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Mary E. Duncan has been on the *SLUG Magazine* copy editing team for more than eight years—longer than two presidential terms! Every copy editing meeting, she ensures that the magazine's grammar is in line, that punctuation goes where it needs to, and that she treats the sentences she reads with tender, loving care. We look forward to her hardworking and friendly personality each week, and we crack up at her lighthearted humor when she points out silly or idiosyncratic copy. Mary patiently mentors copy editors on the *SLUG* copy editing team and applies her keen eye to help the magazine publish the best possible content. She's also volunteered at *SLUG* marketing tables and has participated in many *SLUG* events. Mary makes us proud—here's to eight more years!



ABOUT THE COVER: Local graphic artist **Courtney Blair** has a long history with *SLUG*, and we wanted her typographical prowess to adorn our 27th Anniversary cover. See pages 28–29 for the scoop on our 27 Club Anniversary Party, and find more of Blair's work at courtney-blair.com.

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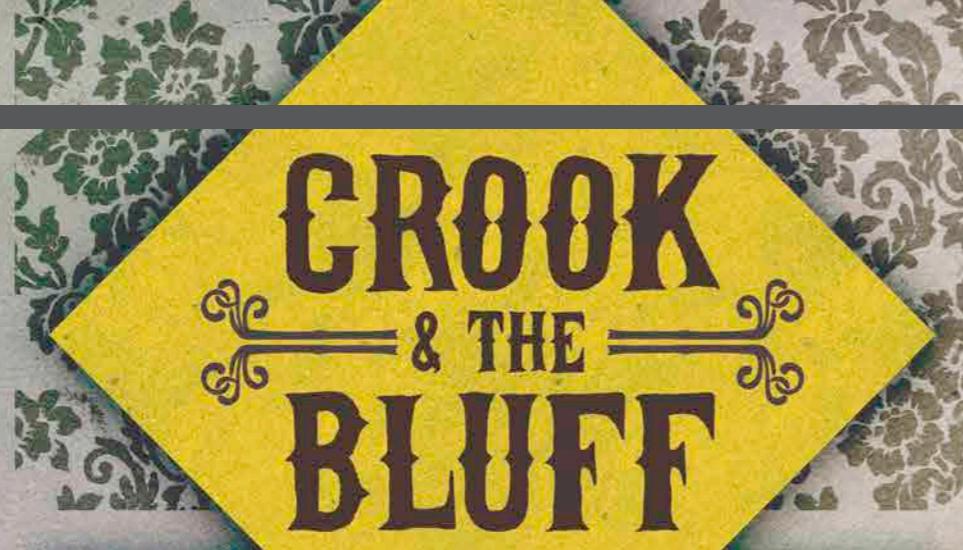
This month's *Localized* features an array of reinvented classic American music groups. **Michelle Moonshine** kicks off the show with her imaginative and stirring Americana folksiness. Following are the Southern rock-infused, and swooning country darlings **June Brothers**. Rounding out the show will be modernized, blues-entrenched, recalcitrant and untamed resident favorites **Crook & The Bluff**. The event is on March 17 at 8 p.m., with sponsors *Spilt Ink*, *Uinta Brewing Co.* and *KRCL 90.9 FM*.

After a recent reordering of their lineup, Crook have surged the local scene with their thunderous, psychedelic-blues styling. **Kirk Dath** is the mainstay as vocalist, joined by **Sarah Degraw**, who learned how to play drums for the group. **Ryan Arnold** has joined as a second guitarist, and **Kevin Schultz** slays the bass. Their updated approach provides their followers with a new, exciting twist on their rough and sexy sound.

With a new lineup, their sound has altered significantly. Extra instrumentation from two new members provides a more robust sound. "The music has gotten a lot louder because we have a rhythm section they never had before," Arnold says. This rhythmic approach has supplied a cadence that you can move to. "The new songs are drum and bass-focused," Dath says. "The groove was there before, but now you can tap your feet to it." Their repertoire now includes a spaghetti Western-style jam and more dynamic, fuzzed rock n' roll that often gets mistaken due to the sound of their album, *Down to the Styx*. "We got nominated for *City Weekly's* Best Roots and Americana band, and our live show is a lot more rock n' roll," Degraw says. The group is so dynamic that they are often hard to pin down. "The album does not represent what we sound like at all," Dath says. "This band changes every five minutes."

The union of the current lineup came from swift circumstances. Dath, Degraw and **Tad Wilford**, a previous member, had planned a tour beginning in Southern Utah, and the route of their story changed in Cedar City. "Tad quit before we were supposed to play our first show," Dath says. "He had his own reasons, and they were justified—he just couldn't be part of the band anymore." The next day, Dath called Schultz and Arnold. When Dath and Degraw returned from tour, the foursome joined together and began practicing.

Even though Wilford departed mid-tour, Degraw and Dath performed in L.A. with style. "We had to continue the tour because we made plans and we didn't want to look unreliable," Degraw says. The trip, save for a few hiccups, was a complete success. "We slept in the car and got our truck broken into, but



(L-R) Sarah DeGraw, Ryan Arnold, Kevin Schultz and Kirk Dath charge their Americana with a hefty dose of rock n' roll.

we were able to call **Seth Cook** from **Giraffula** and borrow his practice space," Dath said. "We reworked the whole set and learned how to loop on the fly."

Before each show, Crook have a specific set of pre-show rituals that they adhere to. "We get really drunk," Degraw says. The group doesn't stop there, and finds that mixing poisons is the best route for a smooth performance. Some members have different approaches to pre-show preparation. "We all get dressed up and get off on how well-dressed we are, like, 'Damn, we all look fucking good,'" Schultz says. Dath had the ritual I can most relate to. "I always have a good pre-show poo," he says. "Your nerves pile up, and you just have to expel it."

Crook recently competed in a battle of the bands at *Velour Live Music Gallery* in Provo and had a curious experience. Often, music that comes out of Utah County has a distinctive sound. "We brought the heat, but I feel like no matter how hard we work, what we do is contrary to what that scene wants," Schultz says. This specificity has provided a benefit for the bands that live and perform there. "Provo has a really supportive and integrated music scene," Degraw says. "You want to see the support from bands for other bands. I think

that is a lot of where Provo's success is from."

The new foursome recently embarked on another tour, this time beginning with the *Escalante Music Festival* in September with Salt Lake's **Big Wild Wings**. Afterward, they traveled to the California coast with a few stops along the way. "We went to Pasadena and we played at the *Velveteen Rabbit* in Las Vegas [and] then we went played in St. George," Arnold said. As is common for touring bands, they had a few adventures along the way. "We drove straight to Hollywood and ended up passing out in the van and having to break into **Eric Fisher's** apartment," says Dath. Tours never seem to go quite as planned, but amusing adventures rise out of small adversities.

You may think that you know what to expect from Crook & The Bluff, but their new "power sets" will flip your perspective. You can find their music on crookandthebluff.bandcamp.com, as well as updates about performances on their Facebook page. Come see them live at *Localized*, prepared for enveloping fog, well-orchestrated lights and phonically induced delirium tremens.

Folk and Americana are well-established American traditions, especially here in the Intermountain West. June Brothers possess a singer-songwriter aesthetic blended with alt-country and a lot of heart. **Spencer Oberle** began June as a soloist with a rotation of performing artists in a backing band. Now, **Alex Winitzky** has joined on mandolin and banjo, **Julie Riding** on auxiliary percussion, and **Todd Christensen** on electric and pedal steel guitar. Their combination of sweet harmonies and twangy fervor will get your body a'swaying.

On June's first release, *Meet Your Creature*, Oberle was the sole writer and continues to write from an experiential place. "Most of my songs come from personal experience," he says. The added influences of three new permanent members have, however, provided a depth that wasn't previously possible. "What we are doing now is a lot more collaborative," Oberle says. "I like having them to bounce ideas off of." Their writing process is accommodating and cooperative. "Usually, one person has an idea for a song, and then we all work on it together from there," says Oberle. This

process provides a range of influences that you could never achieve with a single person.

June Brothers' music is emotionally charged, and lyrical focus is essential. "In order to know where the song is going, you need to have a distinct direction from the lyrics," Riding says. Their singer-songwriter perspective has given them a playful view of their music. "We're like a shitty version of **Neil Young**," Christensen says, joking. "If Neil Young was a 10, we're a four." Along with lyricism, their backing instrumentation tends to be emotive rather than convoluted and technical. "We spend a lot of time thinking about textures and not trying to get too complicated about anything," Christensen says. This dichotomy portrays a benign sincerity often lost in other genres.

From June Brothers' experience, the music scene in Salt Lake can be cliquy and exclusive. "I feel like [Salt Lake] is more compartmentalized than other places," Winitzky says. "Everyone is very devoted to their own thing, and they don't collaborate or communicate much with each other." This can be found in many

scenes, but the categorical youth lifestyle in Utah has a big effect. "The counterculture in Salt Lake is so strong that it forces grouping," says Christensen. June Brothers are considering moving to another location to broaden their horizons, but for the time being, they'll be smashing down clear-cut social group barriers locally.

The ensemble has recently returned from a tour that was the culmination of many previous small excursions. "We had been touring together for a year in mini weekend trips," Riding says. "We went on our main tour in September for about three weeks." Similar to many bands from Utah, their main focus was on surrounding states. "We hit Oregon, Colorado, Moab and Wyoming," Christensen says. "We focus on touring around this third of the country."

June's on-the-road adventures were rooted in oddities, including a young girl going full zombie and scrambling around a venue backdoor blithering nonsense to them. The most disturbing exploit was a veritable *Tucker and Dale* vs. *Evil* escapade (minus the death and mayhem). "A really handsome guy overheard us talking at a bar and told us we could come stay with him at his house [in the woods]," Winitzky says. "On the way up, all cell service cut off completely, and he said, 'I live here alone.' He had this one tiny, weird, elevated room with nothing in it but an alien sculpture and a disco ball." After spending an entire evening thinking they were going to die, they awoke and realized they were staying with a delightful man in a charming Oregon cabin.

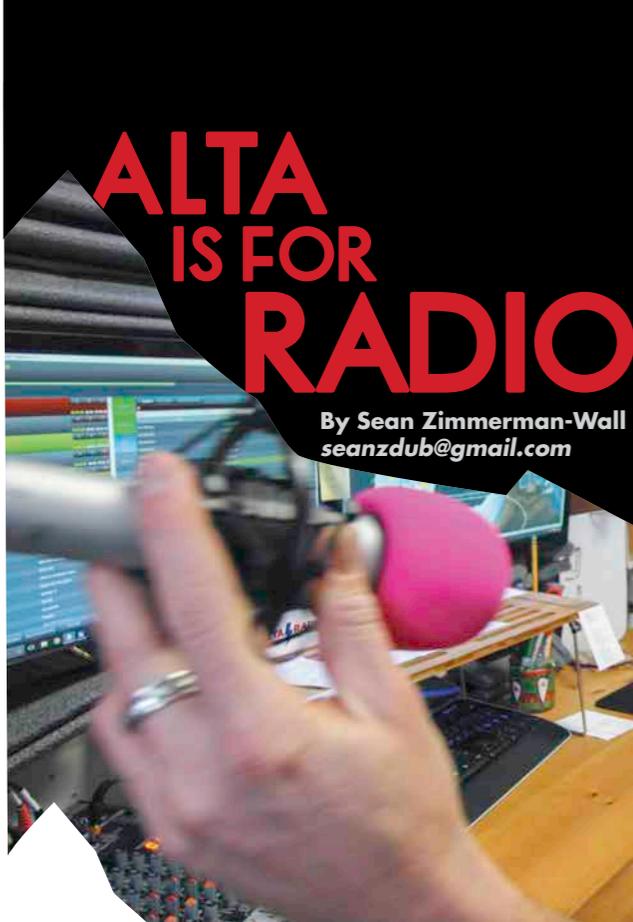
June pride themselves on their live performance. "As this band unit, we have only played live," says Winitzky. Their performances incorporate a revitalized selection from *Meet Your Creature*, as well as some new ditties. "Our sets have become more intimate and acoustic so that you can hear more layers," Oberle says. Along with adjusting the overall aural impression, they have excluded full percussion. "We've completely eliminated the drum set so that you can hear more nuances," Winitzky says. The adaption to auxiliary percussion affords a cozier ambiance.

In the end, June is willing to put some muscle into their music. "I can bench 100 pounds," Winitzky says. Along with this impressive feat and drawing from the encounters of **Robert Johnson**, June will do "anything" for fame and fortune. "I'm down to sell my soul for a Grammy," Christensen says. If you want a group with a droll sense of humor and an lovely way of conveying their spirit through the power of song, June Brothers should be on the top of your list. All relevant information as well as *Meet Your Creature*, can be found on junebrothers.com. This month's *Localized* offers the rare treat of opposing extremes of American music—don't miss out!



(L-R) Alex Winitzky, Julie Riding, Spencer Oberle and Todd Christensen will whip concertgoers into a twangy fervor as June Brothers.





By Sean Zimmerman-Wall
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Photo: John Barkiple

Mica Brownlie, aka "Captain," is the driving force of *Alta Radio*, the only radio station in Little Cottonwood Canyon, Utah.

Situated nine miles up the fabled Little Cottonwood Canyon lies the former mining enclave-turned-eclectic ski town of Alta, Utah. Alta captures the imagination of snow sliders from around the globe and attracts a wide array of individuals who call these mountains home. Inhabitants come from a variety of backgrounds, but they all share a common thread of love for the snowy environs and freedom of the hills. One such mountain lover is **Mica Brownlie**, a self-taught surfer from Oregon who landed in Little Cottonwood Canyon in 1999. His affinity for gliding across liquid water transferred nicely to the frozen variety, and he soon found himself returning to Alta year after year. Brownlie is in the midst of his 16th season up the canyon, and his focus has transitioned from slaying daily pow runs to engaging visitors and townspeople through a familiar medium: radio. What started out as an off-the-cuff idea is turning into a full-time job that requires a multitude of skill sets to maintain. "We had the community—we needed the radio," says Brownlie, aka "Captain." After two seasons, his vision has come to life in the form of *Alta Radio*.

Starting in the spring of 2013 with a series of grants from Alta Community Enrichment (ACE)—a nonprofit art, cultural and educational organization—Brownlie began researching the intricacies of terrestrial and Internet-based radio. Filling volumes of notebooks with his findings occupied his free time, and it finally became apparent that the enormous task of building a radio station from scratch could be possible. The laborious efforts of Brownlie, along with a cadre of friends and volunteers, culminated with the station's first broadcast in Feb. 2014. Streaming live music and community content 24 hours a day during the season (December–April) takes dedication and unwavering patience. "It's more fun than a regular job, but it is still work," says Brownlie, whose main gig is serving quality cuisine and beverages to visitors at the famous *Alta Peruvian Lodge*.

Beyond creating playlists and programming, the behind-the-scenes work of building the station's computers and fixing technical equipment all falls on his shoulders. However, being a person about town is something he holds dear, so keeping the mountain culture alive and well isn't just a hobby—it's a lifestyle.

Since its inception, *Alta Radio* has been a place where listeners can come to find a variety of musical genres and colorful commentary. Rock, reggae, funk, blues, soul and hip-hop dominate the station's airwaves and are a throwback to the music Brownlie has enjoyed throughout his life. "It's all my favorite music," he says. "I grew up listening to a lot of this in the back of my mom's car." Inside the intimate quarters at "The Fort" (Peruvian employee housing) are the workings of the sole media outlet in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Varied collections of tapes and CDs grace the walls of the studio. Two computers and a microphone serve as a digital launch pad for the voices of the mountain community. "I like the ability to look out the window and give real-time weather, trail conditions and traffic reports between sets," says Brownlie. Part of the essence of *Alta Radio* is to continuously build connections with its followers. "We certainly serve a lot of locals, but what's great about an Internet radio station is that people can take it home with them. We have listeners who tune in weeks in advance to get a handle on conditions before their annual ski trip," says Brownlie.

In addition to music and live reports, the station is developing other ways to interact with the community. SLC DJs often come up to showcase their talents on air and display a diverse selection of local flavor. Of course, there's also the ever-present topic of who can and cannot slide at *Alta*, which provides endless mate-

ALTA RADIO

rial for the comedic duo of the "Captain and Blizzy Show," which airs every other Thursday. Snowboarding is not allowed at *Alta*, and the dynamic banter between the two show hosts illustrates just how laughable this division can be. Brownlie is himself a snowboarder and founder of the **Alta Snowboard Team**. He has no strong opinions on *Alta's* reluctant stance on the issue and admits that about a third of the town's population rides a snowboard. "These people cook your food, serve you booze and plow your parking lots—even some of the patrollers snowboard off the clock," says Brownlie. "I love the irony." Until the day that *Alta* allows bipartisan snow sliding, he'll continue happily shredding the *Bird* and dropping in through *Alta's* gates on his way to work.

Alta Radio is an inherently nimble platform and often goes remote to continue to reach a broader audience. On alternating Thursdays, they broadcast live from the *Peruvian Bar* to cover current topics, promote local events and make light of the terrible traffic (Red Snake) as it winds down canyon. Keeping a finger on the pulse of the town makes for compelling content and enables the station to maintain relevance. As the snow piles up each season, Brownlie will be dedicated to delivering a quality service that benefits the greater winter community. He also hopes to continue bringing in locals to take on some of the responsibilities and potentially make the station somewhat profitable through donations and regional advertising. *Alta Radio*—always your friend on a powder day.

Tune in at altaradio.org, and be a part of the scene and make requests at [facebook.com/altaradio](https://www.facebook.com/altaradio).

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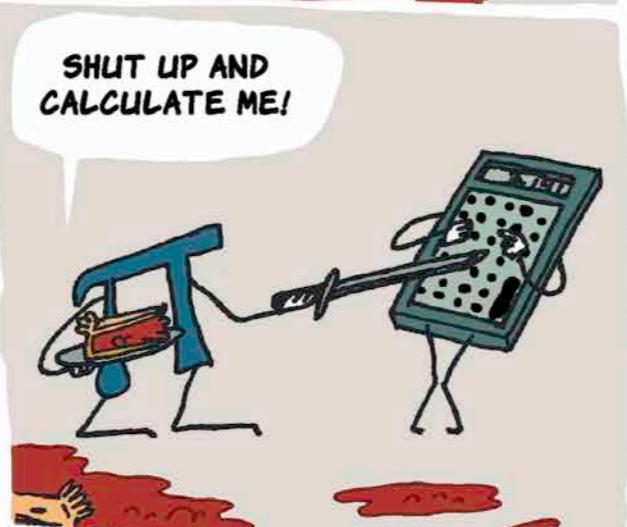
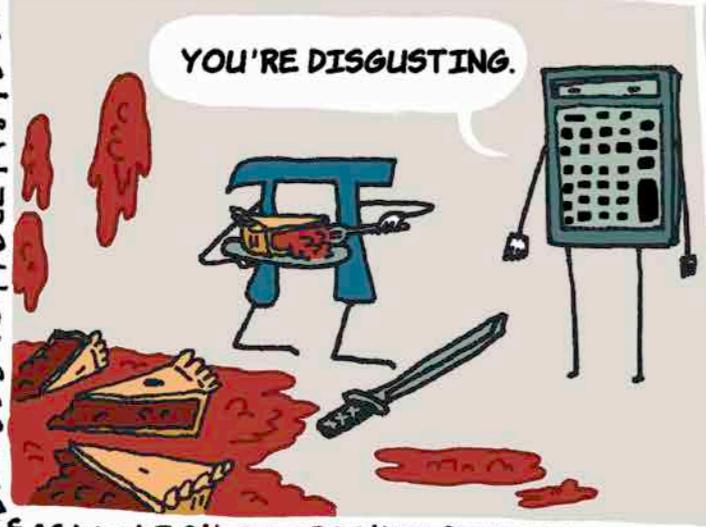
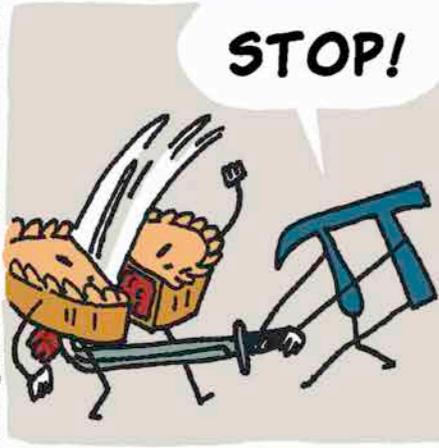
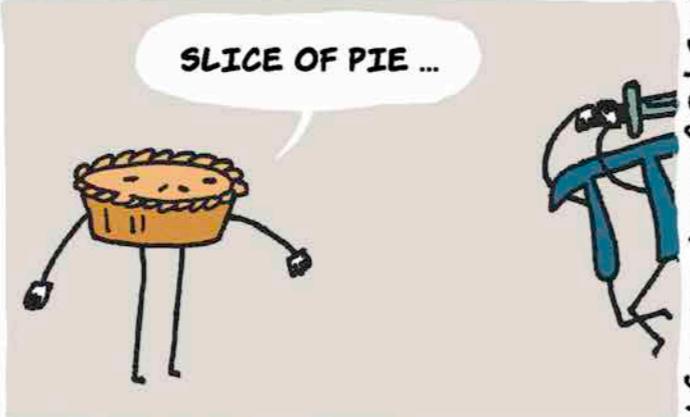
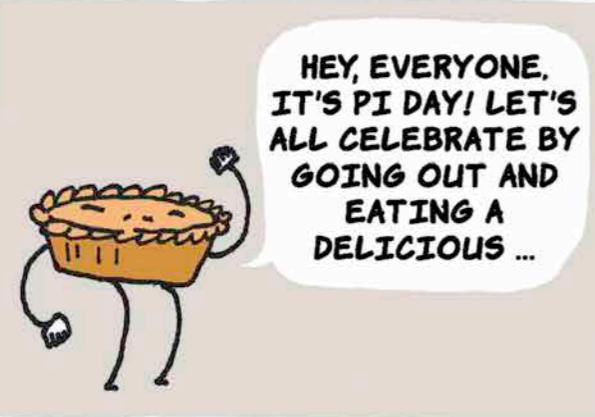
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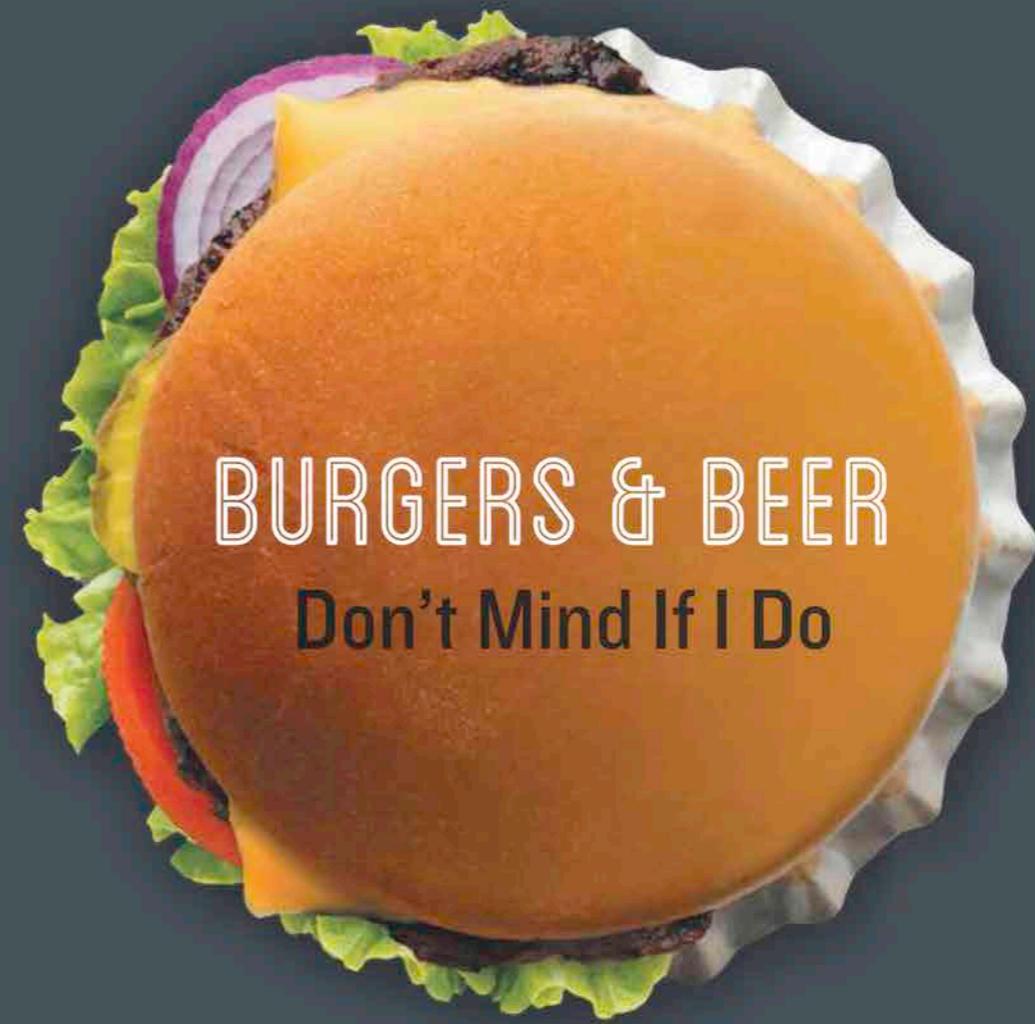
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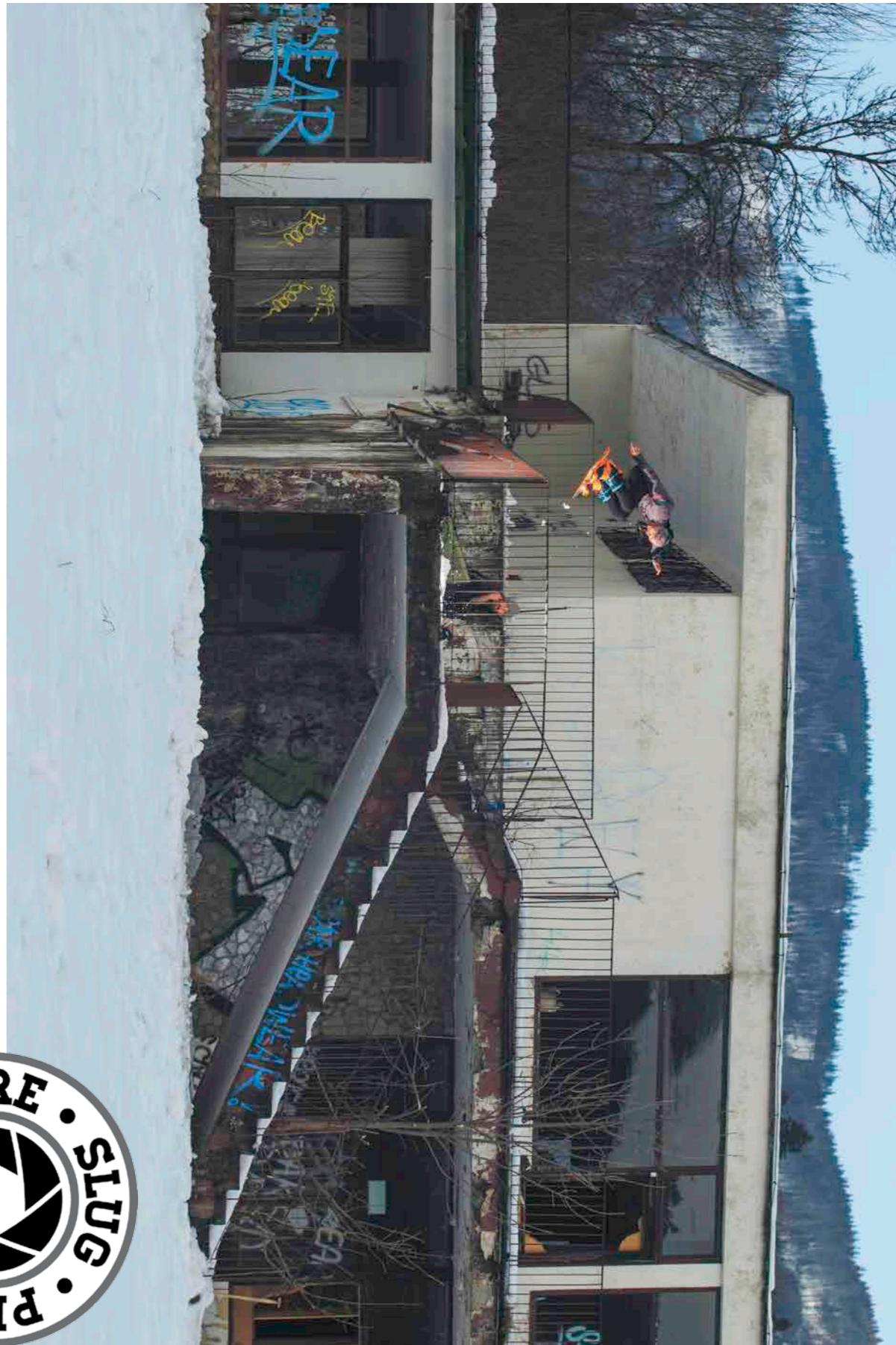
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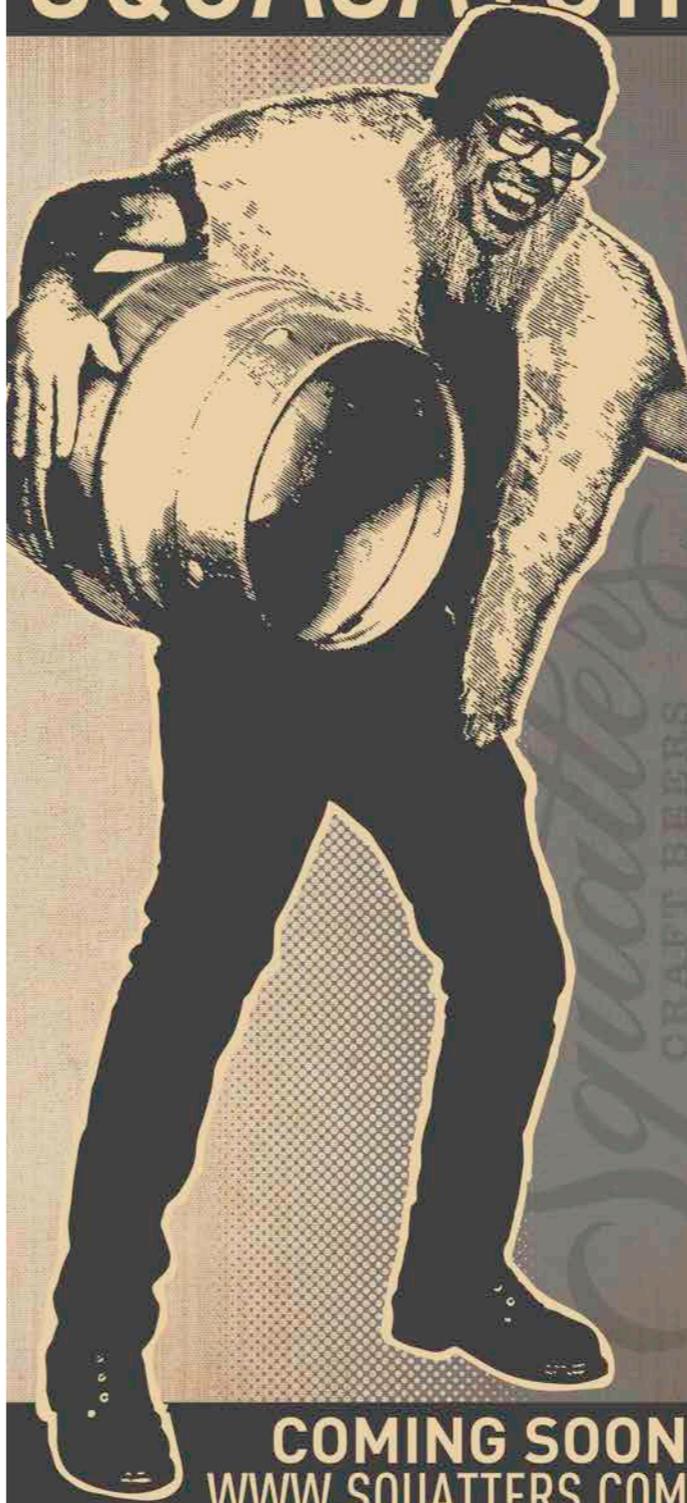
By Bob Plumb • bobbyplumb@yahoo.com

Lizard King - Backside 180 - Szczyrk, Poland

Last year, we got Lizard King out of snowboard retirement and brought him with us to Poland. It was an insane trip with nothing but hammers. This photo was shot at an abandoned hotel where we did whatever we wanted for three days. That never happens.



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Over the past few months, downtown Salt Lake's *Bistro 222* has undergone some major changes. Most notably would be the hiring of new Executive Chef **Brady Gray**, formerly of *Ruth's Chris* and *Baci Trattoria*. Gray's past work experience in contemporary American and Italian cuisine fits nicely within the metropolitan environs of the *222 Main Building*. It's a great spot for tenants to meet for business-related meals, and the menu even includes limited take-out options for those who are on a tight schedule. *Bistro 222* also boasts a *Wine Spectator*-designated wine list of over 150 vintages from all over the world. As the restaurant has already nailed down a solid following among the urban workforce, Chef Gray's new and exciting changes are geared toward making *Bistro 222* one of downtown Salt Lake's dining hotspots.

Based on my early experience with Chef Gray's new menu items, his culinary game plan is perfectly clear. He's packed the menu with several rustic, comforting entrées that have been reimagined with thoughtful flavor combinations. While some of these dishes are more successful than others, it's the type of menu that one would expect from a higher-end, metropolitan bistro. A few notable starters were the Elk Tenderloin Carpaccio (\$19) and the Lobster Bisque (\$10). Using elk tenderloin as the foundation of a carpaccio dish is a deceptively simple idea, and I'm sure that this will eventually be imitated elsewhere. Sliced razor thin, the elk's natural leanness is a beautiful canvas for the lemon oil and drunken cranberries to play with. The dish is also kissed with a bit of Peri-Peri sauce, a spicy Portuguese condiment that delivers a nice kick to the senses. The Bisque was exactly what I was hoping for—creamy, indulgent and subtly flavored with fresh lobster.

For lunch, the Beet, Pear, Chèvre Salad (\$10) and the Bistro Burger (\$15) are solid options that fit nicely on both ends of the midday meal spectrum. The salad

comes beautifully plated on a **Pollock**-esque smattering of beet juice, and the tangy chèvre serves as a great bridge between the sweetness of the pear and the earthiness of the beets. The burger, made from a mixture of ground chuck and pork belly, is immense and satisfying. With toppings like avocado, gooey Muenster cheese and candied bacon, each bite conjures up some lovely flavor combinations. It's definitely the type of burger that needs to be sliced in half and eaten in well-planned bites.

Since *Bistro 222*'s location has such great potential to be a necessary stop on a weekend adventure downtown, I wanted to see how a typical Friday night dinner would play out. My first bit of advice would be to make a reservation beforehand—the space fills up pretty quickly during the dinner rush. Service was polite but preoccupied—understandable for a busy Friday night. The star of the evening was the Korubuto Pork Chop (\$30), a pleasantly monstrous cut of pork that made me rethink the dimensions of what a pork chop could be. The cut of meat, served bone and all, captured the tender juiciness of a ribeye steak but with the velvety flavor of a pork tenderloin. The yams and haricot verts gave this dish a distinctly autumnal feel. The Beef Short Ribs (\$26) were another wise choice. The crimini mushroom consommé was a fantastic complement to the ribs, and all of those corresponding flavors soaked into the silky smooth cauliflower potato mash. Both dishes offered up expertly cooked meat that was paired with well-balanced sides—it's definitely the kind of food that tastes especially good on a chilly winter evening. As far as the menu's heavy hitters go, it's tough to

choose between surf options like Chilean Sea Bass (\$38) or turf choices like the Ribeye Filet (\$45). Both dishes perform like a well-cast film—the main dish is in no way overshadowed by the supporting cast, but each member brings something special and irreplaceable to the party. With the Sea Bass, the bed of braised oxtails and fingerling potatoes was instrumental in complementing the delicately cooked fish. The Ribeye's miso-glazed foie gras and blueberry demi-glace achieved a contrasting effect, offering small bursts of corresponding flavors to the richness of the Filet.

While Chef Gray's menu is a testament to his ability to combine flavors, there were one or two executional missteps along the way. For example, the Osso Bucco (\$31) appeared to be lacking the sauce or marinade that usually accompanies the dish, making the generously portioned pork shank uncharacteristically dry. I loved that it came served on a bed of flat noodles as opposed to risotto or some kind of root vegetable puree, but I found myself wanting a bit more moisture to tie everything together.

Given its proximity to the heart of downtown Salt Lake, *Bistro 222* fills a specific niche for Salt Lake's nighttime culture. It's right across from *Gallivan Plaza*, and it's the perfect distance from *Capitol Theatre*—a short jaunt down Main St., and theatergoers can grab a tasty bite to eat while avoiding the pre-show foot traffic. As downtown Salt Lake continues to evolve, *Bistro 222* is beginning to cater to both Salt Lake's 9-to-5 workforce as well as the members of its vibrant nightlife.

"Bistro 222's Ribeye's miso-glazed foie gras and blueberry demi-glace achieve a contrasting effect."

Photo: Talyn Sherer

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ALL DOGS ARE ALL SET

Ohio-based pop punk band All Dogs have definitely found their way to making heart-on-their-sleeves music, and they've been blossoming steadily for the past few years. It isn't just their charming brand of pop punk that's attention-grabbing—it's also the way in which they disarm with melancholy and emotionally bare lyrics that tip down into a sea of thrashing harmony. Their first full-length album, *Kicking Every Day*, is tireless, and their performances are heartwarming in a way one doesn't usually expect to find at a loud rock show. All Dogs frontwoman **Maryn Jones** talks about All Dogs' growth and their upcoming tour, which includes a stop at *The Loading Dock* on March 26.

With a down-to-earth approach to pop punk that recalls bands like **Swearin'**, All Dogs are simultaneously loud and gentle, with infectious hooks, steady, pumping bass and supportive drums that beat like a heart. The poignant lyrics, sung sweetly by Jones, carry it all forth into a balance that is both melancholy and excited. Before they were the dynamic pop punk four-piece they are today, they were a duo of Jones and bassist **Amanda Bartley** playing quiet shows together. Jones also plays in indie-folk band **Saintseneca** and in her solo act, **Yowler**, a soft-spoken and emotional project whose impressions are tangible in All Dogs. Jones felt like playing "loud and angry songs," and at that point, they recruited drummer **Jesse Withers** to play with them as well as guitarist **Nick Harris**.

With the lineup in place, All Dogs developed a more collaborative writing process and built up songs, each from some guitar part or lyric. "Some of the first songs written for *Kicking Every Day* were based on some very bummed-out lyrics I wrote on a Saintseneca tour at 7 a.m. before everyone was awake," Jones says. "Amanda also writes a lot of guitar parts, or sometimes we work on them together." Being a perfect guitar player isn't something Jones worries too much about. "I generally record videos of myself playing riffs so I remember

By Erin Moore
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how to play them because I know very little about chords or the notes on a guitar," she says.

What is essential for Jones is that the lyrics themselves resonate with her. "This helps me feel connected when we perform," she says. "I've written songs with bullshit, 'filler' lyrics before, and I hate playing them." This gives *Kicking Every Day* tangible authenticity and honesty through lyrics that, though angry, aren't cliché, due largely to Jones' writing and the emotional connection felt between her solo work and that of All Dogs. "I used to drink coffee and just get to it, and it was awesome," Jones says. "I had to quit, though, about four years ago for health reasons, so now it's a lot harder to get there."

To exemplify the difficulties that writing can present, Jones cites one of her favorite tracks, "Flowers," and says, "I wrote a whole song of lyrics for it, read over them a few times and then scrapped them completely and started over." Of other favorites, she says, "I really like the quiet song 'The Garden,' too. It's sort of out of character from the rest of the record, but I love how it also fits even though it sounds so different. We haven't played that one live yet, though." The contrast between these two songs highlights the diversity of emotions that the album spans. "Flowers" opens with a crazy poppy hook, yet "The Garden" is just Jones singing with a squeaking guitar. Each song on the album bounces between these poles: The same song is sometimes dark and lonely, but then bright and aggressive again. Combined with the lyricism, these mood jumps make the whole album achieve a

(L-R) Nick Harris, Maryn Jones, Amanda Bartley and Jesse Withers will whip up punk yearning at *The Loading Dock* on March 26.

feeling of determination, pushing to force the noise out, whatever form it may take.

"This record was written over a huge span of time," Jones says. "I think it was actually pretty perfect, but I wouldn't be opposed to spending a bit more time in the future recording because recording is really, really fun. We hung out in Philly for two weeks with our bud **Kyle Gilbride (Wherever Audio)** and recorded in a couple different locations, one of which was the late, great *Golden Tea House* (RIP), and the other was Kyle's basement (at *Bathhouse*). It was fun to record for the first time together with all of our ranges of experience with recording and mixing and all that. It was a very fun creative process. I loved it." Everyone else has been loving the end results, too. "It's always nice when your music resonates with people," she says. "That's what happens with the music I love, so it's an incredible experience to have folks tell you your music does that for them."

We'll all be able to have the experience of seeing All Dogs soon with the upcoming tour dates around the States. In addition to seeing friends all over the country when on tour, Jones also likes hanging out in the desert, and what's more desert than the expanse of Utah's that stretches between here and ... any other urban area? Nothing. So be sure to catch All Dogs when they venture into our springtime desert March 26 at *The Loading Dock*.

Photo: Nick Fancher

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CONVERGING CREATIVE COMMUNITIES:

ADOBE AND UTAH ARTISTS



By Mariah M. Mellus
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In a grand building nestled against the Lehi foothills, a group of visionaries design tools for creatives—we know them as Adobe. In addition to its prominent, modern and gorgeous building, Adobe made a huge splash when it entered the Utah economy in 2009—it provided over 1,000 local jobs and prioritized community engagement as one of its top corporate responsibilities. This combination of community engagement and appreciation for artistic expression gave local artist **Andrew Ehninger** an idea: “What if local artists were invited to show their art in the Adobe space?” And just like that, the Utah Artists and Adobe project was born.

Full disclosure: Andrew didn’t just come off the street and ask Adobe to consider this idea. His lovely wife, **Shauna Ehninger**, has worked for Adobe since it first opened its Utah location in 2009. The Ehningers are quite involved in Utah’s creative communities and are always looking for ways to volunteer and support the arts and culture in Utah. As Andrew visited Shauna at work over the years, he was inspired by the architecture and design of the Adobe space—but as an artist and art educator, his keen eye saw specific spaces that begged to display art. In October 2015, Andrew approached the Adobe team with his idea. “They were thrilled and eager to get the ball rolling,” he says. He immediately began to work on locating specific exhibition spaces with natural light and good foot traffic, as well as identifying artists to be part of the inaugural show. By January 2016, Adobe was hosting its first public art opening.

Adobe has a mantra on its website: “Great work spaces inspire great work.” Upon entering the building, it’s clear that art plays a central role in inspiring and engaging Adobe’s workforce. Prior to Andrew Ehninger’s curatorial involvement, Utah artist **Andrew Smith** installed a beautiful sculpture that creates an opportunity to engage and actively play with the art. Stairwell commuters place a ball into the sculpture and watch its path as it makes its way down to the first story of the building. **El Mac**, a Los Angeles-based street artist whose Virgin Mary mural adorns the east wall of the *Guthrie Building*, also created work for Adobe’s permanent collection with a mural of a young girl lying down



Photo: LmSorenson.net

(L-R) Curator Andrew Ehninger and SLUG Senior Staff Writer Mariah M. Mellus stand before a mural by artist El Mac in Adobe’s building in Lehi, Utah.

drawing, reminding us of the intense joy we experience when we create for ourselves. “It’s not that they didn’t have any art in the building or that they didn’t have local art represented,” Andrew says. “They obviously do, but there was an opportunity for more artists and more pieces, and all involved liked the idea of having a public art opening.” Adobe is a closed campus—you can visit the space if you are invited for business purposes, but the building is not open to the public. “Thirty thousand people come through these doors each year, but it’s important to Adobe and myself to invite the public to converge around these local art pieces,” says Andrew, “so we decided to begin each show with a public art opening before the pieces are moved to their semi-permanent locations throughout the building.”

Each show remains up for three months, which gives employees and visitors plenty of time to absorb and relate to the art. Each piece is accompanied by a QR code that takes the viewer to a website with the artist’s bio and contact info. Adobe and Andrew are not facilitating any sales and, thus, are not taking a commission on any purchases. “I wanted the artists to have the opportunity to converse directly with the public and maintain their own contact lists for the future,” says Andrew. The local artists currently on display through April are **Trent Call, Jerry Hardesty, Andrew Ehninger, Whitney Horrocks, Josh Epperson, Ran Stewart** and **Shane Flox**. “Never before had I felt so welcomed into a venue,” says Epperson, whose metal work is currently on display. “From the advertising and promotional materials they created to the opening-night reception, it seemed everyone involved was trying as hard as the artists to get their beautiful work the atten-

tion they deserved.” Adobe stands on the pillars of quality communication and the endless possibilities of creative voices, so it’s no surprise that in 2006, they created a unique business unit known as Behance. In their words, it’s “a platform to remove the barriers between talent and opportunity.” Artists create a profile and upload images of their work, and companies peruse the site for a particular look—or they can post job opportunities when they need creative content. Andrew uses this site to curate an online gallery for artists to submit their work, five pieces at a time, for the revolving Adobe shows. Andrew reviews the work and then notifies the artists. “The Behance site allows the artists to see what’s been submitted and what we’re selecting,” says Andrew. “I try to leave comments and give everyone feedback.” Currently, the work on display in Adobe consists of 2-D pieces, but there has been talk of using existing screens in the building to showcase digital works, and Andrew would love to explore the potential of showing sculptural pieces.

Adobe’s mission is to “make the tools to enable designers and developers to share their creativity with the world.” The Utah Artists and Adobe program is a wonderful opportunity for the world to respond with content created to inspire Adobe to keep creating for the creatives.

The next Utah Artists and Adobe public opening, featuring a new roster of local artists, will be held Thursday, May 12. To learn more about the program and to submit works for review, visit behance.net/adobeUTlocalartists.

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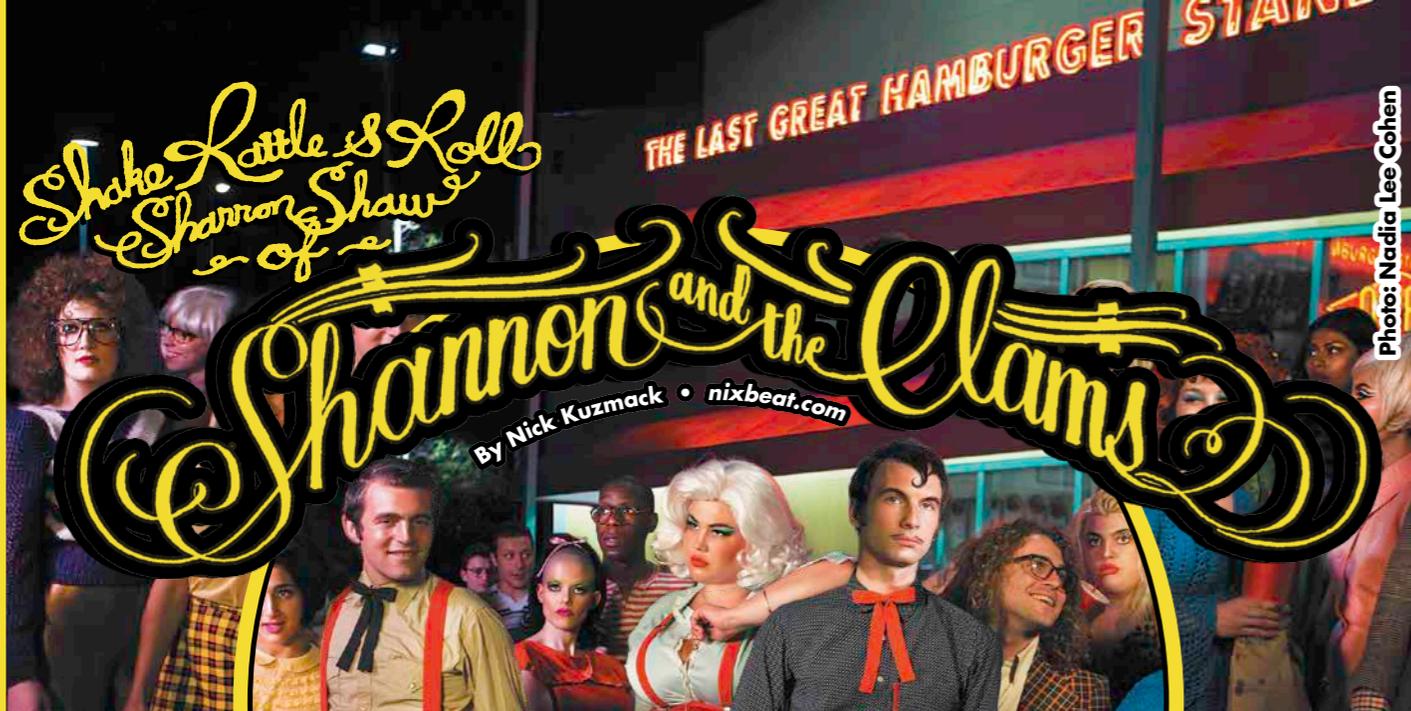
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Shake Rattle & Roll
Shannon Shaw
and the Clams

Shannon and the Clams

By Nick Kuzmack • nixbeat.com

Photo: Nadia Lee Cohen

ON March 30, the Oakland rock n' roll trio Shannon and the Clams are going to rip through Salt Lake City by taking over the *Urban Lounge* with **Gazebos** and local garage-punkers **Breakers**. If curious fans are feeling impatient for a taste of the raw rock n' roll sound that defines Shannon and the Clams, they can get a preview of what is sure to be a brilliant show by dropping the needle on the trio's new record, *Gone by the Dawn*. It's a perfect album that narrates the longing of heartache while still being something one can groove to.

Shannon and the Clams hit *Urban Lounge* on March 30.

The end of lead singer and bassist **Shannon Shaw's** long-term relationship, as well as Shannon and the Clams' significant step in broadening their musical ability, heavily influenced the new album. During the writing process, Shaw spent time alone in her practice room or driving around to inspire ideas for the new album. "I'm the most creative when I'm feeling tortured," says Shaw. "I'm the chariot, and my feelings are the horses ... I get dragged around by them and they kind of lead the way." The emotions that she invokes can be especially heard in the track "Point of Being Right." Regarding the track, Shaw says, "It's a pretty literal recanting of my relationship with that person of five years who lived at *Telegraph Beach*. I mean, it really is about having these extreme feelings and knowing something was up and not calling it right then." Initially, Shaw had some concern for the popularity of "Point of Being Right" due to its painful honesty about the conclusion of her relationship. Over time, though, Shaw has begun to ease into performing the hit single of the album. Other tracks that are telling of this stressful time are "Baby Blue" and "How Long."

The process for recording *Gone by the Dawn* was also the first time that Shannon and the Clams had access to a studio. They recorded the album at *Tiny Telephone* in San Francisco with the help of **Sonny**

Smith of Sonny and the Sunsets. "It's the first time we got to record at a studio, and *Tiny Telephone* is a really unique place," says Shaw. "Really odd, amazing characters run it, and they are so smart and have a huge collection of gear, like lots of bizarre vintage, foreign instruments, pedals, microphones, cables—all kinds of stuff." Shaw also notes their impressive collection of 20 basses and diverse drum sets. Much to their delight, the band was able to experiment with the wide array of equipment. "We just tried out every kind of keyboard and organ and synthesizer that they had and tried a ton of different sounds," says Shaw. "We got a lot of freedom to mess with vocals and do things we never did before." Unlike prior experiences, in which Shannon and the Clams' creativity was restricted due to limited resources, the only thing restricting them at *Tiny Telephone* was the time they had allotted at the studio.

Hitting the road, Shannon and the Clams have enjoyed the surprise success of *Gone by the Dawn* and have found that many of their shows have been selling out. "Everything has been good!" says Shaw. "I don't even know how. I really expected a backlash." Despite Shaw's enthusiasm for being able to record at *Tiny Telephone*, she was not entirely happy with the cleaner sound that came from the studio. "It was really scary, singing songs that were so straightforward," she

says. "That was really hard for me. I really expected people to reject it and not like how the sound was cleaner." In contrast to the new album, Shannon and the Clams' former records have a noticeably rawer sound, and that is partly due to how the other albums have been recorded. For example, *I Wanna Go Home* was recorded at the infamous punk/garage house, *Telegraph Beach*. "I like things to sound homemade, handmade, fucked up, imperfect," says Shaw. "I think that the sound engineers really tried to meet me halfway, and that came across really well." So far, Shaw has only come across reviews praising *Gone by the Dawn*. While it has elements that profess the exciting and wild aspects of weirdo rock n' roll, it also maintains the roots of their signature rambunctious style.

Unfortunately, Shannon and the Clams have experienced a disappointing loss at home. *Telegraph Beach* was recently shut down, and its closure has been a blow to Oakland's creative community. Shaw suggests that the closure is partially due to an increasing trend of evaporating affordable housing that is making it difficult for bands to find places to play DIY shows. Shaw says, "People are trying to make cool bar scenes happen here, but it's just hard with the music community I'm a part of to really let loose and love being in a place where you have to pay to get in and pay for drinks ... [and] be out by 2. It's hindering people a bit."

Not to be deterred, Shannon and the Clams continue onward and upward with a string of U.S. dates in March that sees them roaring through Salt Lake City. When asked about what Salt Lake fans can expect, Shaw says, "We are performers. We're not just a rock band that gets up and rocks. We're living each song as we're playing it—reliving it."



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BEAUTY AND THE BIKES

BY DARCY MIMMS R2D2THERC@GMAIL.COM



Photo: @clancycoop

Addictive Behavior Motor Works is a destination for sports people of all wheeled interests.

Candice Davis, owner and operator of *Addictive Behavior Motor Works*, is not as rough around the edges as many would imagine a woman who runs a motorcycle and 4x4 service and customization shop to be. "People hear my voice on the radio and come in just because they want to see what I look like," she says. Davis is refined and graceful, professional and eloquent—a mother of nine, a businesswoman and a gearhead with a passion for anything that runs on gasoline.

Addictive Behavior Motor Works sits in the historic Granary District of Salt Lake City. Parked outside are lifted Jeeps and trucks that could chew up and spit out my little Subi, but I park next to the biggest one anyway and hope for the best. An impressive warehouse is home to countless motorcycles, ATVs and trucks that are either for sale or being serviced by the experts at *Addictive Behavior*. Head Service Writer **Mick Dolce** greets me at the door with a huge smile and offers me the warmth of the customer waiting room, where the entire shop comes to refill their coffee and introduce themselves while I wait. *Addictive Behavior's* Service Manager, **Daryl Radford**, has been with Davis since the beginning. He may not own the shop, but has "the passion and dedication as though he does," he says.

Davis grew up in South Jordan, the eldest of four. "When *Grease* and then *Grease 2* came out, I wore out my 8-track copy of the soundtrack, went through several copies of the movies and bought a leather jacket," Davis says. "The black jacket meant you were going to get in trouble, which I wasn't. I learned to ride on the biggest bike I could find so I wouldn't be afraid of anything."

Davis' love for motorsports grew into a business five years ago when she went to buy her first road bike. She says, "I had a friend who rode Big Dog Motorcycles—they are beautiful and have so much power behind them. I said, 'I want one of these.' My husband asked me what bike I wanted and I said, 'I think I want them all.'" Davis then bought the Big Dog Dealership. Three weeks later, Big Dog closed its doors, and she lost everything. Davis is not one to go down without a fight, though. "I refuse to lose," she says. After changing her business concept and putting her family's toys up for sale to support the business, *Addictive Behavior* has become one of the most versatile power sport dealers and service shops in the state since 2011.

Davis' vision for *Addictive Behavior* is to be the destination shop for power sportspeople of all interests and to support their passion for motorcycles, trucks and Jeeps. The shop continues to grow as the team hones in on its niche in the community. In 2015, they featured two Jeeps and one truck in the *SEMA Automotive Specialty Products Trade Show* and hope to absolutely trump last year's entry this year. Currently, *Addictive Behavior* specializes in service, repair, customization and fabrication for motorcycles, trucks and jeeps. Davis' skilled team of technicians will work on any style of bike and provide their customers with the parts and knowledge that they need to start their own projects. Davis' philosophy on motorcycling is comparable to how parents of kids in little league talk about sports: "When I have kids come in who've just bought their first ride, it is my love and hope to get it running so they can use it until they can afford a [custom bike]," she says.

Getting into the male-dominated power sports business in a community where many small shops already exist poses a unique blend of challenges, scrutiny and intimidation. "To go into a male-owned shop and feel like their equal is really hard," Davis says. There are a number of misogynistic assumptions that Davis deals with on an astonishingly regular basis. "At first, I was told I'm a moron and I don't know what I'm doing," Davis says of her initial jump into the industry. Surprisingly, she still gets phone calls requesting to speak with a male technician for help with parts and service. "I hope they adapt one day," she says. The stereotypes continue to run strong in the motorcycle community, she claims, with many people assuming that all female motorcyclists are "expected to be heavy, or biker girls are all lesbians, or biker girls don't have families," she says.

Davis has taken her entrepreneurial spirit to the streets, so to speak, and has used her experience to educate not only young women, but also youngsters in general on the importance of locally owned small businesses and the importance of a college education. Davis continues to advocate for entrepreneurship and education in Salt Lake City. Stop by *Addictive Behavior's* new location and check out their impressive inventory, and visit abmotorworks.com for upcoming events and workshops.

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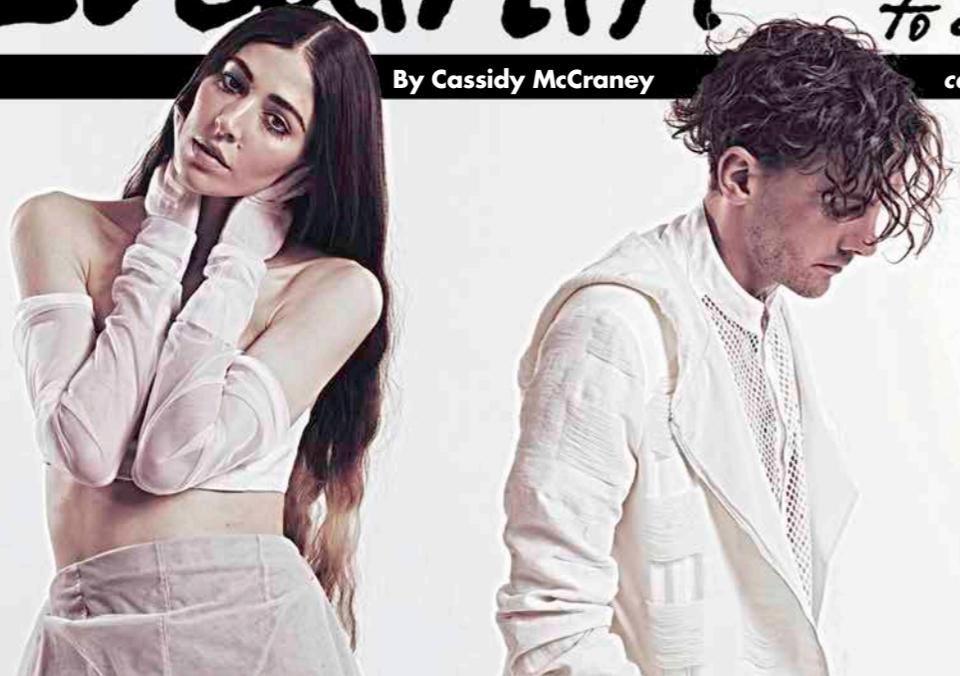


Photo: Tim Barber

(L-R) Catch Caroline Polachek and Patrick Wimberly's electro-pop soundscapes when Chairlift play *Urban Lounge* on March 28.

It's a jungle out there: one where predatory talent agents feed on former Disney stars and where **Kanye West** presumes that he is the lion. A domain once upheld by skill, drive and passion now subsists on autotune and the validation of strangers. The resources with which to create—let alone the nerve—are found somewhere at the bottom of the food chain. With the virtualization of nearly everything, the music industry has become more concerned with image than with impulse, but while the fittest survive—and perpetually selfie—there floats above it all a two-piece band whose hope is bound to the small, the weak and the blindly intuitive things. "I like to think about how the moth will sort of just fly into the light without worrying about what is going to happen to it," says **Patrick Wimberly**, half of the Brooklyn-based Chairlift, "and if it is a fire, it is going to fly into the fire and it is going to burn its wings off, but it is still flying there with all of its ..." —he pauses introspectively. "Instinct," says bandmate **Caroline Polachek**.

Instinct, as it were, is the heartbeat of *Moth*, Chairlift's third—and possibly best—full-length album. Effervescently primal and visceral to the bone, the LP is a beacon of composition and compulsion, quenching an artistic thirst while parching the current climate. Wimberly and Polachek are sonically fearless: Where former Chairlift albums take root in the conceptual, *Moth* errs on the side of the guttural—an evolution not lost on Polachek. "*Moth* is particularly unique of the three records because a lot of the songs [started as improvisation]—they started with a jam," she says, "... and none of those [improvisations] started with any sort of visual or visual concept. It was really just sonic, like two

kids playing with toys: 'Oh, this sounds good! Oh, *this* sounds good! What happens if you do it this way?'"

Their lack of inhibition is likely intentional. (This is the group that first planned to make music for haunted houses.) Having been steeped in sonic flora and fauna for nearly a decade, Chairlift are used to weathering storms and fielding fame: They first made headlines with an iPod commercial that featured their song "Bruises," the single off 2008's *Does You Inspire You*: In 2010, they parted ways with **Aaron Pfenning**, an original Chairlift member who wanted to focus on a solo career. Three years later, they were hanging out with **Beyoncé**—Polachek and Wimberly co-wrote and co-produced her track "No Angel," respectively. The turbulence left Chairlift with a disarming self-awareness and a keen and silent endurance. In the dense Amazon of relevance, they have managed to clear a path all their own: assuming separate projects, taking their time between records and thus releasing their "most collaborative and most organic" attempt yet.

Chairlift recorded *Moth* in a makeshift studio in the heart of New York City—and you can tell. The album is a shifting sojourn of wanting to dance on a crowded subway platform and then reflect alone in an alcove on 68th. Igniting like a flame with "Look Up," Chairlift's electro-pop soundscape blossoms to symphonic fruition as Wimberly experiments with Asiatic strings on "Ottawa to Osaka," buoyed horns on "Ch-Ching" and distorted synths on "Romeo." His chiming canopies are permeated only by Polachek's harnessed inflection, more corporeal than ever before. After realizing that

her **Björk**-like dins could potentially strain her vocal chords, Polachek trained with her former opera teacher to help preserve them.

While *Moth's* natural tendency is to glow lyrically and compositionally, the album is also a stunning display of Wimberly and Polachek's compatibility. Her words are sensitive; his sound is brazen. Her voice is an instrument; an instrument is his voice. "There is a reason why we are together," says Wimberly. "We have strengths and weaknesses—we know how to play off of them, and we like writing together." Before there was Chairlift, there was a mutual admiration—a key to their success, according to Polachek. "I am a fan of Patrick's sound in general, and Patrick is a fan of my composition," she says. "It just sort of works."

At once animalistic and refined, *Moth* is masterful. Of what he hopes their fans will take from the album, Wimberly says, "I like to think that people can learn—not learn to let their guard down, but *actually* let their guard down." Although the descent of the music industry is nigh and our origin of self-worth is simulated, bands like Chairlift—that laud vulnerability, respect impulse and are bereft of pretense—will slow if not stop the digression. They are the two kids playing with toys, the monarch with singed wings. In a kingdom where the feigned and virtual are sovereign, there is still room for Chairlift: constantly moving, resiliently living, drawn to the light.

Chairlift are playing at the *Urban Lounge* March 2. Learn more about them at chairlifted.com

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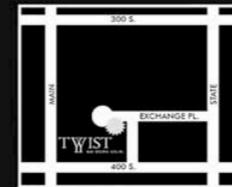
By Weston Colton • weston5050@yahoo.com

Miles Virgil - Ollie to Foot Plant to the Street - SLC, Utah

I met Miles Virgil about 30 minutes before shooting this photo. He said that he had an idea for a photo, and then described how he wanted to ollie off this bump on the sidewalk to a ledge from which he would foot plant and then drop down into the street. What I pictured in my head was nowhere near as cool as what he actually did. I have to give it up to Miles for seeing the possibility of doing this trick.



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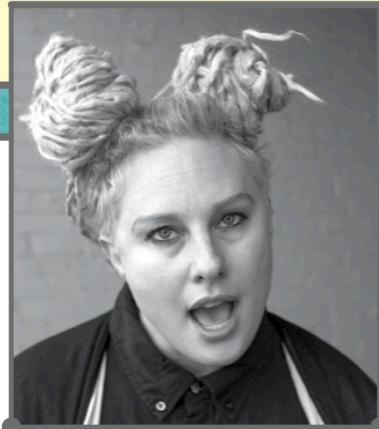
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SLUG CELEBRATES 27 YEARS WITH SIX SLC PERFORMERS

info@slugmag.com • Photos: John Barkiple

For SLUG's 27th birthday, we've enlisted six local performers to breathe new life into songs from members of the 27 Club, famous musicians who passed before their time at the age of 27. Be sure to catch SLUG's 27 Club Anniversary Party at Metro Bar on March 11—doors at 9 p.m., show at 10:30 p.m., \$5 at the door. For full performer interviews, visit slugmag.com.

27 CLUB ARTIST: NIRVANA



— PERFORMER — LINDSAY HEATH

When did you first hear these artists, and why did they inspire you?

It was 1991, and I was 10 years old. I so vividly recall one night head-banging while balancing on my skateboard, facing the television in the middle of my childhood living room as I pretended to be Kurt Cobain and Dave Grohl simultaneously, singing and air-drumming along with "Smells Like Teen Spirit," hoping to impress my babysitter. I watched MTV religiously as a kid (back when it was music TV), and I'll never forget how groundbreaking that video was for me. It was my introduction to my lifelong favorite band. I immediately felt an affinity with Kurt, the band, the sound and the aesthetic.

How do you feel that your performance style aligns with or complements these artists' work?

I feel that my performance style was more deeply influenced and inspired by Kurt, Dave and Nirvana than any other artist/band ever. I'll consider this cover my most sincere tribute to them for having had such a strong hand in shaping my view of music and art.

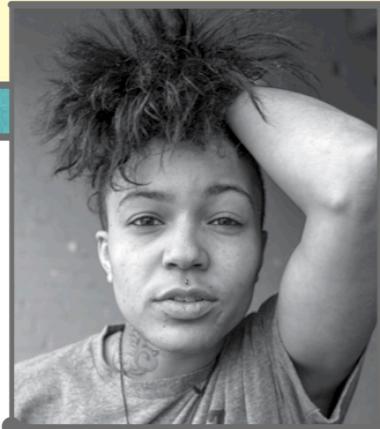
In your performance, what changes/stylization will you make to their work?

My interpretation of "Heart-Shaped Box" could aptly be called a dark lullaby. I've pulled back the layers of thick heavy rock to reveal a vulnerable, raw, eerily beautiful melody that Kurt didn't record—but I believe he heard it, too.

With regard to SLUG's 27th Anniversary Party, why are you excited to perform this piece?

I was born to perform this piece, and I'm deeply grateful for the opportunity.

27 CLUB ARTIST: JIMI HENDRIX



— PERFORMER — LOKE

What contributions did this artist make to alternative/underground music?

The sexualization of the role as lead guitarist, or performing in a way that left the audience astounded. The shock value: playing behind his back or with his teeth—it's like, "What is this guy doing? How did he learn this?" Just pushing the limits of what could be done that is awesome and groundbreaking versus tradition. Not a lot of other musicians pushed the limits like that at that time.

Why do you feel that this artist's legacy lives on so strongly today?

Playing in the '60s, playing at Woodstock, being part of that revolution of peace and love and, in addition to that, being not only one of the best guitarists of all time, but one of the best black guitarists of all time makes Jimi an icon of not only rock and psychedelic culture, but black culture as well.

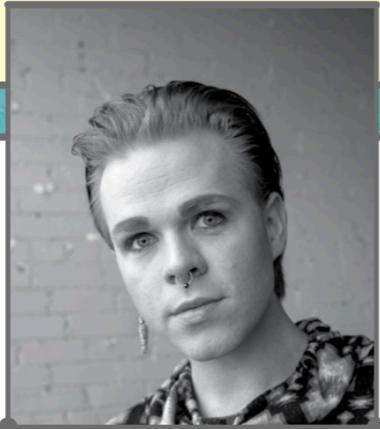
What's a quote or lyric from this artist that's meaningful/impactful for you?

"The time I burned my guitar was like a sacrifice. You sacrifice the things you love. I love my guitar." I love this because he is right. And not a lot of us can admit what it is that we really love, let alone give it up or sacrifice it. I respect that vision and love he had for music.

What are your thoughts about the 27 Club? What's the No. 1 reason not to join the 27 Club?

Full of talented individuals. Possibly, most of them would not have been so revered if they had lived longer, but [I'm] grateful that music and the world were changed by the passion these people had for their craft.

27 CLUB ARTIST: AMY WINEHOUSE



— PERFORMER — SCOTTY-RAY

When did you first hear this artist, and why did they inspire you?

I was 16 when the guy I was "dating" introduced me to her on a playlist that included other hugely inspirational artists like Nina Simone and Antony & The Johnsons. I felt a deep connection to her pain as I listened to the rest of Back to Black and took a lot of musical inspiration from her as a writer and singer.

What made this artist a trailblazer in their craft?

Amy wasn't a typical beauty. Messy beehive hair, smeary cat-eye eyeliner, imperfect teeth and a sail-or mouth accompany the voice you'd easily mistake for a Billie Holiday-era hit. Everything was such an enigma about her in the beginning, and that honesty was incredibly charming. She was lovable at times and a monstrosity at others. Nothing was an act or a character.

How will your performance capture this artist and their personality?

I draw a lot of inspiration from her vocal styling and occasionally rock her signature chunky eyeliner. I will not be impersonating her, but hope to channel some of her soulful energy through singing a medley of my favorite three songs of hers.

With regard to SLUG's 27th Anniversary Party, why are you excited to perform this piece?

I'm getting a portrait of her as a tattoo the day before. This feels like the cherry on top of sharing my undying love and spiritual connection to the legend and legacy in a show centered around such a heartbreaking mystery in pop culture.

When did you first hear this artist, and why did they inspire you?

I couldn't say when I first heard Nirvana—however, the first time that they resonated with me would have been some time in middle school when I was reading a back issue of my oldest brother's *Guitar World* magazine. The person interviewing Kurt Cobain was hassling him a little about the couple of times he had worn dresses on- and offstage. Kurt was having none of that and simply said, "I'm not gay, but I wish I were gay, so I could tell all the homophobes to go to hell." This hit me in a positive way as an early pubescent suddenly realizing that who I was was OK, and those who didn't like it could go to hell. After that, I had a poster of him in eyeliner and mascara on my ceiling through the rest of grade school into college.

What message have you taken from this artist in a positive way in your life?

Honestly, that's a really hard question to answer with how apathetic and self-deprecating Kurt was—it's hard to find something positive. I would maybe say his "I don't care what people think" attitude could be something positive, because no matter what you do in life, you're going to find somebody that doesn't like you. However, you are nobody until somebody hates you.

In your performance, what changes/stylization will you make to their work?

I will be bringing a hell of a lot more flamboyance to the performance and hopefully a little more upbeat feel so the audience can stand up and smile about it rather than slouch down and frown.

With regard to SLUG's 27th Anniversary Party, why are you excited to perform this piece?

I'm excited for the crowd that 27 years of SLUG Magazine will bring to the Metro Bar to celebrate.

27 CLUB ARTIST: KURT COBAIN



— PERFORMER — AARON RAY AKA SISSY RIOT

When did you first hear this artist, and why did they inspire you?

When I was 18, I grew my hair out. Someone said I looked like Jim Morrison. I knew of The Doors and loved their music, but wasn't too familiar with him as a person, so I Googled him and realized what a compliment that was. He was gorgeous—a total mess of a person, but gorgeous.

I grew up listening to classic rock—Blood, Sweat & Tears, Three Dog Night, The Grass Roots, Pink Floyd, Queen, yadda, yadda, yadda. I haven't really resonated with any pop/Top 40 music since the Spice Girls broke up.

What about this artist's song that you'll perform resonates with you, compared to other songs in their oeuvre?

I'll be singing "Touch Me." It's sexy and romantic: "I'm going to love you till the stars fall from the sky, for you and I?" *Throws panties.* Some of his other songs were a little ... "Ride the snake"? Don't boss me.

What insights about this artist can you share that many others might not know?

How about the fact that I am 30 and I look younger than he did when he died? So remember, kids: Don't do drugs, exercise caution, don't put your feet on the seats, and moisturize. I cannot stress this enough.

How do you feel that your performance style aligns with or complements this artist's work?

My drag performances have been very rock n' roll—open, honest, no hidden agenda, kinda slutty, really silly.

27 CLUB ARTIST: JIM MORRISON



— PERFORMER — LUNA SLIPSTREAM THE TIME-TRAVELING SPACE-PIRATE GYPSY-CYBORG

What about this artist's song that you'll perform resonates with you, compared to other songs in their oeuvre?

I will be doing a combination of two songs, "Mercedes Benz" and "Cry Baby," using the former as a sort of intro for the latter. "Mercedes Benz" was the first Janis song I ever heard, and the lyrics have such a wonderful, dry, dark sense of humor to them. "Cry Baby" is one of those songs that you feel in your gut when you listen to it, which, for me, is key when picking songs for drag performance.

Why do you feel that this artist's legacy lives on so strongly today?

Because she was honest. It's a rare thing in mainstream music these days. If you don't believe me, go listen to FM 107.9. You can almost smell the bullshit through your car speakers.

How will your performance capture this artist and their personality?

I will be doing a good, ol'-fashioned drag lip-sync. If you watch any video footage of her performing live, pay attention to her face. She feels every single note and shows it. I hope to embody that in my tribute.

What are your thoughts about the 27 Club?

To me, the mystery around the 27 Club reminds me too much of Bigfoot or the Bermuda Triangle. I think it's important to use these people's stories as a learning opportunity. If you want to be a successful performer, you need to know how to protect yourself and what kind of situations you can be put in due to the nature of performance/entertainment.

27 CLUB ARTIST: JANIS JOPLIN



— PERFORMER — KLAUS





Dream Diary

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

There I was, standing in a windowless, brown, fake-wood-paneled room with only three walls, holding a broken snow cone. While contemplating who broke my snow cone or how it got damaged, the room spins me around without my consent, and I'm now facing the wall-less part of the room looking at a massive pigsty—but the pigs aren't pigs. They are mutated pit bulls with pig-like faces, but they have tiny legs, and they are all staring at me and my broken snow cone with a strong look of jealousy and contempt.

This is just a tiny excerpt from one of the strange dreams I have on a regular basis. My dreams oftentimes seem to not make any sort of cognitive sense. They're frequently hard to describe and uncomfortable. Rarely do I have the awesome "I'm flying!" dream or the passionate sex dream, probably because I crank it too much. But through all the nonsense my brain pumps out while I'm sawing logs, there are recurring themes and feelings that come up.

I started keeping a dream diary, and I wanted my dreams to be analyzed—not so much for personal, psychological and emotional growth, but more just out of curiosity. When I pitched the idea of sharing my dream diary to the *SLUG* editorial staff, they came back at me with a suggestion that they have probably been sitting on for a long time: providing me with a clinical mental health counselor.

Keeping a dream diary is quite a chore. I often forget the contents of the pixie dust that Rip Van Winkle sprinkles on me while I'm sweating bullets in my sheets right after I wake up. I started sleeping with a notepad to jot down my dreams as soon as I would wake up, but writing when you get up at the crack of 2 p.m. is work. The first thing I want to do is take a long pee to alleviate my morning wood. Usually, after I do that, the memory of my dream has escaped my consciousness, and it's time to start another stupid day.

I sat down in the *SLUG* office with our new online advice columnist, who goes by **Subversive Shrink**, to dissect the contents of my unconscious. I read her an excerpt from my dream diary, and we let the analysis begin. In short, the dream I described to her involved an ex-girlfriend, angry people drinking gin and tonics in a shapeshifting lobby of a therapist's office, broken VHS tapes scattered about and a basketball game playing sideways on a TV. All the while, feelings of anger and anxiety surrounded the aura of the nocturnal episode but would sometimes be calmed with the presence of an old man with a hairy chest who entered the shapeshifting lobby from time to time.

The analysis of my dream was simple yet enlightening. The Subversive Shrink explained that the easiest way to describe the nonsensical nature of my dreams is that my brain has different compartments—or boxes, if you will—that store my feelings, and then they pop up in my sleep in no particular order, but they still have meaning with regard to my feelings and events of my conscious life.

For example, the broken VHS tapes represented breakage in my own life at the time. The angry, anxious feelings that encompassed my dream reflected the same, although there was a comforting element within the old, hairy man letting me know that things would be OK. And the basketball on the sideways TV? Well, fuck, I like basketball.

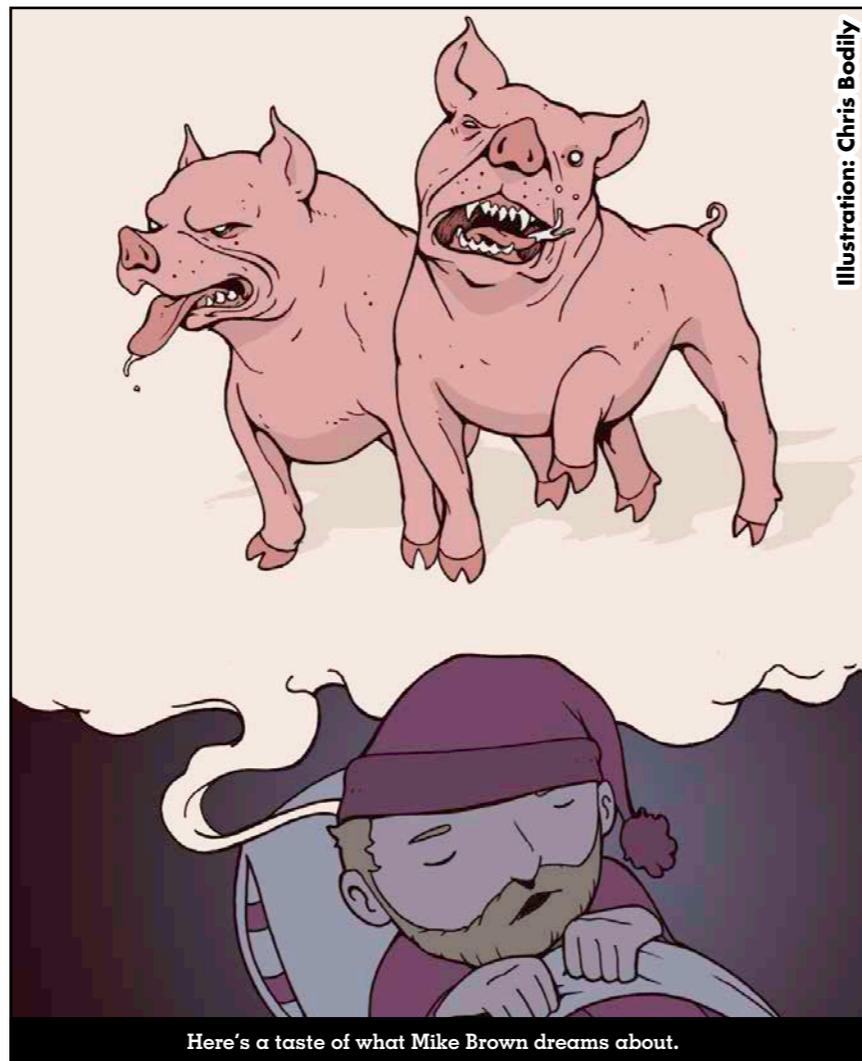


Illustration: Chris Bodily

Here's a taste of what Mike Brown dreams about.

She also explained that the primary function of dreaming is to encode our day-to-day information. Dreams are sort of a defragmenting process in our cute, little brains at the neurological level, separating different chunks of info and feelings and filing them away where the brain thinks it ought to be. I imagine my brain's dream-filing system to be similar to my personal filing system on my computer—just out of sorts and unorganized as fuck, with the porno saved way too close to my work spreadsheets, creating potential for awkward moments during that next sales meeting.

I asked Subversive Shrink about some recurring themes I experience when I go night-night. The one that bothers me the most is the theme of being stuck and unable to move. Apparently, this theme is quite common and is related to the inability to move forward with something in my own life. Knowing my life, that's numerous things, thus the recurrence.

There are many other recurring dream themes, some of which I never have—for example, your teeth falling out, which Subversive Shrink says they dream of from time to time. Maybe I don't have this one because I'm pretty sure my teeth will fall out in real life. But it can represent anxiety in your real life, feeling threatened, or losing something important—because I guess teeth are important.

I also inquired with the shrink as to which drugs are best for affecting dreams. As many seasoned stoners know, a good acid trip can have many similarities to an awesome dream. Subversive Shrink mentioned that DMT or ayahuasca have been associated with dreamlike conditions. Apparently, a clinical mental health counselor with Subversive Shrink's educational and training background may not prescribe drugs, but I'm still wondering what pharmaceuticals I could be prescribed in order to manage my dreams, or even my day-to-day life. I doubt there are any, though.

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(L-R) Scott Wasilewski, Kory Quist, Levi Hanna and Jamison Garrido (not pictured) bring Making Fuck's *A Harrowing End* to life on March 11 at Diabolical Records.

Photo: jessicabundyphotography.com

Making Fuck BRING A HARROWING END

By Megan Kennedy iamnightsky@gmail.com

Heavy music fans in Salt Lake, rejoice: Making Fuck are back, though they look a bit different than you might remember.

The sludge three-piece, composed of guitarist/vocalist **Kory Quist (The Ditch and the Delta)**, cellist **Jessica Bundy** and drummer/vocalist **Anson Bishoff**, returns this year with the release of *A Harrowing End*. Though their previous, self-titled 7" was satisfying as hell, nothing can prepare for the glory of the full-length, due to drop on March 11. The record is eight tracks of thick, gnawing anger: Bundy's cello chews from the low end while Quist's razor growls suffocate from the high, giving you no choice but to sit and take every swing. As usual, they pull no punches on their subject matter; Salt Lake natives will particularly love "Mormon Guilt" and its familiar sample from *SLC Punk!* that so succinctly describes what it's like to live here as a heretic.

The record was written and recorded by Quist, Bundy and Bishoff, and according to Quist, the writing was approached in much the same manner as their previous work. His aim is to maintain a level of strangeness to the songwriting that keeps listeners interested and engaged. "The approach, like the other one, was lack of time signatures or any sort of reference," says Quist. "That's what plays into the name Making Fuck—we're just doing what we want. It's one of those [things where] the approach is 'Try to dance to this.' I get bored when it's too predictable. I was trying to make things weird."

While the recording process went mostly well, trying

to maintain the brutality of the cello's lows from live stage to record was a challenge. Bundy had rigged a special arrangement for the band's live shows that allowed her instrument a greater level of sonic power and heaviness, which required incorporating trial and error into *A Harrowing End*—but successful they were. "Trying to capture that into the record was hard," says Quist. "We had to do it a couple of times before we were like, 'Aha—there it is.'"

Once the album was finished, plans were set in motion for a West Coast tour after a local release show. Not that any new album release goes smoothly, but Making Fuck has a very unique one: The members playing on and responsible for the album, aside from Quist, are no longer in the band, and won't be playing their own release show. Separate amicable circumstances caused Bundy and Bishoff to leave the band at separate times, before both the album's release and subsequent tour. Fortunately, Quist's deep roots in the local scene allowed him to overcome this challenge and push forward with his band.

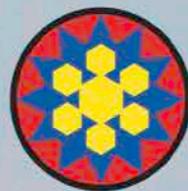
First, Quist tapped **Scott Wasilewski (Huldra, Sights)** to replace Bundy on cello, with the intention of simply replicating the album as closely as possible during live sets. After touring with **SubRosa**, Quist says that he found his "Hobbit twin" in bassist **Levi Hanna**, and their quick chemistry both personally and musically led him to ask Hanna to join Making Fuck and help add a new layer to their low end. "I've always wanted Making Fuck to be a little bit heavier," says Quist. "It didn't quite hit those expectations with super low notes, so I thought, let's split the duties with

the frequencies."

Separation of duties on the low end could wind up altering the band's sound a bit, as it gives Wasilewski a little more wiggle room with his cello-playing without costing the low end any power. "Levi can play the stuff I don't feel like sitting down and figuring out," says Wasilewski. "Levi and I have been playing music [together] for five years, but we've never had this setup where he's on bass. We're still trying to experiment and figure out how it goes."

Bishoff's departure came at short notice, and after a few false starts, Quist reached out to **Jamison Garrido (Star Grazer)** to take Bishoff's place on drums. As the youngest in the band, Garrido is jumping right in the fire by joining Making Fuck, replacing a previous drummer among seasoned musicians and tour dogs. But this achievement has been a long time coming for him, and he's stoked to finally see his hard work pay off. "Anson killed it on the drums, and he has a very different sound than me, and the challenge kind of adds to the excitement of learning the parts. It makes it all that much more exciting to go on tour for my first time," says Garrido.

The band has some unique challenges ahead, but nothing they can't flatten in front of them. Making Fuck will be kicking off their West Coast tour with their album release show at *Diabolical Records* on Friday, March 11, supported by **Die Off** and **Worst Friends**. Bring your donations for the shop, and get the double LP for 20 bones.



Brighton

Event Schedule

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- 3/22 - Trivia at Molly Greens
- 3/26 - Uinta Deck Party at Milly
- 3/27 - Easter Pancake Breakfast

- 4/2 - Adidas Over Under
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Serving Style: 12-oz. bottle



These are good days for a beer nerd—it's like a personalized Christmas designed just for me! It's damn frigid this morning, and *Uinta Brewing Company* is my destination. The description that *Uinta* provided back in December made this beer sound too good—delaying, for me, is not an option. I strolled my ass into *Uinta's* bottle shop where the bottles and other people clamoring for beers awaited me. A six pack for \$8.99? Not bad for a seasonal craft beer—I'll commit to six. Let's see if this beer can live up to my own hype.

Description: The label screams summer, which is helpful because saisons are typically summer beers, and a little summer right now sure looks appealing. As I crack the bottle open, I immediately notice that it's crystal clear. Red flags start waving in my mind: This beer should not be filtered—not this much, anyway. The clear, pale-yellow color with the bubbles reminds me a little of champagne. As I hold it up to the light, it takes on more golden hues as the head goes from two fingers tall to a thin ring in my snifter glass within a minute. This is a good-looking beer, but the head and lacing were a little weak.

As I stick my nose deep into my snifter glass, the aroma smacks of grapes and a honey sweetness. The grapey notes hang around for a while, which is most welcome. Next comes that signature, spicy saison yeast with nice lemon-citrus aromas. Wheat and

pale malts are nearly hidden underneath, but there's enough to impart balance. This beer has a good aroma, and the grape must (the skin and peel of the grape) works well with the saison base.

The taste is fairly similar to the nose. It starts out with a malty sweetness, but the grape must still asserts its dominance. The same white-grape aspect that I got in the nose returns, and it's followed by a little bit of vinous tartness. Up next comes the saison yeast, which imparts spicy coriander and clove-like yeast flavors followed by a slight malt flavor with some pale malts and wheat showing up. A great citrus flavor comes toward the end, with lemon still sticking out the most and a little more tartness and some slight earthy flavors, with a sweet, white-grape and saison-yeast aftertaste. This is a pretty well-balanced beer. It juggles the grape must and the saison base handily. It's quite smooth and refreshing in the mouth. It's crisp and clean, on the lighter side of being medium-bodied with a medium to high carbonation level. The mouthfeel is quite inviting, and it works well with this beer.

Overview: This new offering from *Uinta* is nice, and it's a great example of a fruit-infused saison. Sometimes, the base beer can get lost in the fruitiness, but that is not the case here. The grape must isn't too overpowering, and it worked well with the saison yeast, plus the alcohol is hidden well. The overall palette did a good job at holding my attention—I don't think I would have a problem drinking this whole sixer by myself. I hope to be enjoying this beer in the coming summer when summer's heat will really make it shine. What I like the least about this beer is the appearance. It isn't bad, but damn, it's clear. I keep wondering what this would have tasted like had it not been filtered, but that's an issue that is easily fixed. The price point on a six pack is about what you'd pay for any beer of similar quality—maybe even a little less. I'll also note that you can buy the beers by the bottle, too. I would recommend this beer to anyone who likes fruity saisons. Basically, I enjoyed this beer and am glad I spent the extra quatlouos on the full six-pack. Good job, *Uinta*: This is a unique-tasting saison. I like the direction you're headed.

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Rock Docs
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Directed by Isaacs Friley
88 min | 2015 | UK/USA | Not Rated

The story of an unknown singer who is thrust into the spotlight masquerading as Elvis back from the grave.

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210 E 400 S
Salt Lake City

SAT
MAR 5
11AM



TUE
MAR 22
7PM



Additional Screenings: Sorenson Utley Center, West Jordan, Price, Orem. For more information please visit our website.

Tumbleweeds Year-Round
ODDBALL
Directed by Stuart McDonald
93 min | 2015 | Australia | Not Rated

The true story of a farmer who trains his dog to protect a wild penguin sanctuary from fox attacks.

The City Library
210 E 400 S
Salt Lake City

TUE
MAR 8
7PM



TUE
MAR 29
7PM



***Post-film discussion.**

Science Movie Night
THE CHOCOLATE FARMER
Directed by Rohan Fernando
71 min | 2015 | Canada | Not Rated

The story of one man's struggle as the forces of globalization threaten his ancient Mayan traditions.

The City Library
210 E 400 S
Salt Lake City

WED
MAR 9
7PM



SAT
APR 2
11AM



***Post-film Q&A with director and Trent Harris.**

Through the Lens
BEAVER TRILOGY PART IV
Directed by Brad Besner
84 min | 2015 | USA | Not Rated

In 1979, KUTV producer Trent Harris discovered "Groovin' Gary," which laid the foundation for the *Beaver Trilogy*.

Rose Wagner
138 W 300 S
Salt Lake City

THUR
MAR 10
7PM



Official Selection: 2015 Sundance Film Festival.

Utah Film Circuit
THE END OF THE TOUR
Directed by James Franco
105 min | 2015 | USA | Rated R

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GALLERY stroll



CUAC's annual Utah Ties exhibit celebrates a Utah state of mind.

Art is at Our Core By Mariah Mellus mariah@utahfilmcenter.org

I have long believed that Utah has a gravitational pull in the creative community. Our breathtaking landscapes have inspired countless artists in all mediums, from visual to performance art, film to literary works. **Robert Smithson**, famous for his land art, used the elements around the Great Salt Lake as his muse for *Spiral Jetty*. Inspired by the unique red-violet coloration of the soil that, for him, "evoked a ruined and polluted sci-fi landscape," Smithson took a piece of land that had been marred by the railroad industry and created an art piece that has protected that area from future industrial ruin and created an iconic art symbol that embodies Utah's desolate beauty.

What makes a Utah artist? Is it lineage, proximity or community connections? Or is it rooted in one's artistic expression? According to CUAC, it's all of the above, including a state of mind. CUAC honors artists connected with Utah at their annual *Utah Ties Show*, opening March 18. Artists submitted their work throughout the month of February for the chance to be juried by acclaimed artist **Rob Greene**. Participants receive great exposure in the Utah arts community, along with access to a global art world through the invited juror. Greene grew up in rural West Virginia and Virginia before attending BYU to earn his degree in economics. He worked for MGM Studios and 20th Century Fox before starting his own exhibition organization, *Greene Exhibitions*. His exhibitions have been reviewed by *Artforum*, *LA Times*, *Flash Art* and *Contemporary Art Review Los Angeles*. Awards totaling \$1,000 will be given to juror selections. The show

opens in conjunction with the monthly *Gallery Stroll* and will remain on display throughout the month.

The epicenter for everything appears to be in the middle of nothing. In the small town of Green River, Utah (population 952), an even smaller group of thinkers, creators and doers are making a big difference not only in Green River, but also in changing how we view and treasure our rural communities. In 2009, Auburn University architectural graduates, aligned with AmeriCorps Volunteers In Service to America (VISTA), came to Green River in an effort to uncover economical development solutions, improve communications and utilize the resources of this small town. Five years later, Green River boasts a vibrant business community, which meets regularly at the *Epicenter* to communicate, collaborate and inspire one another.

The *Epicenter* is integral in promoting the majestic trails and tourism locations in the area and hosts a competitive artist residency program. Fellows are selected on artistic merit and their sensitivity to working in rural areas. In celebration of the work of the *Epicenter* and their many fellows, the *Rio Gallery* in Salt Lake City at 300 S. 455 W. will proudly host: *The Epicenter: The Frontier Fellowship: The First Five Years*, which opens March 18 with a reception from 6 to 9 p.m. and will be on show until May 13.

Robert Smithson had no idea what he was giving to the state of Utah when he moved earth in a remote area along a salty lake. Today, thanks to a recent legislative decision, *Spiral Jetty* has been adopted as the official symbol of art for Utah. How fitting: a symbol that circles around and leads you right back to the center—Utah in the center of us all.

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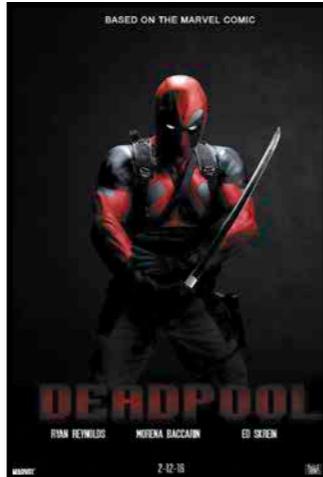


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MOVIE

reviews

Deadpool
Director: Tim Miller
20th Century Fox
In Theaters: 02.12



It's been 10 years in the making to get the foul-mouthed mercenary on the screen in appropriate form with a correlating R-rating. After "leaking" the script and test footage, 20th Century Fox finally gave into screaming fans' demands, but with an unusually low budget for a superhero film. As I type these words, the film has already grossed more than \$280 million in four days. Obviously, we'll be seeing a sequel. The story follows soldier of fortune Wade Wilson (**Ryan Reynolds**) as he discovers the love of his life (**Morena Baccarin**) and the fact that he has terminal cancer. In order to avoid the shiny white light, Wilson agrees to an experiment that gives him super powers but, unbeknown to him, permanently disfigures him. Cue the revenge flick. First off, I know that the beautiful, red Marvel logo attracts children like a moth to a flame, but this is NOT suitable for anyone under the age of 18. For the adults, it's hysterical. Reynolds was born to play that smart-ass who never stops insulting his friends and enemies. The fight choreography is top-notch, and for having such a decreased budget, Tim Miller used every cent with an attention to detail. This is a film you will have to see multiple times in order to hear every joke, since you will laugh at more than 25 percent of them on your initial viewing. With a plethora of adult-themed comic book characters out there, it's fantastic to see the masses embracing the immature yet amusing crudeness. Here's to hoping that the curse on R-rated superhero movies is broken and that we get the opportunity

to witness even more characters in a fitting setting. Seriously, do you remember how awful Reynolds' version was in *Wolverine: Origins*? Just thinking about it makes me nauseous. Great, now that's stuck in my head. Better go see this for the fourth time to make things right. So long! —Jimmy Martin

Eddie the Eagle
Director:
Dexter Fletcher
20th Century Fox
In Theaters: 02.26

It's usually Disney who distributes the inspirational true sports story, but it's 20th Century Fox who decided that the incredible accomplishments of Eddie Edwards needed to be seen on the silver screen. Since he was a child, the thick-glasses-wearing, socially awkward Edwards (**Taron Egerton**) always wanted to be an Olympian. However, it wasn't until his teenage years that he focused on skiing and the Winter Olympics. After learning to ski and actually winning competitions here and there, he was still denied a position on the British ski team due to his awkwardness and economical position. Never wanting to give up hope, Edwards discovered a loophole and began training for the ski jump since there were no other competitors. After nearly killing himself time and time again, he attracts former jumper turned alcoholic Bronson Peary (**Hugh Jackman**), and they begin training. Obviously, they make it to the Olympics, or we wouldn't have a movie, but the ending may actually take you by surprise. Egerton captures the goofy charisma of Edwards, who has a heart of gold that made me want to stand up and cheer. The chemistry between Egerton and Jackman works beautifully, as their characters couldn't be any more different. Director Dexter Fletcher takes audiences on an exhilarating ride as the camera places you directly on the daunting slopes and over the edge. Your stomach will definitely get a little queasy as you take flight. As the events took place in the 1980s, Fletcher captures the true essence of an '80s ski movie with **Matthew Margeson's** score, complete with incredible synthesizers. It would be quite difficult to walk out of this movie without a smile across your face. It's that charming and motivating. However, you will never see this film critic ever try one of these death-traps covered in snow—never, ever. —Jimmy Martin

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ASK A COP



Illustration: Brighton Metz

Dear Cop,

I've called 911 a few times in my time, and I'm interested in how responders coordinate between different 911-affiliated departments. I've seen an ambulance and cop cars show up to a call, and when I've called about a friend who was homeless who was experiencing a health emergency, there weren't any cops, just ambulances, and my friend got the attention he needed. This seems to happen in a matter of minutes in most cases. What sort of criteria do 911 call centers use to determine the appropriate parties to send to a scene? Sometimes it seems like a firetruck might be in a neighborhood randomly when there isn't a fire or anything apparently dire to require that resource—there's a hypothetical situation that makes me wonder.

I've also heard on public radio that the 911 system was created specifically for callers in a landline grid, and now that cell phones dominate our communication—let alone phone calls—the system might be out of date. Does this diagnosis “ring” true for Utah as well, as far as the efficacy of 911 responses? Also, of the organizations that may respond to a 911 call, are there inter-organizational softball teams, like the fire department vs. the police department? If so, which teams win?

-411 on the 911

Dear 411,

I'm by no means an expert on your common question, but here's what I know. There are basically three dispatch entities in the SL Valley: Salt Lake City PD dispatch, Unified Police Department dispatch and Valley Emergency Communications Center (VECC). Oh, yeah, the State of Utah, too.

Salt Lake City dispatch provides dispatch services for police and fire in, well, Salt Lake City. Oh, yeah, Sandy City, too. Go figure. I know it has something to do with Sandy using the Versadex reporting system, whereas VECC

agencies use the Spillman Computer Aided Dispatch system.

Salt Lake County provides dispatch services for the Unified Police Department and the areas that they service, such as the Midvale city municipality, Riverton, etc. and unincorporated areas of the county. However, I believe (but don't quote me) that VECC handles Salt Lake County fire calls.

VECC handles dispatching for most of the other agencies in the Salt Lake Valley. The State of Utah handles all dispatching for the State such as Highway Patrol, AP&P, DMV cops, snow plows, DOT, etc. ...

If you're not confused, I am. Not to mention—no doubt—it costs a hell of a lot compared to having one entity. Confusing dispatching might be why you see randomness as you described.

The second part of your question has to do with Phase 1 and Phase 2 E-911 systems. I don't understand much about that either, but basically, the system knows where you are by landline, triangulation or GPS—something like that—and it routes your call to the proper center. One of the centers is primary if there's a problem, but I don't know which one, and then you're transferred. What I do know is that all these dispatchers in all these centers are excellent at communicating with each other. There are numerous instances where after the “911, what is your emergency?” question, the dispatcher transfers you to the proper center, virtually seamlessly.

Dispatchers working so well together is the reason they commonly kick the ass of police and firefighters at softball.

-Cop

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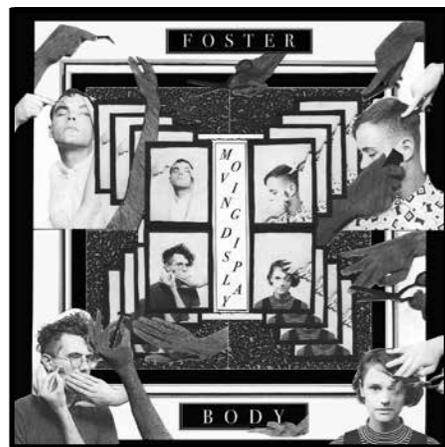
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- SAT MAR 26 THE MOTHER HIPS

LOCAL MUSIC

reviews

Foster Body

Moving Display
Diabolical Records
Street: 03.25
Foster Body = Gang of Four + Jad Fair
+ Erase Errata



On Sept. 24, 2015, I violated every known traffic law, except vehicular manslaughter, to gawk with deep endearment at **A Place To Bury Strangers**. Unexpectedly, I arrived with plenty of time to spare; however, another band furiously ripped through their set—their *Pink Flag* wall-of-sound assault on the audience's auditory sensibilities—whose name stuck with me ever since: Foster Body. The **Oliver Ackermann**-approved four-piece re-imagined the post-punk language of Gang of Four and **Wire**, all the while crafting something new with something reverentially older.

Moving Display transcends any historical precedent with minimalistic mastery. **Korey Martin** percusses the guitar. He refrains from playing it the way five minutes in a Guitar Center painfully reminds one of why that very instrument demands a stylistic revival. Martin punishes it, forcing out of it sounds both grating and fierce. "Safe Betrays the Medicine" sees Martin and the charismatic vocal shape-shifter **Robin Banks** accompany their head-first approach into joyful destruction. "Touching & Moving" sees Banks and bassist/vocalist **Dyana Durfee** exchanging barbs, ear-splittingly screaming "I am just killing time!" The social commentary alone would yield a consenting nod from **Jon King** himself. Yet, seeing "Touching & Moving" with contemporary eyes certainly reveals how prescient it is that our narcissistic ways have diminished our appreciation for leading more meaningful lives.

Beneath Foster Body's underlying social commentary is an intention to begin conversations that are not being had, to remedy some of contemporary society's conspicuous issues. "This is a continuing conversation," yells Banks on the infectious, atonal track

"Tune out, Give in, Nod off." Technological stimulation has made people less stimulating, and the only remedy is to connect in a way where technology cannot interfere.

Therein lies Foster Body's power: to connect both on a musical and cerebral level. Summoning *Entertainment*-era Gang of Four on "Content," with **Andy Gill**'s expressions found in Martin's playing and the band's thwarting backing vocals, fails to hurt the band in any way, in spite of the band's glaring influence. More importantly, however, is how the band fuses its influences and worldview, making them distinct in spite of sounding familiar. —Stephan Wyatt

Hoops

Masterpieces
New Visions in Electronic Music
Street: 12.14.15
Hoops = Big City Orchestra +
Michael Stearns



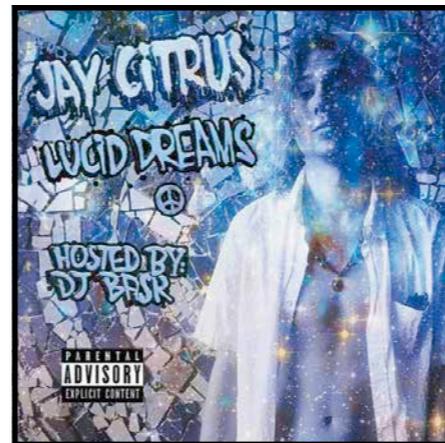
Masterpieces by local experimental musician Hoops is an elegant and monstrously captivating affair. Released by homegrown label New Visions in Electronic Music, both digitally and on cassette, *Masterpieces* allows one to choose their own aesthetic experience. I chose the alluring cassette—with its minimalist clear casing, Sharpie-scribbled plastic insert, and white liner notes in devious black script. The first side of the album, "Part 1: For piano, tape and phonograph," is marked by an incredibly loud hissing sound (presumably from the tape and phonograph), which goes on to create a complex and complementary motion beneath the piano. The sounds of the piano present a dual personality. On one hand, the higher-octave keys are played in a riff-based though nursery-like style—delicate, slow and questioning. On the other hand, the lower octave keys are mashed down in heavy gothic-reminiscent chords—creating a fearsome and strict backbone for the treble end. "Part 1..." is later shaped by low percussive murmurs (similar to blips from an ultrasound) and eventually breaks down into

a feedback-laden, undulating beat.

The album's second side, "Part 2: For 23 strings, tape and phonograph," has a more homologous tone. The individual instruments are harder to pick out, marked only in between the ringing swells and lulls of sound. "Part 2..." though certainly more brash in its content, isn't without an ethereal, meditative quality. When the boisterous feedback, hiss and crackle of the tape and phonograph, and sinuously vamping strings bleed together, I'm put into a sublime place, where gongs are echoing and heady incense is creating lace-like patterns in the air. And though "Part 2..." seemingly aims to defy beauty, it does so in undeniably beautiful ways. If you are looking for an album that is at once haunting and entrancing, look no further, for Hoops has created it—take it home, turn off the lights, light a candle and zone out. Or, if sitting at home isn't quite the accompanying experience you are looking for, I suggest putting *Masterpieces* into your car's tape-deck (your car does have a tape-deck, right?) and touring some poorly lit streets at night—carving paths in the darkness to an exquisite soundtrack. —Z. Smith

Jay Citrus

Lucid Dreams
Lucid Flow Music
Street: 01.06
Jay Citrus = Curren\$y +
Trademark Da Skydiver



"I'm livin' lucid," croons the sleepy voice of Utah rapper Jay Citrus, who appears to be the real-life version of **James Franco**'s character in *Pineapple Express*, with long hair, oversized Hawaiian shirts and a penchant for weed. *Lucid Dreams* is the kind of album with dreamy, washed-out tracks that you'd want to kick back and smoke to. Each track leads seamlessly into the next, making the overarching theme of lucid dreaming one that is actually cohesive throughout the entire album and creating something that has a stream-of-consciousness, stylized aspect to it. Jay Citrus experiments with the beat, sometimes rapping a

little behind the beat to really stretch out the verse, doing so even with the first lines of the album, "Wanna be the new Houdini / Make anything possible," which starts on an offbeat and immediately grabs attention. The rest of the album follows in the same, effortless suit. "Someone Different" breaks up the monotony with female vocalist **MaryJane**, who complements Jay Citrus' somnolent rapping with her richly dark voice. "No Breaks" features a sample of **Paul Wall**'s "Sittin Sidewayz" with a kind of hazy effect added to it, as though one were listening underwater, and "Lucid" makes use of various quotes from **Tarantino** movies with the same dreamlike effect. **DJ Bask** lends these tracks a certain mastery that matches perfectly with Jay Citrus' aesthetic. What sets Jay Citrus apart from other local hip-hop is that some rappers from the 801 fall back too much on mentioning Salt Lake in almost every track, which Jay Citrus refrains from, only making one or two references throughout the album. Instead, he focuses on creating an atmospheric mixtape, a refreshing Citrus twist on the Salt Lake rap game. —Ali Shimkus

My Private Island

Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 01.30
My Private Island = Soundgarden x
Nickelback / Radiohead

The chords are ringing thick. A steady drum beat drives the pulse, and a bright chorus echoes out over the mix. Deep bass rumbles through the atmosphere—and there I sit, eagerly taking in all of it. My Private Island impressed me with their self-titled debut release featuring a heavy rock vibe and crisp guitar solos. This album is good at keeping a strong, driving energy, but what's really amazing here are the few songs like "Landing in the Limelight" that climax into an epic guitar shred!

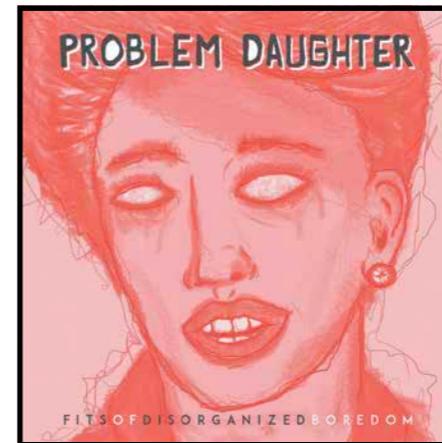
Amid clever guitar licks, this album keeps things noisy and riff-heavy. Songs are distinct from one another, but occasionally, I felt that some riffs overstayed their welcome. The opener, "Ridiculous," sets a quick, heavy energy for the album, which carries strongly on for a few songs. Then, out of nowhere, "Change in Seasons" introduces a completely different side of the band. Heavy riffs give over to a **Thirty Seconds to Mars**-meets-**3 Doors Down** vibe—which, in context, feels a little out of place. Right after that, the hard rock is back—but country undertones re-emerge in a couple slower tunes at the end of the album.

My Private Island can really deliver a climactic finale, but I sometimes felt like an extra instrument would help flesh the intermittently barren section here or there. Fast and heavy is no problem for the band, but their slower tracks, like "It Was You," are well ... slow. The mix is great, so there's no trouble hearing everyone—I'm just not hearing enough at times.

If I showed up to a gig with no idea who was performing and My Private Island was playing, I'd be stoked. This album proves that these guys can rock a set, which makes me want to bang my head, dance and hold my girlfriend's hand all at the same time. Quick, grungy guitar arpeggios lend an air of metal to this album and settle nicely over the heavy ambience, while slower, relaxed progressions still keep the beat going and provide a little respite before building into groovy, jumpy jams! My Private Island will perform with **Quiet Riot** at *Liquid Joe's* on April 22, which is a combo that I certainly don't want to miss. —Alex Blackburn

Problem Daughter

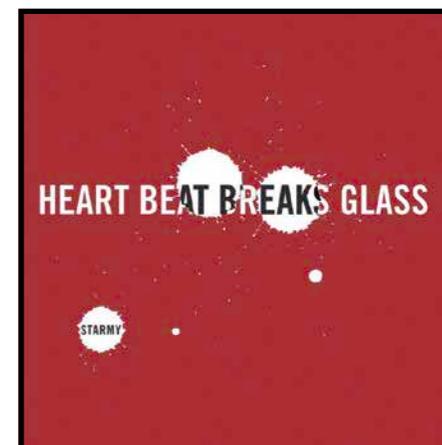
Fits of Disorganized Boredom
Dying Scene Records
Street: 02.24
Problem Daughter = The Menzingers +
The Flatliners + Dead To Me +
None More Black



I couldn't express my excitement enough when I heard that my favorite Salt Lake punk rock band was finally releasing a follow-up to their 2012 self-titled release. Problem Daughter have maintained a subgenre of punk rock that's difficult to categorize—they walk a fine line of pop punk simplicity and tooth-and-nail, late '00s melancholic punk rock. They balance on that line with emotional, raspy vocal output that harmonizes with the melody-driven guitar riffs in non-traditional song structures that aren't afraid to go over the three-minute mark. This album hones all of their trademarks from the vocal trade-offs between guitarist **Shane Augustus** and bassist **Regan Ashton** layered with melodic, mid-tempo musical prowess that's pristine in its catchiness. The opening track, "O Bother, Where Art Thou?" is my new favorite song, taking no time in throwing me right in Augustus' and **Tyler Sisson**'s melodic guitar work, which gives way to Ashton's bass and Augustus' lyrics stealing the show. "I'll come clean, I'll come clean when you do the same and I won't, no, I won't, I won't call you out on your shit!" "Like A Dog" showcases the vocal swaps between Augustus and Ashton as they offer poetic, emotion-added lyrics over downbeat ska-style rhythms and Sisson's provocative guitar playing. "Dracula on a Budget" plays out with some vocalized "Ohs" in the background over heavy guitar work and fades out with a call-and-repeat portion of the song that closes out the album. If there is any complaint to be had about this album, it's that it's too damn short, with only eight tracks clocking in at 26 minutes. But on the plus side, they are eight solid tracks written by guys who pour their lives into this band, and I guess it's better to have a short album with no filler than to have an album in which you skip most of the tracks. *Fits of Disorganized Boredom* is simply a great album from a great band who are now garnering the recognition that they deserve. —Eric U. Norris

Starmy

Heart Beat Breaks Glass
Self-Released
Street: 01.09
Starmy = Red Bennies +
Grand Funk Railroad



Local outfit Starmy's sixth release, *Heart Beat Breaks Glass*, opens with a steady ruckus of thick guitar harmonies layered with **Mike Sartain**'s tense vocal style. The opening track, "Heart Beat Breaks Glass," is a tightly refined song that weaves cohesively around an organ solo reminiscent of Red Bennies' 2004 album, *Adult Sophisticates*. With grunge guitar work that emits a pervasive intensiveness, "Heart Beat Breaks Glass" sets the precedent for an album that is Starmy's most uniform work to date.

With consistent juxtaposition between straightforward, dirty rock songs against slightly more somber tracks, the album lends itself to an introspection that Starmy tightly and confidently execute. The track "Live Today Like This Is Your Last" showcases Sartain's well-placed vocal harmonies and exudes the nostalgia of a late-'70s rock ballad. The track that immediately follows, "Highs and Lows," features gritty, jostling guitar melodies that blend into buried organ vibrations, building with a latent and unadulterated ferocity the vein of **Deep Purple's Jon Lord**.

"Despite the Pixels On the Sun" sounds like it could be a continuation of "Live Today Like This Is Your Last." The track revolves around a melancholic, space rock-infused melody that plays with Sartain's slightly distorted vocals and **Dave Payne**'s cathartic drumming style. The track builds with empathetic suspense, perpetually creating a tension that hinges between fantastical space rock and more grounded rock n' roll vibes. One of the following tracks, "Turn to Knots," finds Sartain rendering powerful and evocative vocals over a familiar bed of grunge guitar harmonies, which are only interrupted by a slightly sporadic albeit tasteful organ solo reminiscent of keyboardist **Ray Manzarek**'s work on **The Doors'** 1971 album, *L.A. Woman*.

As a self-proclaimed final album, *Heart Beat Breaks Glass* feels more unadulterated than any of the band's previous work (particularly their cacophonous 2011 release, *Blue Skies Abound*). As a whole, *Heart Beat Breaks Glass* is a cohesive, willfully written album that wraps up any loose ends within the band's 15-year discography. Although it's bittersweet to see these guys go, they've graciously left us with an album that is perhaps their most solid and cohesive work to date. —Kristyn Porter

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MUSIC

reviews

Bambara

Swarm

Arrowhawk

Street: 03.04

Bambara = Iceage + Swans +
The Birthday Party



Brooklyn-based trio Bambara's second full-length, *Swarm*, pulses with the same harrowing noise punk and raucous discontentment that typified their 2010 release, *Dog Ear Days*, and 2013's *Dreamviolence*, an at-times hellish LP that took its inspiration from the desperation and grime of New York City. In *Swarm*, Bambara similarly fixate on crafting a haunting and beautiful nightmare, maintaining their standing as purveyors of dark and tangled noise while successfully concocting a cohesive and satisfying whole.

Recorded in a studio by **Ben Greenberg (Uniform, The Men)**, *Swarm* isn't so much a point of departure for Bambara—instead, *Swarm* represents more of a sharp advancement from the three-piece's previous work, leading the way into a well-manufactured and compelling nightmare. Throughout, Bambara remind of Iceage as they meld traditional noise with blues-esque cowpunk. Immediately in the first track, "Clearing Out The Weeds," singer/guitarist **Reid Bateh's** stratified spits and snarls, laid over **Blaze Bateh's** drums and **William Brookshire's** bass, draw quick comparisons to **Elias Bender Rønnenfelt**. The second track, "Her Sister, Touya," trades out the gritty guitar and dissonant melodies for crashing cymbals, a furrowing bass line and Reid's blustering vocals, which simultaneously accent the instrumentals while being washed over by them.

Swarm marries the grim and grisly with a captivating fervor, resulting in a hailstorm of vivid and brutal vignettes. In the swaggering and fatalistic "An Ill Son," Bambara channel the darkness and gloom of The Birthday Party along with Western-influenced

guitar riffs and a haunting noir backdrop. Bateh's disjointed and straggling vocals sidestep from distracted rambles to maniacal growls as he theatrically hisses out imagery that fascinates as much as it disturbs: "The night when I first saw you / Your skull made all of the skin on your face shine / Skin pulled so tight." In "It's Nothing," Bambara's bleak, post-punk atmosphere is capped by gripping vocals and rhythmic blasts before swirling into album highlight "All The Ugly Things," a catchy and stirring—and even anthemic—track. This is *Swarm* at its most spirited and breathless, and there's something surprisingly buoyant and hopeful—and especially encapsulating—of the song: "All the ugly things are lit up so pretty," Bateh sings, breathless.

The album is muddled, smearing and anguished—note the amp-debilitating "I Can't Recall" or the screeching "Filled Up With Night"—but it's undeniably tantalizing, too, and never once does *Swarm* come unhinged. Instead, Bambara punctuate their album's noise with eerie moments of stillness—"Like Waves" is a stunningly beautiful meditation that slowly and wordlessly amasses washed-out noise, which hangs in suspension over pulsating layers. "In Bars Or Something Moving" takes the same speechless stillness in a more foreboding and dread-filled direction through tense and cinematic sound effects, bleeding into the final track, "Her Dreaming," which maintains the shrill, creaking soundscape but brings back, in bursts, Bambara's snarling vocals and aggressive drums. Like *Dreamviolence*, *Swarm* pieces together a pulsing and austere soundscape by capturing and collecting the fragmented pieces of a city and the characters—Bambara included—that exist at its margins. Nightmarish yet alluring, *Swarm* is a chilling and immensely gratifying release that signals Bambara's leap forward in the realms of noise and post-punk; and fittingly, the album ends abruptly, but not in a violent way—more like the way you might wake up, disoriented, from a nightmare. —Kathy Zhou

Cullen Omori

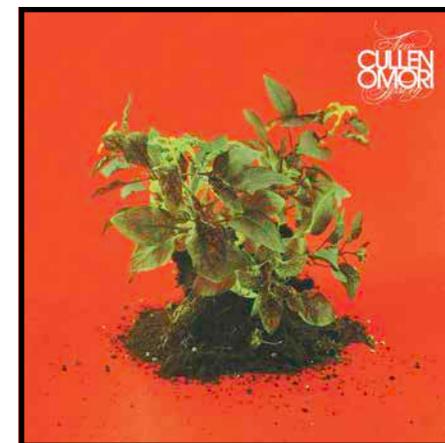
New Misery

Sub Pop Records

Street: 03.18

Cullen Omori = (Tame Impala +
The National) ^ Smith Westerns

Coming off a Smith Westerns breakup, Cullen Omori has finally recuperated and has debuted his solo career. *New Misery*, in Omori's own perspective, is a derivative of his former band's "Varsity" track, which came off of their final album, *Soft Will*. He wanted to take a step back in his songwriting processes, further away from a "prog rock" mentality and into something with more casual chord progressions. Although the record does have a few psychedelic aspects—the opening track "No Big



Deal" has similarities to acts like Tame Impala—it does take on a more minimalistic quality than the work he formerly put out. With lots of reverb and simple acoustic guitar strums, "Hey Girl" provides a contemporary outfit with easygoing melodies and a chorus that isn't at the risk of going over the top. And that's one of the great perks of this album: It sounds full with a lot of energy, but the more I listen, the more I realize how little is going on in each track, and the more I appreciate the efficient use of reverb.

One thing to remember about the Smith Westerns is that they started out as a fairly lo-fi/DIY act. However, as their career progressed, they were able to eclipse both garage and psychedelic music in a perfect and modern way. They reached the essence of a cheap garage band, yet fulfilled the influence of flourishing prog rock groups of the early '70s. Omori pretty much does this exact thing in his new record. "And Yet the World Still Turns" sounds like it comprises a stage full of musicians but really only has, like, at most four instruments on the track. It's full, minimal, satisfying and quite surprising. "Cinnamon," the single off the record, gets a bit more complicated, but really only with its percussion. There are a few digital effects that coincide with the snare drum, which offers a nice atmosphere comparable to current bands like **Foals** and **The National**. Omori chases the theme of this song with tribal rhythms and pre-choral chants.

Eventually, the album arrives at a kind of ballad, "Synthetic Romance," which realizes that relationships are difficult. "All of my life / I'm just trying to make it all turn out right" states how difficult to it is to make things last: romances, love, bands, etc. Life gets complicated, and sometimes you need to move on. Omori chooses to move on with this track with confused lyrics and his bold organ. Finishing up the record and sharing its title, "New Misery" is a song about coming to terms with a current situation. It opens with a melancholy guitar and the

words, “Is it enough to be happy?” Omori is obviously struggling with a problem that isn’t cut and dry. Is it OK to just be? Before even writing this record, he wasn’t sure that he wanted to be a musician. There was a lot from the Smith Westerns that put a bad taste in his mouth, like deadlines from labels and a band that was indifferent to their own music. With this concluding track, Omori sums up his feelings and his career with his former band. It’s bitter but for the best. It took hard hits and put a lot of negative thoughts in his head, but thankfully, it didn’t ruin his love for music. With this debut solo release, Cullen Omori proves to us that he’s still good at writing music, and proves to himself that he still loves writing it. —Austin Doty

Dalhous

The Composite Moods Collection

Vol. 1: House Number 44

Blackest Ever Black

Street: 03.11

Dalhous = Vatican Shadow + Ron Morelli + Gates



For this Scottish duo’s third record, Dalhous create a lurid internal space that explores, they say, “the relationship between two individuals cohabiting the same creative space—their interactions, their sense of self and each other and the pregnant space between.” If the sonic space that they create on this record is any reflection of the real, inhabited space and environ in which Dalhous created *House Number 44*, it must have been pretty bleak. This album is one of those slow-burning, dark-ambient/broken-techno synthesizer albums that crawls forward with a destination in mind, but takes the long way through some sketchy back alleys to get there. **Marc Dall** and **Alex Ander R.D.** are not the first duo to create deeply unsettling music as a method to exorcise bad vibes between two individuals. The legendary drone-duo **The Fun Years** would reportedly make themselves ill by bingeing on junk food before recording their dense, magma-like drones in order to put themselves in the proper headspace to create such dense and bodily reactive music.

It is a cliché in music journalism to draw a clean line between mental state and musical output: **The Beatles** vs. LSD, disco vs. cocaine, EDM vs. MDMA, grunge vs. depression. *House Number 44* takes on this body-mind relationship by constructing a loose narrative around the slack mental health of an unreliable protagonist. This narrative, however,

does not come in the form of album-arc-ing storytelling nor overtly expressive, anthropomorphic instrumental flourishes. Rather, the cracked beats, brooding and bleeding mid-range of synthesizers, and washes of oscillating noise sound like an A.V. cable plugged straight into the base of a brain intermittently awash in dopamine or dangerously low in serotonin. The album moves from seething synthscapes of buried piano chords to rhythmic tracks that propel these synthscapes forward—with the rumble of a plague-wind drone winnowing its way throughout the composition in tow. This breaks into sturdy, studio-recorded drums to cracked, broken arpeggios of acid house put through an acid bath.

The track “Running Sheets” is a microcosm of the entire record. Opening with the faraway lapping of screeching, backward tones, it eddies slowly into the placid, low rumble of a distant synthesizer before breaking wide open into the fractured beat-scape and ramping tension of mid-’00s cinematic techno or electronic music that’s still played in Eastern Europe. It’s held in uneasy tension with the unexpected non sequiturs of forward-thinking labels like **Orange Milk**. Dalhous’ home in the Blackest Ever Black stable of psychedelic post-industrial darkness is a bullseye match.

House Number 44 succeeds on two very different fronts: as experimental place-sharing between two musicians and as a loose concept album tracking the internal stimulus of an unpredictable protagonist. The blending and merging of both narratives, however, hearkens back to the body-mind state that I propose earlier. The question that remains is whether the protagonist’s mental states of despondency and bi-polarity birthed in the often maddening way that musicians must interpret abstract brain signals and moods in order to communicate musically; or whether this is another album in that linear connection between the mental states of the creator(s) and the musical output of the record. In any case, *House Number 44* is a highly emotional record, troubled with undercurrents that worsen, matching the lability of the troubled mind that it gives voice to—a “composite mood” if there ever was one. —Ryan Hall

Damien Jurado

Visions of Us on the Land

Secretly Canadian

Street: 03.18

Damien Jurado = Magnolia Electric Co. + J. Tillman

Damien Jurado’s 12th studio album, *Visions of Us on the Land*, caps off a trilogy of Jurado’s releases from the last four years: the 2012 *Maraqopa* and his 2014 release, *Brothers and Sisters of the Eternal Son*. *Visions of Us on the Land* is the culmination of the journeys of the central (and nameless) trilogy protagonist, a character who seems simultaneously doomed by his introspection yet is adrift in a swirling, psychedelic paradise that marches fearlessly into untrodden indie-folk music territory.

The opening track, “November 20,” sets a precedent for a musical pilgrimage that’s tensely pregnant with apprehension and adventure. The song employs subtle, commanding piano and altruistic strings to foreshadow the following tracks. “Mellow Blue Polkadot” proceeds as a track rich with brisk drums that is abruptly interrupted by an unexpected, jolted time-signature change—but it works.

Perhaps the most notable track on the album, “QA-CHINA” employs a diverse instrumentation that

draws immediate parallels to **The Black Heart Procession**’s 2002 release, *Amore Del Tropico*. Tense organ harmonies pan out over an equally eerie vocal landscape. Jurado croons, “I met myself there, saying go home,” as a kaleidoscope of multicolored guitar melodies wash through the song. It’s an adventurous departure from Jurado’s more straightforward, singer-songwriter style from the late ’90s, and he pulls it off magnificently.

The fourth track on the album, “Lon Bella,” moves fully toward a direction that boasts flamboyant guitar distortions and irregular guitar tones, with Jurado almost threatening as he says, “You and I will make amends / With the daggers in our hands.” The following track, “Sam and Davy,” heeds a similar musical suite. It’s a pensive, full-sounding song with a deafeningly impressive array of instrumentation. Jurado continues his mystically morbid dialogue, anxiously inquiring of his audience, “Does your blood run cold? Or your eyes go wide?” It’s a fantastic take on the darker side of indie-folk songwriting. Instead of murder ballads, Jurado puts a shapeshifting protagonist at the center of his songwriting and successfully exploits all the sides of his human nature.

This brief exploration of darker territory gives way to lighter, more spiritual songs as the album moves into its sixth track, “Prisms.” Conjuring a likeness to Jurado’s 1999 album, *Rehearsals for Departure*, the song eases gently into the following lo-fi track, “ONALASKA.” “ONALASKA” deals out brazen guitar tones and phosphorescent sound effects that fully culminate with Jurado’s vocals to create perhaps the most atmospheric song on the album. The timbre of Jurado’s voice on this track quietly reflects a style similar to **Mason Jennings**—if Mason Jennings took a handful of psychedelics and hitchhiked to Barbados.

The album’s impressive 17-song track listing gradually draws to a close by wandering into mellower, more emotive songwriting. The song “And Loraine” lazily drifts in and out of different tempos and chord progressions while simultaneously diffusing nostalgic guitar rhythms into its mystique. It’s a fully emotive track that weaves peacefully through a recumbent lyrical narrative. The album closes with the bittersweet albeit exultant tune “Kola,” as Jurado sings poignantly, “I will remember you / The way you are right now.” It’s a fitting conclusion for his faceless hero’s journey: Jurado’s *Visions of Us on the Land* is a tragic, triumphant chronicle that pushes the boundaries of indie-folk music unlike any musician on the musical landscape right now. —Kristyn Porter

Destroyer 666

Wildfire

Season of Mist

Street: 02.26

Destroyer 666 = Bestial Mockery + Sodom + Denouncement Pyre

There’s that old saying that good things come to those who wait. I know that I waited patiently, and the time quickly came for a new Destroyer 666 album. The Australian black/thrash band picked up notoriety after their first EP, *Violence is the Prince of This World*, and with each release—be it a full-length or an EP—the momentum bursts like the raw, ripping, anthemic, violent music that Destroyer 666 create.



Wildfire follows what was a fairly disappointing album that was 2009’s *Defiance*. *Defiance* tread water for Destroyer 666 in a lot of ways, and most songs blurred to the next. Although, I could get past a bit of that, and there was still some great playing to be heard. Unfortunately, on *Defiance*, most of the playing was obscured by a nasty drum trigger sound that outweighed everything else, turning tracks into a blundered “duh-duh-duh” sound that repeated loudly in my head.

Well, have no fear: Seven years later, *Wildfire* makes a huge, dominating statement—the qualities that made *Phoenix Rising* and *Cold Steel ... for an Iron Age* so great are back in force with some new dynamics rounding out an album that doesn’t tire upon massive repeated listening. The feel of the album screams old-school thrash—some songs have that anthemic fist-pumping quality. That said, there is that trademark blackened quality that Destroyer 666 are known for; just mix those thrash anthems with the grit of early **Bathory** and **Venom**. The lineup—other than **K.K. War Slut**, who founded the band—is all-new for Destroyer 666. The two new members each boast the pedigree of previous bands: Drummer **Perracide** has been in **Benediction** and **In Aeternum**, and guitarist **R.C.** played in **Grave Miasma**.

“Traitor” gets the speedball rolling at a dizzying thrash tempo set upon whirlwinds of riffage—it’s also the first exposure to the nice, natural, live-production sound that the album oozes at every moment. Crank *Wildfire* up loud enough, and you may as well be at a Destroyer 666 show wherever you’re jamming this record. “Artiglio Del Diavolo is an aggressive but tightly written, all-instrumental track that sets up the next song, and it’s a face-melter—it’s the first gut- and face-punch track from the record. “Hounds at Ya Back” opens up with a calm melody until its first punching riff. Its lyrics are catchy, and it’s a hell of a song that’s up there as one of the best tracks that I’ve laid ears to this year.

The record manages to stay fresh by not taking the balls-out approach. The follow-up cut, “Hymn to Dionysus,” slows the tempo in a good, not-making-me-yawn kind of way—just the beginning, though, which is heavily atmospheric until it rips into less thrash and more black-sounding territory. The varying paces and styles go further with the following few cuts, like the title track, “White Line Fever” (not a **Merle Haggard** cover), and “Die You Fucking Pig!” With album closer “Tamam Shud,” there’s a mix of mostly slow tempos with a few fast bits for good measure. Add it all up and you get an album

that isn’t *just* a fistful of speed and insanity, with clean, clear production and catchy songs—what more could you want? Nothing. *Wildfire* marks a point of maturity for Destroyer 666 but also returns to what made them stand out: catchy, notable songs. With all I’ve gushed already, I’ll close the review with a bad pun: This *Wildfire* is one that won’t be put out. —Bryer Wharton

Holy Wave

Freaks of Nurture

The Reverberation Appreciation

Society/Burger Records

Street: 03.11

Holy Wave = The Zombies + The Black Angels



Holy Wave, at their core, are whimsical and dreamy. Their brand of soothing psych rock shines through on their third and newest release, *Freaks of Nurture*. The melodic full-length album drops just a month and a few weeks before their performance at *Levitation*, formerly known as *Austin Psych Fest*. I couldn’t dream of a more appropriate festival for Holy Wave to be playing. They are transcendent among the psych-rock scene coming out of Austin, with every trippy guitar solo and every lullaby sung to flow ever so gracefully from song to song.

Never shy on their reverb, Holy Wave find a distinct parallel to psych rock from the ’60s. The soft and easy-listening “She Put A Seed In My Ear,” the opening track on the album, hypnotizes and prepares for what to expect from *Freaks of Nurture*. At times, it can be easy to recall **Donovan**’s *The Hurdy Gurdy Man*. On bubbly love song “Western Playland,” the tempo is a bit more upbeat for the slow pace of the album, but still stays true to Holy Wave’s signature style. **Kyle Hager**’s lyrics hum, “Be my lucky star—I wanna see you shining all around me tonight.” The simplicity of their melodies and lyrics make this one of the most stand-out tracks on the album.

Holy Wave often teeter on the edge of synthpop, while in a few of their tracks, they offer up something noisier and fuzzier to reawaken the senses of the listener. “You Should Lie” gets more into heavy drums and soaring, glittery guitar riffs. I can imagine this song when it’s played live. It would force the sleepy crowd out of their coma and into a mellow mosh pit of sorts. The vocals can get somewhat lost in all the tension of the instruments building throughout the song, but they bring life to *Freaks of Nurture*.

“California Took My Bobby Away” sings longingly into the past. Hager heartbreakingly sings, “California took my Bobby away and there’s nothing left to do.” The defeat in his voice, combined with soft drums and haltingly beautiful guitar lines, leaves the listener as defeated as the artist. “Air Wolf” brings elements of a buildup through the first minute and nine seconds of the song before the calming guitar and sedative synth mimic the lyrics as Hager sings, “I’ve never lied to you.” In a way, it’s hard to not believe him, even if it is all truly a lie. “Our Pigs” opens with screeching guitar but tapers off into a world of melodic tones and serene lyricism. The album does lack a certain amount of diversity from song to song, but Holy Wave aren’t pretending to be anything they’re not.

Oftentimes, Holy Wave float through a drowsy dreamland on *Freaks of Nurture*. Purposefully flowing between songs in a perpetual zombie-like state, they chose not to stray too far from the sound that they adopted on the last two albums and EP. They’ve emerged as an up-and-coming Austin city psych band. Without a doubt, they will succeed with the psychedelic haze that emits from *Freaks of Nurture*. —Alexandra Graber

Iggy Pop

Post Pop Depression

Loma Vista

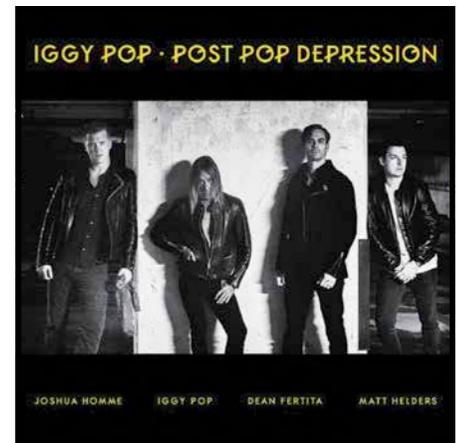
Street: 03.18

Iggy Pop = Iggy Pop circa

“The Passenger” +

Queens Of The Stone Age –

The Stooges



There have often been echoes of **David Bowie** throughout Iggy Pop’s solo work, and after the passing of the Thin White Duke, it’s especially difficult to listen to **Jimmy Osterberg Jr.** without hearing the former **Davey Jones** resonating therein. *Post Pop Depression*, his latest effort, was recorded last year, “secretly” by **Joshua Homme** of Queens of the Stone Age, featuring QOTSA’s **Dean Fertita** and **Arctic Monkeys** drummer **Matt Helder**. This release can’t help but bear some psychological weight from the terrorist attack at the *Bataclan* in Paris during a performance by Homme’s other project, **Eagles of Death Metal**, last November. Even with the pun in the title, Iggy perhaps bummed out after the failure of his jazz stylings or life after his experiments with a kind of pop music—or even the heyday of being Iggy “Pop”—and *Post Pop Depression* still feels like it somehow pays

Homme-age to that tragic event.

It may be impolitic to say, but I haven't found much to like in recent Iggy releases, especially the notorious **EMI/Virgin Records**—rejected *Apres* (2012), with its ill-conceived set of covers by the likes of **Edith Piaf**, **Serge Gainsbourg** and **Cole Porter** (eventually released on the **Thousand Mile Inc** label), but also 2009's set of jazz tunes, *Pre-liminaires* (**Astralwerks**). Unlike the multifaceted chameleon that was Bowie, Iggy does one thing well: being Iggy. From the beginning with The Stooges, his persona as toughened street creature/raw animalistic being—which was influenced by **Jim Morrison**—hasn't wavered much. His musical style is basic, but on a classic like "The Passenger," the earthy, somewhat sinister vocal persona allowed him to express dark profundities and a sometimes menacing sexual energy. When I saw him at *Coachella*, huge amplifiers were tied town, presumably to prevent him from knocking them over.

The heaviness under which this album labors is actually welcome after the previous two releases, which seemed slight, artificial and not quite Iggy. From the opener, "Break Into Your Heart," with its deviously twisted melody and typically dark declaration of affection, it is apparent the old Iggy is back: the almost unbelievably powerful performer who once sang "Gimme Danger" and made it sound delicious. These songwriting collaborations with Homme give ample evidence of Homme/QOTSA—with their deviant yet celebratory rock stylings—as Iggy's worthy successor, though the guy is one of a kind. "American Valhalla" is slightly political, the kind of tune Iggy ventures into occasionally: "I'm looking for American Valhalla, so if it wanders by give me a holler ..." a sarcastic ode to U.S. militarism, a pale echo of the Stooges' "Search and Destroy," about the horrors of Vietnam. The album doesn't really kick in musically for me until "In the Lobby," which really starts to rock. Iggy intones ominously, "Somebody is losing their life tonight." If the album had been released pre-*Bataclan*, it might have been read as an omen.

These songs start out a little tentatively, asking you to take time to explore the deeper cuts inside the album—for example, "German Days" exhibits a riff built around a shuffle beat that goes into a waltz tempo, and yet, it's another of Iggy's dark dramas, of which he is the master. While *Post Pop Depression* isn't his best work by far, it's a sharp return to form, and the album reminds us of the Iggy we used to love, who used to, as he croons on "Break Into Your Heart," "crawl under your skin." —*Stakerized!*

Jennifer O'Connor

Surface Noise

Kiam Records

Street: 03.04

Jennifer O'Connor = Laura Veirs + Musicforthemorningafter—era Pete Yorn

She could be anyone: the girl from homeroom who never has a pencil, the teen who loses her virginity in the backseat of a car. She could be the college freshman who gains 30 pounds and spends every Saturday night re-watching *Muriel's Wedding*. She could be a depressive, a lesbian, a Republican, a tramp; she could be lactose intolerant. That Jennifer O'Connor could be all of these things is evidence of her greatest strength: a fiercely relatable anonymity.



O'Connor, in fact, is a musician—one who breathes, grieves and loves openly. She wrote her first song in 1996, released her self-titled debut in 2002 and has since been articulating, somewhat impassively, the universal, oft-constrained and nameless inner voice. *Surface Noise*, O'Connor's sixth studio album, compels that voice to grow and to be heard. A follow-up to 2011's *I Want What You Want*, the LP discloses itself like a young woman's diary, shifting from upbeat self-motivations to self-doubts in a matter of notes. (The double-voiced tracks scream Felicity Porter, a tape recorder and mid-semester ennui.) O'Connor, meanwhile, is periodically lackluster and holds true to her roots: the early '00s. Somehow, she remains remote while still spilling her heart.

Surface Noise's ardor largely stems from the instrumentation. Backed by drummer **Jon Langmead** and **James McNew** of **Yo La Tengo**, O'Connor assembles walls of sound—organ, melodica, piano, bass, electric and acoustic guitar—as if to hedge her sentiments from the reckoning of others. At worst, the stacked arrangement can be a slight distraction: overbearing drum machines on "Tell Me What You Need," drowned-out vocals on "It's Gonna Get Worse." At best, it is quite moving. The resounding ivories and moaning strings on "Black Sky Blanket" bid a beautifully somber goodbye. O'Connor's songs build like a feeling. Her lyrics are laced with gentle bromides ("It's going to get worse before it gets better," "There's no right, there's no wrong," "Put down the past, just let it be") and expect only for the listener to take from it what they will. However nondescript and seemingly impersonal, *Surface Noise* is a gateway to knowing the elusive O'Connor and, perhaps, ourselves a little better.

Critics, in all their knowledge, might deem O'Connor mediocre; circles surrounding **Angel Olsen** or **Joanna Newsom** might not understand her. It is important to remember that O'Connor, her insights, and her music serve a valid purpose: to put a face to the everygirl—the relatable anonymity—and to embolden her. The introspect of a singer-songwriter—not to mention the subsequent courage required to share such introspection—guarantees a contribution to the world, large or small. O'Connor contributes. She is a strange binary of the familiar and the ambiguous, a phenomenon whom we may have never known we needed. She is expressive and full of hope. She could be you, she could be me, she could be the girl from homeroom—and not unlike our inner voice, she has something to say. —*Cassidy McCraney*

La Sera

Music For Listening To Music To

Polyvinyl Record Co.

Street: 03.04

La Sera = Vivian Girls + The Smiths



Former Vivian Girl **Katy Goodman** is back with her side project, La Sera, and their new album, *Music For Listening To Music To*. I have to say: If these infectious sounds don't grace your airwaves soon, you'll be missing out. Like La Sera's previous album, *Hour Of The Dawn*, I found a comfortable familiarity with Goodman's upbeat and charming personality that seeps through the speakers via her angelic voice. On *Music For Listening To Music To*, Goodman is joined by her husband, **Todd Wisenbaker** (who previously played guitar on *Hour Of The Dawn*), who provides co-vocals on the tracks "One True Love" and, my personal favorite, "I Need an Angel."

Music For Listening To Music To maintains the upbeat and bubbly nature that La Sera have historically brought to the table. To be sure, there is no mistaking that this album professes a deep appreciation for being a hopeless romantic, let alone being in absolute love. Each track perfectly represents the struggles, joys and endless anxiety that make up the journey of being totally, ridiculously and completely twitterpated. It is an album that is easy to understand and even easier to follow. After spinning this and immersing myself in its endless charm, I find that this album is the perfect invocation of all that is love and cutesy-wutesy while being upbeat and fun to dance to. Top tracks include "High Notes" and the aforementioned "I Need an Angel." Although I find that *Music For Listening To Music To* is a great non-controversial listen, after digesting its 10 tracks, it leaves me feeling good inside. I'll admit: It's kind of strange, as most music that drifts across my consciousness inspires thoughts of causing agitation. La Sera have something that is unique here, and I confess that I actually dig it. Apart from the obviously catchy aspect of La Sera's music, this is something I can groove or zone out to while walking around aimlessly. In other words, this music is perfect for a leisurely fall or spring stroll.

Other noteworthy songs are the soothing "A Thousand Ways" and the more rocking number "Time To Go." The track "A Thousand Ways" discusses the thousand ways that love is relevant. Again, this is the prevailing theme that the album projects. There are a couple tracks that give me something to

bounce to instead of the more soothing but uptempo numbers. One change in direction is "Time To Go." This track exhibits a more fast-paced garage sound that is reminiscent of Goodman's participation in Vivian Girls. Unlike the others, which have a Smiths-meet-**Bob Dylan**-esque nature to them, "Time To Go" almost has an edge to it.

If you like pop music and are still able to be love-sick after the abundance of heart-shaped commercial crap that infects the passionate and willing in the month February, then this album will be perfect for you. A fun little fact: This album has already left its mark in pop culture, as it was produced by **Ryan Adams**, who cited in *Rolling Stone* that the production of this album served as an inspiration for his covering of **Taylor Swift's** album *1989*. Be sure to dig this and check out La Sera's previous two albums—*Hour Of The Dawn* and *Sees the Light*. They are all pretty good and seem to only get better with each new release. —*Nick Kuzmack*

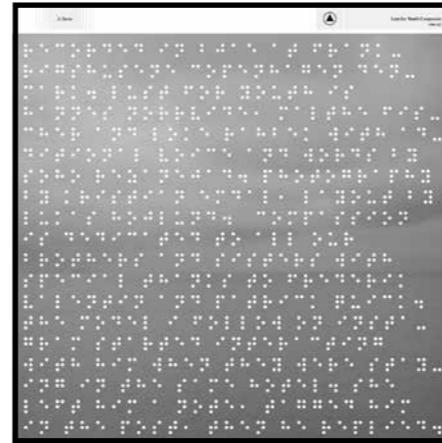
Lust For Youth

Compassion

Sacred Bones

Street: 03.18

Lust For Youth = (Pet Shop Boys x Depeche Mode) / New Order



Lust For Youth's bloom of synthpop has grown wildly in recent years, from **Hannes Norrvide's** bedroom ambiance to bubble-glum growths of lush, exuberant new wave. The inclusion of live collaborator **Loke Rahbek (Sexdrome, Vår)** and producer **Malthe Fischer** on 2014's *International* vaulted the project from bedroom-synth haze through a pulsing joyride of dizzying attraction and euphoric adoration, soundtracking a Cimmerian club life with bright light and glamor. With *Compassion*, Norrvide and co. are again out to quench an existential thirst, this time armed with stadium-sized pop and more anthems for inner youth.

Laced with torrid passion, *Compassion* exudes a deliberate air of confidence. Fertilized by equal parts sublime melody and Balearic beats, *Compassion's* eight tracks carry on *International's* nightlife drama with absolute poise. Its hook is immediate, luring with a crystalline pulse on opener "Stardom." "Limerence" pines with the group's favorite emotions: euphoria and ecstasy in search of reciprocation, while the black celebration of "Sudden Ambitions" cultures from a limerence over-developed, throwing the group's romantic ideals into an icy synth wake.

While Norrvide's formative palate of lo-fi synths and hazy darkwave provides a certain gothic foundation for Lust For Youth, *Compassion's* shimmering turn furthers the group's run into limelight. Though they're the most pop-driven act of Copenhagen's electro noise-punk label, **Posh Isolation**, Lust For Youth's passion isn't alien; Rahbek's partner in Vår, **Elias Bender Rønnenfelt**, is a budding icon himself, and the label's multitudinous projects are similarly ambitious in their scope of experimentation. Providing a coy foil to **Iceage's** rakish sexuality, Norrvide exudes Scandinavian cool, his sensuous, melancholic croons carry nervy yet confident melodies throughout. Norrvide's stunning achievement is "Better Looking Brother," which first emerged as a single in 2015. Lunging out from *Compassion's* midpoint, its sparkling lattice of chiming guitars and midnight dance channels a prowling energy, merging a blissful union of Fischer's **Johnny Marr** jangle and Rahbek's glorious "Blue Monday" disco, goading complicity with lines like "You have a part to play tonight, in whatever is to come."

The album has its demure moments, too—the airy instrumental breeze of "Easy Window" thins the album's pulsing emotive beat and provides a cool respite from its peaks. Elsewhere, "Display" smolders; it's a torcher of a duet between Norrvide and Danish electro-pop artist **Soho Rezanejad**—who appears on *International's* "Armida." What follows is one last dancefloor pulse: "Tokyo," a sentimental vignette of sweetly throbbing beats and chiming guitar pings. When the group emerges with the smoky "In Return," they've lasted long enough to see the morning-after light.

Despite drawing comparisons to synthpop titans of yore, Lust For Youth likely won't be pacing arena stages anytime soon. Popular music's appetite for arena-goth bands has given way to hyper-marketable, watered-down facsimiles. Rather, at its bottom line, *Compassion* charts a course for giving in and losing oneself to pop's internal calculus—the power of its chirpy riffs, auditory sigils with the power to bristle skin, immediate enough to collapse any puffy artistic endeavor. In the age of studied pop-revivalism, *Compassion* is Movement and Technique, its bright guitar-and-synth drama blossoming track after track into ecstatic sound. —*Christian Schultz*

Primal Scream

Chaosmosis

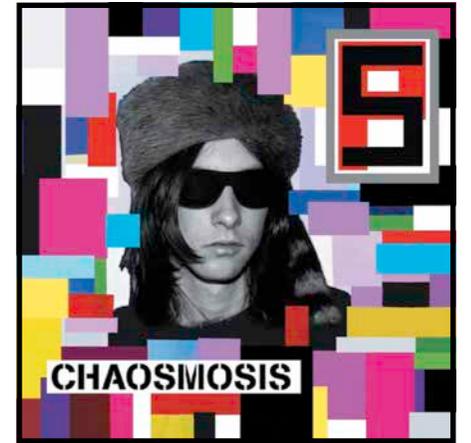
Ignition Records Ltd

Street: 03.18

Primal Scream = New Order + Happy Mondays + Blur

The opening bars of "Trippin' on Your Love," the first of two collaborations with the American group **Haim**, suggest that **Bobby Gillespie's** latest opus is a nostalgia nod to 1991's *Screamadelica*. It's an appropriate gesture, considering that 25 years ago, Primal Scream had released two underwhelming albums and were relatively unknown outside of England. Gillespie was more famous for his stint as **The Jesus and Mary Chain's** drummer. That all changed when the single "Loaded" propelled the band into the spotlight and found them sharing the stage with **Depeche Mode** on a highly successful American tour.

The nostalgic lapse into acid house holds true for a total of three minutes and 30 seconds before "(Feeling Like A) Demon Again" bounces in with a downtempo electronic vibe followed by the lounge groove of "I Can



Change" before plunging into the stomping post-punk anthem "100% or Nothing."

Genre-hopping is nothing new for Primal Scream. Gillespie and a revolving assortment of collaborators have explored a variety of avenues with a surprising amount of success. From the retro-rock of *Give Out But Don't Give Up* to the electronic shoe-gaze wash of *Vanishing Point* and the harsh electronic releases *XTRMNTR* and *Evil Heat*, the band have been fearless in their experimentation.

Certainly, the rock-orientated *Riot City Blues* and *Beautiful Future* releases felt less inspired and a bit too traditional. Still, a blistering festival set somewhere in the hazy outlands of Scotland proved to me that there was still fire in Gillespie's belly. Nonetheless, it was during this period where the band fell off my radar, and as a result, I missed their 10th record, 2013's well-received *More Light*, altogether.

I'm officially back in the fan club, as *Chaosmosis* is a pop record that defies categorization. It finds the group revisiting the many facets of their varied past with a fantastic collection of songs that never feel like an act of desperation. Gillespie hasn't run out of ideas—he's simply revisiting places that haven't been fully explored. Electronics are omnipresent, but there's a nice balance between the guitar-driven tracks and the synth-heavy arrangements.

Noise merchants will be somewhat disappointed, as the only venomous track is the brief "When the Blackout Meets the Fallout," a distorted wail that acts as a mid-album tantrum before spinning off into the lighthearted "Carnival of Fools." It's the one transition between styles that feels off-balance. Even the stripped-back "Private Wars," a ballad duet with **Rachel Zeffira**, feels more at home crammed between the aforementioned "100% or Nothing" and the wonderful lead single, "Where the Light Gets In," featuring singer/actress **Sky Ferreira**.

The album closes with two excellent tracks the hypnotic stoner drone of "Golden Rope" and the wistful and dreamy "Autumn in Paradise."

If you're looking to tour the last 25 years of subversive pop music in 40 brisk minutes, it's all here. —*ryanmichaelpainter*

Prince Rama
Xtreme Now
Carpark
Street: 03.04
Prince Rama = Hyenaz /
Saäda Bonaire +
Painted Palms

The idea of Prince Rama is often much more interesting than the music itself. Comprising two sisters, **Taraka** and **Nimai Larson**, who grew up in ashrams, Prince Rama create New Age, psychedelic dance music. The Larsons began writing *Xtreme Now*, their seventh album, while living on a black metal utopian commune during the summer of 2012. It's a concept album—which is nothing new for the band—based on the merger of art and extreme sports. If this is beginning to sound pretentious or too far-fetched, welcome to Prince Rama's world: where reality is checked at the door and fantasy is the only way to make sense of anything.

Prince Rama's last six albums have been full of songs that clearly contained good ideas but often missed the mark by getting lost in eccentric jams that never really went anywhere, hence the Larsons' psychedelic background. But if you take this band too seriously, you'll probably miss the point and won't enjoy what they

have to offer. Not every band is setting out to become maestros—some simply want to express themselves, and the Larsons definitely fall into the latter category.

The Larsons use Prince Rama as an outlet for their music and art projects. Technically, Prince Rama are an art project that happens to make music—or is it the other way around? It all blends together rather quickly, which makes their eclectic Eastern sound easier to appreciate and enjoy. But on *Xtreme Now*, the Eastern influence is completely wiped away for an '80s pop sound with the occasional use of hand drums and chants. It's a much more streamlined sound than the band is used to recording.

It's easy to overlook the majority of *Xtreme Now* as kitschy pop that sounds unoriginal, but the two songs that begin and end the album are standouts. "Bahia" opens *Xtreme Now* with a reversed sound effect resembling a revving engine that soon peels into a four-on-the-floor dance beat and a whoop from one of the Larson sisters that carries the energy of a live performance. "Bahia" wastes no time in whipping up a frenzied listen, and although its synths eventually channel the *Futurama* theme song, it also provides an irresistible head nod and hip shake. A catchy dance song is hardly

revolutionary, but the polished pop of "Bahia" is a big leap forward from Prince Rama's hazier lo-fi recordings.

Xtreme Now's closing song, "Shitopia," follows the **Depeche Mode**-esque track "Would You Die To Be Adored," which makes its synth-free composition all the more revolutionary for Prince Rama—because just when you think they've mastered their new synthpop direction, they throw it all away for a guitar-led psychedelic jam that sounds like their best work ever. Funnily enough, it's also one of their simplest songs ever. "Shitopia" is a fairly straightforward rock track with great harmonies, three solid verses and classic psych guitar riffs. "I'm honest till I tell I a lie / Live in hell till the day I die / Put your name on the face of heaven," growls Taraka midway through the song. Although "Shitopia" sounds like a promising new direction for Prince Rama, it's best not to expect any sort of consistency from a band that lives to impress and occasionally manages to inspire.
 —Justin Gallegos

Wolvserpent
Aporia:Kāla:Ananta
Relapse
Street: 03.04
Wolvserpent = later Ulver +
Mournful Congregation x
Wardruna



It's a ballsy move to make a one-track album—ballsy as shit. But sometimes, when a band doubles down on their talent, vision and balls, it can pay off if the artist approaches it thoughtfully. It has to engage the listener enough without pissing them off (see: **Edge of Sanity**'s *Crimson and Crimson II*, **Sleep**'s *Jerusalem* and **Dopesmoker**, etc.). With such albums, sometimes I'll find myself thinking, "Damn ... that one part was way good, but I gotta wait through the rest to listen to it," but there are definitely a few notable purposes on those one-trackers: One of the most important ones is that the artist makes you take it all in one sitting to reflect on the musical and artistic themes, ultimately compelling the willing listener to float through their soundscape.

Having interviewed the band, I sort of knew what to expect when *Aporia:Kāla:Ananta* imported into my iTunes and I saw the only track ("Aporia:Kāla:Ananta")—a little over 40 minutes in length. **Wolvserpent** open up *Aporia:Kāla:Ananta* with dreary violins, which are eventually layered with more violin, on top of which they add an assortment of percussion. Around the late-eight-minute mark, the snare starts keeping time, and the growling vocals begin their invocation-esque recitation. Somehow, the growls are soothing—maybe it's the soft, atmospheric aura of the rest of the music. It takes about 16 minutes before lowering into the abyss of the duo's unique style of metal (other than the aura I mentioned earlier), but things start getting doomy, and their purpose and vision all start weaving together, offering a lingering, "Oh, OK, I get it now" moment. The down-tuned droning begins here with eerie keyboards and some off-putting feedback. This goes on for much of the album, and after it finishes, I'm left feeling as if I'd just attended some ancient Dionysian ceremony—something I think I need more of in my life (why can't my Facebook invites be "Wolvserpent invited you to an event at the ruins of Apollo later this week"?).

Aporia:Kāla:Ananta is nice to put on if you're crunching dungeons in the *Persona 3* or *Persona 4* video games and you need a break from **Shoji Meguro**'s tunes—which I never do—but I thought I'd give this album a shot as I worked one of my full-time jobs located in the *Shin Megami Tensei* realm. The album's atmospheric, dark feeling is a great soundtrack for the visuals of blood-spattered corridors and lurking phantoms. The music is also extremely hypnotic, which numbs the overall grinding redundancy of dungeon crawling.

My 2 cents: I think this would appeal to a wider audience more than does a lot of extreme metal. The experience of the song/album is quite nice, actually, and pairs well with a glass of absinthe. It's similar to their past work in a lot of ways, but unlike a lot of bands, **Wolvserpent** have matured and honed in on their most significant characteristics, which makes them distinguishable in the first place. This is, without a doubt and by far, their strongest release to date, and it shows the two-piece introspectively delving further into a rabbit hole of ritualistic, doom-laden darkness. They doubled down on their talent, vision and balls, and *Aporia:Kāla:Ananta* proves they aren't lacking size in any of those departments. —Alex Coulombe

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'March Madness' Lineup...

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 IRISH WHISKEY

MacCools RESTAURANT

THE DAILY

calendar

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Friday, March 4

Wasatch Powder Keg Sprint - *Brighton*
 Vince Staples - *Complex*
 Carly Rae Jepsen - *Depot*
 Hippie Sabotage, Alex Wiley, Kembe X - *Kilby*
 Grand Opening - *Love Street*
 Salvage & Cosmic Wolf
Vintage
 RuPaul's Drag Race Season 7: Katya - *Metro*
 Folk Hogan - *Muse Music*
 John Moreland, Lilly Hiatt - *State Room*
 DJUNYA, Wolf Bitch, Adrack, illoom - *Urban*

Saturday, March 5

Wasatch Powder Keg Individual - *Brighton*
 Iration, Pepper, Passafire, New Kingston, Hirie, The Expanders, Katastro, Leilani Wolfgramm - *Complex*
 Reverend Horton Heat, Unknown Hinson, Legendary Shack Shakers, Lincoln Durham - *Depot*
 Grand Opening - *Half and Half*
 The Anchorage, Wicked Bears, Texas Timpanogos Titans, Island Time - *Kilby*
 Lost in Bourbon, Hectic Hobo, Uncle Muzz - *Muse Music*
 Jason Lamb Celebration of Life - *Piper Down*
 Volunteer Fair Open House - *Red Butte Garden*
 Areas for Action - *UMOCA*
 Prince Fox, Stelouse, Typefunk - *Urban*

Sunday, March 6

Wasatch Powder Keg Team Race - *Brighton*
 Pouya, The Buffet Boys, \$uicideboy\$, Erasole James - *Kilby*
 John Németh - *State Room*

Monday, March 7

firekid, RKDN, Foreign Figures - *Kilby*
 Bronze Radio Return, Howard - *State Room*

Tuesday, March 8

Sam Outlaw, Whitney Rose, Michelle Moonshine, Daniel Young - *Kilby*
 Tri Polar Bear, Purple, Telesomniac - *Muse Music*

52 SaltLakeUnderGround

Wednesday, March 9

Ben Rector, Marc Scibilia - *Depot*
 Baker Street Blues Band, Spirit Tribe, The Arvos - *Kilby*
 Lord Dying, Deathblow, Wulf Blitzer, Yeti Warlord - *Metro*
 Stroller Tours: Ideologue - *UMOCA*
 Westward, Spirit City, Oskar & Julia - *Urban*

Thursday, March 10

Liza Anne, The Saint Johns, Youth - *Kilby*
 Hey Marseilles, Hibou - *State Room*
 STWO, DJ Juggy, Concise Kilgore - *Urban*

Friday, March 11

Scatter Gather, Baby Gurl, The Expanders, Katastro, Leilani Wolfgramm - *Complex*
 Reverend Horton Heat, Unknown Hinson, Legendary Shack Shakers, Lincoln Durham - *Depot*
 Grand Opening - *Half and Half*
 The Anchorage, Wicked Bears, Texas Timpanogos Titans, Island Time - *Kilby*
 Lost in Bourbon, Hectic Hobo, Uncle Muzz - *Muse Music*
 Jason Lamb Celebration of Life - *Piper Down*
 Volunteer Fair Open House - *Red Butte Garden*
 Areas for Action - *UMOCA*
 Prince Fox, Stelouse, Typefunk - *Urban*

Saturday, March 12

Noel Torres vs. Regulo Caro - *Complex*
 Winter Burial, Voidsmen, Darklord, The Bathonaut - *Metro*
 Tinsley Ellis - *State Room*
 Family Art Saturday - *UMOCA*
 Ty Segall & The Muggers, Max Pain & The Groovies, ZHOD, JAWWZZ!! - *Urban*

Sunday, March 13

James Lynn, Ian Carter - *Kilby*
 Shadow Windhawk & The Morticians, The Other, The B-Movie Monsters, Zombiecock, Wovoka - *Metro*

Tuesday, March 15

Between The Buried & Me, August Burns Red, The Faceless, Good Tiger - *Complex*
 The Prettioms, Misspelt, Sally Yoo - *Kilby*

John Hiatt, Rick Brantley - *State Room*

Wednesday, March 16

Daughter, Wilsen - *Depot*
 Simo, The Glorious Sons, Mad Max & The Wild Ones - *Kilby*
 Darlingside, King Cardinal - *State Room*
 Charles Ellsworth, Daisy & The Moonshines, Hectic Hobo, Harold Henry - *Urban*

Thursday, March 17

Violent J, Nova Rockafeller - *Complex*
 The Wednesday People, Cephas, Resonate - *Kilby*
 Roosevelt Collier, Jelly Bread - *State Room*
SLUG Localized: Crook and The Bluff, June Brothers, Michelle Moonshine - *Urban*

Friday, March 18

Charles Ellsworth, Steel Born Buffalo - *ABG's*
 Chon, Polyphia, Strawberry Girls - *Kilby*
 Colours in the Basement - *Muse Music*
 PechaKucha Night - *State Room*
 Thriftworks, Syn.Aesthetic, Chris Wright, Feral Williams, Swick James, Late Night Radio - *Urban*
 Wild In The West - *Utah Arts Festival Gallery*

Saturday, March 19

De Despedida, Leyenda Oculita, La Calavera - *Kilby*
 Queenadilla, The Cold Year - *Muse Music*
 Portland Cello Project - *State Room*
 Rob Crow's Gloomy Place, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake - *Urban*

Sunday, March 20

Booker Tha Don - *Kilby*

Monday, March 21

Sol, Brothers From Another, Otieno Terry - *Kilby*
 Murder By Death, Tim Barry - *Urban*

Tuesday, March 22

Alex G, Porches, Your Friend - *Kilby*
 Self Defense Family, Culture Abuse, Strange Wilds, Feeding the Nightmare, Hylian - *Loading Dock*
 Bag Raiders, Plastic Plates - *State Room*
 Young Fathers - *Urban*

Wednesday, March 23

Vaadat Charigim, Methyl Ethel, Honduras - *Kilby*
 Battalion of Saints, Phobia, Burn Your World, Villain - *Metro*
 Bart Crow - *State Room*
 Geographer, The Crookes - *Urban*

Thursday, March 24

Mothers New Madrid, Holly Macve, Violetas - *Kilby*
 La Luz, Stonefield, Sarah Beth Nelson - *Urban*

Friday, March 25

Ecid, Bluebird, Reaper the Storyteller, Lynnea Divine, Peace The Pharaoh - *ABG's*
 TRAPT - *Complex*
 Lost Kings - *Depot*
 SALES, Batty Blue, BANCHO - *Kilby*
 Ceschi, Eraserfase, Ersatz Splynter, Un4gettaBle, Lyrix, Shaud DaVenom - *Metro*
 Brian Bingham - *Muse Music*
 White Denim, Sam Cohen - *State Room*
 Soft Opening: Ian Booth - *UMOCA*
 San Fermin, Esmé Patterson - *Urban*

Saturday, March 26

Coheed And Cambria, Glassjaw, Silver Snakes, I The Mighty - *Complex*
 Chelsea Grin, Divisions, Alumni, The Glass House, Adashore, Hollow I Am - *Complex*
 Rachel Platten, Eric Hutchinson - *Depot*
 Into It. Over It., The World Is A Beautiful Place And I Am No Longer Afraid To Die, The Sidekicks, Pinegrove - *Kilby*
 Unearth, Ringworm, Fit For An Autopsy,

Great American Ghost, A Balance of Power, Culture Killer - *Metro*
 The Mother Hips - *State Room*
 Flash & Flare - *Urban*

Sunday, March 27

Jesse Walker's 6th Annual Bunny Hop - *Garage*
 A Fragile Tomorrow, K's Choice - *Kilby*
 Heartsick, A Million Souls, Crisis In Consciousness, Materiam - *Metro*

Monday, March 28

A Great Big World, Genevieve - *Complex*
 TEEN, Naytronix, icewater, Strange Familia - *Kilby*
 Black Tusk, The Well, Sonic Prophecy, Shadowseer, Murder/Suicide - *Metro*
 Little Green Cars, John Mark Nelson - *State Room*
 Chairlift - *Urban*

Tuesday, March 29

Miniature Planets, Giants in the Oak Tree, Lawrence, The Loners - *Kilby*
 Au Revior, My Fair Fiend, Black Bess and The Butchers, Fast Eddy - *Metro*
 Cullen Omori, Living Hour - *Urban*

Wednesday, March 30

Killswitch Engage, Memphis May Fire, 36 Crazyfists - *Complex*
 déCollage - *Kilby*
 Shannon and the Clams, Gazebos, Breakers - *Urban*

Thursday, March 31

Milk & Bone - *Kilby*
 Golden Plates, Jesus Christ, The Hips, THE WATCHES, Thomas Jacques - *Urban*

Friday, April 1

Pick up the new issue of **SLUG - Anyplace Cool**
 Folk Hogan, Baby Gurl - *ABG's*
 Sammy J, Looce, Zeek, Siss, Swells, Tenelle - *Complex*
 The Dandy Warhols - *Complex*
 Citizen, Turnover, Sorority Noise, Milk Teeth - *Kilby*

ONE NIGHT ONLY



CELEBRATING 27 YEARS OF SLUG MAGAZINE

WITH





MARCH

- Mar 2: **Third Man Records Tour Wolf Eyes**, Timmys Organism, Video, The Nods 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 3: **FREE SHOW Alexander Ortega**, it foot it ears, Albino Father, Scary Uncle Steve 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 4: **Dubwise featuring Djuna**, Wolfbitch, Adrack, illoom 9 PM DOORS
- Mar 5: **LNE Presents Prince Fox & Stelouse**, Typefunk 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 8: **Bernie Sanders Fundraiser Night** 8 PM DOORS \$3 and up sliding scale donation
- Mar 9: **FREE SHOW Westward**, Spirit City, Oskar and Julia 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 10: **STWO**, DJ Juggy, Concise Kilgore DJ Set 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 11: **EI Ten Eleven**, Conquer Monster 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 12: **Ty Segall & the Muggers**, Max Pain & The Groovies, ZHOD, Jawwzz 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 15: **Dance Off** 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 16: **FREE SHOW Charles Ellsworth**, Daisy & The Moonshines, Hectic Hobo, Harold Henry 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 17: **FREE SHOW Slug Localized: Crook & The Bluff**, June Brothers, Michelle Moonshine 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 18: **Syn. Aesthetic**, Chris Wright, Feral Williams b2b Swick James 9 PM DOORS
- Mar 19: **Rob Crow's Gloomy Place**, Palace Of Buddies, Birthquake 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 21: **Murder By Death**, Tim Barry 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 22: **Young Fathers** 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 23: **Geographer & Crookes** 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 24: **La Luz**, Stonefield, Sarah Bethel Nelson 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 25: **San Fermin**, Esme Patterson 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 26: **PROM NIGHT featuring Flash & Flare** 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 28: **Chairlift** 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 29: **Cullen Omori** 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 30: **Shannon And The Clams**, Gazebo, Breakers 8 PM DOORS
- Mar 31: **FREE SHOW Golden Plates** Album Release, Jesus Christ, The Hips, The Watches, Tom from Your Meteor 8 PM DOORS

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DOORS @ 8 PM UNLESS NOTED
21+

COMING SOON

- Apr 1: Dubwise
- Apr 2: DIRT FIRST
- Apr 3: Ra Ra Riot
- Apr 4: Lissie
- Apr 5: Night Beats
- Apr 7: Dumb Luck Album Release
- Apr 8: Pete Yorn
- Apr 9: Peter Murphy (Seated Event)
- Apr 10: DMA's
- Apr 12: Matthew Logan Vasquez of Delta Spirit
- Apr 13: Autolux
- Apr 15: The Cave Singers
- Apr 16: V2 Presents Delusions Of Grandeur
- Apr 17: Cloud Cult
- Apr 18: The Movement
- Apr 21: SLUG LOCALIZED Hip Hop Night
- Apr 22: Hook N Sling
- Apr 23: PaceWn
- Apr 26: FREE SHOW Small Lake City
- Apr 28: The Widdler
- Apr 29: Napalm Death & Melvins
- May 3: The Slackers
- May 7: The Beatles Tribute Night
- May 8: The Thermals
- May 13: Tortoise
- May 19: Sticky Fingers
- June 4: The Velvet Underground Tribute Night
- July 2: The Rolling Stones Tribute Night
- Aug 6: Queen Tribute Night
- Nov 7: Peter Hook & The Light



VISIT US NEXT DOOR, AT RYE, FOR A DRINK OR
A BITE TO EAT BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHOW

Kilbycourt MARCH

- 3/1 - **MC Lars**, Mega Ran, Uncommon Nasa, Gajah (6 PM DOORS)
- 3/2 - **Beacon**, Natasha Kmeto
- 3/3 - **The Loners Album Release**, Psychosis, Isaac Farr Trio
- 3/4 - **Hippie Sabotage**, Alex Wiley, Kembe X
- 3/5 - **Texas Timpanogos Titans**, Island Time
- 3/6 - **POUYA**, THE BUFFET BOYS, Suicide Boys, Erasole James (6:30PM DOORS)
- 3/7 - **Firekid**, RKDN, Foreign Figures
- 3/8 - **Sam Outlaw**, Daniel Young, Michelle Moonshine
- 3/9 - **Spirit Tribe**, Baker Street Blues, The Arvos
- 3/10 - **Liza Anne**, Sorry, YOUTH
- 3/11 - **Plague Vendor**, TBA
- 3/12 - **Vinyl Theatre / Finish Ticket** (6:30PM DOORS)
- 3/13 - **Afton Presents: Picture Books**, The Thrill Collective, Jenna Marie and Arrested Soul, Mad Annuals, Thalgora, Leviticus, Samserrah, James Lynne & Ian Carter, The Ronnie-James DUO, Cardiff (5PM DOORS)
- 3/15 - **The Prettioits**, Misspelt, Sally Yoo
- 3/16 - **Simo**, The Glorious Sons, Mad Max & The Wild Ones
- 3/17 - **Spy Hop 801 Sessions: Cephas**, Wednesday People, Spy Hop's Resonate
- 3/18 - **Chon**, Polyphia, Strawberry Girls
- 3/19 - **De Despidida**, Leyenda Oculita, La Calavera
- 3/20 - **AFTON Presents: Booker Tha Don**, TRE dMC x DJ BATTLESHIP, 3rd3y3-Hiii (Third Eye High) & Guests (5PM DOORS)
- 3/21 - **Sol**, Brother From Another, Otieno Terry
- 3/22 - **Alex G**, Porches, Your Friend
- 3/23 - **Methyl Ethel**, Vaadat Charigim, Honduras
- 3/24 - **Mothers**, New Madrid, Holly Macve, The Violettas
- 3/25 - **SALES**, Batty Blue, BANCHO
- 3/26 - **Into It Over It**, TWIABP, Sidekicks, Pinegrove (6:30PM DOORS)
- 3/27 - **K's Choice**, A Fragile Tomorrow
- 3/28 - **TEEN**, Naytronix, Icewater, Strange Familia
- 3/29 - **Miniature Planets**, Giants in the Oak Tree, Lawrence, The Loners (6:30PM DOORS)
- 3/30 - **déCollage**, TBA
- 3/31 - **Milk & Bone**, TBA

741 S KILBY CT SLC
DOORS @ 7 PM UNLESS NOTED
ALL AGES

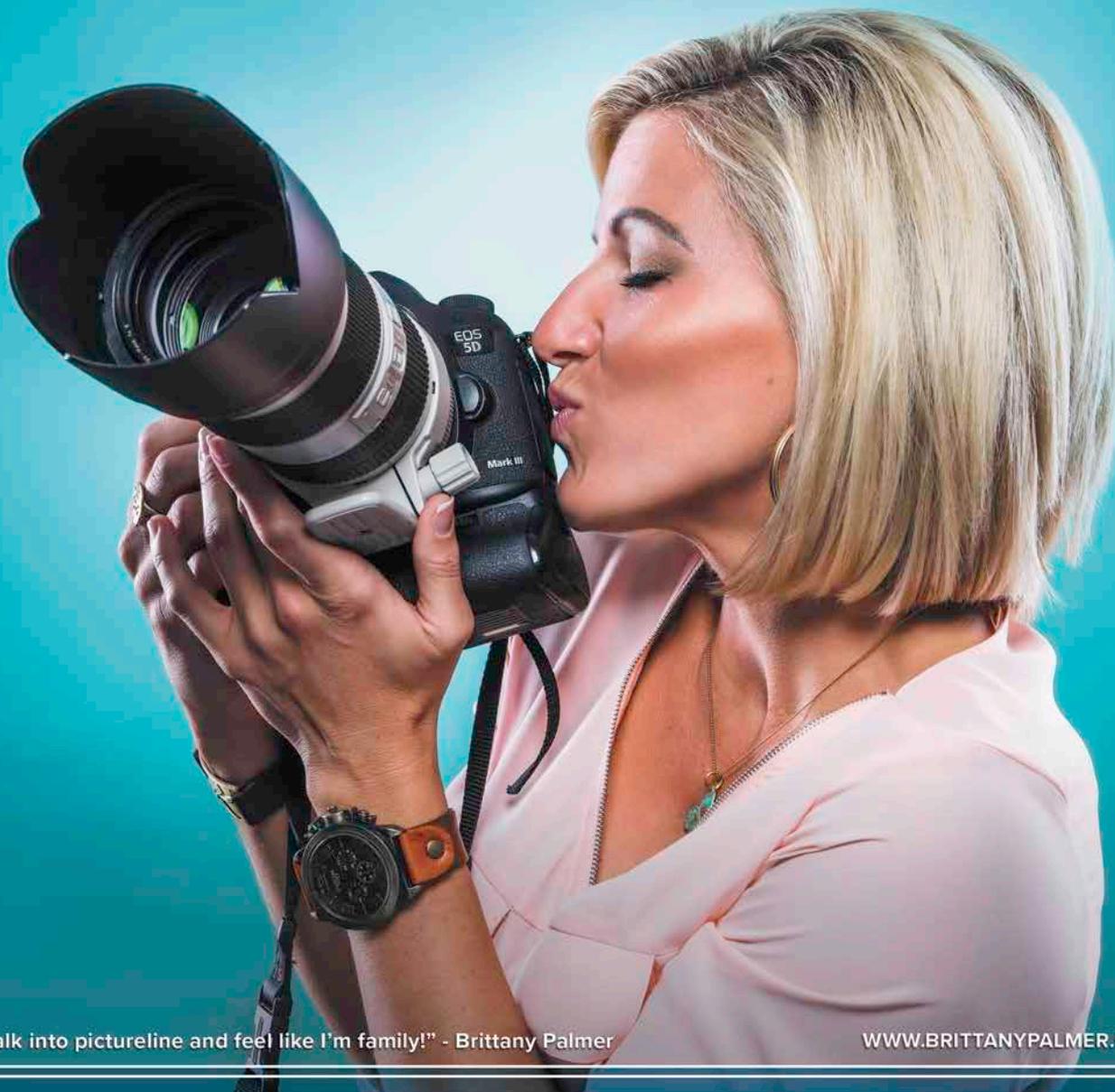
OTHER S&S SHOWS

- 3/1 - Cannibal Corpse, Obituary, Cryptopsy, Abysmal Dawn @ The Complex
- 3/2 - Animal Collective, Ratking @ The Depot
- 3/16 - Daughter, Wilsen @ The Depot
- 3/22 - This Will Destroy You, Vinyl Williams @ Metro
- 3/24 - Acid Mothers Temple, Orphan Goggles @ Metro
- 3/28 - A Great Big World @ The Complex
- 4/1 - Yuck @ Metro
- 4/5 - Atlas Genius @ The Complex
- 4/8 - Father John Misty, Tess & Dave @ The Depot
- 4/12 - Parov Stellar @ The Complex
- 4/15 - Wolf Alice @ The Complex
- 4/23 - Frightened Rabbit @ The Depot
- 4/26 - Judah & The Lion @ The Complex
- 5/9 - Explosions in the Sky @ The Depot
- 5/18 - Brian Jonestown Massacre @ The Depot
- 5/23 - Andrew Bird @ The Depot
- 5/25 - Saint Motel @ The Depot





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"I walk into pictureline and feel like I'm family!" - Brittany Palmer

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