale.

For years, I've been referring to Red Rock's Brewmaster, Kevin Templin, as the "Beer Yogi" in my writings. His Zen approach to brewing gives his beers focus that incorporates a total togetherness of body and mind. Whoa ... that's some



for brewing the "funky" stuff, namely the seasonal

Paardebloem sour beer.

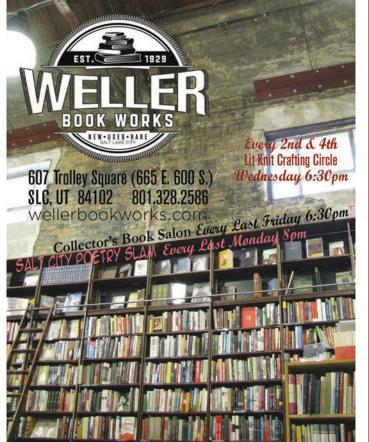
serious hippy beer shit right there! Because Templin has his annual release of Red Rock's very special wild ale, Paardebloem, out right now, Templin's name was the first to pop into my head. He has the perfect insight to describe wild ales to newbies. Plus, I got the chance to try the beers that have become such an important part of his life.

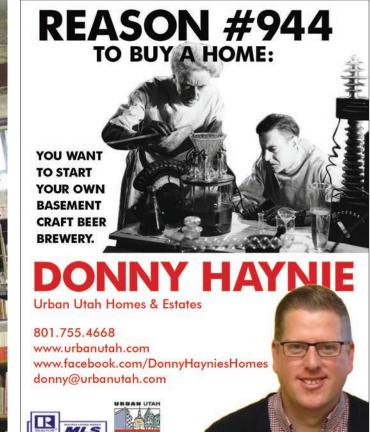
As Kevin and I walked around the Red Rock Brewing Company brewing facility, he had a lot of great insight on wild ales that breaks them down into terms that are easily understood. In 2001, while at the Great American Beer Festival, Templin came across a Brett beer that was aged in Chardonnay barrels. It was a life-changing experience for him, and after acquiring the recipe, he immediately got to work at home to duplicate it. That was almost 15 years ago. In that time, Templin and the rest of the brewhouse crew have had a lot of time to hone their skills on the wide variety of beer that have that "funk" factor, and can now turn them into some seriously challenging beers. "It's like artwork," Templin says. "It's a version of what someone else has done before—it's just a different interpretation on it."

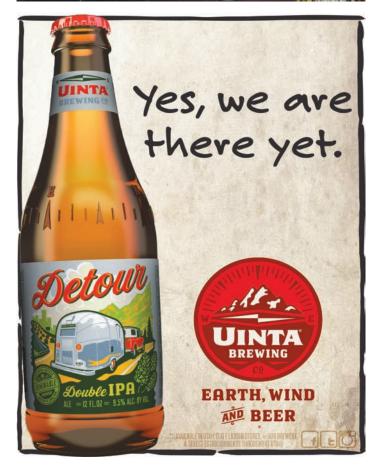
His interpretations have taken traditional styles and turned them into a slightly funky, stronger but quite drinkable version of themselves. "In the case of the Belgian Tripel, Rêve," says Templin, "the way the tartness from the bugs plays off the sweetness of the base beer—it brings a nice balance of sweet and sour that I think transforms the beer into something else entirely." Because of their transformative qualities, a good sour ale can last for hours instead of minutes in the glass. You'll find layers upon layers of complexity that you won't find in other styles of beer. Templin recommends that you "get romantic with the beer." Treat them gently with a nice piece of stemware. Get to know what you like and dislike about different styles, but don't just dive into into the most "sour puss" styles you can find. Fond of wines? Templin says these are great gateway beers that have some very some nice vinious qualities that can make them very appealing to those that typically don't like traditional beers.

Red Rock's Paardebloem (Flemish for dandelion) is a collaborative ale that was made with New Belgium Brewing Co. It was made during the hop shortage of 2007. Since brewers were having a tough time getting the hops they needed, beer makers had to be a little more innovative when it came to recipes. The two breweries decided to go with dandelion greens for bittering instead of hops. Combining these unorthodox ingredients with used Chardonnay barrels, more "funky critters" and a little time, they created a wild ale that is deeply complex and constantly evolving.

Paardebloem has earned numerous awards, including a Gold Medal at the 2012 Great American Beer Festival in the experimental beer category, a Gold Medal at the 2012 North American Brewers Association's Mountain Brewers Festival, and recently, it won Gold in the Experimental Beer category at the 2014 World Beer Cup. Because it's brewed in limited quantities, it's only available at Red Rock's three restaurants and bottle shop at 443 N. 400 W. in Salt Lake City. Looking to the future, Templin believes that sour/wild beers are the way of things to come in regard to the evolution of craft beer. Sour beers take you out of the beer box and put you into an exciting, ever-evolving brewing world. The world of beer is so vast and ever changing, I don't think brewers have even scratched the surface of what beer really can be. Cheers!









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I recently described the sound of a Swans record to a friend as being between that of a great mythological beast crashing toward the ocean while the sun explodes, and the feeling of absolute awe—articulated through volume. The experience of listening to their music is a potentially immersive one for the listener, where it is absolutely possible to become lost within an expanding perception of time and one's surroundings. To Be Kind, Swans' third album since regrouping in 2010, came out May 12. Some of the most immediately noticeable musical traits on To Be Kind, setting the songs apart from those on previous records, is the approach to groove, which Swans visionary and creator Michael Gira says is "the trajectory of where I wanted things to go after The Seer. The music I love to listen to, for instance, is Nina Simone, James Brown, Howlin' Wolf, Fela Kuti, really groove-oriented. ... I thought that I just wanted to go for that feel as the basis of things, so we're pretty hard on that."

Fela Kuti's music is actually a good comparison, in

spirit, to that of Swans. In many of his songs, he would lay out a long groove, before leading into the vocal section, then go back into the groove and follow it, allowing it to grow. It's beautiful. Relatedly, the nature of Swans' music is very organic and constantly evolving. The potential for improvisation within the songs seems to be there, but not in the traditional sense—"It's not the kind of improvisation where people take solos. It has more to do with finding new ways to service the momentum of the sound," Gira says, affirming this notion. "I wanted to say groove," he goes on to say, "but it's more than that. ... It's not improvising like everybody's free—it's more like we're serving this greater master than all of us."

Swans is a study in dynamic and progression. Gira refers to one of *To Be Kind*'s many great moments: "There's this piece on the record which, to me, was one of our finest moments and the most enthralling to perform, 'Toussaint L'Ouverture.' There's a groove Chris [Pravdica, bassist] plays on it, but it's just

of conducting the band, getting individual players to stand out, more or less. This is all about sound and really just being completely expressive in the moment with sound. It is not even tonal, in a way. It's just these swirls of sound. It's like going to heaven.

With an album such as To Be Kind's predecessor, The Seer. I'll only listen to it in its entirety, blocking out time just for the album, as one might plan to do with a film. I was curious as to what Gira's primary intentions tend to be in creating and listening to music-where escape and expansion are concerned.

Gira says, "I think, frankly, [with] most art that I consume—whether it's visual or auditory, or film or something [else]—first and foremost, my primary goal is to escape and to lose myself, and then content is ancillary, but is great to experience. There's a great quote by a great artist—Francis Bacon—who said he never finished a boring book. I think that's a good credo by which to live. If a book is boring, why the fuck are you reading it?"

Thirteen years passed between the time Gira chose to





put Swans on hiatus in 1997 and 2010, when the band released My Father Will Guide Me Up A Rope To The Sky. In that time, Gira released several albums with his band, Angels of Light, which he describes as "songs written on acoustic guitar, orchestrated with natural instruments," he says. "They were more art songs, but I learned a great deal from there." Gira has shared recordings of his songs' acoustic beginnings with fans—something he began doing while in Angels of Light. Sales of those recordings went toward financing the production of that band's albums, which they have done for Swans' work since reconvening.

I ask about whether he considers Swans as fitting within any aesthetic tradition(s). In addition to the artists previously mentioned, Gira cites "expansive psychedelic music like **Pink Floyd**, pre—*The Wall* era." He also names **CAN**, early **Kraftwerk** and **Popul Vuh** as influences. "So a subtle amalgam of krautrock, blues and funk," Gira says with a laugh.

He laughs quite a bit throughout the interview, and despite this being his fifth of the morning and not the last, he is kind, accommodating, and answers each question with respectful consideration. While many artists may be better off relying on someone else to represent them and explain their vision, I believe that only Gira is up to the task when it comes to his work. Evidence of this can be found in his note regarding To Be Kind's creation and release on the album's order-placement page on younggodrecords.com. Gira started Young God Records in 1990, and is directly involved with fan communication—even writing album press releases. I thank him, saying it's great to be able to read a one-sheet without cringing.

"I'm glad you get that," says Gira. "When I started Young God Records, one of the first things on the agenda was to get rid of this whole fucking bullshit press-release thing. This omniscient narrator talking about the virtues of whatever hack-ass band is out there—and just kind of say what it is, and don't make preposterous claims. Trust that at least one out of every hundred music journalists is going to have a brain to be able make up their minds on their own."

Moving forward, but remaining on the subject of communication—of the creative dialogue between Gira and the band during a song's development, he says, again with laughter, that knives and other weapons are kept out of the room. Songs tend to begin rather simply, with Gira mapping the idea out on acoustic guitar—"or I have a groove," he says. "Sometimes, it's a finished song." He mentions that the album's title track is an example.

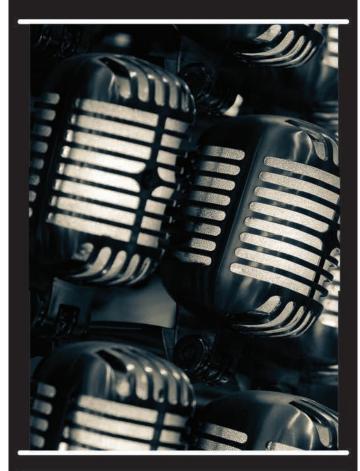
To Be Kind features many collaborators, as did The Seer. Regarding how Gira chooses which musicians to collaborate with, or who is right to guest on a song, he says it's kind of random. The process usually begins with him "thinking about atmosphere, and hence, what instruments can make that atmosphere or feel," he says. Sometimes, "instruments dictate the people," but in other cases, someone like multi-instrumentalist Bill Rieflin "comes in after the basic kind of gist of the songs are on tape," he says. "We'll sit down, and just decide which one works, then he'll come up with parts." Little Annie's vocal on "Some Things We Do" works quite well for what Gira says began as a "sort of light, cabaret art song."

Another collaborator whose presence has been noted a great deal in the press is **Annie Clark/St. Vincent.** "I really wanted more female voices on this record," Gira says. "[Her talent] was made available to me by **John Congleton.**" Congleton had worked with Clark in the past and recommended her. **Cold Specks**, who previously covered Swans' "Reeling the Liars In," sings on "Bring the Sun" with Clark. "Bring the Sun," which leads into "Toussaint L'ouverture" is the kind of song (or half of a song, depending on how one registers the transition) that the word "epic" would actually describe with great accuracy—an expansive, dynamic burst of proclamatory statements and extraordinary washes of sound.

A subject of interest to me was how an early professional background in construction and manufacturing/factory work may have shaped Gira's approach to leading others in a band context. "Not very well. I'm kind of a tempestuous personality, although I've worked on it, and I'm not as bad as I was," Gira says, whose father worked as a business executive. "He led people by being nice to them, getting them to want to contribute. I, unfortunately, in most of my career, have been the kind of person that barks at people—and that ugly aspect of myself comes out on occasion, still." Gira's voice and documents of experience/observation have been on record for several decades at this point. They include statements of disgust, frustration and anxiety—examples of which can be found over much of Swans' early output—and loving dedications ("Song for a Warrior") written in recent years. In reading about Swans over time and discussing their records with others, I've noticed that a large number of people tend to focus on the aspects of Gira's work concerned with the harsher sides of the human condition ("Freak"), but there are moments of beauty ("A Piece of the Sky"), humor, or oddity—an example being the delivery of the "I'm just a little boy" line in To Be Kind's "Just a Little Boy."

Completing the insight into his moments of occasional ferocity, Gira says, "I'm aware of it, the band members are aware of it, and they tolerate it. ... I guess I'm getting better, and try to lead now, and be part of the team rather than just screaming or something."

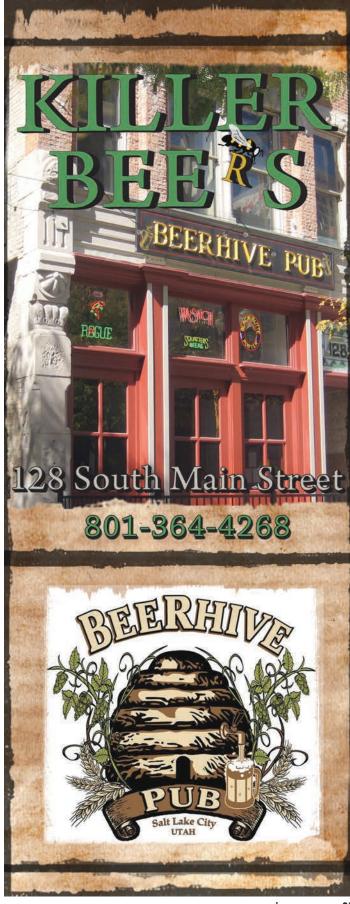
To Be Kind was released May 12. I plan to dedicate the necessary hours to listening to the album, then finally hear music in person when Swans play Denver this September. When I mention—in the most positive sense possible—the seeming near-impossibility of fully "absorbing" the content of a Swans record within a short amount of time, Gira says, "I would hope that it'd absorb you." I can't cite many recent releases capable of doing so, but more than one of those I would name are Swans records.



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Why is The Bayou Firkin with My Beer?

By Mike Riedel mikey@slugmag.com

The 20th Century, for the most part, wasn't a very beer-friendly time in U.S. history. Prohibition, for example, all but destroyed centuries of beer-brewing knowledge in the United States. When we emerged from the beer dark ages, as a people, we were at the mercy of those beer companies that had managed to survive the 13 years in brewing exile. The beer wasn't bad beer, but it was mass-produced with adjuncts (corn, rice, millet, etc.) and was limited to European-style lagers. Now, having the benefit of a decades-long craft beer boom, we enjoy damn near every style, type and method of the beer brewing process.

One of the older beer techniques that is making its way back to popular culture is the real ale. These beers generally hail from the United Kingdom, and are served in containers called casks. There are many types of casks, but the one that tends to be used the most is called the firkin. The name firkin comes from the Dutch word vierdekijn (meaning fourth), and is basically a quarter of a standard wood or metal beer barrel (roughly 43 gallons). Another thing that separates the firkin from its cask cousins is the method in which it's tapped. Laid on its side for dispensing, there are two bungs—one for the spout that will be driven into the barrel horizontally via a wooden hammer and a venting spout to help equalize pressure as the beer is poured. This is an entirely gravity-based system—no pressurized gasses or pumps are used to coax the beer from the barrel. Tapping a firkin is generally a ceremonial thing, due to the fact that it's an often wet and messy event to behold, and is usually quite funny.

What makes the firkin so special, though, isn't the container or the method with which it's dispensed—it's what happens to the beer once it's placed into the barrel that has people seeking these real ales out. It's the refermentation that takes place with adjuncts

The Bayou owner Mark Alston drives a spout into a firkin cask with a wooden hammer for an entirely gravity-poured, charmingly tepid beer.

(fruit/spices etc.), which go into the barrel. It alters the beer—changing its flavor softens

the carbonation and gives the beer a second life. There are a few places around the state that offer firkins on a regular basis, but there's one place in Salt Lake City that has made a commitment to getting these special beers out to the public with variety and regularity: The Bayou. Owner Mark Alston has been a genuine old-school beer geek in Salt Lake for quite a few years. Opening the Beer Nut Home Brew shop in 1994 and The Bayou in 2002, Alston has always sought to enhance the public's beer-drinking experience. Alston's passion for craft beer stretches back to his home-brewing days, always having handpumped ales on hand at his home. "I have been a real ale beer fan for a very long time." Alston says. "Since The Bayou is one of the very few places in SLC doing true traditional cask beer, we decided that it would be fun to do a firkin tapping in the traditional British style. We still do our cask beer on the beer engine every night, but the Firkin Fridays are a fun addition."

The Bayou's weekly Firkin Friday night is exciting in that it is the only place that has firkins from eight different breweries (hopefully,

with a few more added soon). "We give the the local brewers complete free reign on their firkins and encourage them to go crazy. Some of the experiments have been truly amazing." The experimentation Alston refers to comes from taking a standard offering from a brewery such as Desert Edge's Latter Day Stout and enhancing it with something not typically associated with that particular beer—like

raspberries—to change the flavor profile (hopefully, in a positive way). Thus, you get a naturally fermented and carbonated beer in a small batch that many consider to be the true, natural state for these types of

ales.

"I guess that the main reason is that I love new and interesting beers, and getting the breweries to make one-off beers for us was just too good an opportunity to not take advantage of," Alston says.

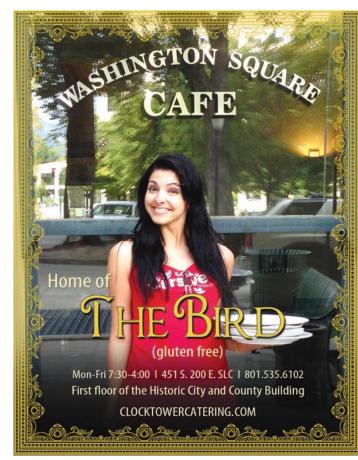
It's a good education on beer for people that may be stuck in a "beer rut." Sure, there will be a strong base of beer lovers who will appreciate the unique qualities that firkins present, but Alston is fully aware of the challenge of trying to sell full kegs of highly flavored, less chilled, lower-carbonation beers to the general public. "It's a hard proposition," he says. "Firkin Friday is a labor of love for us. If we had a real accountant, they would tell us to quit with the firkins immediately. Well, we don't, and we love drinking them ourselves, so we are sticking with it."

The Bayou is located at 645 S. State Street in Salt Lake City, and tappings for Firkin Friday take place at 3 p.m. The firkin offerings are often a mystery until the kegs show up—that day or the night before. Because these are limited, one-of-a-kind batches, the beer flows till it's gone—so don't procrastinate.

Cheers



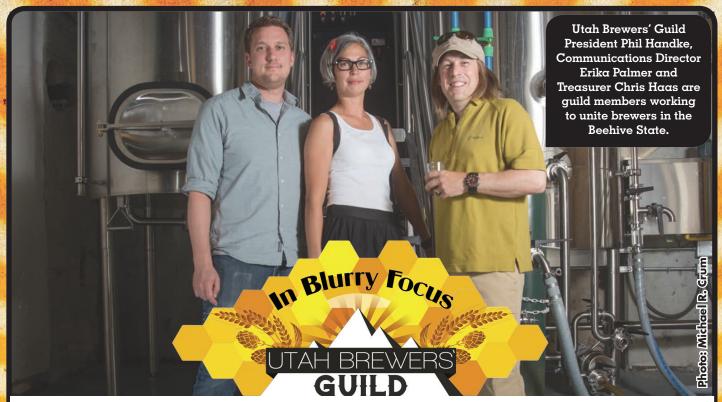












By Ashlee Mason • Instagram: @ashbagmason

n one of the most beautiful days on record this year, I shunned the sunshine to settle into a seat deep down in the basement of the BeerHive Pub (128 S. Main). With a chilled glass of barleywine about halfway drained, I soon found myself sitting across from **Phil Handke**, the President of the **Utah Brewers' Guild**. With a Master's Degree in Communications, he certainly seemed like a business-minded professional—a pragmatist unafraid of raw, hard numbers, whose qualities may prove very useful as the Guild grows and develops a stronger lobbying voice for the brewing industry in our state.

A brief background: Handke started out in the wine industry back in the Midwest. When he and his wife moved to Utah for her career, Phil found work as a sommelier for a restaurant up in Park City. With more breweries than there are wineries in Utah, he ended up gravitating toward the beer business—a transition, he says, that he was happy to make. Having been employed by Epic Brewing Company for the past two and a half years, Phil has now expanded his focus on helping defending local brewers' interests.

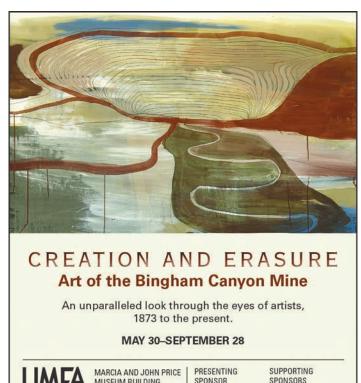
Handke says, "We're really just starting to get our feet underneath ourselves by building a strong foundation as a non-profit organization. The Guild started in 2011, so we've spent time researching local issues, and starting to think about events." Their main goal, at the moment, is to raise funds and grow membership in order to promote active participation through the development and delivery of educational programs, events and services. "We are hoping to start programs like enthusiast memberships, Beer 101 classes for the general public, and really push for more marketing campaigns for the craft beer world within Utah tourism."

Within the last year, the Utah Brewers' Guild held a beer pairing at Meditrina in July, and its own Oktoberfest event on Granary Row in late September. In May, they held Fluid Art, an event at the Utah Museum of Contemporary Art that showcased pieces of art that paired with local beers from participating Utah breweries. Coming up in July is the Beer-B-Q, a new event at the Park City Food & Wine Classic, where the talented chefs of the Waldorf Astoria will show off their grilling acumen, local breweries will provide their delicious, different styles of beer, and live music will be playing throughout. For more info, visit the Guild's website at utahbrewersguild.com. All of these events, Handke says, will hopefully lead to the point where they are able hire a lobbyist to represent brewers' interests.

The mission statement of the Guild is clear: create brewery unity within the community, so when it comes time to play another round of tua-of-war with politicians, local businesses can advocate said interests in harmony. "I like to think that a lot of the time we align, but there's oftentimes we have to talk things out," Phil says. "I think that Utah is definitely a 'high-tension' environment for alcohol politics. I think brewery unity can really help push us in what we think is the right direction, with more liberal alcohol laws." While the Guild has been continually working at agining funds by throwing events and increasing awareness via social media, Handke revealed that their agenda, for the future, will include advocating decreasing Utah's beer excise tax rate. Phil says, "I think we could all agree on lowering the excise tax. Right now, it's 41 cents per gallon of beer sold, which is significantly higher than other states (Wyo.: 2 cents, Colo.: 8 cents, Ariz.: 16 cents, Nev. 16 cents, Idaho: 15 cents). So we're more than double." Proceeds from the excise tax fund state programs intended to combat underage drinking. He went on to say, "If you look at charts, you'll find that the states with the lowest excise tax are the states with the highest economic impact. Maybe one doesn't necessarily lead to the other, but I think there are connections there that should be explored and thought carefully about in Utah.

Handke also went on to discuss in detail a topic that the Guild is actively addressing: the misgivings both breweries and farmers have with the FDA's proposed rules regulating animal feed/spent grain. He says, "The FDA is trying to regulate it as animal feed, and essentially they would require us to dry and package the grain without it touching human hands." He says, "It would put a really onerous burden on breweries, costing them a lot of money, and it seems really detrimental to a symbiotic relationship that has lasted for a very long time. It's been incredibly beneficial to local farmers, so the proposed regulations really don't make much sense for anybody." To follow the Guild's progress on the issue, visit their website. Perhaps even contribute to the Guild while you're at it!

Squatters, Wasatch, Red Rock, Epic, Hoppers, Bohemian, Desert Edge and many more breweries are all members of the Guild, and you, individually, can be, too. Though the Guild is young, and its role in the community hasn't quite been defined yet, we can continue supporting the organization. Soon enough, they could be up there on Capitol Hill making a huge difference. Cheers to that!



Jean Arnold, Kennecott: Big Pit, detail, 2012. © Jean Arnold. Courtesy of the artist.

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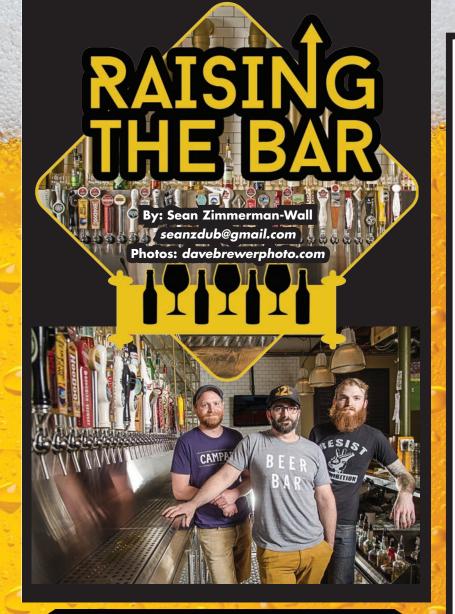


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(L-R) Beer Bar owners Rich Noel and Duncan Burrell, and Certified Cicerone® Kyle Trammel have streamlined Beer Bar's purveyance of quality beer.

"He was a wise man who invented beer." -Anonymous

Simple, clean, satisfying beer has four primary ingredients—yet, the flavor combinations and styles are plentiful. Those who truly appreciate the crisp bite of an IPA or the cool, refreshing quality of a lager can go on forever about things like the palate and bouquet of their favorite fermented beverages. However, it takes a special kind of person to bring that information to the masses and create a unique experience for the consumer. Salt Lake City's *Beer Bar* is a place where a like-minded group of beer aficionados have come together to provide just such an experience.

Located in the up-and-coming 2nd and 2nd district of downtown SLC, Beer Bar opened in April of this year as an extension of the famed Bar X, a place where people have been enjoying artisan cocktails carefully crafted by some of the finest bartenders this side of the Sierra Nevada. When the ownership decided to green light their beer garden idea, they knew there was one man who could help them achieve their vision and make it a success.

Early last fall, **Kyle Trammell** (former *SLUG* beer reviewer/columnist and current *SLUG* affiliate) received word that *Beer Bar* was a go and that he was needed to serve as a beer consultant to get the place up and running. He had been deep in the bush of Australia, working to set up a 60-barrel brew house for a new brewery in New South Wales. Trammell knew the idea had been in the works for a while, and he was excited to come back to Utah and assist in making it a reality.

Trammell is no stranger to beer. He has worked in the industry for several years, and has a profound knowledge of what goes into creating, serving and enjoying a wide variety of beer. His various stints at breweries like Bohemian and Red Rock enabled him to develop his lust for beer under the tutelage of people like **Kevin Templin**. He also spent time at the Beer Nut, peddling home-brew supplies to the public. His passion for brewing his own beer is evident when he talks about the intricacies of crafting the malty beverages. It is this passion that led him to gain a Certified Cicerone® accreditation and become a legitimate beer connoisseur via the recently founded Cicerone Training Program, founded in North America.

According to *cicerone.org*, the term comes from an English word referring to "one who conducts visitors and sightseers to museums and explains matters of archaeological, antiquarian, historic or artistic interest." I argue that beer is art, and it certainly has quite the historical background, so the name seems to fit. According to Trammell, the first step to becoming "an expert in all things beer" requires a bit of study and a formalized testing process. By proving one's general knowledge and passing the test, one can become a Certified Beer Server (CBS). These individuals are well-suited for working at a bar or restaurant and delivering an authentic beer experience to the patrons. Each bartender at *Beer Bar* possesses a CBS and is expected to uphold its standards when maintaining, presenting and pouring beer.

The next step in the program is becoming a Certified Cicerone®. This process is much more intricate and requires extra attention to detail. Trammell has spent his adult life learning about beer, and this certification was the logical continuation of his career. His enthusiasm for beer comes through in a schoolboy type of excitement, and it is no wonder he completed the program in short order. Obtaining the rank of Certified Cicerone® requires a rigorous study process followed by an in-depth 150-question test on everything from tap-system maintenance to food pairings. Then, each candidate must go through a taste test where they have to identify two beer styles, their alcohol content, and even tell what may be wrong with the way it was brewed or served. The two-day endeavor takes place around the country at various breweries—Trammell took his at Stone Brewing in California, Currently, there are about 600 Certified Cicerones® worldwide. Trammel is also pursuing his Master Cicerone®, for which he will test next May. "The fail rate for this test is through the roof. There are only eight Masters worldwide, so I am going to need to hit the books pretty hard," says Trammell.

The Cicerone training has given Trammell a strong foundation to build upon as he continues working in the industry. His partnership with Beer Bar owners **Duncan** and **Ty Burrell**, Rich **Noel**, **Dave Hunt** and **Jeff Barnard** has grown out of mutual respect and a profound love of beer. "The concept was to be as simple and beer-focused as possible," says Duncan. They had originally wanted to do something like Beer Bar when they took over Bar X, "but it just made more sense, at the time, to focus on cocktails. The (Bar X) space sort of made that decision for us—it's more suited for cocktails," Duncan adds. The timing for

Beer Bar's opening was more or less happenstance, and they celebrated with a soft opening in March and a grand opening in April.

The interior of the bar is one of the first things that visitors notice when they arrive. It is a clean and open space with communal seating, projector televisions and a handmade barn-wood bar. Burrell says, "We originally wanted to do a more traditional [German] beer garden, then after doing some traveling and research in L.A. and Portland, we expanded on that idea to make it a little more contemporary."

Behind the bar, there are 30 taps boasting the most flavorful 4-percent beers from Utah, Idaho, Oregon and California. Adjacent to the taps is a huge glass masterpiece housing many different styles of stemware. There is also a small, cold case containing artisan sausages and kielbasa from local butcher and former owner of *Vienna Bistro* **Frody Volgger**. "He hand-makes each sausage in a classic European style—this really sets his sausages apart. Also, we asked him to create some more contemporary flavors and to incorporate local game as much as possible," says Noel. The simple kitchen turns out delicious frites and pairs the sausages with fresh rolls from SLC's Eva restaurant.

Walking up to the bar, each CBS greets customers and helps them make a decision on what beer to order. "The servers educate the consumer, share enthusiasm and highlight the diverse selection. They are there to assist in a great decision," says Trammell. In addition to the beers on tap, Beer Bar has multiple refrigerators filled with an endless selection of quality craft beer from around the world. This is where the real genius of Trammel's relationship with the bar shines through. Breweries like Roque, New Belgium, 10 Barrel, Chimay, Unibroue and Lindemans are all represented, and each style is stored at the proper temperature and served in appropriate stemware. The attention to detail from the employees at Beer Bar is astounding. Their CBS training serves as a backbone of knowledge and is augmented by Trammell's Beer Boot Camp. Hours are spent every month walking through the intricacies of each style, how they should be maintained and served, and what food options it would pair well with. This methodology may take a bit more time, but it is fun to watch the process, from ordering to delivery. "We know it's dorky, but we are dorks," says Burrell. Additional accoutrements for the bar are things like a powerful glass rinser. Before any beer is presented, the glass is rinsed, which ensures that any minute particulates are removed, which helps the beer roll smoothly into the vessel.

The ownership at *Beer Bar* realizes they are in a unique position to provide a different experience and foster the proliferation of craft beer in Utah. Noel says, "Lucky for us, we have such great local breweries, and they never fail to step up and release interesting, new beer to our market." It is clear that the local relationship with breweries is important, especially since Utah is a control state, and it is harder

Certified Beer Server Jaren Skinner prepares a Lagunitas IPA.



to obtain beer from outside our borders.

Part of the *Beer Bar* strategy is to use their connections in the industry and reach out to other breweries in an effort to bring their beers to Utah. Frequent visits to regions like the Northeast and Pacific Northwest allow the team to showcase their ideas. However, their soulful optimism isn't always met with open arms.

"As you can imagine, people still think this state is dry, and write us off without even looking into what we believe to be one of the best up-and-coming beer scenes in the West," says Noel. Trammell's tenacity has helped break down opposition to shipping beers to Utah and allowed Beer Bar to bring in a wide variety of tasty libations. A good portion of this is credited to his detailed knowledge of how things work at the Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control (DABC). He has always been an ambassador for beer and has developed relationships with some of those who work there. "The people at the DABC are good people—they are just forced to work within the confines of our legislation," says Trammell. Fostering goodwill with the DABC and assuring out-ofstate brewers that their beer will be properly cared for is paramount to the crew at Beer Bar. There are numerous concerns from these breweries that refrigeration and handling of their beer will be overlooked and the quality will be negatively affected. It's this commitment to quality that has enabled Beer Bar to provide SLC drinkers with craft beer from breweries like 10 Barrel, Ninkasi and Alameda, previously unavailable in Utah (legally).

The innovation doesn't stop at obtaining the beer, though. A rotating menu allows *Beer Bar* to diversify their selection as demand and personal preferences dictate. Their state-of-the-art tap systems are religiously cleaned at regular intervals, and it's guaranteed that each beer that flows through tastes as fresh as the day it was kegged. The Beer Engine, a traditional English hand-pumped cask, also resides behind the bar, and offers a slightly warmer, lightly carbonated and surprisingly easy-to-drink brew. Trammell even talks of adding a Randall, a type of hop-infuser/chiller that would allow them to add certain flavors and aromas to various styles of beer. "This is basically like an extra dry hop, and could produce some interesting brunch beers," says Trammell.

Summer in Salt Lake will see *Beer Bar* adding more options to their drink menu and continued innovation on how to promote the industry. The owners hope you will come and check out their space with your friends and relax with a perfectly poured masterpiece on their street-side patio. As you sip and take in the ambiance, look around for Kyle Trammell—he will be the one with the stately beard enjoying his beer the most. The *Beer Bar* is located on 161 E. 200 S.

Check out *cicerone.org* for more info on Cicerone training and certifications.





It's another beer issue, and I have been granted the opportunity to gripe to you readers about some bullshit that is happening within the craft brewing industry that makes me livid: trademarks and bitchy brewers! With over 2,400 active craft breweries operating in the US and another 1,000plus in the midst of planning and opening, there is bound to be some crossover with brand names and labels. The repercussions of these name changes that fall on the brewery can result in thousands to tens of thousands of dollars spent in re-labeling, product waste, signage reproduction and graphic

The purpose of this piece (short of my need to vent) is to highlight some of these issues that have been affecting Utah breweries over the course of the last few years, marking a bit of a trend and, frankly, making the craft industry look bad. I understand the need for brand identity within the marketplace. I am even willing to concede that in some radical cases, brand re-development is necessary to avoid identity crisis. However, the following bullshit is simply confusing.

Even within our small brewing community here in Utah, we've seen a number of small brands get bullied or forced to back down by opposing litigation. Here are a few highlighted examples:

Powderhound Porter is now Powder Shot Porter

About five years ago, Desert Edge Brewery was issued a cease and desist order from Big Sky Brewery in Montana over the name "Powder Hound." "We initially thought about fighting it, but decided against it," says Desert Edge Head Brewer **Chris Haas**. Reason being: The small time brewpub only brewed this small, seasonal batch once a year, and couldn't financially justify fighting it. The confusion over this was merely that Big Sky owned the trademark to "Powder Hound," (in reference to a dog) and Desert Edge named their beer Powderhound (a ski reference).



Elephant DIPA is now Elephino DIPA

In 2011 Red Rock, a small brewpub with a newly established production facility, was producing one of SLC's new favorite double IPAs, named Elephant. Then they realized that the name Elephant could be confused with the Carlsberg flagship beer dubbed the same name. Out of fear, they opted to change the name, knowing that if a massive brewery like Carlsberg wanted to sue, they could shut them down with legal

Hop Notch is now Hop Nosh

In 2013, Uinta agreed to change the name of their fastestgrowing national brand, Hop Notch, to Hop Nosh after Massachusetts-based brewery Notch Brewing

claimed ownership over the "Notch" trademark. Their justified reasoning was "confusion in the marketplace." Even with this debacle, I will hand it to Uinta: Even with the name changes they have encountered, they always manage to stay consistent with the packaging/artwork.

Not to go unnoticed, the US has seen many other examples of these trademark disputes. These disputes have ended in both mockeries of the industry and some gleaming examples of what the industry ought to be. As the previous examples are too depressing to dwell on, I wanted to highlight a name complication between Avery Brewing Co. (Colorado) and Russian River Brewing (California) that ended in the best way possible. About 10 years ago, both breweries had realized that they both had a Belaian beer on their lineup called Salvation. Soon thereafter, they got together and formulated a recipe merging the two brews to make a new beer altogether. It was aptly named. Collaboration Not Litigation. This showed the breweries' willingness to come together for the sake of the craft and not dispute over the old "who called it 'what' first," which would have resulted in a mess of legal issues.

My only question now is: Why can't we all just get along, people? I've seen the collective Facebook and Twitter battles between breweries dragging their "loyalists" into the mess, and it is just a mockery to the industry. You make beer and we enjoy the beer—it's as simple as that. If the need arises for a brewery to crack down on an opposing brewery for using the same name or slogan, I offer this question: Do you make the better product or does it really affect your sales? If yes to either of those, suck it up and be happy people are drinking. At the end of the day, I just hope that the product will speak for itself and these battles of litigation will stop. Of course, this is all presuming that the "Big Guys" are willing to play nice (unlikely).





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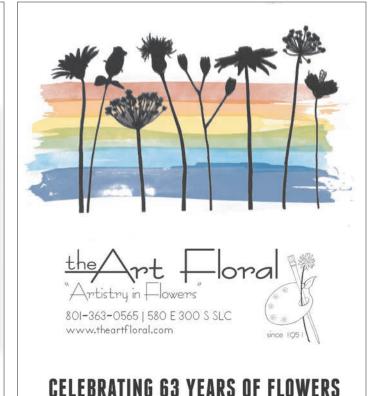
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I ve always hurt for that olde-worldy town pub feel in Utah—dimly lit and warm, complete with woodworked furnishings that welcome all walks of life to casually learn about the nearby company—where I can drink something from a house keg and enjoy the finest classic beer food known to man. The ascending Avenues have bolstered Avenues Proper, letting in some natural light, but the concept of a laidback place to sit back and watch the world spin is starting to carry itself out of the Berger Straße and onto the Bonneville benches.

Catching the *Proper* on a late afternoon/evening proves to be a smart choice, as you walk in to be greeted by the house attendant and gentle malty breezes, which make their way from a glass-walled restaurant centerpiece encapsulating one brewmaster wrapping up his day among a humble collection of steel bells, whistles and fermentation tanks. Seating options include heading east to the bar for a Proper Pint (\$5) and Pale Ale Potato Chips (\$3) with colleagues, or following your host west to the dining room for a higher-end but casual eating experience (though meals are offered on both sides). The bar in question quarters off into a more secluded side of the establishment. Lights turned low make the mood homey, while a half-circle plywood booth and tall, round pub tables set a backdrop which assuages the severe steel beams and cinder walls holding up the building.

On a tight budget, lunch and dinner here supersede the regularly affordable meal, but that's not to say these flavors won't inspire the palate. They'll take it up a step or two for your next special occasion. This is an open space designed for just enough privacy to enjoy your party, accented by the elegant lavender drop lighting, outside patio view and the choice ambiance of air plants. For dinner, start with an order of crisp Pommes Frites, cut thin, with a beer aioli (\$5)—a hint of sour from the ale and boldness from raw garlic—with a pint of *Proper's* Oatmeal Irish Red (\$5) to manage the grease.

Naturally, one of mankind's overpowering human urges is sucking down a good creamy head whenever it's in close proximity—*Proper's* Red Ale satisfies every time. The secret is all in the nitro gas used for this particular beer when poured off the tap. Light enough for summer drinking, but upheld in color for its style, the Red starts off hoppy at first, maintaining a bit of chew from the oats throughout and finishes with clean profiles of grain on the way down. This is a perfect ale to drink with starters as you move your way into some pub favorites like the House Sausage Sandwich (\$14). This is a truly unique take on the acclaimed euro Curry Wurst. A lamb sausage, sharp with accents of fennel, is set on a soft baguette and topped with crisp and refreshing cucumber tzatziki, goot cheese and red onions. All textures and flavors are merged into the one and only sandwich worthy enough to put a gyro to shame—and then some. In between bites and beer sips, a side of fried curry garbanzo beans sit on the side to revolutionize the definition of what a French fry can be. Dipping sauces would have been appreciated, as these poppers became a little too dry to savor alone. Nonetheless, it's the best med in the house.

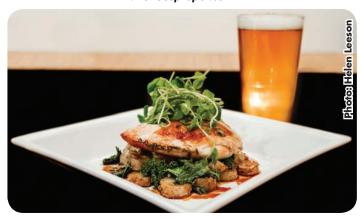
Plate two could only be the pan-fried Rye Gnocchi (\$16) comingled with chanterelle mushrooms, kale and turnips in a cauliflower cream sauce. The natural veggie sugars fuse these ingredients into wedlock, courtesy of said pan, caramelized and sweetened to utter celestial beauty. The heat toasts the gnocci, enriching the best taste qualities of rye and rejoins the vegetables to contrast while the cream sauce brings it all home. On the plate, the dish works great and lovingly accompanies the Proper Hopspital IPA (\$5), named after the LDS Hospital down the road. Call it golden clear and tropically hoppy—it finishes with a bit of citrus (I'd say orange).

Per a strong recommendation from our waiter, the Roast Chicken Breast (\$19) came next, with a glass of the one and only Avenues Proper Beer (\$5), an English Golden Ale. I've never been an advocate for chicken plates when going out—they

Avenues Proper Salt Lake City

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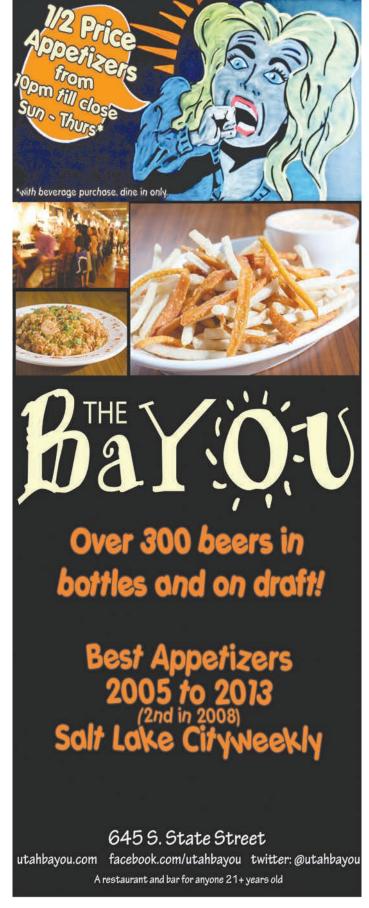
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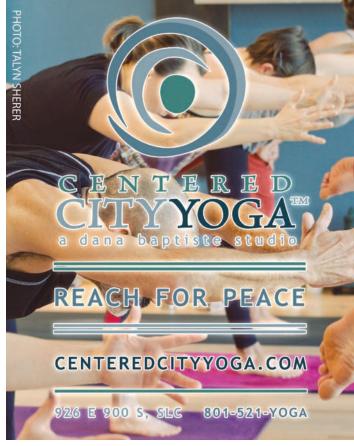


Avenues Proper's Roast Chicken Breast entices diners atop fingerling potatoes, kale and chicken confit, making for a great bedfellow alongside the Avenues Proper Beer, an English Golden Ale.

tend to lean on the "safe" side for those who would have otherwise chosen more adventurously, but I'll say, it was enjoyable! Fingerling potatoes, kale and small bits of chicken confit make up the bed where this crisp-skinned breast lays under a cloud of pea sprouts. The complement is a rim of reduction glaze made from chicken stock added into the drippings from the first cooking process. The fact that all these microbrews comply with Utah DABC (Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control) percentages makes for some lighter booze, but the Golden Ale will remain a summer favorite—light carbonation, slightly boggy in clarity and quick to drink under desert heat, no wheat.

Celebrating their one-year anniversary, Avenues Proper hosted their first annual Beer Pairing Dinner on April 27, showcasing an exclusive menu refined by homebrewed spirits. With 2015 around the corner, reservations for these one-of-a-kind nights are highly anticipated. To cut some time off the prolonged wait, it'd be wise to set sights on the northern hills of Salt Lake before thirst rises and the sun sets.







Chocolate Stout Cake

(With A Little Arsenic)

By Megan Kennedy iamnightsky@gmail.com



Photos: Matt Brunk

hen SLUG offered me the chance to make a goddamn beer cake, I was not about to say no, even if I am about the worst example of domestication I know. I called the

Martha Stewart of the metal world, my dear friend Lady Arsenic of local band Arsenic Addiction, and asked if she'd be interested in helping me create this heavenly dessert. To keep chocolate off the camera, my wonderful partner in crime, SLUG photographer Matt Brunk, offered to document the debauchery.

We decided to go with two incredible local stouts for this endeavor: Squatters' Outer Darkness for the cake batter and Epic's 825 State Stout for the buttercream frosting. We pulled up the following recipes from AddAPinch.com and only made slight adjustments—we used a bit of coffee instead of espresso powder, and to keep the batter consistency thick, we substituted the 1 cup boiling water in the cake batter with 1 full cup boiling beer. We also doubled up the recipe because, well ... we like cake.



(L-R) SLUG writer Megan Kennedy and Lady Arsenic of Arsenic Addiction are a formidable team of beer cake bakers.

Cake Batter

Ingredients •

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1½ teaspoons baking soda

Instructions

- Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare two 9-inch cake pans by spraying with baking spray or buttering and lightly flouring.
- 2. Add flour, sugar, cocoa, baking powder, baking soda, salt and espresso powder to a large bowl or the bowl of a stand mixer. Whisk through to combine, or, using a paddle attachment, stir through flour mixture until combined well.
- 3. Add milk, vegetable oil, eggs and vanilla to flour mixture and mix together on medium speed until well combined. Reduce speed and carefully add

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon espresso powder
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup vegetable oil
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 1 cup of boiling Outer Darkness Russian Imperial Stout by Squatters instead of water
- boiling stout to the cake batter. Beat on high speed for about 1 minute to add air to the batter.
- 4. Distribute cake batter evenly between the two prepared cake pans. Bake for 30–35 minutes, until a toothpick or cake tester inserted in the center comes out clean.
- 5. Remove from the oven and allow to cool for about 10 minutes. Remove from the pan and cool completely.
- 6. Frost cake with Chocolate Buttercream Frosting.

5. If frosting appears too dry, add more milk, a

tablespoon at a time, until it reaches the right

confectioner's sugar and tablespoons of beer until

the consistency was just right, and this ended up

taking almost a whole bottle of Epic 835 State

Buttercream Frosting

Ingredients -

1½ cups butter (3 sticks), softened

1 cup unsweetened cocoa

5 cups confectioner's sugar

½ cup milk

Instructions

- Add cocoa to a large bowl or bowl of stand mixer. Whisk through to remove any lumps.
- 2. Cream together butter and cocoa powder until
- 3. Add sugar and milk to cocoa mixture by adding 1 cup of sugar followed by about a tablespoon of milk. After each addition has been combined, turn mixer on to a high speed for about 1 minute. Repeat until all sugar and milk have been added.
- 4. Add vanilla extract and coffee and combine well.

2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Stout for the doubled recipe.

½ teaspoon coffee

Epic's 825 State Stout

- consistency. If it appears to be too wet and does not hold its form, add more confectioner's sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, until it reaches the right consistency. We alternated between adding
 - These chocolate cakes are
 - for Utah beer drinkers who like to have their cake and eat it, too.





Chocolate stout cakes baking to perfection.

moist and delicious with some of Squatters' Outer Darkness stout!

Alternating between tablespoons of confectioner's sugar and (3) Epic 825 State Stout lent the frosting the perfect consistency.

Squatters/Epic chocolate stout cake:



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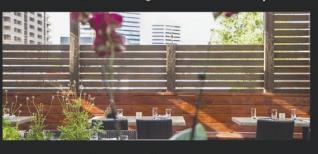


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The result was, seriously, chocolate heaven. The beer blended so well with the chocolate and kept the cake moist. It was especially delicious being washed down with the leftovers of the Epic Stout—the flavors were incredibly complementary! We ended up with way too much frosting, however, so I recommend not doubling the frosting recipe even if you double

the cake batter. So there you have it—our local brews are good for more than just, you know, drinking.

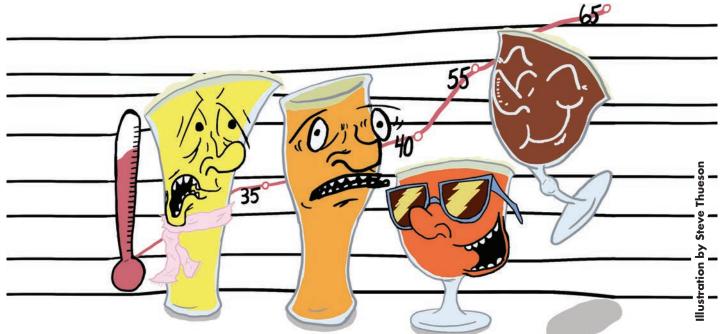
THE COLD TRUTH ON WARM BEER

By Mike Riedel • mikey@slugmag.com

Occasionally, we beer drinkers can find ourselves in a bit of a beer bubble It's easy to forget that that many of the great beer styles that we enjoy come from regions of the world that are as foreign to us as a BYU singles ward.

These beers were not just created to help you "get your sexy on"—they were primarily created to be necessary nutritional staples in the regions from which they hail. Why you're drinking a beer has as much to do as what kind of beer you're drinking. Centuries ago, when you were having a beer, it was because the water was bad or because it was a more practical way to stretch your harvest's yield, and temperature has a lot to do with that

Just about every beer on the planet is made to be served at a specific temperature. It affects the taste and how your body can more effectively utilize the beer. Of course, in the world we live in now, beer is all about enjoyment. To get the most out of your beer, you definitely want to properly taste it. That's where temperatures come in. Whether you want all of the flavor or none of it, the proper serving temps will go a long way to helping you find your happy place. Here are some general serving temps for some of the styles you may encounter.



Frigid, 32-40 F:

Let's face it: Not all beer styles taste great warm. In some cases, you need a little frostbite on the tongue to cancel out some of the more harsh, bitter notes you can get from some beers. Malt liquors and Dutch lagers such as Colt 45 or Grolsch will benefit greatly from a little tongue shock.

Chilled, 40-45 F:

Lagers such as Bohemian's 1842 Czech Pilsener, Hoppers' This is the Pilsener and Uinta's Baba are fermented at chilled temps, and benefit from the slightly warmer range. The smoothness from their lagering makes it more enjoyable at less cold temps, bringing out the pleasant roastiness/toastiness of the arains used.

Cool, 45-55 F:

These are the temperatures that start to make people think "warm beer." but that's not the case at all. The 55-degree F mark may seem warm, but when it hits your 98.6-degrees F tongue, it's pleasantly cool. Beers served at these temps include Desert Edge's Latter Day Stout, Shades of Pale's Publican Pale Ale and Squatters' Hop Rising Double IPA—the perfect temps for an 18th Century British laborer on his lunch

Warm, 55-65 F:

Now we're out of the "refreshing" temperatures. The beers we are enjoying in this range are the very complex beers that you absolutely want to taste. Served in stemware to be warmed by your cupped hands, these often boozy and sweet styles such as Epic's Big Bad Baptist Imperial Stout, Uinta's Anniversary Barley Wine and Moab's Belgian Tripel want your tonque's complete and undivided attention. Taking the time to let these big, complex beers warm is a reward all in itself.

Now, we here at SLUG aren't gonna pee in your Cheerios if you want to drink your barley wine ice cold or decide that a tepid Dos Equis is right up your zip code—I've done it, and I still loved it! But you owe it to yourself to make every swallow a perfect one. Cheers!



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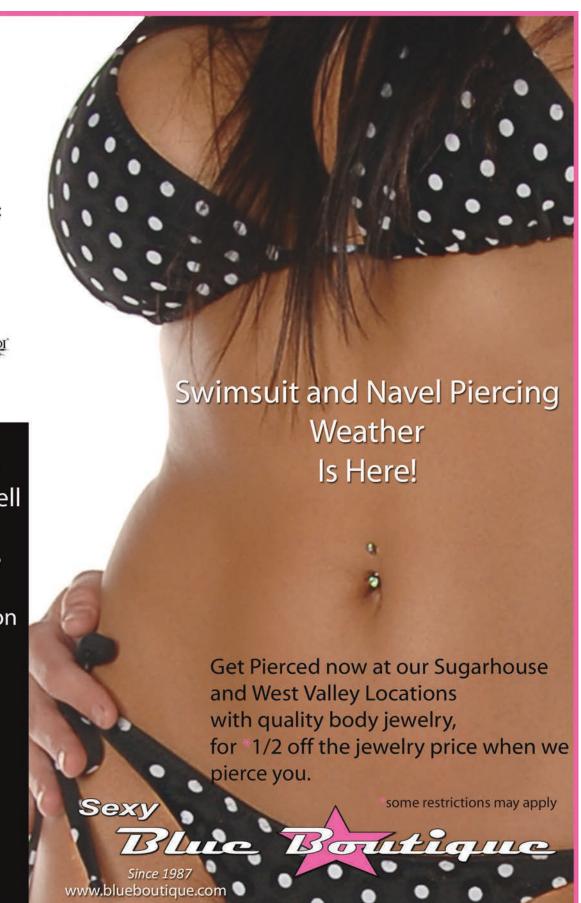
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#BeerGeekSocialMedia

By Mike Riedel / mikey@slugmag.com

Social media has become a huge part of most of our lives. Being a "Beer Gnerd," I've enjoyed getting the opportunity to simply connect and interact with people of like mind through quite a few beer apps out there, designed specifically for the craft beer enthusiast. Many do the same thing—allow the users to share their thoughts on what they're drinking and where. I've highlighted a few beer geek apps to help you stay more easily connected while looking for and enjoying your favorite glass of suds. These are three apps that I personally use, which are fairly unique to each other. These are, in my opinion, the best all-around Beer Geek social apps.

Untappd

Website: untappd.com Type: Social Media

Platform: Android, BB10, iOS, Palm Pr Windows Phone 8

Description: This app has just about everything a beer geek could want in an app. It offers GPS services that allow you to locate nearby watering holes and find out what other beers people are enjoying, whether they are in your circle of friends or not. It provides a simple five-bottle-cap rating system that allows your friends to comment on what you're drinking from anywhere around the globe.

Overall: This is about as full of a package that you will find. I find it works best if you keep your Untappd friends as close to where you drink as possible. If you'd like to "friend" me on Untappd, my nick is "UtahBeer."

Beer Buddy

Website: beerbuddyapp.com Type: Beer Ratings, Locator Platform: Android, iOS, Web

Description: This app is for the top-tier beer geek. It enjoys the benefit of having the entire ratebeer. com database behind it. You will not find a more comprehensive beer archive on the planet. It allows users not only to rate beers, but to rate places and share the info with people from around the globe. Beer Buddy's forum also allows for broader, detailed discussions. It is also the only app with its own barcode scanner for quick and easy beer searches. Just scan the bottle or can and it'll find it for you!

Overall: This app has some social media functionality, but its main purpose is to help you keep track of what you've had and what you've gotta

Find Craft Beer

Website: findcraftbeer.com **Type:** Beer/Brewery GPS Locator Platform: Android, iOS, Web

Description: If you're a beer geek who finds his or herself on the road a lot, the first thing that pops into your head when you hit a new town is, "Where's the pisser?" The second is, "Where are the hottest beer spots near me?" The aptly named Find Craft Beer app has it covered. Powered by beermapping. com, this easy-to-use app will identify everything from beer bars to breweries to homebrew shops. It also connects you to the brewery/bar's website within the app, providing further info/research into the spots you are looking for.

Overall: When your ass is in the middle of fucking nowhere, and you need a simple "Get me the fuck outta here and into a watering hole" app, pronto, this app will take you there.

These are just recommendations—you know what works best for you. Cheers!







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TBA W/ SPECIAL GUEST Tuesday, July 15 /// 7PM @ THE CITY LIBRARY **THALF THE ROAD**

W/ POST-FILM DISCUSSION Friday, July 18 M 7PM

@ THE CITY LIBRARY THE EXECUTIONER'S

SONG W/ POST-FILM DISCUSSION Tuesday, July 22 III 7PM

@ THE CITY LIBRARY ALIVE INSIDE Tuesday, July 29 III 7PM @ THE CITY LIBRARY **MEET THE PATELS**

W/DIRECTOR Q&A



Saturday, Aug. 2 /// 11AM Tuesday, Aug. 12 /// 7PM @ THE CITY LIBRARY

THE MUPPET MOVIE (1979)

Tuesday, Aug. 5 /// 7PM @ THE CITY LIBRARY

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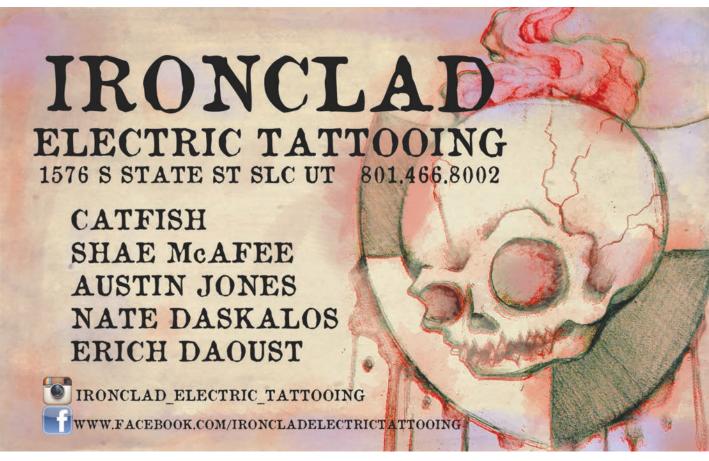
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BEER REVIOUS

By Mike Riedel mikey@slugmag.com

I run with a very tough crowd. Most of the guys in my little circle of friends aren't the ass-kicking, troublemaking type of guys, though. The "tough" that these guys have been honing in their DNA is from years of liver-beating, bottle-crushing and craft beer drinking. So, you can imagine that when my little group of beer nerds gets together for our weekly craft beer night, odds are that the hammer will fall hard, in the same way enthusiastic Vikings would descend upon on a would-be pillaged village.

I imagine that if our tongues had physiques, they'd look like Leonidas and the Spartans from the 300 movie ... except with less body oil. What I'm trying to say is we drink big beers that only a tough palate can handle, and when I say "big beers," I mean beer full of powerful flavors that often carry a high-octane punch ... but even the toughest guys have a soft side, and damn it, so does the beer nerd's tongue. You can't live on that shit—sometimes you need a beer that's softer and sweeter.

If you know what I mean, I have some beer recommendations for your fruity side—something to help bring you back from your strong beer battles.

Schöfferhofer Grapefruit Hefeweizen Brewery/Brand: Binding

Brewery/Brana: Binding
Brauerei AG
ABV: 2.5%
Serving Style:
500mL can/11.2 oz bottle
This pours a glowing murky grapefruit

color with a nice, white, lathery-looking head. The nose is nice and sharp with grapefruit and a hint of pepper. The taste starts sharp with acidic, red grapefruit and pepper, and ends with creamy, doughy, lemon citrus. It finishes spritzy and light.

Overview: This beer really works. It's unapologetically a fruit beer. Whenever I force it on someone, the reaction is is always pleasant confusion. It may be only 2.5-percent ABV (small even for Utah), but it's big on fruity flavor.

Éphémère (Apple) Brewery/Brand: Unibroue ABV: 5.5% Serving Style: 12 oz bottle



The Éphémère pours a nice-looking, hazy-gold color with two fingers of sudsy, white foam. The nose is tart with big green apple and coriander aromas. The flavor follows suit. The apple tartness is much more subtle on the tongue than in the aroma, which drives up its drinkability. Next come subtle coriander spices that add a nice balance to the ale. Bitter apple peel rounds out the finish.

Overview: My friends tend to give me shit for liking this. I don't know why. Is it the name? Label? Fruit? It beats me, but when you need a light, fruity change with a bit of Belgian funk, this beer will treat you quite well.

Orange Honey Wheat

Brewery/Brand: Hoppers Grill & Brewing Co. ABV: 4.0%

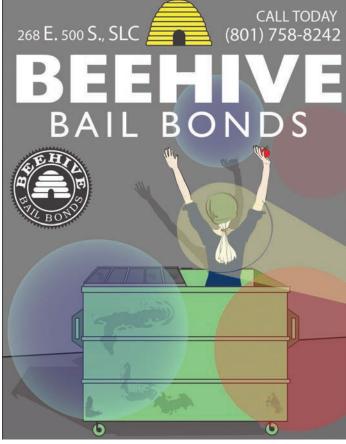
Serving Style: On Tap

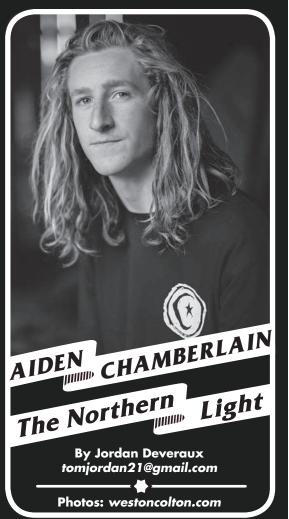
This regular offering pours a near opaque, golden color with a pillowy, white head. The nose has a mild amount of citrus and some doughy sweetness. The taste starts bready and semidry with cereal notes. Soft citrus juice comes next, with grainy, almost toasty malts. Light lemon citrus in the end, along with sweet malts, provides a moderately dry finish.

Overview: This beer is subtler with the fruit than the others, while the other beers let you know who the fuck is in charge. Orange Honey Wheat is more mellow with fruity accents. It's refreshing as hell!

Cheers!









happened that I skated with Aiden Chamberlain once before at a spot with rails set against a white-brick building. We skated those for a while until someone decided that we'd check out a hulking rail that was just across the street. Only two of the group of about eight had the guts to huck themselves down the green, daunting monster. One of those kids was Mr. Chamberlain. We all stood in awe as Chamberlain stuck a backside boardslide in under five tries. Since then, Chamberlain Chamberlain has dropped a part well worth serious attention. Just before I interviewed Chamberlain, I watched his part from the video, Shit House, and I could hardly believe that he was only 16 years old. When I stopped reeling from getting hit in the head by the torrent of hammers, SLUG was able to sit down and chat with him on top of a quarter pipe in the Crossroads park.

SLUG: How long have you been skateboarding, and what got you into skateboarding?

Chamberlain: About six years. My dad skated when he was younger, and I played *Tony Hawk*, and I thought it was cool—like watching the skate videos.

SLUG: Who was your favorite skater in *Tony Hawk*, and which Tony Hawk was it?

Chamberlain: I liked **Chad Muska**. I used him a lot—and it was *Project 8*.

SLUG: How long have you been riding for *Crossroads*, and how did you get on board? **Chamberlain:** Like, three years now. This guy, Josh, the old manager here—I gave him a video and he just put me on the team.

SLUG: What was it like growing up skating North Ogden Park?

Chamberlain: It was weird, I guess. You have to learn how to skate ledges.

SLUG: What kind of terrain do you like skating the most?

Chamberlain: Rails, bump-over gaps.

SLUG: What were some of the street spots you skated as a kid?

Chamberlain: I'd skate a little six-stair at a Smith's in North Ogden. There's a bunch of spots around there, like little manual pads and four-stairs and stuff like that.

SLUG: What kind of videos did you watch as a kid?

Chamberlain: Emerica videos, Foundation videos, Toy Machine videos, Zero videos.

SLUG: Which Emerica videos? How far does it go back?

Chamberlain: Stay Gold came out when I was pretty new into skateboarding, and I'd watch that. WTF—the Foundation video—I'd watch that a bunch. I like local videos a lot, like Call it Venting.

SLUG: What are some of the other local videos you like?

Chamberlain: Four Down, the **Sk801** video. Touch It 2, **Ham**'s video [that] he made a long time ago.

SLUG: What's your favorite video part of all time?

Chamberlain: Mark Suture, Cross Continental.

SLUG: Who made that video?

Chamberlain: I'm not sure. Some filmer in San Francisco or something. It was just on

YouTube. I think *Thrasher* posted it.

SLUG: Who's your favorite skateboarder of all time, and what do you like about his skating? **Chamberlain: Taylor Smith**. He skates super-tall stuff—he makes it look easy, and he has a way good style.

SLUG: What kind of spots have you been skating?

Chamberlain: Buildup spots—we've been trying to find those: where you pull the grates out of trees and put your board under them—and just rails and bump-gaps.

SLUG: What do you do on the trees—like, wallies?

Chamberlain: The grates that go on the trees: Pick 'em up, put a board under it, and it's a little kicker. Sometimes, there's planters after it, or something you can gap over.

SLUG: Oh, like grates where the tree's in the center?

Chamberlain: Yeah.

SLUG: Have you ever caught up on the grating?

Chamberlain: I've seen it happen.

SLUG: What's your favorite spot in downtown SLC?

Chamberlain: I like one of the buildup spots ... There's one of those up to a ledge. That spot's super cool. It's by the two-story Harmons.

SLUG: Have you been on any skate trips out of state?

Chamberlain: Yeah I went with Sk801 and Blood Wizard to Moab. I went to Idaho with Sk801, too. I took a trip to *Phoenix Am*.

SLUG: How did you do in *Phoenix Am*? **Chamberlain:** I got, like, 44th.

SLUG: That's pretty good!

Chamberlain: Yeah, it's not bad! I think there [were] 200 [people there].

SLUG: Damn. How'd you get on that ticket? **Chamberlain:** I hit up **Laura** [**Martin**]. She's the lady at *Phoenix Am*, or whatever. I sent her my footage, and she said I was good. I caught a ride with some homies from Provo:

Brodi Penrod, this kid, Shylo [Sweat], Logan Summers and me and my friend Tyler [Olsen] from down here. There were a few other people, too.

SLUG: Besides the *Phoenix Am,* have you skated any other competitions?

Chamberlain: I skated *Damn Am.* ... I think I got 35th out of 200. ... We skated Idaho Falls. They have a way good skate park there.

SLUG: What kind of spots did you skate down there?

Chamberlain: We didn't go to very many [street] spots on the trip ... but we went to the college—there were a few rails and stuff. There was an old skate park there from, like, the '70s. It's just like a bunch of rollers, and someone built a barrier spot on it ... It was like a snake-run.

SLUG: So, I saw Shit House.

Chamberlain: Yeah there's some people from *Crossroads* in it and some that aren't. It's a homie video.

SLUG: How long did it take you to film your part?

Chamberlain: That took a year.

SLUG: Of the tricks that you've done, which one has given you the most satisfaction?

Chamberlain: Switch barley-grinding Dracula [a rail in Sandy].

SLUG: Did you take any big spills on that? **Chamberlain:** Yeah, I took a dig on that one—the try right before the land.

SLUG: Did you break any bones?

Chamberlain: No, I saved myself pretty good. I popped late and caught my back leg on the rail, then, somehow, stopped myself and landed perfectly on my side.

SLUG: How much do you skate a day? **Chamberlain:** Usually, about four hours—sometimes six.

SLUG: What do you like most about skateboardina?

Chamberlain: Probably friends that I've met through it—the coolest people ever.

SLUG: What is your dream session? Where would you be and who would be there skating with you?

Chamberlain: I'd probably grind El Toro with **Shane Cross**.

SLUG: Would you go for it if you were there? **Chamberlain:** Totally.

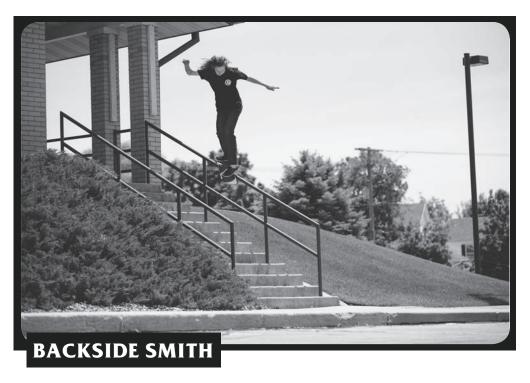
SLUG: What are your ultimate goals for skateboarding?

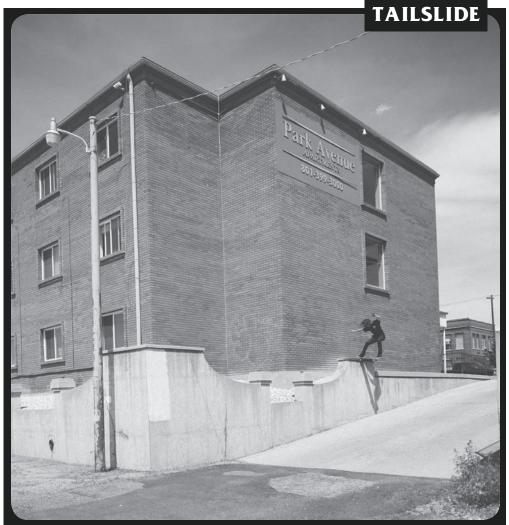
Chamberlain: Really, just having fun—meeting a bunch of people, going around the world, or wherever. Just skating.

SLUG: Do you hope to turn pro someday? **Chamberlain:** That would be cool if it worked out like that.

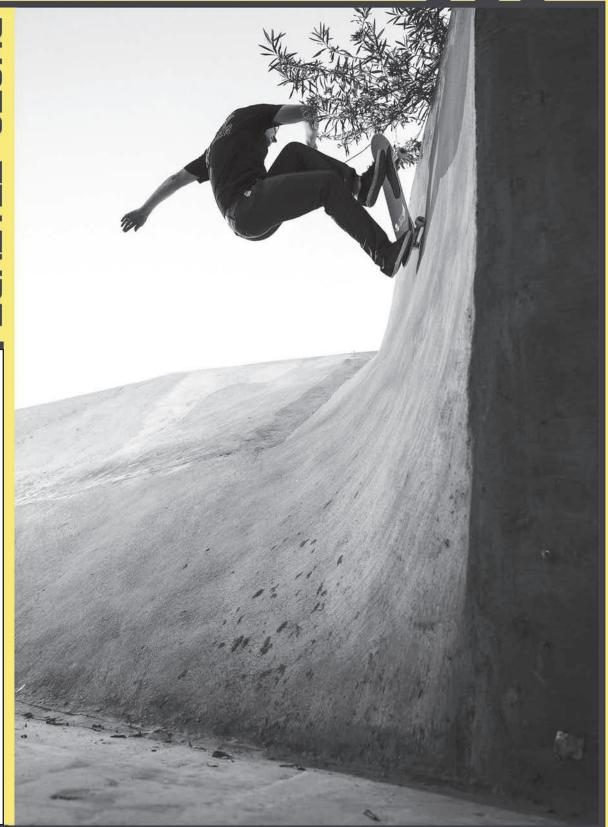
There's no false humility in the attitude of Aiden Chamberlain—the dude is very down to earth. I'm no soothsayer, but I expect we'll be seeing a lot more of this guy in the years to come. Check out his part in *Shit House* on YouTube (You can inquire about seeing the whole thing at *Crossroads*). Also, join *SLUG* and *Crossroads* at their indoor park in Ogden on Go Skate Day, June 21, for a wicked competition and festivities for *SLUG*'s first installment of the 15th annual *Summer of Death* series.







44 SqitLakeUnderGround





Mike Browns Ride-a-long: Viva La Magna!

By Mike Brown Instagram: Ofagatron

h, the beloved Beer Issue—close to my heart and even closer to my liver. As usual Laget to use the Parally liver. As usual, I get to use the Beer Issue as a chance to twist some tops and bend some elbows on someone else's dime while pretending to write a serious article, and it's the one time of year where the SLUG editors can't give me any shit for writing my column drunk. It's possible to slur in an article—if you've ever read any of my zines, then you already know that.

This year, SLUG gave me an assignment about craft beers popping up in bluecollar bars. As you may already know, I don't consume a lot of craft beers they all taste like pine trees to me. I'm a creature of habit, especially when it comes to drinking. Budweiser and Jim Beam when I'm at the bar and Natural Light and Evan Williams when I'm home is pretty much what my liquor cabinet consists of ... and by liquor cabinet, I mean kitchen counter.

Needless to say, I needed some guidance on this topic, so I called up **Jaime** Horton who works for Uinta Beers, one of Utah's most respected craft brands. She also knows how to handle herself around a bunch of drunk old men, which was pretty mandatory for this assignment.

Jaime was kind enough to meet me at The Westerner and take me to some of the valley's hidden gems of day drinking. Breaking my Downtown routine of frequenting dives such as Willie's and Uncle Bart's, we ventured west. How far west? All the way past Redwood Road to Magna—8400 West. If you haven't been bar-hopping in Magna, you just haven't been bar-hopping. I've drunk in this city half my life, and I have no idea why I haven't been out there before—adventuring with Jaime to taverns unknown made me feel like we were the Lewis and Clark of bar crawling.

Magna, to me, feels like Salt Lake Valley's dirty little secret. No one talks about it. I don't know anyone that has ever admitted to being from Magna. The only person I've ever really met from Magna was some kid that I was in drug rehab with as a teenager, and he was—honest to god—one of the dumbest human beings I had ever met. He left me wondering if they put something in the water once you pass 6200 West or something. I'm not worried about calling him out in this column because the chance that he can even read is super unlikely. (Truth be told, I'd rather be from Magna than Provo—I hate that city.)

Thus, our Uinta Beer bar tour began. The first watering hole we stopped at after refusing to line dance at The Westerner was The notorious Bears Den. I couldn't come up with a better name for a Magna strip club myself. Since it was 2 in the afternoon, there were no strippers to grace the stage and no shitty DJ calling them by their fake names. I just had to imagine it in my head. Despite the lack of B-team nudity, I was enthusiastic, as the ambiance of the The Bears Den was terrific. Maybe this is because I was there at 2 p.m., but this was the brightest, most well-lit strip club I'd ever been in-none of this dark, neon-light bullshit. I tip extra when I can see the stretch marks and botched boob-implant scars. I ordered a shot, and Jaime and me were on

A short jaunt from The Bears Den led us to The Copper King, where I saw no copper, but many kings. There, Jaime and I pounded Cutthroats and mingled with the locals. The Copper King also has a way-legit claw machine. Being the proud owner of the claw machine at Willie's (loaded with porno and pregnancy tests), I have to play these fuckers every time I walk past one. I can tell when these things are rigged. Whoever is running the claw machine industry in Magna, you're doing it right. Keep up the good work.

Heading back to the east side away from the refinery, we made one last stop at Rendezvous off of Redwood Road—again, another day-drinking spot I had never heard of with cheap drinks and old men swearing at the pool table. It was my kind of place for sure. This bar is literally in a K-Mart parking lot. How

could you not love it? Oh, and they had Uinta on tap, but, at this point, Jaime kindly gave me permission to order a Budweiser.

Bars like these have so much more appeal to me. Maybe I take my drinking too seriously, but when I go to the bar these days I don't want to be social. don't want to be around people or working on my scene points, waiting 20 minutes to get a shot. I want to go to the bar to drink. Talking to like-minded old men who are there for the same reason feels like I'm looking directly into

All in all, thanks to Uinta Beers and Jaime Horton, my craft beer adventure was a great day. Tricking beer reps into getting me drunk has become guite the pastime for me. There's no doubt in my mind that I'll be back slumming it up in Magna in the near future.





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By Princess Kennedy

theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

eer is a subject near and dear to the hearts of Salt Lake. I hated beer not too long ago—in fact, it was safe to say that I probably had my first when I moved here. I was a cocktail gal, a three-martini luncher—a bloody mary, if you will. Beer terrified me: It was a loaf of bread in a glass, and tasted like piss.

I realized, upon moving to the 801, that getting a mixed drink was, if nothing else, an insult. I wanted the bartender to measure out my allotted portion of alcohol and thought they were kidding when I got my drink. Then I came to the realization that a beer and a shot was the way to get the most bang for my buck.

The years have passed, and I now have acquired a love for the brews. I understand the social nature behind the ritual—I love a "cold one" on a hot day. I even tried making beer once for the Beer Issue a few years back. I got all artsy and gay on it, making it with lemon and hints of lavender—every girl who tasted it loved it, and every guy wanted to know why it tasted like old-lady soap. My secret ingredient was the mushrooms: the ones I took while formulating my yeasty potion—fail.

What seems to be a key factor for me in choosing a beer is the marketing. I hate to say it, but I'm a sucker for a good ad campaign, and whether I'm hanging out with friends or at the bar, you can guarantee I'll have a Pabst Blue Ribbon in my hand. I'm not sure how or when this even happened, but the fact of the matter is, if I'm stocking the fridge or bellying up to the bar, I seem to have a go-to.

I mentioned the marketing—I thought long and hard about it, and I can't remember seeing a print ad, but somehow I have a PBR trucker cap, wristbands, T-shirts—I even have a cowboy hat Mandrew made me. Pi saw one at Pride last year, and he surprised me for my birthday. Apparently, all it takes is a 30-pack, a 12-pack, a drunk friend and YouTube to become an elbow-bending milliner. I've gone so far as to ask a friend to crochet me a matching bikini with the cans sewn in—a veritable crochet cliché.

I was sort of blissfully unaware of my fondness for the red, white and brew until I went to a punk bar in another city and asked for a tall boy. The bartender distorted his face and, with a venomous hiss, informed me, "This isn't a fucking hipster bar." Am I a hipster? I felt like I had been shamed. I almost expected him to pull a dunce cap made of a party pack from behind the bar and make me sit in the corner to think about my bad decision-making.

Suddenly, I got all defensive about my poison and asked what kind of fucking poseur he was. I told him that, long before the hipsters claimed PBR, it was a staple of punk rockers everywhere, and said that instead of fucking buying his CBGB T-shirts at Nordstrom Rack, he might want to try sucking my tranny dick, and then I spit on his bar. My friends dragged me out before I got my ass kicked.

Why the loyalty? I absolutely can't figure it out, but here is what I do know: practicality and thriftiness—two throwbacks from my



Mormon upbringing. If I'm going to the store for a 12-er, it's most likely the price tag, not the brand I'm reaching for, and when you see me at the club. I have that tall boy in my hand for a reason—again, it's not the brand. I will get a tall boy because it is something to hold. Contrary to popular belief, I'm not a guzzler, so a tall boy will last me all night long. At most, I go through two. True, it's warm and disgusting by the end of the night, but it's more of a ruse. I spent many a year blacking out on the sauce, mostly for the fact I was having drinks bought for me, but, with a tall boy in hand. I can curb that with a polite "Thanks, you can get my next one."

In conclusion, I guess that my choice comes from practicality instead of preference. To PBR, I say kudos to your marketing department. It worked, and if you need a fierce tranny, punk

rock hipster for an ad, not only would I do it, I'd do it for free.

Speaking of go-to's, let's talk about my favorite holiday: Princess Kennedy Pride month. I would like to take this opportunity to invite you to celebrate Gay Pride Day and my birthday, both falling on June 8 this year in SLC. Start your day with us at SLUG, buy a T-shirt from the SLUG office and meet us at the beginning of the parade route on your bike. It's my goal to be the largest bike gang the gays have ever seen. From there, we will ride our bikes though the route to the Green Pig Pub, where the PBR will be flowing for my annual Princess B-day/Gay Pride extravaganza. Whether you're hipster or homo, punk or pansy, come and enjoy tall boys and tall boys with your





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'Tower Theater," one piece in Karen Horne's Night and Day exhibit on the fourth floor of the City Library.

Art Squared

By Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

If you want to see what someone is really made of look into their heart. At the heart of Utah is The City Library, The Salt Lake City and County Building and The Leonardo, sitting in historic Washington Square, adjacent to Library Square. It's used for everything from the Pride Festival to the Salt Lake City Marathon, from local open-mic performances to international traveling exhibits like Body Worlds at The Leonardo. I often find myself in this neighborhood, attending events, enjoying the library, oryikes—paying a parking ticket, but for those of you who are not familiar with the Squares, let's take a stroll.

The Leonardo focuses on the space

where art, science, technology and creativity all live together, influencing and inspiring one another. Upon entering the "Leo," you are welcomed by **Brian Brush**'s "Dynamic Performance of Nature," a distorted view of the earth laid out with LED lights reflecting seismic activity. This interactive piece loves social media and will respond with an array of colorful lights if you mention it in your tweet. From the Earth to the heavens, as you glance upward, Canadian architect Philip Beesley's "Hylozoic Veil" guides you up the escalator as its membrane reacts and moves based on your movements. Both installations are part of The Leo's permanent collection, but many of the exhibit halls change throughout the year. The Lab @ Leo is a constant bustle of creative activity. Open for Gallery Stroll, visitors can stroll through the labs, free of charge. During the month of June, the labs will feature an ongoing project called ColLaborArt. Local artists and art lab staff have developed handson, progressive projects that guests can construct as teams or build upon, using previous attendees' work. Open during the *Utah Arts Festival*, June 26–29, stop by to see a selected group of artists working in teams from initial concept drawing to finished project.

A pillar of modern architecture in Utah, the City Library is truly a building for the people. The library welcomes visitors to explore not only its massive inventory of books, but also, its art collections and community collaborations. Currently on display in the fourth-floor gallery is Night and Day: Karen Horne paints the changing light of Salt Lake City. The **Horne** family has deep roots in Utah's arts community—Horne's greatgrandmother led the charge for early arts funding and education in Utah. It seems very fitting that Karen would choose to highlight Salt Lake City, its historical landmarks, and community activities like the Utah Arts Festival. Her paintings take Utah's community and show it in a new light. Karen's work will be on display from June 21 through Aug. 1, with an artist's reception on Thursday, June 26 from 6-7:30 p.m.

Approximately 80,000 people will converge on the Washington Square and Library Sauare lawns on the fourth weekend of June for the Utah Arts Festival. There is so much to see and do that I suggest visiting multiple days. On my hit list this year are the March Fourth Marching Band—an edgy funk, rock and jazz band who high steps, dances and stilt-walks-and Australia's Strange Fruit, sway pole artists who are part performance art, part dance and part circus. Make sure you check out the Urban Arts Program, featuring all your favorite local urban artists, plus great performances and interactive activities. For more information, visit UAF.org

Enjoy your city—go out for a stroll.







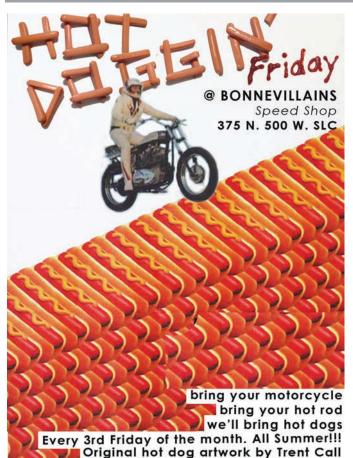


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ally laugh when I see SLCPD piglets getting around on their Treks and Giants. How are they even able to ride if they aren't in a pair of ball hugging Levi cutoffs? I don't get it but whatever officer, wear your chino shorts and shit. While I was having a giggle at a pack of piggies putting around on their over-priced mountain bikes made city cruisers, I wondered to myself "how does a cop go about becoming part of a bike unit?" I'm assuming there are rigorous tests and physicals you must pass, but what sort of specific teachings are tailored towards police who opt for a bicycle? Is there a class on how to properly tackle an assailant whilst moving full speed, from the bicycle? I've always wanted to see a cop chase down some perp on his bike while navigating some gnarly course. Is there a course with all sorts of obstacles and tasks? Like, thrash your way after this guy down this wicked trail, but stop whenever you see a school bus or an old lady trying to cross the street. I suppose my real question is; what does it take for an officer make the cut to boast the power of two wheels on the mean streets of SLC?

Sincerely, The Fixie Creep

Dear Creep who fixes,

I'm going to do my best at deciphering your prose, but honestly, it seems mostly like gibberish. Wish me luck. I'm gonna take a wild guess and imagine that piglets and piggies are cops, but you lost me at ball hugging cutoffs ... chino shorts and shit? What does any of your clothing diatribe have to do with becoming a bike cop? You seem to be a bicycle aficionado, so you know that cops don't ride the best

bikes and certainly not overpriced ones. In fact, some of them are donated. The only nice bikes I've ever seen cops ride were those seized from balloon-running heroin dealers, and yes, later tricked out as "city cruisers."

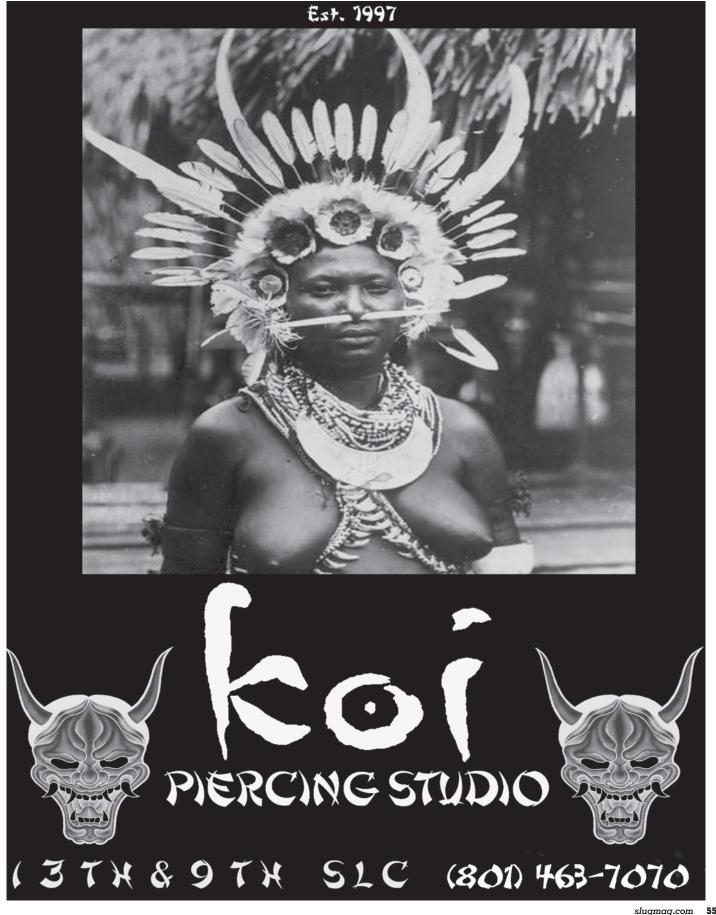
Here is my best guess at a response to your questions. The bike squad is a "specialty" assignment. When one meets their time for service and experience criteria, they can put in for a specialty squad. Yes, just like a "motor" copper must pass a qualifying motorcycle course in order to be a certified motor traffic cop, in order to ride bikes in a real-world setting, the bike cop must pass a course. Yep, a gnarly course—and I mean rad, "guhnarly" courses with epic obstacles and tasks to shred. As you ride through and over the impediments to success, you have to dismount, run, tackle, shoot, spray, taze and a myriad of other feats. After successfully completing the course a number of times, you're certified! Not every agency is the same, but that's mostly the case.

I'm curious, your moniker, Creep—as in issues related to perversion—what exactly do you fix?

Sincerely, Creep-hunting Cop

> Have a question for the cop?

Email him at askacop@slugmag.com











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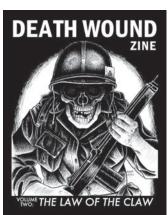
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Burning Salts Issue 2 Brver Wharton Self-Published Street: 03.08

Nothina like another one of Wharton's metal zines to get me feelin' lazy and unaccomplished in my own zinery. LORD! Burning Salts takes the vummiest elements of classic metal rags of vore (Metal Maniacs comes to mind, as does The Requiem Metal Fanzine of the mid-'90s) and serrates them with a decidedly DIY approach. Glossy covers, crisp photography and Wharton's meat n' taters interview style yields great discussions (this reviewer particularly enjoyed discussions with Ringworm. Cripple Bastards, Savage Deity and Chapel, though it includes many more, which would push me well over word count) that dig deep and cover a wide swath of the "metal underground." The reviews are the standout, though. They run long and cover obscure material that's difficult to find anywhere else (The Cemetery Fog tape!). I have nothing to complain about with this thing. It's thrilling that this caliber of metal coverage is coming from Salt Lake City and that a DIY zine can still look this slick. Grab one at the obvious haunts (Heavy Metal Shop, Diabolical, Raunch, Graywhale, the Internet) and receive a free sampler CD courtesy of Slaughterhouse Records, or die a lonely, flea-ridden poseur. -Dylan



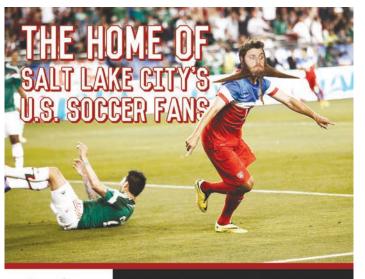
Death Wound Zine Volume Two: The Law of the Claw

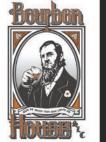
Self-Published Street: 02.15

I first requested Death Wound for review because I thought it was about horror movies. I'm not much one for punk, metal and shit like that, but the interviews with members of bands like Amebix and Autopsy led to some Google searches and a few additions to my music library, for whenever I need to feel especially crusty. I really enjoyed W's musings on films from Sam Peckinpah and Elem Klimov and their relation to the zine's subject of war and crime. His writings have an overwhelming feeling of dissociation, but I believe that's what makes them so intriguing. They left me thinking and pondering ideas of violence and its need to be expressed—in either a visceral or vicarious way—by everyone. That's not to say the whole publication was a heavy trip—there were some to-the-point movie reviews I found some humor in, and interviews with more metal dudes, which pertained to Black Sabbath and the horror/exploitation movie scene in Denmark. The zine was printed on some slick paper, and arranged in a way that kept my wandering mind and hungry eyes occupied from front to back. -Carl Acheson

The Dithering Doodles Sampler 2014 **Steve Anderson Self-Published** Street: 02.28

I'm always a tad wary when a zine/ album announces itself as a collection of throwaways that didn't make the "full-length," and, though this one had me a little worried, my fears were allayed by great artwork (Ewoks, selfietaking sharks, Justin Bie-burr) and some delightfully absurd concepts. Shout out to the "I miss my old jawb" segment, as well as the fact that the author referenced the film All Is Lost as "Robert Redford Sinking Boat Movie." Like all good zines, this one has one foot lightly planted in reality, with the other off in some weird-ass alternate cable access dimension. Though the writing is most likely meant to come off as silly, the points (especially the movie reviews) are much more salient than what I'd read in whatever glossy culture rag is throwing Lena Dunham on the cover. This is for fans of Flamin' Hot Cheetos, gas station air fresheners and that one episode of *Tim & Eric* where Eric's kids leave him to join Tim's family. At least that's what I got. Interested parties should contact premiumdeluxe@hotmail. com. Now I'm trying to track down a full issue! -Dylan Chadwick





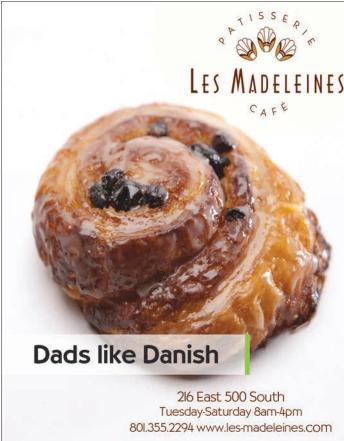
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Batman: Arkham Origins Blackgate (Deluxe Edition) Armature Studio/ Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment Reviewed on: Xbox 360 Street: 04.01

A console port of last year's 2.5D action/puzzle platformer for the Vita and 3DS, Arkham Origins Blackgate is an amalgamation of visual styles, story elements and gameplay mechanics adopted from the console trilogy—and, to its detriment, it often feels like it. Everything from the scope of the story—itself, a reskinned Arkham Asylum narrative—to the game's repetitive level design feels watered down. It replicates the look and sound of Rocksteady's dark, dreary Arkham, but lacks the personality and adrenaline of the console series. The much-lauded Arkham series combat is reduced to simplistic button-mashing, and puzzle-solving is hindered by changing camera perspective. Poor level design makes platforming segments repetitive. Blackgate is supposed to feel like a unique Arkham experience, but it's really a comprised one—an underwhelming compilation of over-simplified mechanics and inconsistent design held together by a story we've heard before. Generally speaking, Blackgate is a competent side-scroller, but in the critically revered lineage of the Arkham games, it's a disappointing, short-lived experience. –Randy Dankievitch

Daylight Zombie Studios/Atlus Reviewed on: PC Street: 04.29

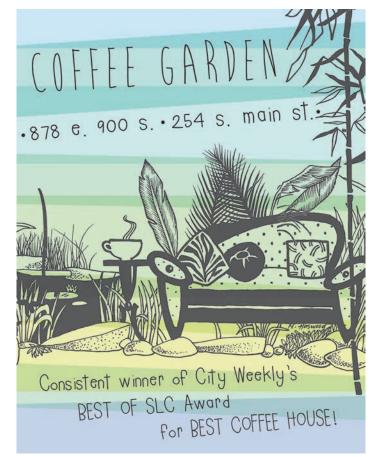
Why wouldn't you want to be a young woman dropped in the middle of a hospital/insane asylum with only a smart phone, glow sticks and road flares to guide you? This game is perfection when it comes to horror, and had me literally on the edge of my seat from the get-go. I was so tense at points that I had to take breaks to calm down before continuing my "adventure." The heads-up display is absolute genius—with your smart phone (that has no service, of course) being the "map"

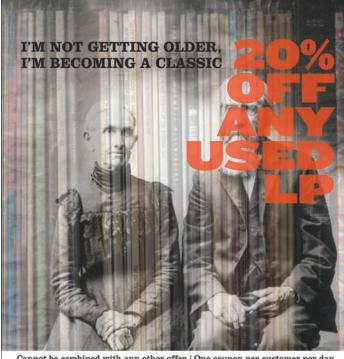
of the area, and (of course) your only source of light. When you have to run from a shadow, it becomes even more chaotic because the map you've been so heavily attached to is now flailing in front of you, nearly unreadable. The lore behind the game is interesting, the scares are absolutely 100-percent real, and the game looks and sounds stunning. Hats off to the audio engineer, because they have mixed the perfect horror soundtrack that is constantly warning you of something happening even when it isn't—this leads to a huge panic attack when something is actually around the corner. Don't play this game alone, and turn all the lights on—horror fans cannot miss this. -Thomas Winkley

Thief Eidos Montreal/Square Enix Reviewed on: PC Street: 02.25

Thief seems to have been created as a stealth game for people who hate stealth games. Assuming the role of a master thief named Garrett, the player is presented with a dark, plague-infested city that is filled with all kinds of valuables that are ripe for the taking. The dreary environments are beautifully rendered—I could almost smell the rotting wood and stagnating rain gutters as I hopped from rooftop to rooftop. In addition to the game's graphical prowess, the controls are intuitive and fluid which was helpful for a stealth game neophyte like myself. Since the game begins with Garrett's master thief status already established, the player has access to a wide range of skills that make slinking through the shadows feel natural. Though playing through the game's campaign was enjoyable on its own, I found myself drawn to the distinctive twinkle that indicated something valuable lying around for me to snatch and pocket—a necessary evil, since these small acts of kleptomania give Garrett the necessary gold to purchase skill and weapon upgrades. Though games that require sneaking around aren't typically my cup of tea. I found Thief to be an accessible representation of the stealth genre. -Alex Springer

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Downbeats High fidelity reusable silicon earplugs downbeats.com

Heretofore, it was a success remembering to have a pair of neon-orangefoam earplugs for Filth Lords practice, which our bassist Nick Harris would supply. I actually got in the habit of using those to block out that stupidass bird by my window in the mornings come springtime, and would forget them upon going to band practice. If worse came to worst, our drummer **Rio Connelly** has been generous enough to lend us some toilet paper. Since I've discovered these Downbeats earplugs, however, my standards have skyrocketed. Gone are the days of straining to hear the mids and highs of my own instrument (quitar) awash in a sea of lows. These earplugs allow each level of frequency to be heard equally, but they cut down volume substantially for a safe auditory experience—their site purports that they reduce volume by 18 dB. Downbeats designed these white plugs like a pair of earphones, except they actually fit/mold to my ear better than any earphones I've ever owned, and are far more comfortable to boot. Each pair of plugs comes with a small, cylindrical metal case (available in black, blue and purple) with a key ring, which made for a convenient accessory on the go for the Cult Leader EP-release show after work—I always have them with me now. Also, they're 10 freaking dollars. If you play music or watch people who do so, I recom-

iDevices iGrillmini iDevicesinc.com

The iGrillmini is a smaller version of the Bluetooth, app-enabled probe thermometer made by iDevices. At first glance, it doesn't seem like much—a standard metal probe to check the internal temperature of meat that connects to a small device that broadcasts the information to your phone. A lot of the product's bells and whistles are part of the free app, so the magnet-mounted LED device is able to stay fairly compact. With the app, you can select what you are cooking and dial in the temperature range you're after. Then, it's a matter of plug-and-play.

mend this product tenfold. -Alexander

Color-coded lights on the device let you know when you're getting close, and the app keeps track of cooking time and graphs the rise in temperature. It's really handy. I used it to grill some extra thick steaks that I was afraid I'd overcook, and it worked like a charm. I used it again on this year's Easter ham. Both times I was able to appear a more competent main course chef than I actually am. The one drawback is that the device itself doesn't have a temperature readout, so if you want to know exactly where you stand temperaturewise, you have to find your phone—but this also means that you can check the doneness of the meat without having to get up and manually check the grill. It's perfect for the kind of griller who would rather lounge on the porch than slave over the fire. -James Bennett

Lifestraw Vestergaard vestergaard.com

Safe, clean water is something most of us take for granted. However, more than 780 million people worldwide live in areas that do not have access to this basic necessity. Over one million people die each year from waterborne pathogens that cause various illnesses that can be mitigated through proper filtration. Vestergaard's Lifestraw is a device that allows the user to take water from nearly any source, and quickly convert it to safe, life-giving liquid. Beyond its application for citizens of developing nations, it is a great tool for outdoor enthusiasts and avid adventurers. Traditional water purification systems on the market are often cumbersome and require long periods of pumping, or rely on chemical treatment. Lifestraw's innovative filtration method utilizes advanced hollow-fibre technology that eliminates 99.999% of bacteria and 99.9% of waterborne protozoa. Anybody who has ever come down with Giardia or E. Coli knows how bad it can be, and the effects are long-lasting. The Lifestraw comes in several forms and has many applications. The original Lifestraw is a 9-inch cylinder that weighs virtually nothing and fits in your pocket. Simply place the receiving end into the contaminated water and suck the filtered end to drink. There is also the Lifestraw

Go, which is the original product

incorporated into a durable plastic bottle with a rubber mouthpiece. This is a great item for backpacking trips, and it's easy to use. Finally, Lifestraw offers the Family Edition, which can filter more water through a gravity driven system. These items can filter between 1,000 and 18,000 liters of water, which is more than enough for one person to drink for an entire year. These filters are the future of water purification and take up virtually no space in your pack or survival kit. – Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Merco Box Stylish Utah Subscription Box mercobox.com

Salt Lake City is filled with many hid-

den gems, and Merco Box helped me discover a few—it's filled with products and services from local businesses. Every month, a new box featuring different local businesses is created. My box included Q Clothing, Purse Dreams, Figaro Salon, Wild Grape Bistro, Edible Wilds, Sea Grape Bath and Body, Raziehs and Heavenly Hygienics. Q Clothing provided a dreamy infinity scarf from their quirky Downtown boutique. Purse Dreams, a luxury bag store, offers designer handbags to locals. Figaro Salon, located at 9th and 9th, is ready to pamper the hell out of you. Wild Grape Bistro is a wine lover's paradise with an award-winning wine list. Edible Wasatch provided a aluten- and dairy-free brownie mix that made me feel less bad about eating the whole pan—gluten-free means it's healthy, right? Sea Grape Bath and Body provided "Relaxed Mama Tea." I'm no mama, but the combination of chamomile, lavender and cornflowers worked magic on my Issue Week stress levels and summertime cold. Raziehs' Wrinkle Free Obsession is a creamy serum that reduces the look of wrinkles—I wouldn't trust anything other than Raziehs' commitment to natural, organic skin products. Heavenly Hygienics' product was a Cherub Balm Lotion Bar that had a heavenly lavender lemon scent. They understand—like others in the Merco Box—the importance of natural products, and they do a great iob making them delicious. Merco Box is a great way to keep your spending local and to try new products. -Robin



Wicked Audio Divvy Splitter wickedaudio.com

Every Monday, I sit in a room with three of my lovely lady friends and we record a podcast. We have a pretty lazy/sophisticated setup where we sit in a circle, whip open our laptops or tablets, and lean awkwardly to leave some give for our headphone cords. The current splitter we use is too close to the board, and more often than not, one of us has to go without headphones because we don't want to be that close to each other. Listening to each other's voices through headphones instead of yelltalking is crucial for the quality of our show. I brought over the Divvy Splitter one night, and shared the jack with one girl who prefers a quieter volume, whereas I like to hear myself as loudly as possible. The Divvy uses dual volume control (which our current splitter doesn't accommodate), so each person plugged in can adjust the volume as they wish. It also has a longer cord to plug into any electronic device (in our case a soundboard) and allows for more slack, which has been an issue with every splitter I've used in the past—I was so happy to see it fixed with the Divvy. The audio never broke or skipped, and I was never affected by the other person who was plugged in. It works with 3.5MM headphone jacks and is a little larger than previous splitters I've used, but it makes up for its size with accessibility. Wicked Audio's Divvy is, by far, the best splitter I've used, making sharing less of a burden. – Rebecca Frost



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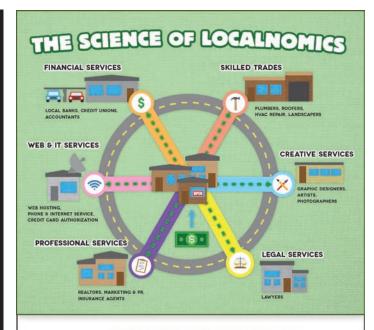
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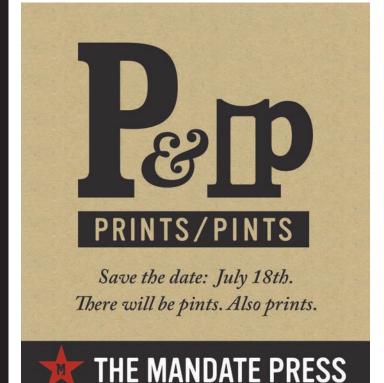




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Artist Editions



The Amazing Spider-Man 2 **Director: Marc Webb Columbia Pictures** In Theaters: 05.02

As Peter Parker (Andrew Garfield) continues to rid New York City of crime as Spider-Man, he constantly struggles with the promise he made to Gwen Stacy's (Emma Stone) father—to stay away from her in order to keep her safe. Along with this internal battle, a slew of super villains have made their way to the city that never sleeps. Electro (Jamie Foxx), the Green Goblin (Dane DeHaan) and Rhino (Paul Giamatti) want to bring a new wave of destruction and rid the world of their masked hero. The aerial scenes with camera shots attached to the web-slinger's shoulder, as he soars above the crowded streets, are almost hypnotic with their beauty, and the chemistry between Garfield and Stone still remains the most beloved element of the re-launched franchise. However, director Marc Webb has no clue on the tonal direction he wants to take these films. Is it for children or adults? You cannot have some of the darker imagery in this epic matched with Spider-Man donning an NYFD helmet while spraying a villain with a hose. It doesn't work. The gualms of having villains oversaturate the screen are unnecessary, as Webb distributes each one with an appropriate amount of action, but as he moves forward to a "Sinister Six" tale, he needs to decide on the film's primary audience above all else. The action sequences are topnotch, but the film's biggest fault comes with the similarities of Foxx's origins to that of Jim Carrey's Riddler in Joel Schumacher's "Batman Forever." Talk about a comparison you never want to experience. -Jimmy Martin

Godzilla **Director: Gareth** Edwards Warner Bros. In Theaters: 05.16

It's been 16 years since Hollywood attempted to capture the king of monsters on the silver screen, and the results were more disastrous than a crushed skyscraper. So, when director Gareth Edwards announced he was bringing the beast back, nervousness was afoot.

Thank God-zilla those jitters were unwarranted. After a supposed nuclear meltdown in Japan kills Joe Brody's (Bryan Cranston) wife, the physicist spends the rest of his life trying to uncover the truth while everyone, including his son, Ford (Agron Taylor-Johnson), thinks he's a wild crackpot. Turns out he was right, and the prehistoric creatures the government refers to as "MUTO" break out of their containment in search of nuclear hotspots for food. Another legend the government has known about is the colossal reptile known as "Gojira," who maintains the balance of nature and surfaces from the ocean's depths to hunt. Edwards takes his sweet time to reveal the massive creatures fighting toe-to-toe, but fine acting-especially from Cranston—and an intriguing origin storyline keep audiences from caring. Some will find irritation at the multiple hints of action without showing much, but the final 40 minutes of the concrete crunching showdown suffices. Edwards successfully walks a fine line between a modern-day blockbuster and a classic B-movie from the franchise, but delivers exactly what Godzilla fans have been craving for almost two decades. -Jimmy Martin

Neighbors Director: Nicholas Stoller Universal In Theaters: 05.09

Never judge a book by its cover—or a movie by its trailer. If anyone had with this R-rated comedy from director Nicholas Stoller, they would have assumed this filthy flick was nothing more than a childish romp with a few sight gags. Wrong! Mac and Kelly Radner (Seth Rogen and Rose Byrne) have just purchased a new home with their new baby, but when the house next door is sold to the Delta Psi Beta fraternity with their president, Teddy Sanders (Zac Efron), leading the drunken debauchery, you can imagine their concern. Rather than immediately making enemies, the older couple attempts to partake in the festivities with a promise to Teddy to never call the cops, but when the shenaniaans become too much to endure, that promise is broken and war is declared. God bless Stoller for embracing his R-rating and refusing to pull his punches as Rogen, Byrne and Efron offer nothing but the crudest form of humor. While the leads certainly get their laughs, the supporting cast of Dave Franco, Ike Barinholtz and Lisa Kudrow unquestionably get theirs as well. At times, the intersecting storylines veer from each other, forming two separate plots with minimal comedic results, but the polar opposites of Rogen and Efron repair the damage with their vulgarity. I know I will never look at an airbag in the same fashion ever again. -Jimmy Martin

The Other Woman Director: Nick Cassavetes 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 04.25

Cameron Diaz stars as high-profile attorney Carly Whitten, who has become smitten with her new lover, Mark King (**Nikolaj Coster-Waldau**). But, when she finds out he's married to Kate (Leslie Mann), the two form an odd girl-power friendship and seek revenge, especially after discovering he's cheating on both of them with Amber (Kate Upton). Obviously, not every movie will be made for a 32-year-old man who's into "Star Wars," but when your 30-year-old wife leans over to you in the middle of a chick flick and proclaims, "This movie is a piece of shit," you know something's wrong. Everything from the literal soundtrack (Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York" over the city skyline and the "Mission Impossible" theme song for the snooping around segments) to the wooden performances from everyone involved (it's clear Upton was hired for her enormous and natural acting abilities), this movie is the definition of a train wreck. It's even more disturbing when it's coming from Nick Cassavetes, the guy who brought you The Notebook, a romantic film I can actually support. While the word "revenge" is uttered in every advertisement, it's not spoken until 65 minutes into this catastrophe, so we're given montage after montage of boredom and non-stop whining. Any man who is dragged to this calamity by their significant other is allowed one affair. Fair is fair. -Jimmy

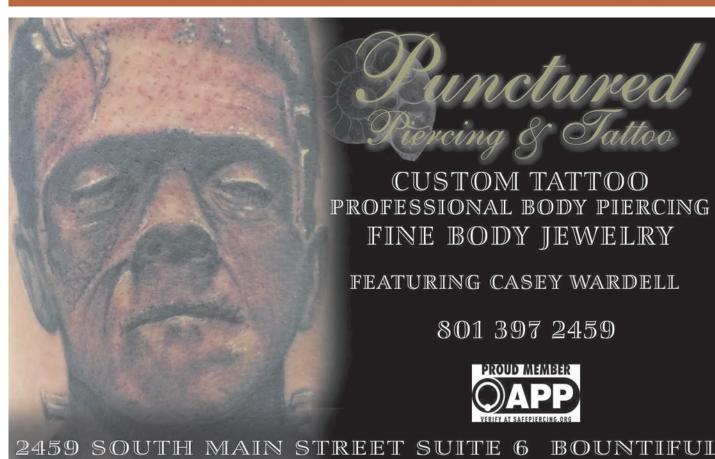
The Sianal **Director: William** Eubank **Focus Features**

In Theaters: 06.13



As they drive across the country to California, friends and computer whizzes Nick (Brenton Thwaites), Jonah (Beau Knapp) and Haley (Olivia Cooke) make a stop in the Nevada desert to track down the notorious hacker, Nomad. As they search an abandoned shack, they suddenly encounter an unfathomable abduction. When Nick regains consciousness, he finds himself quarantined in a government facility with an inquisitive agent (Laurence Fishburne) searching for answers. Director William Eubank imprisons the audience in the same restraints as his actors and gradually unveils the truth behind the confrontation with the extraterrestrial biological entity. Fishburne plays the character you love to hate as he torments his detainees. The film pays homage to other cult classics like The Blair Witch Project and District 9 without appearing derivative. Along with Fishburne, the entire cast builds an increasing amount of tension until the final and unbelievable explosive climax. The only distraction comes in the final moments of the film. As the mystery is being unveiled, an overbearing dubstep score blasts through the speakers, disrupting the general tone of the production. Obviously, it's not enough to ruin the film. but it certainly leaves a question as to why it was added. -Jimmy Martin







Bludgeon Muffin Revolt Self-Released Street: 02.28 Bludgeon Muffin = Rebelution + Mystic Roots

This album—more of an EP, really—is solid, standard reggae. The bass goes as deep as your headphones will let it, and the guitars cascade over with some genre-standard up-strokes and some pretty tasty solos—though some are a little long. The vocals often have a unique waver—somewhat reminiscent of Michael Stipe of REM—and they work well with the low end of the bass. Standouts are "No Justify" and "Revolt," but there are only five songs on Revolt, with a few remixes. Only the "PolyRasta Remix" of "Diversion" really stands out, and it's actually better than the original version. The issue with reggae (and many genres) is that there are hundreds of reggae acts, but not a lot of them are good—still fewer are great. Bludgeon Muffin lies somewhere in the middle, though they definitely have more potential than most. -CJ Morgan

Brad Hart & The Lopez Massacre

Sego Lily
Empty Set Records
Street: 03.07
Brad Hart & The Lopez
Massacre = Mark Kozelek +
Tim Rutili



Armed with a buoyant singing voice falling somewhere between Tim Rutili and **Thom Yorke**, Brad Hart and his conspicuously named backing band The Lopez Massacre's debut album is a brooding, little opus about Utah and the West. The songs are stuffed with sur-

prising textures and dark imagery, but it's all just a vehicle for Brad's swoony, Mark Kozelek-like voice. His musings about the West are hardly ground-breaking—or even interesting—but songs like "The Homesteader," about the appropriation of land in the West, are hard to resist, with breezy paces and images of wide-open spaces, mountains capped with snow and dark days when "we give thanks for every drop of rain." -Taylor Hale

The Creature From Jekyll Island

Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 03.07
The Creature From Jekyll
Island = Mindless Self
Indulgence + Abney Park +
Depeche Mode

TCFII conquer and conjure a hell of a lot of musical goodness on their debut record. It's highly difficult to properly describe and entirely critique what this SLC steampunk/industrial rock band does. TCFII are fantastic at creating songs that folks can not only dance to, but also rock out to. "Pepsi Christ,"
"Obamanomicon" and "Demand and Supply" are aggressive, rocking tunes, tricking the mind with humorous, dark ideas. It's all Jekyll and no Hyde here—crafty synth programming and beats mixed with a hefty amount of rocking and aggressiveness. Then, almost swoon-like vocals spice up the imagination and make the experience not only aural, but visual, too. With that imagery in mind, TCFJI are known for putting on some gnarly, visually exotic live shows. So step on up and take "the 'Pepsi Christ' challenge!"

-Bryer Wharton

Dekai Era EP

Era EP
Damn Son!
Street: 04.08
Dekai = Zeds Dead + (Kill
The Noise - Wolfgang Gart-

The indigenous sounds of Dekai's latest work are not to be taken lightly. This young rogue, **Derek Page**, has welded his love of percussion and industrial sounds with the ever-evolving technology of the EDM scene—creating a real beast of an EP. Though bass heavy, this five-track album elevates listeners by merging contrasting

sounds—creating a harmonious, ethnic melody throughout. Technically, Page has managed to produce tracks that possess textbook elements of dubstep: ingenious, punchy sub-bass and hi-hat movements, echoed, clean layers, a variety of builds, drops and crisp vocals. "Rituals" was the standout piece of the puzzle that encapsulates what I felt was the essence of the EP. This is a stellar local release that deserves national recognition. –Kamryn Feigel

Forest Feathers

Hush
Self-Released
Street: 12.01.13
Forest Feathers = The Antlers + Mount Eerie

With Hush, local artist Cam Sackett takes us through the cosmos on a journey through space and time, crafting a luscious album sprinkled with stardust and glitter. "Stargazer I" and "Stargazer II" start the EP on an epic note that leads humbly into "Mumbled love." Later, "Slumber & other short stories" is where the journey—for me—really took off, as it conjured up a vivid image of being a kid tip-toeing through the house in order to embark on an epic dream journey with fantastic possibilities. Clocking in as the longest track on the album, this song was appropriate for such an arc to really be explored. The soft instrumentation used with the marimba and other electronic elements work well, in this and throughout the EP. -Brinley Froelich

Great Interstate

Inversion Songs
Self-Released
Street: 05.09
Great Interstate = Sunny
Day Real Estate + Jimmy
Eat World + The World is a
Beautiful Place & I Am No
Longer Afraid To Die

Great Interstate is what happens when an emo band decides to skip the whole shifty pop-punk **Dashboard Confessional** thing and tries to be more like **Explosions in the Sky**. This album is one of the more impressive albums I've heard come out of Salt Lake City in the past couple of years, especially when you consider that it was self-recorded and produced by singer **Andrew Goldring**. The music lands somewhere among straightforward emo

pop, angular indie rock and ambient post-rock, and finds itself solidly in the best parts of each genre. This is perhaps best seen on the excellent "All Things Must Change," which finds the band dancing among the ambient and dark pop parts of their sound. Provo gets most of the indie-rock hype lately, but this is at least one band Salt Lake City can be excited about.

-Alex Gilvarry

Heartless Breakers

Lighter Doses
Self-Released
Street: 01.14
Heartless Breakers = The
Graduate + Jimmy Eat
World (Futures era)



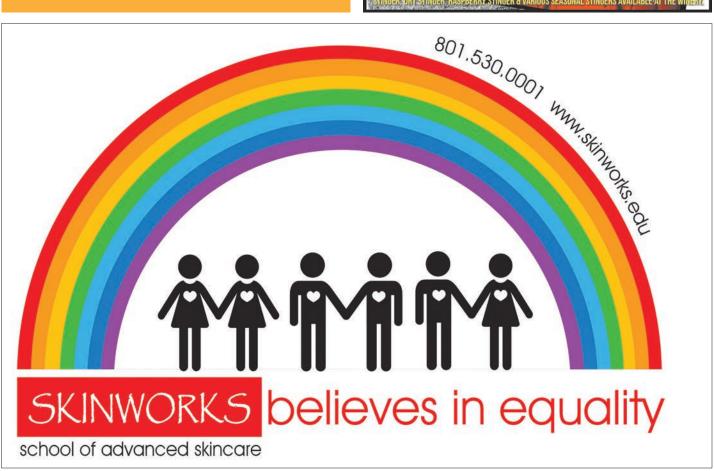
Hot off the heels of their Prescriptions debut EP last year, Lighter Doses is an acoustic breakdown of Prescriptions' songs mixed in with a couple brand-new ones. As a companion piece to the original, it's an interesting contrast that distills such pop-heavy and catchy songs until they fit into an acoustic setting. I think their appeal—for me—lies in the energy of the original songs. They don't grab me as fiercely as the fully dosed versions did, but as a creative experiment, it's hard to complain about any band willing to reinterpret and reconstruct their original vision. Bonus mention goes to "Burn and Bury" for its slow buildup and haunting strings—I don't know if it's in the works, but sign me up for a full dose of that one. -Matt Brunk

Kaptain jacK

The Hippest of the Hop
Self-Released
Street: 04.18
Kaptain jacK = Eminem +
Pandora







I don't think I have ever heard a Warren Zevon sample on a hip-hop album before, but like David Kessler in An American Werewolf in London. Kaptain jacK's debut is a bloodlust furball roaming the eerie, fog-covered streets. This canine-biped, carrying around Chinese food in the rain, also embodies the wildly random and seriously vast number of samples, melting together seamlessly in this Murray, Utah, emcee's album. With a huge range of samples throughout the entire album changing drastically from song to song, one won't get bored of this tossed salad of hip-hop sampling. The one consistent motif for the whole album is jacK's tight lyrics and smooth flow. Cop a digital file. – Josh Allam

Loud Harp Asaph

Asapn
Self-Released
Street: 04.08
Loud Harp = A Boy and His
Kite + Seafinch

If the majority of popular Christian music is dominated by an annoying "Jesus Is My Boyfriend" take on reality, then the music of Loud Harp comes as a breath of fresh air. By embracing contemporary indie music, Loud Harp have positioned themselves away from most popular worship music, and with their sophomore offering, they have put together a beautifully realized album based on the poetry of the psalmist Asaph. Taking cues from acts like Broken Social Scene and Sigur Rós, Asaph is full of soaring and somber music that meditates on one's relationship with God. On standout track "The Nearness of You," singer **Asher** Seevinck cries, "My flesh and my heart, may fail ... You have been my strength, my refuge, whom have I but you?" The message here might be lost on some, but the power and feeling behind the delivery is enough to make anyone emotional. -Alex Gilvarry

Magic Mint Grand America Self-Released Street: 03.11 Magic Mint = Wavves + Kurt Vile

Upon realizing that Magic Mint is the product of a solo endeavor, I had to relisten to every track before concluding that Andrew Shaw is something of a surf-psych rock factotum, Grand America is a brief, unassuming assemblage of shimmering guitar soundscapes (notably in "Happy Ever After" and "Enemies") and twangy garage-crunch anthems speckled with obscured, fluttering vocals ("Jaded") with the percussion being created by a drum machine. I've never been a big fan of drum machines—even in solo endeavors—but with Shaw, it's forgivable because he crafts all other layers around them meticulously well. With just an EP, I can safely say that Shaw's one-man talent is enough to rival the likes of other local

bands among the surf-psych fold.

- Gregory Gerulat

Michael Gross

Golden Hits, Volume 1
Self-Released
Street: 03.18
Michael Gross = The Allman
Brothers Band + Josh Ritter

Michael Gross is the frontman and founder of the band **The Statuettes**, but he's releasing this EP on his own. This EP comprises of five tracks—his "Golden Hits." Gross is an indie/folk rock singer-songwriter who takes full advantage of his guitar ability. Gross is simple and complex at the same time. There is a big difference in musical style between each track. He goes from somber and slow to upbeat with a little twang, eventually finding a middleground between the two styles. If Gross sounds up your alley, head over to michaelgross.bandcamp.com and check out his new EP today! -Lizz Corrigan

Regurgitated

Pieces
Blunt Force Records
Street: 03.28
Regurgitated = Nile +
Severed Savior + Putrid Pile

Regurgitated is only a one-man project (though he's assisted by session musician Adrian Gallegos), which is surprising, because with my time spent listening to Pieces, it almost sounds like I'm listening to a full band. Give or take a few quirks, the drum machine most times—sounds more natural than a lot of other one-man death outfits. While the band touts itself as brutal death metal, I get as much a vibe of tech death as the brutal stuff from the album. The guitar style is distinctly different for the genre. Regurgitated likes to retain his heaviness in either slow. punishing acts of violence or maniacal, demolition-style riff pulsations. Also different from the one-man norm is the unique quitar solo style—melodic a lot of the time as well as having a huge and wondrous atmospheric affect. This Riverdale death junkie deserves an audience, so go grab the tunes and push the "blast" button. -Bryer Wharton

Richard Tyler Epperson

Hourglass
Self-Released
Street: 04.08
Richard Tyler Epperson =
Bob Schneider + Explosions
in the Sky

This mix of often sweet-sounding acoustic guitar and multi-layered instrumentation is definitely pop-radio ready. Honeyed vocals and saccharine, sometimes cheesed-out lyrics work together with soft effects to create a warm blanket of music to envelop your eardrums. Spacey electronic effects and lilling piano add to the album's velvety dimensions. The entire work is beautifully produced.

On the other hand, the style presented has been done many times before, and comes across a bit lackluster and unexciting. Two songs, "Like Always" and "Lights," are distinctively glitchy. Chilly piano melodies and whiplashing minor-key instrumentation sets "Like Always" apart from the rest of the album. In the end, Hourglass is pretty and easy to listen to. -LeAundra Jeffs

Spörk
Spörk 2.Ö
Interspork Records
Street: 02.25
Spörk = QOTSA + The Fluid
+ Thunderfist

Sometimes good things come in twos, and the second release by local selfproclaimed "stoner rock" duo Spörkthe embodiment of synthetic, petroleum-based fast-food flatware—the musical equivalent of what passes for "journalism" in frontman Bill Frost's television-addicted, sarcasm-singed, tube-top addled mind ... Where was 1? Oh yeah, the famed sophomore slump most bands encounter after what scant novelty of their debut (2008's Ocho Destructo) wears off. In this case, it's a full-on slouch, similar to the posture of dudes whose preferred "lady-killing" attire is trenchcoat and fedora. "Taco Tuesday," the lead track, is a high-octane anthem for this kind of late-night loser, with an intro that sounds like background music at a Beto's. From that point on, things go about as well as you'd expect. Nobody bothered to inform Spörk that it's not only a different decade since the last time they got their shit together enough to put something out, but it's also not the '90s grunge era anymore. sporkslc.bandcamp. com. -Stakerized!

Various Artists

Lake Mary Presents: Visit
Heligator Records
Street: 03.28
Lake Mary Presents =
TaughtMe + Grouper

Creating a cohesive compilation can prove difficult when working with a variety of artists and visions. Yet, Lake Mary Presents: Visit seems to be unanimously organized to evoke juxtaposed feelings of serenity in a frigid environment. "Cloud Ship," by Sas**katoon**, at 10 minutes long, starts with a repetition of a simple beat that doesn't really build into anything but more spaciousness, yet it seamlessly leads into the more melodic-based structures in "Topa" by **Tanks**, creating an ambient charm with a floaty, dream-like structure. This theme stays pretty common throughout, and local artist Lake Mary's songs create a blanket to wrap around the entirety of this collection. And to top it all, this album comes with a purpose beyond just ear-pleasing: All proceeds for the record will be donated to building a

library at the Malindza Refugee Camp in Mpaka, Swaziland, and you can download it at lakemary.bandcamp. com/album/lake-mary-presents-visit. – Brinley Froelich

Westward the Tide

Sorry Soul
Self-Released
Street: 03.28
Westward the Tide = The
National + Ferocious Oaks

If you feel like you're being seriously

deprived of some folk/alt-country, this is your band. Jackson Larsen's deep singing pairs well with Kaitie Forbes, bringing a refreshing dynamic to the songs that a solo singer couldn't quite achieve, which is welcomed by me. While the melodies and instrumentation stay pretty simple (take "Sorry Soul," for example), the minimalism of their work translates into something deeper and more meaningful for a solemn listening experience. Deeply entrenched in Western themes, both musically and lyrically, Sorry Soul feels a bit redundant compared to the multitude of similar bands of the same caliber. That's not to say these aren't solid compositions, and I kind of like where they're going with it. Instead of lovey-dovey folk music, this is a bit more bleak—apparent in "Devils," a tune about the monsters within us. -Brinley Froelich

The Wild War

Valley Rain EP

Self-Released

Street: 02.04

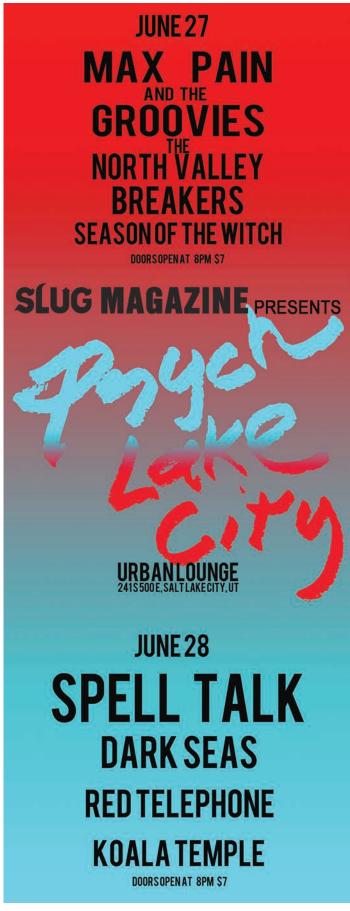
Wild War = Isaac Russell +

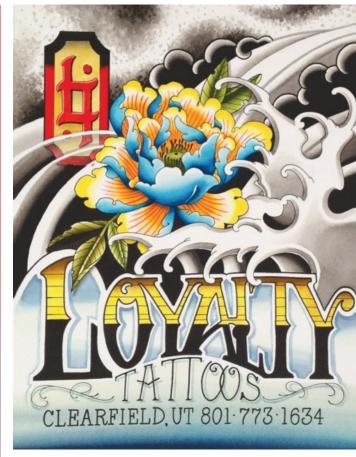
Westward the Tide + Grey

Fiction

Listening to four songs is almost enough to get to know a band, though in this case, I feel like there might be something missing. "The Architecture," is a cool, solemn and folksy number that really draws from The Devil Whale. "Love, Don't Say Goodnight," made me think of Sunny Day Real Estate at their most somber. "Valley Rain" continues the slow melodic drive with wavering vibrato vocals over downtrodden guitar strums, and "Be You," sounds like a daydream from Iron and Wine's hammock. The Wild War are best when they're a little more warm and upbeat, though the first and last tracks are really only the two examples, and even they aren't super cheerful. The production is very solid and the songs are well crafted, but I feel like there could be a lot more to hear from this group, especially from the lighter, more positive side of the spectrum. - CJ Morgan

Are you in a local band? Send us your album, and we'll review it in print: reviews@slugmag.com









ACxDC

Antichrist Demoncore Melotov Records Street: 06.24 ACxDC = Despise You + Lack of Interest + Spazz



Having established themselves as a nascent pillar of the California punk n' hardcore community with a smattering of splits. EPs and insane live shows (check the Google machine for their set in Pomona 2011), ACxDC's full-length debut offering might literally be their opus to masochistic, satani-violence with a conscience. You'll def need a lyric sheet to piece together that bit. but methinks they don't like religion and they're probably into veganism. Production by Taylor Young (Xibalba, Twitching Tongues) lends the album an air of bottom-heavy groove, a arounding complement to the intermittent blasts throughout. "Destroy Create" plays like Pig Destroyer, loopy on chem-trails and SSRIs doing extendo versions of Napalm's "You Suffer," and "Keep Sweet" has its one brilliant moment of Intea-inflected holy wailing. Brooding, nuanced numbers like "Overstimulated" and "Give Up" should tickle the fancy of those who write PV off as some kind of one-trick brony. It has songcraft like whoa and a "heavy" production that anyone can get behind. Buy if or the mosh part in "Fillicide" alone. -Dylan Chadwick

Christmas Island Street: 05.06 **SideOneDummy** Andrew Jackson Jihad = Ezra Furman + Titus **Andronicus**

Andrew Jackson Jihad

Like their previous albums, Andrew Jackson Jihad has created a disturbed eulogy to a candy-coated world view. Their combination of intensely morbid metaphors and reminiscent lyrical content captures the incensed and wornout attitudes of so many of our generation—see "Getting Naked, Playing with Guns." Musically, they tend to choose acoustic instruments that simultaneously contrast and complement vocals evocative of Dead Kennedys' old-school punk. The album is a veritable mishmash of different music styles. "Angel of Death" referenced their invention, the "Salad Glove." I chuckled, which was perfectly timed as a symbol of a past self shed. To be able to write such simplistically complex lyrics is genius, especially when, at the end, I was left with an unexpected and contrasting emotional response, mourning the rancid state of the world, vet somehow feeling uplifted and fulfilled. -LeAundra

Banner Pilot

Souvenir **Fat Wreck Chords** Street: 04.15 Banner Pilot = The Menzingers + The Riverboat Gam-

Normally, I really enjoy softer forms of punk rock—as long as there is enough emotion in the lyrics and music, it always keeps me enthralled. Unfortunately, this album doesn't grab me in the same way that Off With Their Heads or The Riverboat Gamblers did when I first listened to them. The instrumentals are decent on this album—there are a few good melodies in "Effigy" and "Modern Shakes," but nothing that really came out and slapped me in the face, so to speak.

I wouldn't mind the instrumentals lacking feeling, as they are not the primary focus, but the vocals rarely have any emotion in them-it felt like vocalist Nick Johnson was singing the same song 12 times. -Eric U. Norris

Boozoo Bajou

Apollo Records Street: 03.31 Boozoo Bajou = Oneohtrix Point Never / Yanni

If I were going to choose a type of music to play, I wouldn't choose ambient jazz. First of all, either one of these genres is plenty difficult to master on its own. Second, the people who do this well are bona fide geniuses— Brian Eno. Miles Davis—the type of musicians with discographies so unfuck-with-able that, well, you might be well-advised not to try to improve upon them unless you're also a genius. Enter Boozoo Bajou, a couple of fellows from Germany with a band name so bad, they ought to be dick punched. Their music is pretty, I suppose, and I'll admit it does create "a mood." The problem is that the mood is a bit—zzz ... -Dan Vesper

Christos DC

Long Road Honest Music Street: 04.22 Christos DC = Black Uhuru + **Don Carlos**

Long Road offers a soul-filled mix of jazz and downtempo reggae that is pleasant to the ears. Though not an overall exciting listen, this album requires patience. I suggest sitting back with a glass of wine (maybe something stronger), lighting some candles and starting a mellow evening. Open up with the groovy number "Just Talk to Me" featuring Kenyatta Hill (son of Joseph Hill of Culture). Then, to keep that special evening golden, include "Same Old Sing Along" and the slightly upbeat "Another Day." Finally, check out the Greek-influenced reggae number "Vasilikos," featuring Anastasios Vrenios. After that, you'll get the point that this album is pretty straightforward and only requires a passive listen. So, pour yourself a stiff one and put your feet up. -Nick Kuzmack

Collapse Under The Empire

Sacrifice & Isolation **Finaltune Records** Street: 05.23 Collapse Under The Empire = Sleepmakeswaves + 65daysofstatic + Aerogramme

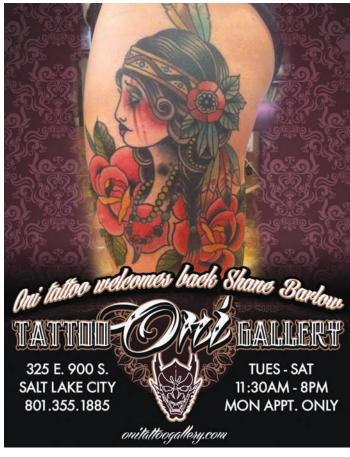
Let's unpack this idea of music being "cinematic." I suppose it starts with the idea that music can follow a pattern akin to visual storytelling, with buildups, climaxes, reflective pauses in the action and gradual resolution. No other sub-genre gets this tag more than post-rock. For as clumsy as the term cinematic is, it fits Collapse Under The Empire like no other can. Collapse Under the Empire play climax-heavy post-rock that one can project any mini mindmovie onto—thrilling chase scenes, moments of ultimate catharsis and realization or getting the shit kicked out of you by something much bigger than yourself. Collapse Under the Empire's moving instrumental passages are tension-filled and bittersweet, epic and moving. This is well-trodden ground, but Collapse Under The Empire walk the line with precision. -Ryan Hall

Corrosion of Conformity

Candleliaht Records Street: 06.24 **Corrosion of Conformity** = Life of Agony + Down + Crowbar

This is the Corrosion of Conformity I grew up on-equal parts jam and technicality, and catchy as hell. Some of the guitar tones from albums like Blind, Deliverance and even a little bit of Wiseblood are present. The album feels much like a return to those records more than to their last. Mike **Dean** changed up his vocal delivery to be more croon and swoon than aggressive, as it was on the last. With the iam factor stated, let's not forget there are a bunch of different types of guitar delivery from Woodroe "Woody" Weatherman. Songs like "Trucker," "Tarquinius Superbus" and "Denmark Vesey" have some great guitar shred victory moments. IX just may very well be the sleeper metal record of the







year, considering I didn't know what was coming until I got my review version. Now my shoes are up a tree outside, and my socks are stuck to the ceiling. -Bryer Wharton

Enthroned

Sovereians Agonia Records Street: 04.15 Enthroned = Gehenna + early Necromantia



Listening to this was kind of like going to church—one where all the crosses are upside-down, a priest named Nornagest is invoking demons, screaming frantically, and the altar boys are done up in corpse paint playing devil-fueled black metal. "Anteloquium" slathers your forehead in goat offal, opening Sovereigns with ethereal trumpets and ominous drumming. Memorable and oddly catchy guitar riffs abound on the entire album, especially on "Of Feathers and Flames" and "Lamp of Invisible Lights," the latter of which samples Aleister Crowley orations in time with the music. "Divine Coagulation" has fast drumming and majestic tremolo guitar picking to complement its glorious title. This was playing in my car when I drove my mom to the store the other day. "These guys are Belgian," I said. "Doesn't it kick ass?" She looked at the stereo like it was spilling sewage and told me it sounded evil. You heard the woman. So sit back, throw away your goddamned **Deafheaven** and **Liturgy** albums, and embrace the true progression of black metal. -Alex Coulombe

Frantix My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic **Alternative Tentacles Street: 05.13** Frantix = Mudhoney + Flipper + The Fluid

Frantix was an early '80s band from Colorado that blended their own take on hardcore music with standard '80s rock. They released two 7" records during their run, and this CD collects all of that music with live tracks and unreleased demos into one place and it's great. The sludgy guitar and



the hard-hitting drums pair incredibly well with the drone-like, "I-don't give a fuck" vocals. Mudhoney fans will recognize the title track, "My Dad's A Fuckin' Alcoholic," but many, like me, probably thought it was a Mudhoney song to begin with. In addition to inspiring the granddaddy of all grunge bands, members of Frantix would go on to form the early Sub Pop band The Fluid, who helped break rock music away from the grip of hair metal. This is a historically significant release, and a must-have for anyone really trying to understand '80s hardcore.

Gladenfold

From Dusk to Eternity **Buil2Kill Records** Street: 05.05 Gladenfold = Wintersun + post-'00s Amorphis + Rhapsody

Even though it sounds like a smooth blend of bands from Spinefarm's early years, Gladenfold mixes just enough power metal into their synthdriven melodic death metal to breathe life into a genre I had given up on years ago. The band's musicianship is stunning for a debut, and the production is incredibly clear, giving those dueling guitar solos and sweeping synth leads the extra push they need. Yet, there's something delightfully cheesy about From Dusk to Eternity. Gladenfold's debut remains refreshingly out of place in an age where metal seems to be taking itself way too seriously. -Henry Glasheen

Horse Thief Fear in Bliss **Bella Union Street: 04.15** Horse Thief = Alt-J + Dr. Dog

Horse Thief are psychedelic rockers originally from Texas, but found their calling in Oklahoma City, embracing change. They abandoned their safety zone in the Midwest and headed to Los Angeles to record their newest album, Fear in Bliss. Leaving comfort zones is thematic across the album, diving into slow tempos and contemplative metaphorical language, but bringing it back around with upbeat auitar chords

in songs like "Dead Drum." Listening to Fear in Bliss feels like listening to Alt-J on steroids—finding peace in the psychedelic, but embracing the intensity of rock music and various instruments. The five guys of Horse Thief cover the guitar, keys, bass, drums, organ and percussions, in songs like "Human Geographer," contrasting "Already Dead," which relies on the distant vocals of Cameron Neal. Overall, these guys nailed it. Each track, note and line is a commitment and showcases their versatile talent. -Lizz Corrigan

Kepler Attic Salt 12" Oscarson Street: 05.06 Kepler = The Wallflowers +

This is probably one of the most aeneric albums I've ever heard. I tried to like it. I tried desperately to search for something unique and interesting about it, but I couldn't. It sounds like every mellow-rock and indie band in the last 25 years congealed into one unimaginative band. Maybe part of it was because I had to fuck around with a record player for 30 minutes to be able to play it. Maybe it was the fact that I can reference their "inspiration" (i.e. replication) for each song with its original artist. Literally, the only good thing about this album was the art and presentation—too bad the music didn't match. -Allison Shephard

King Dude

Fear

Not Just Religious Music Street: 05.06 King Dude = Death In June + Social Distortion + American Recordings-era Johnny Cash



TJ Cowgill, aka King Dude, caught my attention with 2011's Love, a spacious pagan folk record examining themes of death, nature and Lucifer's light. Now, joined by drummer Joey D'Auria and session musicians, Cowgill supplements Americana and Brit-folk explorations of existential fear and imminent demise with a completely unexpected

musical mode—punk rock 'n' roll. At first, it's pretty weird, and I favor songs such as "Bloody Mirror," which recalls the stark sound of 2012's Burning Daylight. In songs like "Cloven Hooves of Fear," though, it's as if Cowgill's trying to slip his own gospel of Lucifer into the mainstream. The stirring alt-country highlight "Never Run" shows Cowgill branching out vocally and the feeling continues in the album closer "Watching Over You," with weeping violin and a sing-along-chorus of "Know that a demon's watching over you." Although I prefer prior records, Fear still works magic—Luciferianism has never sounded so normal. -Cody Kirkland

Kina Dude & Chelsea Wolfe

Sing More Songs Together... Not Just Religious Music Street: 03.25 King Dude & Chelsea Wolfe = SWANS + PJ Harvey

What can I tell you about this two-track collaboration that you aren't already certain of? TJ Cowaill sounds like Michael Gira; Chelsea Wolfe is unfuck-with-able, and the combo is, for a second time now, nothing short of incredible. "Be Free" is their unholy duet, which directly aims each singers' voice at the other with the aggressive refrain of, "Don't you dare take my hand if you wanna be free," volleyed from both sides—perhaps it's the most direct thing Wolfe's set her voice to yet. "Bed On Fire" haunts like a tune from Apokalypsis, with Wolfe restlessly lingering over a sonic abandon of smoldering and cinematic post-apocalyptic folk like it so wonderfully does. Are they going to make an album together? God, I hope so. -Christian Schultz

Kite Party

Come On Wondering Animal Style Records Street: 05.06 Kite Party = The Appleseed Cast + The National

Kite Party are one of the few recent emo post-hardcore bands to surface from the underground shortly after the genre's demise. Even though the divide between lovers and loathers of the music probably died with its popularity in the mid 2000s, Come On Wandering has enough stylistic integrity to make music snobs start bickering over Sunny Day Real Estate again. Most of the tracks on the record are chock full of subtle guitar arpeagios slid between sustained, airy guitar riffs, while the lead singer cloaks his crooning reverb vocals slightly beneath the rest of the band to deliver token emo-core lyrical subjects-mundane nostalgia, hyperbolic struggles and a general indifference to anything else. Whether this



JUNE

6/6 - 6/8 Alien

6/13 - 6/15 Scott Pilgrim vs. The World

6/20 - 6/22 Amelie

6/27 - 6/29 Shaun of the Dead

8//1 - 8/3 This Is Spinal Tap

8/8 - 8/10 Boogie Nights

8/15 - 8/17 Big Trouble in Little China

8/22 - 8/24 Fargo

7/4 - 7/6 Airplane

7/11 - 7/13 Fantastic Mr. Fox

7/18 - 7/20 Pineapple Express

7/25 - 7/27 The Princess Bride

The Tower Theater 900 S. 876 E.

slfs.org





70 SaltLakeUnderGround slugmag.com 71 kind of music makes a full comeback or not, Kite Party at least have the talent and inebriating cohesiveness to make it fondly remembered.

-Gregory Gerulat

La Sera Hour of the Dawn **Hardly Art** Street: 05.13 La Sera = Vivian Girls +



Katy Goodman's (Vivian Girls) third solo album under the name La Sera is uplifting and poppy, combined with a definitive Smiths-ian piece of brilliance. Warning: This album produces a strangely addictive sound that keeps one hooked from beginning to end. Other side-effects may include a finger constantly resting on the repeat button. But don't worry, getting onto this kick is not hard at all. One needs to simply jump into the tracks "Summer of Love," "Running Wild," "All My Love is For You" and last, but not least, "Kiss This Town Away." If this is not enough, then follow with "Control." Between the vocals and the soothing but rocking upbeat sound, I'm hooked. -Nick Kuzmack

Lydia Lunch & Cypress Grove

A Fistful of Desert Blues **Rustblade Street: 05.30 Lydia Lunch & Cypress** Grove = Tom Waits + **Johnny Cash**

Like a mysterious mirage amid sand dunes, "Sandpit" begins the album with Spanish-influenced blues and existential wonderings. In her classic style, Lunch moans like a witch with a voice made out of sex. As the album progresses, the music transforms from minimalist acoustic stylings to heavy western rock, all with a murky blues style. Every song is consistently littered with dark lyrical content ranging from lost love to murder. At one point, on "Jericho," the album becomes political, referencing the war in Irag. The drums are always intense, whether they're lo-fi and fixed in the bass register or cymbal-heavy and crashing. The occasional Middle Eastern influence or strange background effect adds interest. If you enjoy eerie compositions voiced by a devil woman like I do, A Fistful of Desert Blues should be next on your to-do list. -LeAundra Jeffs

Mark Barrot Sketches From An Island **International Feel** Street: 06.02

Mark Barrot = Instrumental Pink Floyd / Monster Rally + Todd Terie

If you follow the surfing community, even casually, then you might know the name Ozzie Wright and his colorful piece of art, "Anti Bad Vibe Shield." Mark Barrot's new album could be the soundtrack for that piece of art. It starts off with a smooth, island-funk intro that sounds like something from Ethiopian jazz legend Mulatu Astatke. As great as that intro is, it still sounds like something I've heard before. It's fun, but not entirely original. But as the album progresses, the tempo continually calms and becomes something foreign to me. There's some Spanish guitar, unusual percussion and world sounds. Although the music feels like it could fit on a Sounds of Nature compilation, it still strikes me as bizarre, even as it relaxes me. It's like stepping into Salvador Dalí's "The Persistence of Memory" painting and somehow feeling at peace. -Justin Gallegos

Meatmen

Savage Sagas **Self Destructo Records Street: 05.27** Meatmen = The Dwarves + **Negative Approach**

As the opening lyrics "We're the moth-

erfuckin' Men O' Meat!" were hurtled in my face, I knew that the legendary Meatmen were back with another anthology of gross-out punk rock. This disgusting masterpiece contains assertive numbers like "I'm Gonna Fuck You Up," "Piss Hot for Weed" and "Speed Kills (But it Sure Feels So Good)." We also get the climatic, cowboy-themed "The Ballad of Stinky Penis," and little spoken word skits like "Skecky Presents..." and "Billy's Birthday Surprise." However, the cherry on the top of this shit-cake is "Rock n' Roll Enema"—an unfiltered deprecation of the notorious GG Allin. It's about time these outrageous sons of bitches gave us a new record—so tell the Dwarves to give up their title of "Greatest Band in the World," because, as it clearly states in "Dwarves are the 2nd Greatest Band in the World," that title belongs to the Meatmen. -Eric U. Norris

Moon Zero Tombs / Loss **Denovali Records**

Street: 04.25 Moon Zero = Steve Reich + Akira Yamaoka + Loscil

Like an unsettling dream, this pair of albums produces associations and feelings that displace and frighten the listener. Tim Garratt plays with the possibilities of maximalist ambience. pitting a full range of reverberating overtones against each other to create overpowering aural experiences. In the midst of the swirling ethereal sound cloud of "Dalyan," you can occasionally hear voices that never become fully distinct, as if they're being swallowed up in the undulating waves of noise. Vague impressions endure, like wiped-out faces from last night's dream or the lines of static on an old VHS tape, Beautiful, odd and mesmerizing. -Henry Glasheen

Nostalahia Chrysalis 110 Records/INgrooves **Street: 04.08** Nostalghia = Björk + Leandra

Nostalghia's Chrysalis is an otherworldly, eerie combination of intense vocals and uneasily calm synth. The delicate vocals harness an underlying aspect of intensity that slowly builds as the album takes shape. From the soft piano in "Cool for Chaos" to the unhinged "I'd Still Kill You," this album is a poetic fantasy world of a slowly breaking heroine with uncontrollable emotion. Chrysalis is a soundtrack of madness infused with delicate undertones and subtle chaos. For fans of eclectic electronic, this album will no doubt be heavy in your listening rotation. -Seeth McGavien

OFF! Wasted Years Vice **Street 04.08** OFF! = Black Flag + Circle Jerks + Redd Kross



In 2010, when footage of OFF! first started showing up online, fans of old California hardcore music lost their minds. Was **Keith Morris** actually fronting a punk rock super-group that could savagely jam 17 songs into

less than 20 minutes? He was, and they could—it was incredible. Skip forward four years, and here we are with OFF!'s third full-length release. It's not bad, but it beas the question as to whether we need 17 more songs that sound eerily similar to the previous two albums. With Wasted Years, the band revisits familiar themes of Reagan-era politics and self-destruction with the accuracy of a surgeon and the weight of a Mack truck. Even though the energy behind the 23-minute opus is starting to show its age, I can't think of a more qualified group of guys to bare their teeth and plug away. -James Bennett

Polock

Rising Up Mushroom Pillow Street: 04.08 Polock = Phoenix + Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. - Bronze Radio Return

It's June, ladies and gentlemen, and that means summer indie pop releases. Returning after their debut album, Getting Down From Trees, is Polock, the quintet from Valencia, Spain. We hope for maturity on a second album, and we definitely get it from Rising Up. The concern with a band that sounds so much like Phoenix that they could be related is that influences are excusable on a debut, but not so much down the road. Rising Up does not vary from their original sound one bit, and oddly, in this case, it works. The single, "Everlasting," is an excellent song and much better than the material other bands in this genre have put out lately. This album plays well in its entirety, and I can just see the beach couples snuggling to its jams. Good job, boys. -Benjamin Tilton

Popstrangers

Fortuna Flying Nun Records Street: 05.27 Popstrangers = Smith Westerns + Wavves + Menomena

Compared to their first album, Antipodes, Popstrangers are really living up to the "Pop" in their name. I want to stress that I said, "compared to." Think more '60s pop—you're not going to confuse Fortuna for a Taylor Swift album—especially not with the underwater space vocals that sound like they're coming from a spinning speaker after passing through an assortment of phase and reverb effects. Like any good pop album, the fourth track, "Country Kills," features a chorus you might get stuck whistling at your quiet office. In the same chorus, something vocally reminds me of Desert Noises. While the overall feeling is similar to Antipodes (catchy Sonic Youth-sounding ambiance), Fortuna sounds more electronic, incorporating more rhythmic syncopation and vo-



72 SaltLakeUnderGround sluamaa.com 73 cals with a vague auto-tune aftertaste.

-Steve Richardson

Rachel Taylor Brown

Falimy
Penury Pop Records
Street: 05.06
Rachel Taylor Brown = Sally
Seltmann + Laurie Anderson

I think I can label this album as singersonawriter, alt-chick rock music with a piano and sometimes other instruments, but perhaps I'm dismissing this as something that it's not. The lyrical themes touch on a family and how that serves as a source for comfort and identity, despite how complicated and frustrating they are. Although the production and singing come from a place of talent and cohesion, the album came across as juvenile to me, like in "Robin," a cute song-story of an innocent little airl savina a bird. later with the theme repeating itself in the interlude, "Bird." "Litany of the Family" came across as the most experimental and most enjoyable song for me, as the monk-like singing and a capella humming encapsulated the monotony of church-going families being boring and holding hands, smiling and holding a newborn ad nauseam. -Brinley

Stagnant Pools *Geist*

Polyvinyl Records
Street: 06.10
Stagnant Pools = Slowdive
+ Wire + Edwyn Collins

I could probably fill most of the shoeaaze reviews I write with half-hearted comparisons to Slowdive and be done with 'em. That's what I thought here, at first, with the opening song "You Whir," but a different narrative unfolded upon subsequent listenings. This one starts off shoegaze-strong, then back channels with a bit of post-punkiness in the guitar work and deadpanish Orange Juice-style vocals from vocalist Bryan Enas. Brian and his brother Douglass recorded Geist, their second album, in a Chicago winter, and though they're from Indiana, I swear their long lost home is dreary of England—these tracks are buzzin' with that classic British indie sound. -Christian Schultz

Symbol

Online Architecture
Holodeck Records
Street: 04.08
Symbol = Boards of Canada
+ Mark Bradley + x.y.r

Online Architecture is one of the greatest synth-based records to grace my inbox this year. Christopher Royal King descended from on high from the post-rock pioneers This Will Destroy You to drop this insanely thick

and muggy synth tape full of East Asian looped melodies, subdued clouds of pillowy drones and a bevy of east-ofcenter instrumentation—harmonium, singing bells, hammered dulcimer and tape destruction—on an already packed 2014. The record is a fine collection of shifting morphine passages that lap and wash over speakers like a low-cloud ceiling. Recalling Boards of Canada's hazy electronics and Mark Bradley's modulated synth wizardry, Online Architecture is an album with depthless depths, endless starting and stopping points, and when you squint your ears just right, you hear something completely different. -Ryan Hall

Timber Timbre

Hot Dreams
Arts & Crafts
Street: 04.01
Timber Timbre =
Elvis Presley + Dirty Beaches



Taylor Kirk of Timber Timbre has a devilish croon that can make Halloween seem like the most romantic holiday of the year. His band's third album finds their inimitable style evolving once again, yet stumbling in the same ways creatively. The obsessive-romantic sway from 2011's Creep on Creepin' On is all but gone on this album, save its full-blown nature on the title track. As is the case with most singles, the song is a complete standout (musically, not lyrically) from the rest of the album. TT can jump from western, space-blues like "Grand Canyon" to night lounge ballads without a wink, not to mention their instrumental freak-outs. Their music is brilliant enough to create the feeling of reading a book and seeing a movie all through song, but their inconsistency keeps them from creating their magnum opus. Nevertheless, this is not an album to miss. -Justin Galleaos

TOBACCO

Ultima II Massage
Ghostly International
Street: 05.13
TOBACCO = (Beck x Avey
Tare) / (Black Moth Super
Rainbow x Dan Deacon)

Bless this godforsaken heap of digital diarrhea. The most anticipated release

of summer is here with TOBACCO's latest and vilest album to date. I couldn't be more ecstatic. Heavy vocoding, vulgar lyrics, mangled synths—it's a bit like a pus-filled, oozing wound. Just like a sore you can't cure, it's so intriguing and revolting it hurts. Still, something about picking at it is so therapeutic. It's a complete conundrum—nothing about the album is linear or rational, yet its rawness is so stimulating that it's addicting. Every track is deconstructed and dysfunctional to the point of perfection. I have a hard time choosing favorites. "Eruption" is a bundle of areasy slime. "Face Breakout" is a groovy grind of glass to the face, and "Pool City, McKnight Road" is everything you love about an '80s workout videotape. Do yourselves a favor and get this. It'll make your eardrums melt with ecstasy and bliss. -Kamryn Feigel

Vader

Tibi Et Igni
Nuclear Blast
Street: 06.10
Vader = Decapitated +
Behemoth + Vomitory

Polish death metal giants Vader enter

the summer release chaos with Tibi Et Igni-meaning "For You and Fire" in Latin. Tibi Et Igni isn't a bad album, though it struggles quite a bit. Most songs lack the luster of the past. Losing two great drummers in a band where drumming has always been a huge factor feels like a large drain on the death crew. A good chunk of the songs seem to go through some regular motions and are also abruptly short—so the new album here seems to bear the weight of whether or not the strong songs can carry the record over the weak ones. "The Eye of the Abyss" is highly dynamic, "Triumph of Death" is catchy as hell and "The End" makes a great album closer. In the end, the fans will decide this record's place in death metal history. -Bryer Wharton

Videoing

Treasure House EP
Self-Released
Street: 04.29
Videoing = Animal Collective + Le Tigre / Blondie

Opening with noise guitars and heavy beats, Videoing sucker-punch you with this five-song EP in a wave of electro-industrial sound and don't let you up until the very end. The opening track, "Under Water," gives us a brilliantly pseudo-sultry dance song in which lead singer Jen Bradley effectively redefines '80s female electro-rock for the post-millennial era with each effect-laden layer. "The Fence" is poppy enough to make it to mainstream media—its simple, catchy lyrics sound as if Bradley is telepathically channel-

ing **Debbie Harry**. On the last song, "Audrey Horne," things finally slow down into a sexy ballad accented with piano and more noisy guitars, highlighted by Bradley's swoony, lower register vocals. While I'm disappointed that this is only an EP and not a full-length album, I'm content to listen to this repetitively until I can get my hands on their next album. -Allison Shephard

Woods

With Light and With Love
Woodsist
Street: 04.15
Woods = Devendra Banhart
+ Teenage Fanclub

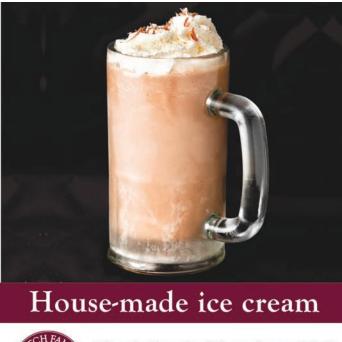
Brooklyn "do everything" folk band Woods return with a bright album full of quaint little pop songs with no edges and hooks so sugary they make Teenage Fanclub look like **The Ramones**. Woods are probably the least freaky of the "freak folk" acts, but definitely the most consistent (as long as Devendra Banhart keeps making shitty albums). The centerpiece of the album is the title track, with its spacious jamming that makes me think of Rust Never Sleeps, but doubled down on folk. The whole album, really, is like a saccharine Rust Never Sleeps. I might need a dentist. –Taylor Hale

Wye Oak
Shriek
Merge Records
Street: 04.29
Wye Oak = St. Vincent +
Beach House + TEEN

Like many of their musical contemporaries, Baltimore's Wye Oak are embracing new modes of music-making and shying away from guitar-based rock structures to favor synthetic sounds and electronic textures. Wve Oak's brooding Civilian from 2011 and their albums before it relied on alt-country influenced melodies and thick bursts of distorted guitar. Now, with Andy Stack weaving his precise drumming with syncopated piano and synthesizer riffs, and Jenn Wasner using a bass instead of guitar, her usual molassesthick singing is airy, light and free, not bound by guitar-based songwriting. Songs like "Sick Talk" and "Logic of Color" demonstrate Wye Oak's complete sonic reinvention and the bass grooves and polyrhythm in "The Tower" and "Paradise" exhibit influences of Wasner's stint as bassist in Horse Lords. This record is a beautiful, optimistic existential shriek against the rut of tradition and an uncertain future. It's a good dream—a hopeful one. -Cody Kirkland

> Read more reviews at slugmag.com







KEEP COOL WITH FROZEN TREATS





Friday, June 6 Johanna Johanna - 5 Monkeys Telluride Meltdown - ABG's Crucialfest: Eagle Twin, Kowloon Walled City, Helms Alee,

Making Fuck, Oxcross - Bar Deluxe

George T. Gregory All Stars - Bavou The Jingoes, Magda Vega - Brewskis Jack's Smirking Revenge, The Hung Ups, The Cockpits, Jail City Rockers - Burt's Mandy Lion, Order 66, Undermine, Mister Richter - Dawa Pound DJ Dolph - Downstairs Emily Galati, Danny Villalpando - Egyptian Theatre

Andre Williams & The Goldstars, The Rubes - Garage Lady Legs - Hog Wallow Tyler Ward, Brynn Elliott - Kilby The Thrill Collective, No Cigar, Echo Mind

- Muse Music Living Archaeology with Rusty Greaves - Natural History Museum Maggie Rose - Outlaw Saloon White Party - Paper Moon

Salt Clan Gallery - Pickle Factory Rooftop Concert Series: We Are The Strike, VanLadyLove, Cory Mon - Provo Town Sauare Parkina

Crucialfest: Cult Leader, Parallax. Name, Teeph, Reproacher, Borasca, Rail Spike, OldTimer - Railyard **Community Art Garden**

SB Dance: The Pushers - Rose Waaner

Ryan Shupe & The RubberBand - Sandy Amphitheater Eagulls, Cheatahs - Shred Shed Wayne Hancock - State Room Berlin Breaks, Lily Grey, ECS, Red On Black The Royal

Dubwise - Urban Provo Gallery Stroll - Various Galleries Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll Various Galleries

Utah Pride Festival

- Washington Square Deicidal Carnage, The Rompstompers, Tr3ason, Forever November - Why Sound MiNX, The Monday After - Woodshed

Saturday, June 7

Hoziepalooza - 365 So. 100 W., Payson The Business, Drunk As Shit, Sturgeon General, Jail City Rockers, The Gloriuos Bastards - AFLA Railyard Crook & The Bluff, Charles Ellsworth, Merchant Royal - Bar Deluxe

Urban Legends Music Festival

Barbary Coast Saloon Latin Jazz Factory - Bayou The Metal Dogs, Johnny Roxoff - Brewskis Genre Wars - Burt's Khumba, ParaNorman - City Library Phase V, Kyle Khou, Lovey James, Keenan Cahill - Complex Fairy Fest - Crone's Hollow DI Fresh One - Downstairs

Emily Galati, Danny Villalpando - Egyptian Theatre

Such A Mess, Post Season, Andre Williams & The Goldstars, The Rubes Save The World Get The Girl, - Garage Forget The Sunset - Shred Shed

Rick Gerber Band - Hog Wallow The North Valley - Jazzy's The Mountain Goats, Loamlands - Kilby Utah's Animals - Natural History Museum Odwin, Jeff Orcut, Andrea the Giant - Northwest Recreation Center DJ Playboy - Outlaw Saloon Rainbow Bash - Paper Moon

SLC Ballet Spring Gala - Rose Wagner Restless Heart - Sandy Amphitheater Crucialfest: Heartless Breakers, Eons, Call Of The Void, Abrams, Badass Maaic, Die Off, DÖNE, Light/Black - Shred Shed

- SLCC Community Writing Center Naive Melodies - State Room Crucialfest: Red Fang, Big Business,

Writing For Change

American Sharks, Worst Friends, Top Dead Celebrity - Urban Blue Wavers, The Great White Buffalo, The House Guests - Velour

Utah Pride Festival - Washington Square Crucialfest: INVDRS, Visigoth, Black Sheep Wall, Gaytheist, Of Feather And Bone, La Verkin, Huldra Wasted Space

Supersonic Supperclub, Jesse Walker. Red Spectral - Zest

Sunday, June 8 **Urban Flea Market** - 600 So. Main St.

Play Fight - Bar Deluxe Transvisible: The Bamby Salcedo Story - City Library Morgan Snow - Garage Jesse Walker, Matty Mo, Flash N' Flare, Chaseone2, Sneeky Long, Godina Park Silly Sunday Market

- Historic Main Street Star Anna, Heather Reid Michelle Moonshine - Kilby Castle, Towards Chaos - Lo-Fi Cafe Michale Graves - Metro Janelle Monáe - Red Butte

Monday, June 9

PlayFight - Bar Deluxe Havok, Wretched - Burt's Theresa Caputo - EnergySolutions Empires, The Wild War, Summer Lasts Forever - Kilby Golden Youth, Cardboard Kids Loading Dock CityCop, Rocky Mountain District, Esther, Dance on My Grave - Shred Shed Summer Battle Of The Bands: Night 1 Valour

Stonefed - Hoa Wallow Ellsworth - Kilby Tuesday, June 10 Matthew Teardrop, Living Rhuem - Burt's Ill Equipped - Loading Dock Wall-E - City Library Wild Apples, Ferocious Oaks, Batty Blue - Kilby Lost Generation - Muse Music Tech N9ne, Freddie Gibbs, Krizz Kaliko, Colt 46 - Outlaw Saloon Jarren Benton, Psych Ward Druggies Saltair Zak Waters - Shred Shed

Sage Francis, B. Dolan, Apt - Urban Lionel Richie, CeeLo Green - USANA Summer Battle Of The Bands: Night 2

Wednesday, June 11 Happy Birthday, Manuel Aguilar! Kataplexy, Elbow Deep, Deicidal Carnage

The Faint, Reptar, Darren Keen - Depot The Rhythm Combo - Garage Andrew Maguire's Art Project. In Mountains In Stars, Creature Double Feature - Kilby Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - Lucky 13

Bud Bronson, Deer People, The Troubles, BabyGurl - Shred Shed The "About Me" People Want to Read SLCC Community Writing Center Yann Tiersen, NÓ - Urban Summer Battle Of The Bands: Night 3

Dead Lake Trio - Woodshed

Thursday, June 12 Happy Birthday, Kate Colgan!

Cash Cash, Viceroy - Complex Average White Band - Egyptian Theatre Lee Bains 111, The Glory Fires - Garage Michelle Moonshine - Hog Wallow Tiburona, Secret Abilities, My New Mistress, Valerie Rose Day - Kilby The Chickadee Society: Snakes - Natural History Museum Summer Celebration - Neighborhood House Collective Soul - Sandy Amphitheater A Second Look: Revising Your Work - SLCC Community Writing Center Folias - Tin Angel Phesto, Rasco, Mykill Miers, DJ True Justice Urban

Summer Battle Of The Bands: Night 4 West Elm & Craft Lake City Present:

Shooting Poloroid with Acme Camera - West Elm

Sarah B. Band - Woodshed

Friday, June 13

Zodiac Empire, Gold Boot - ABG's Juana Ghani, Hectic Hobo - Bar Deluxe Double Helix - Bayou Utah County Swillers - Brewskis Absence Of Despair - Burt's Rad Company - Canyons Resort The Case Against 8 - City Library Logic, Quest & Castro - Complex Average White Band - Egyptian Theatre The Trappers - Garage Jessica Lea Mayfield, Israel Nash, Charles Shinobi Ninja, The Paper Guns, \$ooloo, Chiodos, Emarosa, Hands Like Houses, Our Last Night, 68 - Murray Theater Daughters of Mudson - Rose Wagner Joe Purdy, Brian Wright - State Room gLife, DJ Pookie, Once The Lion - The Royal Ogden Arts Festival - Union Station

SLUG Localized: Disforia, Dead Revelator, Founders Of Ruin - Urban Sugar House Art Walk - Various Galleries Summer Battle Of The Bands: Night 5

Saturday, June 14 Happy Birthday, Darcy Russell! Happy Birthday,

Timo Hatziathanasiou! Heart & Soul Music Stroll - 2700 S 1530 E Daverse, Afro Omega, Rebel Zion, Sounds Of Gaia - Bar Deluxe Mr. Lucky Blues - Bayou Juana Ghani, Hectic Hobo - Brewskis Nashville Pussy, The Yawpers, Fifth On The Floor, Magna Vega - Burt's Fishbone - Canyons Resort

WRD: Black & White Picnic Scrimmage - Derby Depot Miss DI Lux - Downstairs

Jimmy Webb - Egyptian Theatre The Moths - Garage Matthew & The Hope - Hog Wallow God's Country - Jazzy's Wingfest 2014 - Jordan Park The Menzingers, Lemuria, Pup, Cayetana - Kilby

Brit Floyd - Maverik Center Bug Brigade - Natural History Museum Colt 46 - Outlaw Saloon Daughters of Mudson - Rose Wagner Bone Thugs N' Harmony - Saltair D.I., Dont Trust Anyone, Change To Fire - Shred Shed

The Brothers Comatose, Bullets & Belles - State Room UCW-Zero Pro Wrestling

- UCW-Zero Arena Latino Americans: War & Peace - UMOCA Ogden Arts Festival - Union Station The Devil Whale, Giraffula, Koala Temple Ted Dancin' - Urban OneRepublic, The Script, American Authors

LISANA Summer Battle Of The Bands: Finals - Velour

Sunday, June 15

Jess J, Ninja By Nature, Ray Ray Charles, Yazzi, Fitch Head, Jay Citrus - Burt's Jimmy Webb - Egyptian Theatre Ashlee K. Thomas, Gentri Watson - Garage Park Silly Sunday Market Historic Main Street Outline In Color, Miss Fortune, The Animal In Me, Hearts & Hands, The Perished, Acclimate Theory - Loading Dock Fero Lux, I Buried The Box With Your Name, Stickfigures - Shred Shed

Monday, June 16 Happy Birthday, Ricky Vigil!

Sammy Warm Hands, Task Ine, Ogar Burl, Dine Krew, Pat Maine - Bar Deluxe Black Cobra, Polst - Burt's Neon Trees, Smallpools, Nightmare & The Cat - Complex Dog Fashion Disco, Psychostick, The Bunny The Bear - Urban

Tuesday, June 17 Happy Birthday, Jamie Stott! Vessel - City Library

The Lexington Heights, Kindred Dead, Nickles & Sense - Kilby Until We Are Ghosts, Solomon, Sail The Seven - Loading Dock Dark Sermon, Kingmaker, Villains, Widow, Winter Burial - Metro Jason Isbell, The Lone Bellow - Red Butte Spy Hop Presents: 801 Sessions -Alchemy, Pinecone Radio, Archeopteryx - Shred Shed

Wednesday, June 18 Grandhorse, The North Valley, Dedere, Grass - Bar Deluxe Cold Sweat, Jantzonia - Burt's Murphy's Midnight Rounders - Croné's Hollow Planning For Burial - Diabolical Records The Rhythm Combo - Garage

Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - Hoa Wallow Arsonists Get All The Girls, Allegaeon, Death of An Era, Gift Giver, It's Awake, Forget The Sunset - Loading Dock Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - Lucky 13 Farewell My Love, Jaime's Elseware Shred Shed

World Party, Gabriel Kelley - State Room Mike Sempert - Velour Dead Lake Trio - Woodshed

Troglodyte, Torn The Fuck Apart, Blood

Thursday, June 19

Purge, Unmerciful, Death Blow - Burt's Lonesome Shack, Season Of The Witch - Garage Ashley K. - Hog Wallow Mimi Knowles, James Devine Band, Tha Connection - Kilby Honyock - Muse Music Seven Lions, Artophia - Park City Live

America - Sandy Amphitheater Postcards - Shred Shed Talia Keys, Lady Legs, Marinade, Grits Green, Michelle Moonshine - State Room Allah-Las, Pest Rulz, Super 78 - Urban Allred - Velour

Friday, June 20 Happy Birthday, Mary Duncan!

Graham Lindsey, My Graveyard Jaw, The Ugly Valley Boys - ABG's 2014 Dark Arts Festival - Area 51 The Blue Moon Bombers, Jail City Rockers, Heartbreak Beats - Bar Deluxe A.M. Bump - Bayou Hope Riot, The Divison Men - Burt's SIC Punk 2 Punk's Dead - The Concert

 Complex Craig Campbell - Depot DJ DRIX, Honey, Ortega Omega, Suspended in Connect, Hustlenometry Coorunnin, Chikis, Ban2.0, Cannibal J. Dweezy, MikeE - Eclipse David Williams, The Come Ups - Garage Son Of Ian - Hog Wallow Waka Flocka Flame - In The Venue Latasha Lee & The BlackTies - Infinity Alchemy, Murphy Jackson - Kilby Paris Morgan and Patrice Kurnath Natural History Museum

Aaron Watson, Dirt Road Devils Outlaw Saloon The Robert Cray Band, Mavis Staples - Red Butte Donovan Wolfington, Lime Cordiale, Pope,

Shred Shed Blockhead, Chase One Two, Steezo - Urban Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - Various Galleries Allred - Velour Zodiac Empire - Woodshed

Saturday, June 21

Eli Whitney, The Wasatch Fault

Happy Birthday, John Barkiple! Happy Birthday, Ryan Woodward! 2014 Dark Arts Festival - Area 51 The Blue Moon Bombers, Jail City Rockers Bar Deluxe

Chalula - Bayou Watson, DCAN - Burt's

2014 Summer Of Death Presented By: Crossroads Skate Park Savor The Summit - Egyptian Theatre

Graham Lindsey, Billy Cook - Garage Marinade - Hog Wallow Rydah J. Klyde, Jay Tee, Coolio-Da'Unda'Dogg, J. Diggs, Paige Raymond, Sucka-Ducka Mobb, The Commission - In The Venue Pangea - Jazzy's Young Widows, White Reaper, Pity Sex, Wild Moth - Kilby

Wayne Static, Thira, Shadow Of The Giant, Downfall - Lo-Fi Cafe

Cougar On A Meth Binge - Muse Music



Yann Tiersen @ Urban Lounge June 11

Utah's Animals; Drawing Dinosaurs - Natural History Museum Dirt Road Devils - Outlaw Saloon Rackatees - Shred Shed AUDL: Salt Lake Lions vs. San Francisco FlameThrowers - Taylorsville High Fresialinda - The Core Copper Sculptures - UMFA Art Fitness - UMOCA Coolio, Matty Mo, Flash & Flare - Urban The Moth & The Flame - Velour

Sunday, June 22 2014 Dark Arts Festival - Area 51 Crepitation, Deathead, Deicidal Carnage Splattered - Bar Deluxe Park Silly Sunday Market - Historic Main Street Toarn, Redeem The Exile - Loading Dock Sleepwalker, Rival Tides, Rook & The Ravens - Metro AUDL: Salt Lake Lions vs. San Francisco FlameThrowers - Taylorsville High King Khan & The Shrines, Red Mass, Mr. Elevator & The Brain Hotel - Urban

Monday, June 23 Happy Birthday, Eric Granato!

Supervillains, Wasnatch, Paper Guns, Abandon The Midwest - Bar Deluxe Lake Effect - Bayou Asher Roth - Complex Tigers Jaw, Pity Sex, Wild Moth - Kilby FEA, Filth Lords - Shred Shed KISS. Def Leppard - USANA Gavin Ryan - Velour

Tuesday, June 24 Happy Birthday, Andy Silva!

Watchers Of The Sky - City Library Future, Rico Love, Que - Complex EMA, Strong Words - Kilby Merle Haggard - Kingsbury Natalie Cole - Red Butte

The Neighbourhood, Travi\$ Scott, White Arrows - Saltair Springfield, Grass - Shred Shed

Wednesday, June 25 Happy Birthday, Mariah Mellus!

Fruit Juice - Burt's Peter Murphy, Ringo Desthstarr - Depot The Rhythm Combo - Garage Christian Coleman - Hog Wallow My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult DJ Toxic Rainbow - Lo-Fi Cafe Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - Lucky 13 Destroyer Of Light - Shred Shed Saturday's Voyeur - SLAC Artists at Bingham - UMFA Dead Lake Trio - Woodshed

Thursday, June 26

The Quick & Easy Boys - Bar Deluxe Mugen Hoso - Burt's Chase Rice - Depot Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars Garage Morgan Snow - Hog Wallow Emby Alexander - Jazzy's Genre Zero Album Release Show, Flashbulb Fires, L'Anarchiste - Kilby The Chickadee Society: Caterpillars & Butterflies - Natural History Museum The Sinisters - Shred Shed Truth Illoom - Urban Merchant Royal, Mr. Future - Wasted Space Aisle Of View - Woodshed

Friday, June 27 Happy Birthday, Dave Brewer! Mortiai Tempo - ABG's

Hectic Hobo, Chivers Timbers, Father Mark, Pillar Point - Kilby Tom Bennett - Bar Deluxe Aisle Of View - Brewskis Bill Medley - Egyptian Theatre Velvatones - Hog Wallow Paul Wall, Eric Bellinger, Pries - Infinity Aura Surreal - Jazzy's Yazzi, Jay Citrus, Saner, One, Kevin Castle, AriZona - Kilby Babbylon, Arhythmatik, Marcanum X, LNX, I.M.ME, K-Swal - Murray Theater Flashbulb Fires, Wild Apples, Indie Sky Tribe - Muse Music

Mark Owens - Outlaw Saloon Class Picture, Odious, Yaktooth - Shred Shed Bikuben, Christopher Kelly: God Complex

- LIMOCA Psych-Lake-City Night #1: Max Pain & The Groovies, The North Valley,

Breakers, Season Of The Witch -Urban Park City's Last Friday Gallery Stroll

- Various Galleries Bat Manors, Book On Tape Worm, Imperial Mammoth, Stephen Cape - Velour Collectors Book Salon - Weller Book Works Tainted Halos, Hi-Fi Murder, Danny Wildcard, Brad Rizer, Tim Pearce - Why Matthew & The Hope - Woodshed

Saturday, June 28 Happy Birthday, Gilbert "Gil" Garcia! Fetish Ball - Area 51

Black Pussy, Mothership - Bar Deluxe The Number Ones - Bayou Common Kings, The Jimmy Weeks Project, Sammy J - Complex Jackyl, Vixen - Depot Bill Medley - Egyptian Theatre Screen Door Porch - Garage Candy's River House - Hog Wallow Drew Deezy, Trey Smoov, Fiji, Essel, Bonafide - Infinity Cosmopolites - Jazzy's Rum Rebellion, Year Of The Wolf, Tough Tittie, Tainted Halos - Kafeneio

Sense Divide, JP Haynie, Aubrey Debauchery, Drew Danburry, Seve vs. Evan - Kilby For The Sake Of, Hands Of The Martvr. Rotten Hand, No Safe Way Home, Approach The Throne - Loading Dock Groovefest - Main Street Park, Cedar City Disforia - Murray Theater Paper Guns - Muse Music Bug Brigade; HawkWatch: Birds in the Lab! - Natural History Museum Mark Owens - Outlaw Saloon Artv. Life+ - Park City Live CZAR, Faus, Blacktracks, Dead Pilots Shred Shed Chris Robinson Brotherhood - State Room UCW-Zero Pro Wrestling - UCW-Zero Arena Latino Americans: The New Latinos - LIMOCA

Psych-Lake-City Night #2: Spell Talk, Dark Seas, Red Telephone, Koala Temple - Urban Westward The Tide - Velour Colby Bair & The Dangerous Mood, Calling Audible - Why Sound

Sunday, June 29

Geek Show Movie Night - Brewvies Sean Flinn & The Royal We - Burt's The Last Honkey Tonk Music Series - Garage Park Silly Sunday Market Historic Main Street Icarus The Owl - Metro Gavin DeGraw, Matt Nathanson, Mary Lambert - Red Butte

Monday, June 30 Happy Birthday, Princess Kennedy!

Fitz & The Tantrums, Max Front, HOIYCHIID - Red Butte Fatbook, Samba Fogo, Big Wild Winas Salt City Poetry Slam - Weller Book Works

Tuesday, July 1 Baseline Bums - Bar Deluxe The Cerny Brothers - Garage

Sarah McLachlan - Red Butte DC Fallout, Jenn Fiorentino - Shred Shed Robert Francis & The Night Tide - Urban

Wednesday, July 2

Uh Huh Her - Bar Deluxe Rye Wolves, Eagle Twin, Oxcross - Burt's The Rhythm Combo - Garage Mushroomhead - Lo-Fi Cafe Ces Cru - Loading Dock Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - Lucky 13 The Waywards, RadioDriveBy - Shred Shed Courtney Barnett, Your Friend - Urban

Thursday, July 3 Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace cool! Gipsy Moon, Juana Ghani - Bar Deluxe

The Lonely Revolts - Burt's Martina McBride - Deer Valley Resort Joe McQueen - Garage Bonanza Town - Hog Wallow 4th Annual 100 Block Party - Muse Music Dustbloom, Die Off, Scalps, Settle Down - Urban Michael Franti, Spearhead, SOJA, Brett Dennen, Trevor Hall - USANA

Friday, July 4

Gipsy Moon, Melody Pulsipher - Brewskis Baby Gurl, Qui, Lozen, Making Fuck - Burt's The Texas Tenors - Deer Valley Resort Whiskey Fish - Garage Saturday's Voyeur - SLAC DJ Matty Mo - Urban Provo Gallery Stroll - Various Galleries Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - Various Galleries MiNX - Woodshed

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URBAN LOUNGE

1: Great Interstate, Magic Mint, The Statuettes

2: French Horn Rebellion, Typefunk, High Counsel

4: Dax Riggs, Geneiveve Smith, Jim. Fear

5: Indubious, Afro Omega, Sol Seed

6: DUBWISE

7: Red Fang, Big Business, American Sharks, Top Dead Celebrity, Worst Friends

10: Sage Francis, B. Dolan, Apt

11: Yann Tiersen, NO

12: Phesto, Rasco, Mykill Miers, DJ True Justice

13: SLUG Localized: Disforia, Dead Revelator, Founders of Ruin

14: The Devil Whale, Giraffula, Koala Temple + Ted Dancin' at Midnight

16: Dog Fashion Disco, Psychostick, The Bunny The Bear

19: KRCL Presents Allah-Las, Pest Rulz, Super 78!

20: RE:UP Presents Blockhead. Chase One Two. Steezo

21: Summer Party With Coolio, Matty Mo, Flash & Flare

22: KRCL Presents King Khan & The Shrines, Red Mass. Mr. Elevator & The Brain Hotel

26: Truth, illoom

27: SLUG Magazine Presents Psych Lake City Night #1: Max Pain & the Groovies, The North Valley, Breakers, Season Of The Witch

28: SLUG Magazine Presents Psych Lake City Night #2: Spell Talk, Dark Seas, Red Telephone, Koala temple

30: Fatbook, Samba Fogo, Big Wild Wings

COMING SOON:

July 22: The Donkeys

July 1: Robert Francis & The Night Tide July 2: KRCL Presents Courtney Barnett July 23: People Under The Stairs July 24: Ash Borer July 3: Dustbloom Album Release July 25: Artificial Intelligence July 4: Matty Mo 4th of July Party July 26: Jay Brannan July 5: The Antlers July 27: Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormon July 29: Clap Your Hands Say Yeah July 6: Zepparella July 9: Cancer "Is A Drag" Benefit Show July 10: Soulville Soul Dance Party July 11: Chalk July 30: Those Darlins Aug 2: Lindsay Heath Album Release Show Aug 3: Broke City Reunion Show July 12: CJ Miles Aug 8: Ben Kweller July 13: Calvin Love Aug 13: Deer Tick July 14: The Hold Steady Aug 14: Chimaira July 15: Bonnie Prince Billy Aug 29: How To Dress Well July 17: Bubba Sparxxx Sept 13: Mury July 18: KRCL Presents Wye Oak Sept 23: il sogno marinaio (Mike Watt) July 19: KRCL Presents Nick Waterhouse Oct 15: Shonen Knife

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED

241 S 500 E SLC | 214

KILBY COURT

JUNE

6/2: Tweak Bird, Froth, Max Pain & The Groovies, Ms Elle

6/3: The Mowgli's, Finish Ticket, TBA

6/5: Red Telephone, Bath Party, Dark Seas

6/6: Tyler Ward, Brynn Elliott

6/7: The Mountain Goats, Loamlands

6/8: Star Anna, Heather Reid, Michelle Moonshine

6/9: Empires, The Wild War, Summer Lasts Forever

6/10: Wild Apples, Ferocious Oaks, Batty Blue

6/II: Andrew Maguire's Art Project, In Mountains In Stars, Creature Double Feature

6/12: Tiburona, Secret Abilities, TBA

6/13: Jessica Lea Mayfield, Israel Nash, Charles Ellsworth



6/14: The Menzingers, Lemuria, Pup, Cayetana 6/17: The Lexington Heights, Kindred Dead, Nickles and Sense 6/19: Mimi Knowles, James Devine Band, Tha Connection 6/20: SPY HOP RECORDS NIGHT: Alchemy + TBA 6/21: Young Widows, White Reaper 6/23: Tigers Jaw, Pity Sex, Wild Moth

6/24: EMA, Strong Words, TBA

6/26: Genre Zero Album Release Show, Flashbulb Fires, L'Anarchiste 6/27: Yazzi Album Release, Jay Citrus, Saner.One, and Kevin Castle

6/28: Sense Divide, JP Haynie, Aubrey Debauchery, Drew Danburry, Seve vs. Evan 6/30: Pillar Point

DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED

741 S KILBY CT SLC | ALL AGES



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AUGUST 8, 2014 & AUGUST 9, 2014 5PM-10PM & NOON-10PM





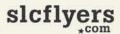
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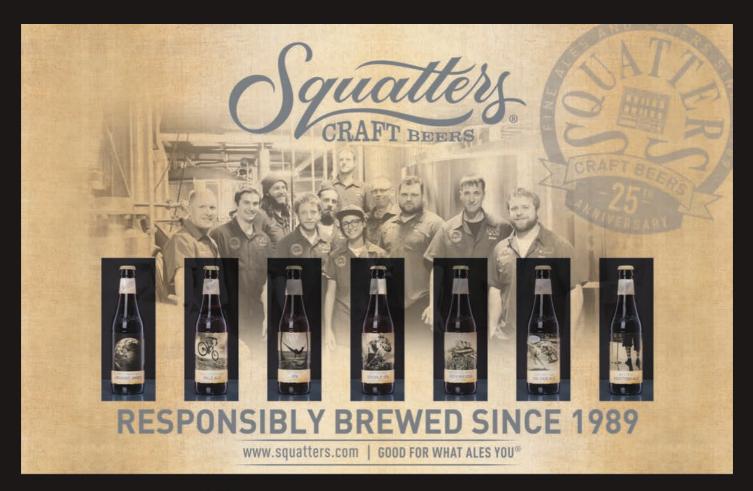














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one thing: that beer alone is responsible for the evolutionary leap from ape to man. This malty Amber is our tribute to Charles Darwin...



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