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Ryan Worwood – Distribution Manager

Ryan Worwood, aka **Dusk**, has been a *SLUG Magazine* distribution driver and illustrator for over five years. With passion for extending the many copies of the print magazine to each corner of *SLUG*'s reach throughout Northern Utah, he became *SLUG*'s Distribution Manager this spring. He enjoys the magazine's diverse readership and the cultural connectivity that it promotes. His favorite personal *SLUG* projects include having adorned the *SLUG Soundwaves* podcast studio with his hip-hop-graffiti-style artwork and the 2011 *Top 5 December Issue* cover. A tireless local rapper, he releases his upcoming album, *Can't Stop The World*, on July 29 at *Urban Lounge*. Be sure to check out duskraps.com, his art on his and friends' T-shirt designs, his murals and his *Soundwaves* interview (#234) on *SLUGMag.com*. With all his talent, we're proud to have Worwood aboard!



ABOUT THE COVER: **Bad Brad Wheeler** has become an icon in the SLC/Utah landscape as a local musician and with his KRCL radio show, *Little Bit Louder Now*. *SLUG* Lead Designer **Joshua Joye** captures Wheeler's impression on our state with bold cell shading. Wheeler's most recent story is on pgs. 26–27 by **Russ Holsten**.

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Nancy Peery Marriott



LOCALIZED

By Eric U. Norris
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Photos by Russel Daniels

For July's *SLUG Localized* showcase, prepare yourself for a plethora of gut-wrenching, spine-tingling, horror-themed punk rock from Salt Lake's own **Zombiecock**, joined by metal-tinged hardcore punk from the publically elusive **Goatsifter**, with support from the pounding, doom metal riffage of **Yeti Warlord**. If you're looking to leave the normal world behind, come hang out in a sea of madness where abnormality is king on July 14 at *Urban Lounge*, sponsored by *Uinta Brewing Co.*, *KRCL 90.9 FM* and *Spilt Ink SLC*.



(L-R) Ryan Davies, Alex Hansen, Willie Hatton and Nic Battad will unearth **Zombiecock's** upcoming album of spine-tingling punk rock in early August.

ZOMBIECOCK

I remember when I first heard the name **Zombiecock**. It was a name that didn't put the most pleasant of images in my head when I really thought about it, and most people had expectations of **Zombiecock** being either a really funny band or a really twisted band—the truth is, they are a little bit of both. **Zombiecock** came together in 2012 through **Willie "Wolfbite" Hatton-Ward**, **Ryan Davies**, **Alex Hansen** and **Nic Battad**. After two years of playing covers from **Blitzkid** and the **Misfits**, they started creating a combination of rancid, metal-driven guitar riffs and melody-heavy hooks evocative of their influences, **Teenage Bottlerocket** and **Bad Religion**, and rounded it out with lyrics about graveyards, ghouls and undead entities. "Everyone has different musical backgrounds," says Hansen. "I'm old-school punk and Ryan is more metal, so it'll be like, 'I wrote this riff,' and we just build on top of that and then, next thing we know, we have a song, and whether it's rock or metal, we don't know." Everyone has a hand in the song-writing process, giving each song its own, unique feel. "That's why all the songs sound different," says Battad. "We have different people starting the foundation of them."

Their musical diversity certainly shows in their EP, *Zombies Love Punk Rock*, in which I would find myself swaying back and forth one minute and then headbanging the next. Songs like "Awake the Dead" and "Shadows" keep a solid mid-tempo beat with melody-heavy vocals but also include a live favorite, "Rest in Pieces," which just chugs from start to finish, and the rapid "Slow Death," which was written by Davies in only 10 minutes. "It was



ZOMBIECOCK

like, 'I'm pissed off today; here's a song,'" says Davies, "and it's the only song I wrote that didn't go through 5,000 different revisions—that never happens." As if that wasn't enough, **Zombiecock** are keeping busy with new material. With the expansion of their musicality and growth as a band since their EP, their new single, "Sharpened Teeth," already seems to be creeping into new territory with emphasized metal riffs and machine-gun drumming that switches tempos on a dime. The vocal melodies haven't lost any of their catchiness, nor have their lyrics lost any of their horror-filled substance. The track also includes Hatton-Ward testing his new style of using lyrics to tell a story. "Sharpened Teeth," along with one other unreleased track, "Your Own Demons," will appear on their upcoming self-titled album.

While the new CD is top priority for the band right now, they can still be found lurking around many of the alcohol-dispensing venues of SLC, most notably *A Bar Named Sue*, at which **Zombiecock** has become one of their house bands, after their old stomping grounds of *The Woodshed* shut down. "The

Woodshed was our home, but *A Bar Named Sue* was, too," says Hansen. "They've been booking us here since we first started, when we really sucked balls. They stuck with us the whole time, and it means a lot to us." With the new album coming out, **Zombiecock** have put together a free CD-release show at *Urban Lounge* for its celebration, though any touring stints are on the backburner for the time being. "As soon as we get all this done, we're thinking of maybe going up to Idaho and maybe Vegas," says Davies. "We do need to get out of state—a small tour is in the works, but we need to finish what we have got now."

Zombiecock will unearth their new album Aug. 10. If your thirst for **Zombiecock's** spittle of macabre cohesion cannot be quenched by then, come out to the *Urban Lounge* on July 14 to see them headline the monthly, always free *SLUG Localized* showcase with **Goatsifter** and **Yeti Warlord**. **Zombiecock** will slake your lust for B-movie spatter with their use of ghoulish face paint and a liberal dosage of fake blood for a thorough and, if you will, zombifying performance. If ever you, dear readers, feel the need to veer into the ghostly musical enterprise of **Zombiecock**, give them a listen at zombiecock.bandcamp.com.

GOATSIFTER

"The Goatsifter is the blue-collar worker in one of the outer rings of Hell, and as the souls come into Hell, he sifts them into their various chutes," answered Goatsifter's bassist, only known as **Mike The Bass**. "He's near the ethereal combine, adjunct to the thresher. He is our namesake, and his name be praised." I had asked him the meaning of his band's ominous moniker, and I have to admit, that is some uniquely dark shit coming from someone who, just minutes before, was quoting lines from *The Big Lebowski*. However, I guess that's the best way to consider The Bass and fellow bandmates **Robby Petrich** and **Dave Sanchez** (drummer **Zach Alvey** was unable to make the interview). In between their esoteric humor and cohesive ramblings of subjects ranging from **Lemmy** to the wardrobe of *Little House on the Prairie* are some really passionate words that spoke volumes about the band's attitude toward their music.

Between each member are 16 consecutive years of experience playing in bands in SLC—Petrich played with the street punk devotees in **Endless Struggle**, while The Bass and Sanchez both played in the punk rock powerhouse **Stark**

Raving Mad. Sanchez and The Bass kept playing music together after the initial breakup of **Stark Raving Mad**, spending most of their time figuring out what they wanted to sound like and contracting influence from **Propagandi**, **Butthole Surfers** and **Smashing Pumpkins** as well as heavier acts like **Comeback Kid** and **Nails**. They then recruited Petrich as a second guitarist and Alvey on drums, and everything clicked with their full lineup, creating a blend of rapid hardcore punk with a semi-metallic edge in some areas, marinated with raw, shout-based vocals, which The Bass describes as "controlled air."

Though Goatsifter have been a band for four years, they've been very evasive as far as active bands go—The Bass describes themselves as "the **Andy DuFresne** of punk rock." After their live debut at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* in 2012, they estimate that they have performed only five or six times since then. "There is no need to play once a month if you put your foot down and let people know who the fuck you are," says Sanchez. "It makes you an anomaly if you play three times a year—it builds the mystique." It's evident that Goatsifter are a band who's not in it for any exposure or any type of income whatsoever—they make it clear that it's strictly for

them and their love of playing music. "If we had any aspirations to go somewhere with this band, we'd be playing every week," says Petrich. Of course, not having to worry about performing has its advantages, like having more time to create new music and start shaping it.

The band is on the verge of releasing a full-length at some point in the upcoming months with a working title, *Real Villains*. Keeping with their base of punk rock and hardcore influences, they also drew from outside of the three-chord syndicate—one such song was written by The Bass as a straight-up blues song, and he presented it to Sanchez, who "sifted" it into more punk territory. "I will listen to a lot of music that I don't play," says The Bass. "When you're in a band that plays the same punk rock chord progressions and you listen to a lot of other shit, I think it will come out differently."

As excited as they are to be releasing new music, they're still holding onto their mindset of self-satisfaction. "We'd like people to hear it, but if they don't like it, it's a nonissue," says The Bass. "There's no way to say it without sounding like a pretentious, arrogant asshole, but we're not going out of our way to make music that suits them." Sanchez adds, "It's not for them. As arrogant as it sounds, it is for us, but if it enters through your ears and you like it, then it becomes for you, but the act itself is not for you." As selfish as it may come off, it is very true—most great art in the world has been done by artists trying to fill their own creative void, and the fact that people like it and can relate to it is an added bonus.

Goatsifter have no set release date for *Real Villains* yet, but considering that their main focus is playing in their jam space rather than onstage, the wait for the initial release might

GOATSIFTER



(L-R) Mike The Bass, Robby Petrich and Dave Sanchez strike with metallic hardcore punk in Goatsifter.



not be too far. However, more often than not, they won't turn down a show if offered—you may catch them on a bill with **Scary Uncle Steve** or **Filth Lords**. Of course, what is guaranteed is that they will be at the *Urban Lounge* on July 14 for the always free *SLUG Localized* showcase with **Zombiecock** and **Yeti Warlord**. If your curiosity has been piqued, come check them out—honestly, who knows when you'll see them next? Be sure to check out their demo as well at goatsifter.bandcamp.com.

DAMN THESE HEELS PRESENTS ORIENTED

By Kathy Zhou
kathy@slugmag.com

(L-R) Fadi Daeem,
Khader Abu-Seif and
Naim Jiryes.



Photo courtesy of Oriented

Since 2003, the Utah Film Center has hosted the annual *Damn These Heels Film Festival (DTH)*, a weekend-long celebration of independent films that bring LGBTQ+ narratives to the fore. While the Utah Film Center is still recovering from the fire that devastated their offices in late March, they've forged ahead in preparation for the 13th DTH installment, held July 15–17, with a lineup that ranges from *Slamdance* gem *Hunky Dory* to Golden Lion winner *Desde Allá*. This year, DTH audiences will have the chance to watch director **Jake Witzenfeld's** debut film, *Oriented*, a clear-eyed documentary that follows a year and a half in the lives of three gay Palestinian men who live in Tel Aviv, members of a self-described "new Palestinian generation that you haven't yet had a chance to meet."

Witzenfeld's documentary manages to offer unblinking and deeply personal glimpses into these three lives without pretense, cliché or dogma—a difficult accomplishment when his characters' very existences and identities, in all their multitudes, aren't afforded the privilege of existing without politics. "There haven't been enough films that are about people," says Witzenfeld. "It always becomes formed in the political conversation. ... But that's the thing: You're trying to tell something personal, but it doesn't matter, because your characters are still political." Throughout *Oriented*, Witzenfeld remains behind the camera and slightly distanced from his subjects—most of the dialogue was in Arabic, which Witzenfeld doesn't speak. The film introduces viewers to **Khader Abu-Seif**, a charming activist who, at the time, was in a relationship with a Jewish Israeli (but Abu-Seif made sure that *Oriented* wouldn't fall into any overdone plotlines regarding the relationship). We also meet Abu-Seif's two close friends, **Fadi Daeem**, a nurse who pointedly—and sometimes divisively—declares his personal identity and political beliefs, and **Naim Jiryes**, who introduces himself as a "Palestinian, vegetarian, atheist and feminist" and had yet to come out to his family.

"I wanted to make sure that [Khader, Fadi and Naim] felt that it was their story and not like some



Photo: Sivan Askayo

Oriented director
Jake Witzenfeld.

straight, British, Jewish kid was re-appropriating their narrative," says Witzenfeld. *Oriented* was a collaborative effort with Abu-Seif, Daeem and Jiryes, who were the first to see each cut and offer feedback. "For me, that meant highlighting those moments that felt like they were speaking the most truthfully," Witzenfeld says. The three friends are remarkable. Witzenfeld was first drawn to them after noticing one of their short YouTube videos—made as part of **Qambuta Productions**, a small collective that the trio formed of Palestinian advocates for national and gender equality—and how strongly it resonated with the Palestinian community within Israel. There's also the intimate day-to-day of their lives in Israel, particularly in Tel Aviv—the filming took place over 2013 and 2014, encompassing the 2014 Gaza-Israel conflict. *Oriented* parses these cultural tensions through personal stories, forging fraught political implications for distinctly human elements: the small villages and involved family dinner discussions, a concert in Amman or the blithe nightclub stomping grounds, the camaraderie of the Palestinian LGBTQ+ movement, the wait in a bomb shelter after a bomb siren goes off. "We are trying to challenge and play with people's preconceptions," says Witzenfeld. "I would like people to come out from the movie and have an internal dialogue with themselves about what they thought before they went in and what they think now, after meeting Khader, Fadi and Naim."

Paramount to *Oriented* are the conflicts and confluences within each of the three characters' personal expression of his Palestinian nationalism and his sexuality.

"The complexity of their identity is bonkers," says Witzenfeld. "The fact that they can speak about it with such control, command and self-awareness inspires me enormously." They defy categorization and carry the weight of being caught between worlds, but they continue to search for direction and a fulfilling sureness in their identity. Jiryes struggles to come out to his family, while Daeem discusses feeling less Palestinian than those who live in Israel-occupied territories—yet struggles with his ardent Palestinian nationalism when he finds himself seeing a Jewish Israeli. Then there's Abu-Seif, who, in one scene, has to explain why, despite the fact that he carries an Israeli passport, he identifies as Palestinian. There's the thread of the title's origin, too—it's a nod to sexual orientation, but also to notions of "orientalism." "The West has monopolized concepts of liberalism and of being out of the closet," Abu-Seif says early on in the film—*Oriented* endeavors to illuminate an alternative and much less visible narrative.

"Documentary film is what moves people," says Witzenfeld. "We are a generation that has learned to respond more than anything to film, to the moving image ... That's the way we should be raising awareness, inspiring change." *Oriented* is quietly revelatory. It veers away from sweeping claims to political, cultural or social truth, but instead embeds its audiences into the personal stories from members of a minority that might otherwise feel far removed or be misrepresented. The documentary imbues viewers with a sense of honesty, tenderness and relatability from the three characters, their stories and the places and communities that they call home: "We are Palestine, we are queer, and we are here!"

Oriented will screen at the 13th edition of the Utah Film Center's *Damn These Heels Film Festival*, held July 15–17 at the Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center. For festival information, visit utahfilmcenter.org/dth2016. For more information about *Oriented*, visit orientedfilm.com.



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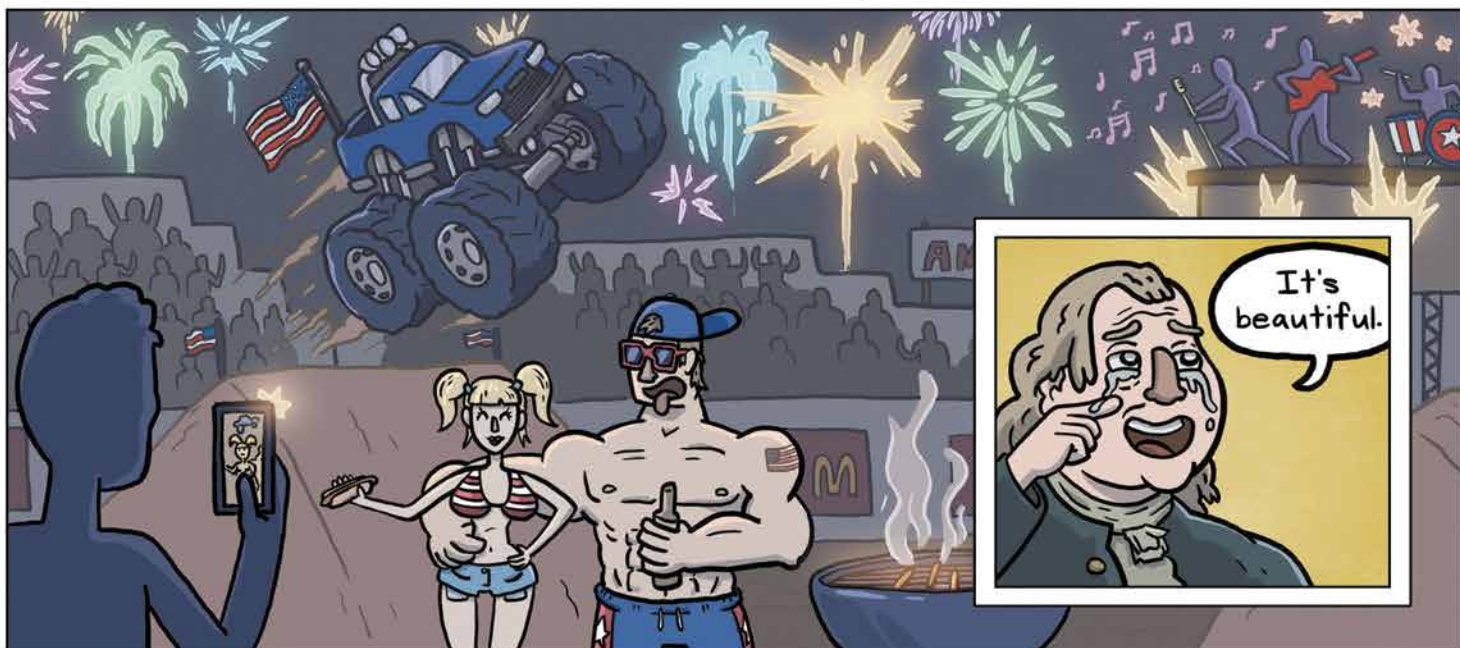
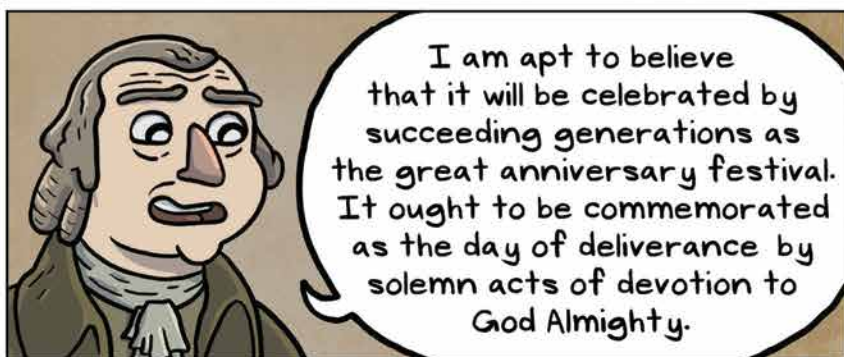
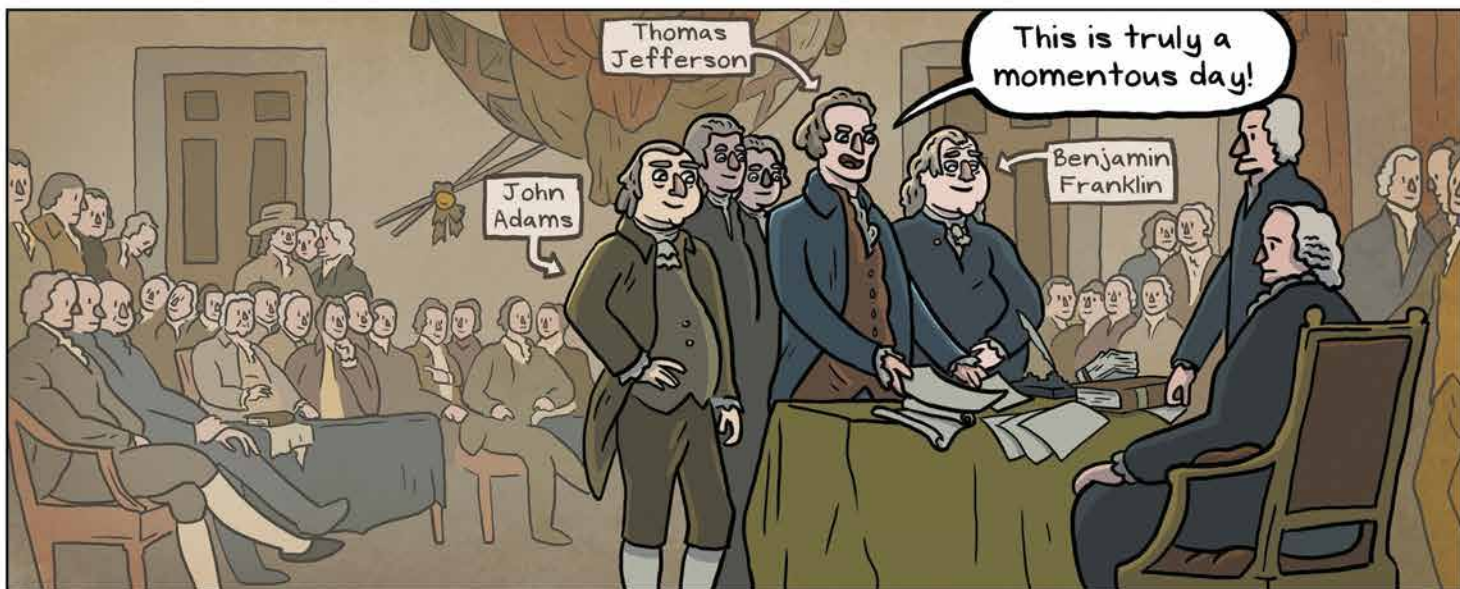
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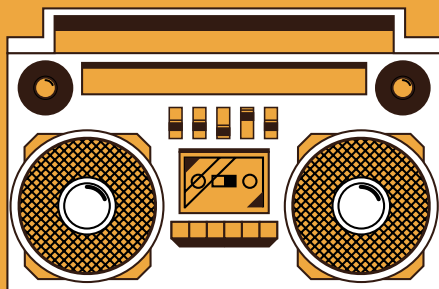
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UTAH'S BBOY FEDERATION THEY REMINISCE

By Keith L. McDonald
keith.mcdonald@utah.edu

Photos: Talyn Sherer



Bboy Federation Chief Executive Director
Joshua "Text" Perkins.

Local hip-hop heads know that there's a bevy of talent from Orem to Ogden. Emcees usually garner the majority of the public's attention, leaving the rest of the shine for club and mixtape DJs. Then you have the graffiti artists who tend to stay underground—and then there are the dancers, who have been a staple of hip-hop culture since its inception without a lot of the monetary benefits. Local organizations like Bboy Federation formed to make sure that the b-boy/girl community stays bonded to hip-hop culture and, most importantly, that the culture gets noticed here in Salt Lake City. Bboy Federation continues to work toward these ends with their annual performance series, *They Reminisc*, held July 8 and 9 at the Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center.

According to their website, co-founders **James "Pyro" Karren** and **Joshua "Text" Perkins** noticed a drastic decline in the b-boy/girl scene from 2006-'08, when hip-hop heads who once were active became less involved. This compelled Karren and Perkins to throw a string of exhibitions called the *X-Series*, where dancers were pitted against each other in five-round battles according to skill level. By 2009, they had begun to streamline their ideas on an organizational level, having done nine exhibitions as a part of the aforementioned series. When a deal with an out-of-state league didn't materialize, they knew that Utah was ready for something that could hone the raw talent and energy in the local dance community, and that's how the Fed was formed. "The Bboy Federation is a local nonprofit that focuses on hip-hop arts programs, specifically breaking and DJing right now, but we're trying to grow," Perkins says, referring to goals such as incorporating other elements of hip-hop and upgrading their facilities.

The group includes representatives from different crews who offer lessons for youth and/or adults, welcoming all skill levels from beginners to seasoned veterans. **Ali (Knucklehead Zoo)**, **Chacho (Flavanoids, House of Flava)**, **Tarzan (Killa Gorillas, Dynamic Rockers)**, **Killa Bee (Flavanoids)**, **Kixx (Blow Up Kings)** and **Bboy Bangkok (Ground Hounds)** have over 50 years of combined experience and are located all over the valley—a conglomeration of different backgrounds and styles under one umbrella.

Bboy Fed has blossomed well enough for Perkins to make it his full-time job. "The only job I'm going to be doing from here on out is the Fed—as long as I can do it," he says. "It's really important that you have a good infrastructure, so over the next year, we're looking at getting improved office spaces, consolidating some spaces, being able to grow our staff to where we have more capacity to handle things like performance re-

quests, emails and the different projects and programs that we are trying to develop over the next five years."

The Federation organizes different personalities and helps them become better dancers and activists in their own right. Before Bboy Federation, breakdancers had to pay for studio time to get instruction in the genre, which does not mesh well with the lifestyle of young up-and-comers who may or may not have parental supervision or money for lessons. This is why Bboy Bangkok (**Terry Post**) puts on events for his students such as the *Bboy Melee*, where dancers can be down with a crew or come express themselves for no cost. "With this new niche that the Fed has provided, the quality of breakdancing will most likely hit home again," Bangkok says.

Through the Promise Network in South Salt Lake, Bboy Federation began supporting the community two times a week at seven after-school sites in 2015. They provide lessons on breakdancing to elementary school, junior high and high school kids for an hour each day. They've also incorporated DJs into the program. "We have two DJs that come set up two sets of equipment, and they teach the kids basic DJ skills, how to mix, how to blend tracks, how to match beats, basic cuts and scratching and different elements that go into DJing," Perkins says.

It's difficult for b-boys/girls to get paying gigs compared to their contemporaries in other dance forms. Many try to lure crews in with promises of "exposure" and drink tickets in an attempt to have them do flips and tricks for their patrons. The Fed acts as a liaison for dancers and promoters to make sure that everyone involved gets fair treatment. "If you were to pick a traditional dance form—ballet, jazz, tap, modern—there are a lot of opportunities to start taking [classes] when you're young, continue taking [them] through high school, go to college and then have a professional career path," says Perkins. "When it comes to nontraditional dance, there's not as many of those career-path opportunities—the pathway isn't as clearly defined."

Therefore, it is essential that hip-hop be represented on college campuses by the right people and in the right fashion. Mixing academia with air flares is an arduous task, but it's necessary if hip-hop dancers want to get paid like their contemporaries do. Perkins recalled when he and his friends were getting kicked off campus for breakdancing and having tattoos. Now, they are helping to draft curriculum and teach college students, as they have an avenue to teach hip-hop culture to students who may not be able to attend events due to lack of exposure. The Dance 245 course (Urban and Street Dance Forms) at BYU teaches different hip-hop techniques, breaking, popping and house. The class also educates about hip-hop on a deeper level.

For some college students, **Biggie** and **Tupac** were their introduction to hip-hop culture. With the Bboy Fed's curriculum, they receive a deeper level of hip-hop roots. Names like **Mr. Wiggles**, **Kool Herc**, **Zulu Nation** and the **Rock Steady Crew** all help to contextualize the dances. "Our BYU class was done in collaboration with **Graham Brown** [assistant professor of dance]—it's actually his class," says Perkins. "He and I got together, and we had some really awesome conversations about what would make this authentic, and we decided that context was really important. It's not enough to just show up to the class and have somebody teach you how to pop for two or three classes or to new jack or break or house. We wanted to make sure the students were getting context: so, history behind hip-hop culture, history behind each individual dance form and how they've evolved and developed."

Additionally, hip-hop dancers communicate things like their disdain or respect for their fellow dancers through their movements and "exchanges" within performances and battles. "It's best to think of the class as a language class versus a dance class, or even like an art class," says Perkins. "We feel like one of the things that separates hip-hop dances from other dances is that you have this direct connection with another person. If you and I are in a cypher together, we have this one-on-one connection."

To help the casual fan get a better feel for hip-hop through the eyes of a b-boy/girl, the Fed hosts *They Reminisce*. Think of it as a play with less vocal work and more footwork. "*They Reminisce* is a stage production that takes place in Salt Lake City ... mainly trying to combine elements of history, trying to educate an audience while also putting on a dynamic performance," says Perkins. The first two years of *They Reminisce*, the Fed did what they call the three-era show: the origin era, the golden era and the modern era, focusing on hip-hop dances, breaking, popping, new jack, house and choreography. What we really wanted to do was showcase this progression of hip-hop dance and how it has changed over the last 40 years," says Perkins. "We wanted to educate our audience on the history of hip-hop and who its founders were, and who the important people are and how we got from A to B."

The third annual show is on July 8 from 5:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. and July 9 from 12 p.m. to 1 p.m. at the *Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center*, and this year, it's a little different than previous showcases. The 2016 production will spotlight a fictional dance crew during the media explosion and the exploitation of hip-hop culture in the '80s and '90s—the golden era—instead of the differences between eras and styles. "We're trying to hover somewhere between a dance recital and a full-blown play," Perkins says.

Organizations like the Bboy Fed are at the forefront of the movement to percolate hip-hop culture throughout Utah. Anyone who wants to learn more about the culture should definitely keep tabs on them. For tickets to *They Reminisce* or more information about the Bboy Federation's other events, such as battles, exhibitions and leagues, visit bboyfed.com.

Charles Ramiag.



Sam "Flight" Roberts.

Zedik.



"C-Roc" Dimalanta.



DINNER AT YOURS

THE BEST TABLE IN TOWN IS YOUR OWN

By Alex Springer
alexjspringer@gmail.com

I first met **Hossein Dadkhah** and **Shahzad Jalili** a few years ago when they invited me to a **Persian pop-up** restaurant that they held at *Meditrina*. Their commitment to bringing a genuine Iranian cultural experience to Salt Lake was impressive. I remember distinctly feeling that I was no longer in Salt Lake but had been transported to turn-of-the-century Iran. Creating a cultural experience that makes attendees feel as if they are visiting a different country is something that Jalili and Dadkhah have turned into a concept called *Dinner at Yours*. It's their love letter to Persian cuisine and culture, which they bring right to the customer's home. "The best table in town is your own," Dadkhah says.

While the process of having professional chefs come to diners' homes to prepare dinner for them and their guests has been popular for the past few years, *Dinner at Yours* sets itself apart because of Dadkhah's attention to detail. When you book a chef from *Dinner at Yours*, you're not only having someone lift the burden of preparing a home-cooked meal; you're also transforming your dining room into a high-class Persian restaurant. Chefs provide all of the flatware, cutlery and glasses, which they prepare as part of an inviting table arrangement, and they'll even bring along some authentic Persian music to completely set the mood.

The effort that goes into preparing the dining space is also reflected in the food itself. No matter what kind of culinary hardware you're packing in your kitchen, the chefs of *Dinner at Yours* can create something that is consistently beautiful. "It doesn't get any more authentic," Dadkhah says. "This cuisine is in the blood of your chef." It's also a cuisine that has been around for centuries, which has given it time to evolve into an extremely diverse culinary perspective. According to Dadkhah, a person could explore Iran from top to bottom and never get the same meal twice. With such variety, it's difficult to distill Persian cuisine into one sentence. "It uses a variety of ingredients to create an experience far greater than each individual ingredient," Dadkhah says.

As I spoke to Dadkhah about the intricacies of Persian food, the aromas from Jalili's preparation began to fill the kitchen. As a registered dietician, she strives to create menus that provide a balanced meal. "The recipes are those that my grandma and mom used," she says. "When I'm planning the menu, I make sure all of the food groups are present and balanced." While I may be a little bit partial to Shahzad, all of the *Dinner at Yours* chefs have gone through a rigorous training process. "It doesn't



Photo: Talym Sherer

***Dinner at Yours*, a rich and detailed love letter to Persian cuisine and culture, brings the dining experience right into diners' homes.**

matter which chef you get," Dadkhah says. "You'll always get a consistent dinner."

Dinner at Yours offers a rotating menu based on what ingredients are in season. Their food is locally sourced as much as possible, and they offer meals to accommodate any dietary restrictions that customers might have. We accepted their recommendation of the Barberry Rice and Chicken, a four-course meal that offered a beautiful culinary snapshot of Persian culture.

The first course was a Creamy Barley Soup with a Fresh Herb Sandwich. The soup was warm and earthy with a slight citrus aftertaste. It paired well with the sandwich, which was a spiral of buttery bread layered with cream cheese and fresh, minced herbs that helped cleanse the palate for the main course. Between courses, we were served a cool and refreshing cucumber beverage that was a straightforward combination of simple syrup, water and minced cucumber. Before the main course hit our table, the floral smell of saffron and rosewater filled the room—fragrance is as much a part of the presentation as are the food's arrangement and flavor. It was a gorgeous plate that featured a quarter chicken, a Shirazi salad served inside a carved pepper and fluffy rice topped with barberries, dried

berries that are more savory than sweet. Altogether, this meal was a fantastic composition of complementary flavors. The rice was prepared with a bit of rosewater, which enhanced the saffron seasoning of the chicken. Between bites, the Shirazi salad—packed with cucumbers, tomatoes and onions with a vinegary dressing—was an excellent way to reset our flavor palates. Dessert kept the flavors of rosewater and saffron alive with ice cream that combined both flavors with crushed pistachios. Each bite made me consider the thought that went into this meal. Each course had its own flavors and perspective, but all of them contributed to a series of complementary sensations that made the entire meal more satisfying.

The *Dinner at Yours* experience is definitely memorable—something that diners should consider when they want a unique and delicious meal without having to leave their homes. While the chef makes sure to erase the remnants of the dinner from the kitchen and dining room, the experience continues to linger—like the scent of saffron in the air. For more information, visit dinneratyours.com, or look for them on Facebook. You can also find them at the *Craft Lake City 8th Annual DIY Festival*, where they will cater the VIP patio.

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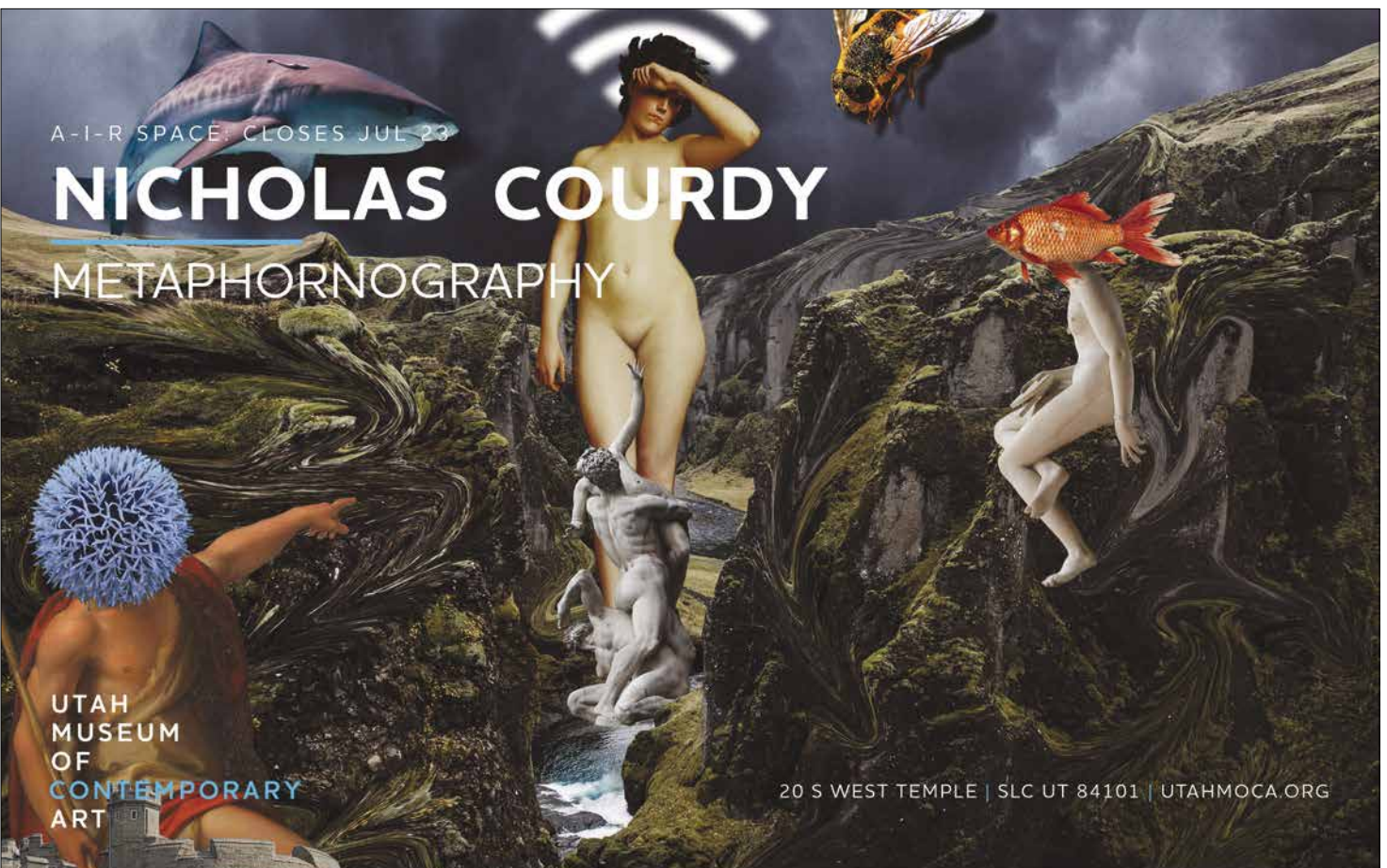


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Rock n' Roll Camp For Girls:

LOUD MUSIC, PROUD WOMEN AND THE FUTURE OF SLC

By Alex Vermillion
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As we all know, Salt Lake City has a killer music scene.

However, the majority of rock bands are predominantly made up of men. Three local women—**Amy Stocks**, **Secily Saunders** and **Hillary McDaniel**—recognized this and came together with their respective music backgrounds to create the future of our music scene by starting Utah's first *Rock n' Roll Camp for Girls* (RRCFG – SLC)—an intensive, week-long, volunteer-run jam session where girls ages 8–18 come together to write, design, practice and perform a song with a newly formed band. The campers also attend empowering workshops that teach them music and women's history. The camp isn't a franchise, but it is part of the **Girls Rock Camp Alliance**, which RRCFG – SLC models its structure on.

Camp Director Stocks, a force of energy and altruism, has extensive experience working with teen organizations and homeless youth. Inspired by Boston's *RnRCG* three years ago, she started a co-ed camp in her hometown, Moab, Utah. Music Director Saunders is a multi-talented musician who plays in numerous local bands such as **Elytra** and **Canyons** and has been music-directing after-school programs *School of Rock* and *Music Garage*. After Portland's *RnRCG* sparked her initial interest 12 years ago, she began volunteering at the L.A. branch, and did so this last summer with Assistant Director McDaniel. McDaniel, drummer for **Canyons**, aids Stocks in recruitment, fundraising, website creation and more. "The girls are surrounded by female mentors," says McDaniel. "They see women doing every aspect of it. That's a powerful thing to take away." Although the goal is to have 80-percent women-identifying volunteers, *RnRCG* does not discriminate based on sexual orientation, gender or gender expression, and encourages anyone who wants to volunteer to do so. Stocks mentions that the camp intends to include pronoun and gender-identity workshops in the future.

Stocks says each morning "is going to start with punk rock aerobics." On the very first day, the "Picks" (ages 8–12) and "Sticks" (13 and up) are sorted by instrument into their new bands. Throughout the week, they attend workshops, such as History of Women in Music, Image and Identity, Printing, Song Writing, Starting a Zine and more. After workshops, there's lunch and band practice. The girls have one week to complete and perform their songs—even though some campers have never picked up an instrument before. "It does sound crazy," says Saunders, "but by the end of the week, you're crying tears of joy." Though the camp is challenging, the directors all agree that the girls' transformations and achievements are the best part about camp. "Music is a really tiny part of it," McDaniel says. "It's really about what's inspiring for women and girls [and] empowering them with information and knowledge." Stocks admires the way the campers break through their comfort zones to "demystify all the things they thought were unreachable for them," she says. Rock music encourages women to enter a space they're typically barred from: a LOUD space. Volunteer



(L-R) Co-founders Hillary McDaniel, Amy Stocks and Secily Saunders aim to make rock culture more empowering and inclusive through the *Rock n' Roll Camp for Girls*.

Kate Anderson says rock music has a way of "letting a guitar scream for you" that other genres do not.

Saunders mentions that their goal is to create a rock camp for women in SLC that will change the rock culture and make the music scene more empowering and inclusive for women. "We're gonna bring it!" says Stocks. The co-founders want to challenge the current scene. "We are picking at the fabric of patriarchy. Utah may seem like a big obstacle, but it really isn't," says Saunders. She presses the importance of encouraging young girls to get into music. "When you're isolated in your own scene, especially as a female, it's hard for you to see past that. Everyone I've talked to thinks that the camp is needed."

The application process isn't competitive: It's first-come, first-served. Campers list their top three choices of instruments and are encouraged to be willing to learn a new instrument. Additionally, the camp does give a small amount of financial aid to those who need it. "We want to make sure you can go to camp," Stocks says. Even so, running a camp is expensive. The most helpful way to support RRCFG – SLC would be to sponsor a camper, donate to the camp or lend old music gear. If you're like me and pumped about this camp—yet also super broke—you can volunteer, but the best way to support the camp is to attend the girls' showcase, which is a night of music by the *RnRCG* bands! "It's open to the public and is a fundraiser for the camp," Saunders says. The showcase is

Saturday, Aug. 6, and the venue is to be announced soon.

If there's one final thing the directors want future campers to know, it's that they already rock. **Rachelle Danis**, another camp volunteer, advises the girls to "appreciate your differences and work together." Beyond this, Stocks wants every girl to know that "their voice matters, no matter how loud or quiet they may be." Lastly, Saunders asks of the campers and volunteers involved: "Please make mistakes," she says. "Don't be scared to make them. That's where you're going to learn the most."



SLC's *Rock n' Roll Camp for Girls* takes place Aug. 1–6, 8:30 a.m.–5 p.m. each day. For more information, visit rockcampforgirlslc.org.

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Bianca Velasquez

LocalMotive on the move

By Nic Smith
nccsmmth@gmail.com

For too many people, the blueprints to starting one's creative DIY project tend to fade into the ethereal realm of When I Have More Time Land. However, Salt Lake's own Bianca Velasquez, at just 22, has been involved with ventures across several disciplines. To name a few, she's the author of *Happybutton Cartoons*, designer for her custom neon-sign business *Neon Bite*, an assistant to *Piñata TV*, the guitarist for **Dream Slut**, former booking agent at *Kilby Court* and (as of August 2015) the writer and developer of the blog/journal/podcast/tour-booking mélange known as *LocalMotive*.

"*LocalMotive* is an online platform where I try to bring together start-ups from every state," says Velasquez. "It's a place where people can go to promote their passion project and also a place to learn about what's going on in their area." Drawing on her past experiences, Velasquez understands that, often, the hardest part about being a new business or an emerging artist is the imbalance between the work put in and the recognition given in return. Regardless of where they might live, Velasquez is on a mission to find these people and share their stories through any means she can. With a quick run-through of her website, you can read her coverage on a number of interesting businesses all along the West Coast. Her DIY approach to covering music is especially salient.

"I got started with the first *LocalMotive* trip in August to see a band from Albuquerque called **The Lymbs** and another band named **Marma**," says Velasquez. "I would reach out to bands on BandCamp or SoundCloud and listen to them and see who I wanted to go out and meet." As for the criteria, Velasquez chose bands simply based on whether or not they sounded excited to talk to her about their work. "I don't care what kind of music you play," she says. "If you really believe in something, you'll find a way to do it, and I like covering people who feel the same way."

Trusting her judgment, Velasquez packed her things and took the risk of driving 14 hours to find people she had never met to ask them to trust her enough to confide the details of their



Photo: Alethia Rodriguez

Bianca Velasquez achieves her dreams and helps others with theirs via her latest project, *LocalMotive*.



artistic endeavors and to maybe grab a spot on their couch for the night—all without any formal training in music journalism. "In my first podcasts, you can realize that I didn't know what I was doing," says Velasquez. "It was an hour-and-a-half long ... and most of it was just of all of us shot-gunning beers together ... I wanted to talk to bands as if they were my friends."

Still, the imperfections of a first interview can be easily forgiven, considering the leap she took and the success that followed. Along with making new friends, Velasquez's trip to Albuquerque gave her the confidence to know that she could do this again, and likely do better each time. She went on to talk with more out-of-state artists like **Jason Clackley** (Seattle), **Ruby Loon** (Portland), **Corey Medina** (Portrock), **Rod!** and **Ladywolf**. Though Velasquez still self-describes as an "amateur technician," each interview feels progressively tighter while maintaining the important feeling of casual interaction.

The last year has been greatly generative for Velasquez, as her trips for *LocalMotive* (all completed while maintaining a day job, by the way) landed her with useful contacts across state lines. In late May of this year, Velasquez used these connections to help coordinate a tour for local band—and longtime friends—**Rumble Gums**. Along with her comrade **Alethia Rodriguez**, Velasquez took the crew to Portland, Seattle, San Francisco and Oakland over 10 days. Of course, her first attempt came with its own setbacks. She had to be the first responder to a myriad of problems, stemming from van

break-ins, people management, club owners and beyond. Despite this, Velasquez experienced a new understanding of what touring life can give to musicians. "When you're out there in that cold water, you realize what you want as a band," says Velasquez. "Every artist has to go and do that. Even if you don't make money or exactly get the shows that you want, playing in a new place teaches you so much."

With the success of **Rumble Gums'** tour, Velasquez is continuing to broaden the scope of *LocalMotive's* interests by helping more up-and-coming bands book shows outside of their hometowns. In mid-July, for example, Velasquez will be travelling with local psych-rock band **Spirit Tribe** as they go on their first two-week touring experience. For a low-budget price, Velasquez will do everything to make sure that her artists can focus solely on their music. "I set up the shows; I find opening bands through *LocalMotive* connections; I create the online events; I create the posters; I reach out to local radio stations," says Velasquez. "I try and create a tour where everyone can all have fun."

In just a short amount of time, what started as a personal interest blog has evolved to reflect the extensive capabilities of its creator. Even though the project is still young, Velasquez aspires to keep pushing forward while supporting other creative people and developing herself along the way. For more info, or to inquire about booking a tour for yourself, check out her articles at localmotiveblog.com and send her an email at localmotiveslc@gmail.com.

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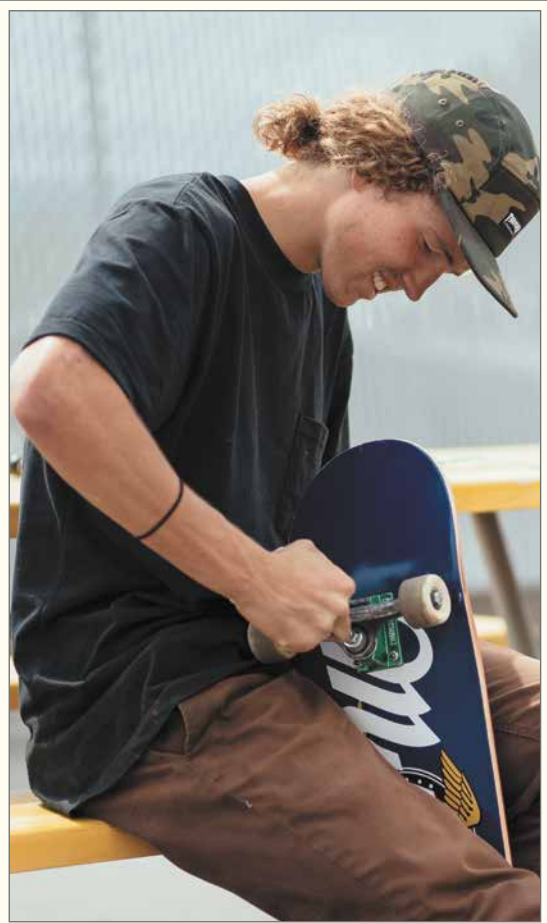
SKATE. EAT. REPEAT.

Words by Dylan Evans • @dyltah

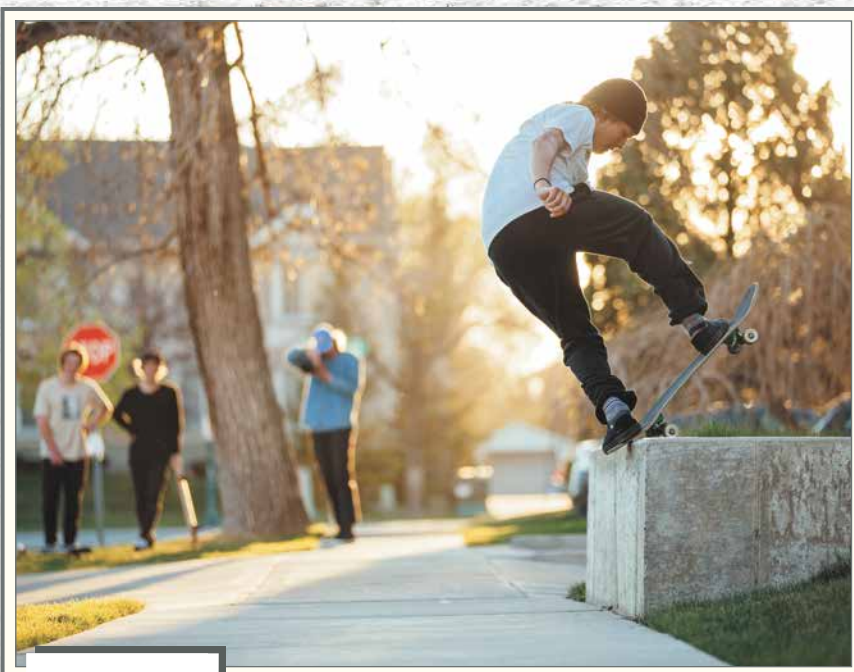
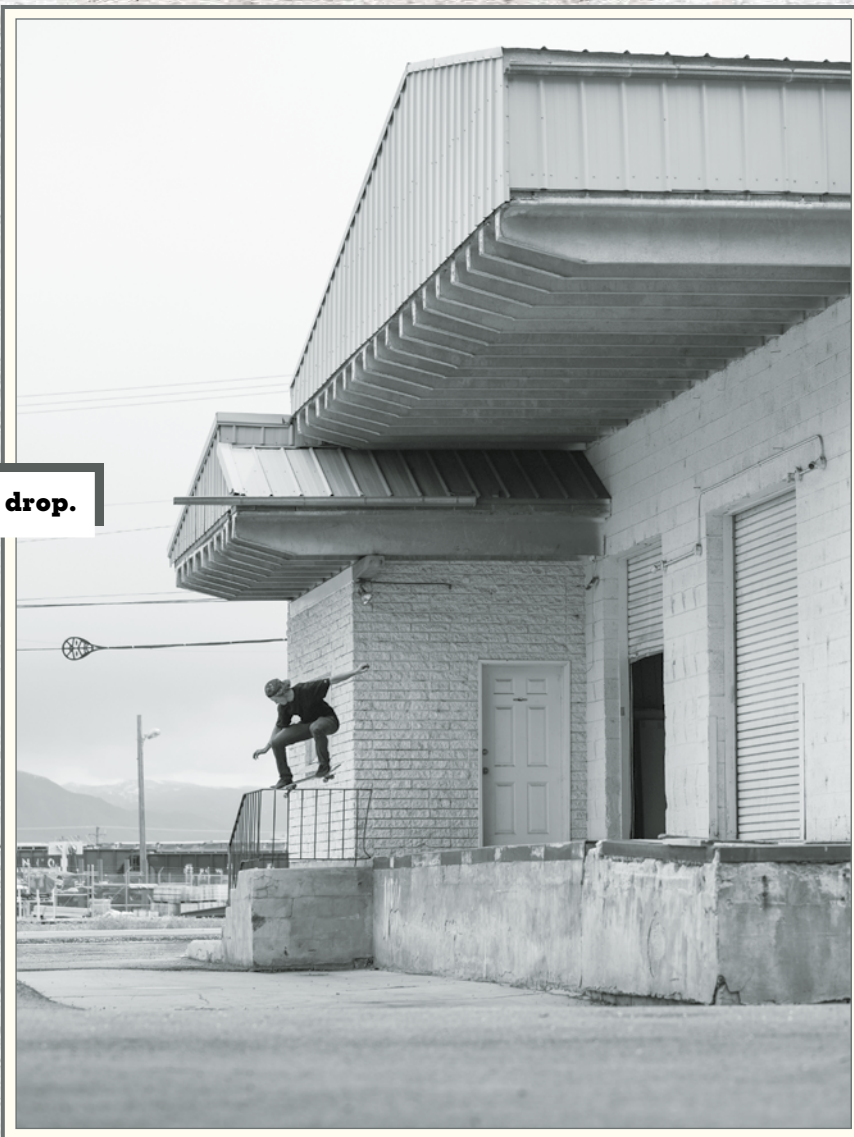
Photos by Weston Colton
weston5050@yahoo.com

Crooked drop.

I don't know if it's something in the water or if there isn't shit else to do besides skate, but Utah County knows how to pump out ripping skaters. Adding to the bunch, Ashton Harris seems like that skate-or-go-home type of dude. Take it from the man himself—if Harris isn't skating, he's eating food or hanging out, he says. Is there really more to life than skating? Doubtful.



Milosport Orem and Flatspotter Skate Goods (FSG) have both given Ashton Harris the team nod, hooking it up with boards and other goods.



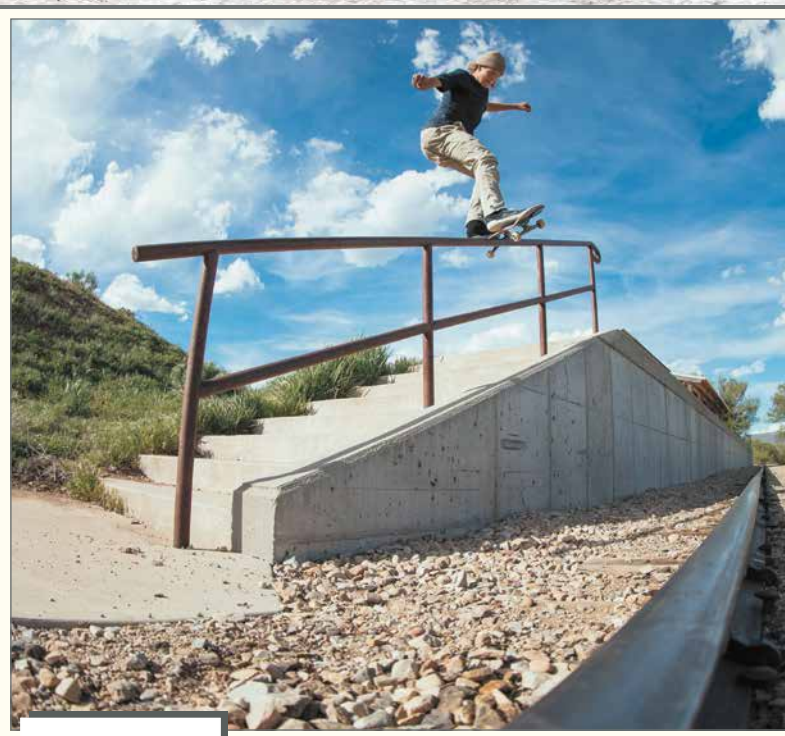
Front blunt.

"I skate ledges the most, but it depends what park I'm at," says Harris.



Front crook.

Harris is no stranger to the streets, but he doesn't limit himself to one terrain.



Front feeble.

Ledges, rails and gaps are Ashton Harris' "thing."



Hardflip.

"I'm dying to go on a skate trip," says Harris. "I don't have any plans, but I'm for sure going to make some. I'm down to go anywhere."

Read Dylan Evans' entire interview feature about Ashton Harris at SLUGMag.com.

Marissa Nadler, The Artist

By Cassidy McCraney
cassidymccraney@gmail.com



Marissa Nadler's
latest release, *Strangers*,
is cosmic, revelatory and
transportive.



Photo: Ebru Yildiz

Marissa Nadler is having a bad day.

"[I just got] an email," the musician says. "I worked all weekend on this animated music video, on a deadline, and it basically didn't get the response I was looking for. I spent so long on it ..." There is a tinge of sadness in her voice. "I thought it was really good, and then bam!"

If ever Gen-Twitter has encountered a sacrificial, self-sustaining artist, one undeterred by short-sighted record labels or the occasional unfavorable email, it's Nadler. Since releasing her debut album, *Ballads of Living and Dying*, in 2004, the auteurist singer-songwriter has focused on—and succeeded in—establishing herself and her career on her own terms, a feat most difficult in an industry that thrives on disparagement. Now, with the release of *Strangers* in May, Nadler continues to redefine what it means to live and breathe for a craft—expectation, convenience and support notwithstanding. "I think it all comes down to why you're making art in the first place," she says. "A lot of artists would probably agree with me [that there is a] compulsion to keep going, to keep creating."

And create she does. *Strangers* is sonically magnificent, at once a departure and a realization. Distinctive and radically materialized, Nadler's seventh full-length album constructs a revelatory world made up only by outsiders: some lonely, some confounded, all estranged from the artist herself. What remains, excluding the roamers, is an impossibly transportive 11-track romp of synth, strings and speech. "I approach songwriting in a very organic way," Nadler says—though she doesn't think too much about it. "I'm always drawn to the melody; I write the lyrics last. The approach is very painterly and less analytical." The process is not surprising, given Nadler's

taste for "emotional, not cerebral" music. What is surprising is the shift from her oft internalized perspective, namely on 2014's *July*, to one externalized on *Strangers*. While both records were produced by **Randall Dunn**, Nadler knew that *July* had exhausted her tendency toward the autobiographical. ("I couldn't keep writing those kinds of songs," she says.) Choosing instead to approach more ubiquitous themes, Nadler says that she worried that they wouldn't translate. "Are these songs about the world ending? [Are they] not making sense to people? Is it too weird?" She needn't be concerned: We have all fallen for a natural disaster like Janie in "Janie In Love," we have all experienced the chill of an empty home like the character in "Katie I Know," and we have all unraveled like a bow like the voice in "Skyscraper." We just haven't done so post-apocalypse.

Nadler has long been a patron of the arts, traversing the realm by way of different mediums since her childhood. She earned her baccalaureate and master's degree in illustration at *Rhode Island School of Design*, taught fine art in Harlem, and has since been writing ghostly, rolling songs from her home base in Boston, Massachusetts. She loves **Leonard Cohen** and **Elliott Smith**, and she has worked alongside **Angel Olsen**, **Father John Misty** and **Wrekmeister Harmonies**. Even with all the pendants of prosperity, the artist still struggles. "Every time I make a record, I have no idea if anybody is going to like it," she says. "I have no idea if it's any good. Maybe I have confidence issues, but releasing on such a large scale can be really nerve-racking."

Nadler tends to self-describe harshly. In past interviews, she has categorized herself as shy, thin-skinned, neurotic and self-taught. She bat-

les with the unrealistic standards set for female musicians. "You're expected to be working hard and generating all this content and showing up looking fierce," she says. She constantly treads the line of being vulnerable—but not too vulnerable. She battles with self-destruction and the idea that it breeds authenticity. "To be honest, I think if you have that in you, you kind of always have that in you," she says. She battles, inwardly and outwardly, every day. But rather than succumb to a tragic fate often met by the greatest of makers, she carries on for the sake of making. "If you really want to be an artist, you'll make more work if you don't self-destruct," she says strongly. Nadler quit drinking a few years ago. Last summer, she got married.

Artists like Marissa Nadler don't come around that often: artists who create their own animated music videos, artists who challenge the system enough to upset it, artists who are truly gracious. Artists like Marissa Nadler—who establish themselves and their careers on their own terms—are likely used to a bad day. If her vocation has taught her anything, it's that anyone with the gall to punctuate her life's work with a jarring "bam" of disapproval is someone who just doesn't get it.

"I've been doing this for a really long time," she says. "I've tried to stop and do other things with my life, but there's this magnetic pull ... You're not doing it for the press or reviews. You're doing it because it's your calling." With that attitude, her day will only get better.

Marissa Nadler will perform at *Kilby Court* on July 8 with **Wrekmeister Harmonies** and **Muscle and Marrow**. For more information, visit marissanadler.com.





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FORTUNATE YOUTH

SEPT 2ND

O.A.R.

SEPT 17TH

CYNDI LAUPER

SEPT 20TH

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

SEPT 21ST

LOCAL NATIVES

(ALL AGES)

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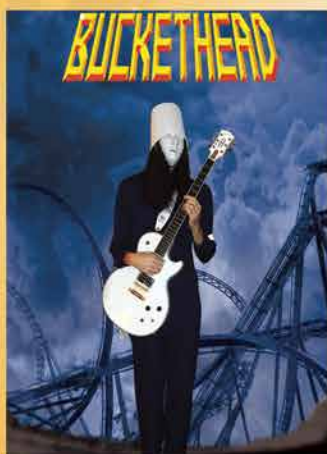
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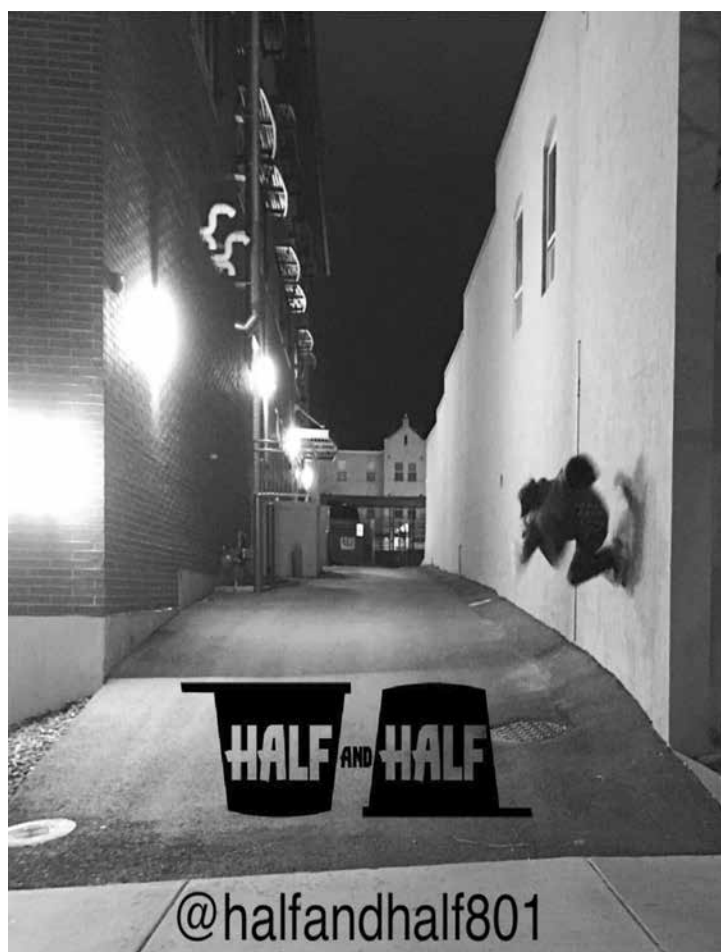


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(L-R) John Lair, Jeff Whitbeck and Kate Whitbeck lead Momentum Recycling, Utah's sole glass processor.

Photo: ImSorenson.net



MOMENTUM
RECYCLING

MAKING UP FOR LOST GLASS

By Jesse Hawlish | jhawlish@gmail.com

SLC citizens are an environmentally responsible lot, by and large. We have a lot of environment to be responsible for! Recycling is a major part of that responsibility, and we're all happy to do it at home, but our big blue bins are only part of the story. *Momentum Recycling* opened its doors eight years ago with the goal of providing local businesses with the same recycling services that are available at home. "If you were a business in 2008," says **John Lair**, President of *Momentum*, "and you wanted to be as green as you could be, you either had to collect the stuff yourself in your office and take it home and put it in your home recycle bin, or nothing. You had no service provider, and we were the first to start that."

Lair, previously an I.T. entrepreneur, was the first to step in and do something about this significant gap in our city's otherwise environmentally responsible ethos. He petitioned husband-and-wife team **Jeff** and **Kate Whitbeck** to help make his idea come to life. Ardent community organizers, Jeff and Kate dove into the project; Jeff became VP of Operations, and Kate VP of Sales. At the outset, despite a passion for their cause, the Whitbecks knew very little about running a recycling business. "When we first started the company, I got a commercial driver's license, and we literally went through YouTube videos to learn how to operate the truck," Jeff says. Kate struggled with the sales aspect as well. "You meet all types, and not everyone cares," she says. "In the beginning, I just assumed everybody needed and wanted recycling, and that everyone thought the way I did! I've since learned that's not the case ... but it's also incredibly rewarding when you connect with someone."

Since then, *Momentum* has grown to a modest but effective operation of seven trucks and 25 employees. "We do see ourselves as a small business," says Lair. "As managers and owners, we wear a lot of different hats—you know, we'll literally vacuum the office the same day that we're negotiating a contract with the ... City." Lair and the Whitbecks don't run a recycling business to turn a huge profit. They do it for the good of their community—and doing good is always hard work. "We're frequently out back assembling bins or trying to figure out how to fix a truck," says Jeff. "Tomorrow, we have a waste audit—it's the nastiest of jobs, [and] everyone's getting their hands dirty." But being a small business has its benefits. "We also have this family-like atmosphere in our staff," says Lair. "Most of our staff have been here a long time, and we've seen each other's kids grow up—there's a lot of strength that comes from that ... in a company as small as we are."

In 2012, *Momentum* underwent a major expansion. They installed a giant, fancy, new processing plant on-site and began providing the residential sector with curbside service for the one thing we can't put in our big blue bins: glass. As Lair says, "[Utahns] didn't even have an option to recycle glass before building this facility." Locals have responded well to the service, but there's still a great deal of work to be done. "Four thousand three hundred households are signed up for the program," says Jeff, "and the plant is only a third to a half of its full capacity, and it's not yet profitable, frankly, so we absolutely have to get a lot more glass ... so it can pay for itself." Residents can sign up for this curbside glass pickup through SLC public utilities or at momentumrecycling.com. It's \$7 per month,

they send you a bin for the glass, and the charge comes on your utility bill.

To get more glass in their facility, *Momentum* emphasizes educating the public. Knowing what and how to recycle is useful, but knowing what exactly happens once the bin leaves your curb can be a major motivator. "We have a regular public schedule of plant tours," says Lair. "Come on out and see it! Let us show you what we do everyday with this material." But *Momentum* doesn't just want more of our business—they want real change. "The focus from the start for us was behavioral change," says Jeff. Kate adds that "the big-picture goal should be reducing consumption, you know? So [we work to] educate the population so we're not creating ... so much disposable waste."

The existence of residential curbside glass recycling is an important step for our city, but in terms of the volume of unrecycled waste, businesses are the biggest offenders. "Residents have been doing the bulk of the diversion, and yet businesses aren't doing their share," says Kate, "so in some ways residents have been subsidizing businesses' waste habits!" A new public ordinance that will take effect in 2018 aims to change that. "Any business that [meets minimum size requirements] will be required to divert at least 50 percent of their waste stream," says Kate. "Businesses will take part, and share in waste diversion, and in extending the life of our landfill ... so it's definitely a positive thing."

If you'd like to get involved in helping *Momentum* improve our city, volunteering opportunities are available. "We have a program called the Am-GlassAdors," says Lair. "We have a range of opportunities ... and we're always looking for people who are motivated."



GEOGRAPHY QUIZ:

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BAD BRAD WHEELER

DEALIN' THE BLUES

By Russ Holsten • russholsten@gmail.com || Photos: Scott Frederick

Bad Brad Wheeler is one of the most respected and beloved members of our community. Aged 44, Wheeler is host and producer of the *Little Bit Louder Now* weekday-afternoon KRCL show. A seasoned blues musician, Wheeler plays the harmonica and the slide guitar, and he's been building slide guitars for over 16 years—that's how he taught himself to play, by building his own instruments, much as the early blues musicians did. At 6'6", he has a commanding stage presence anywhere he decides to play. He inspires our community with his epic playlists, blues riffs and harmonica spit, whether he's performing with **The Rubes** at Bar X, **Joe McQueen** at Garage on Beck or with **Willie Nelson** on the outlaw country legend's 80th birthday. For Wheeler, it all starts with the blues, from **Blind Lemon Jefferson** all the way up to **The Alabama Shakes**, from **Gary Clark Jr.** all the way back down to **Robert Johnson**. "Just like you

can't have soup without water," says Wheeler, "you can't have American music without the blues." He's right.

The blues has its own sound, identity and lifeblood. It's definitely an American-made call out into the void. Wheeler caught this blues flu a long time ago while playing his harmonica any chance he could get. "I started playing the harmonica on a dare while I was standing in line at a keg party," says Wheeler. The blues has been with him ever since. Wheeler takes this knowledge and passion a step further by teaching it to others, especially those with the most open minds: grade-school children. Through the *Blues in the Schools* program, Wheeler has taught close to 40,000 elementary students how to play the harmonica, as well as the "who, what, when, where and why" of blues music. He tells the kids, "Think of the blues as ketchup, because ketchup makes

everything better." One time, during his teachings, Wheeler received a little push-back from a student. "**Lil' Bow Wow** never sang the blues!" the kid confidently challenged. Wheeler responded, "I don't know anything about Lil' Bow Wow, but I do know about **Howlin' Wolf**." Lesson learned.

Bad Brad Wheeler gives us music, and he challenges us. He gives us a song and lets us explore it as far as we want to go, from **R.L. Burnside** to **Fishbone**, from **Alex Chilton** to **The Replacements** and from **Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown** to **Sonic Youth**. He gives us **Bob Dylan** when we need shelter from the storm, **The Rolling Stones** when we can't get no satisfaction and **John Lee Hooker** when all we need is one bourbon, one scotch and one beer.

On April 3, Wheeler was accompanying his longtime mentor, Ogden jazz icon and leg-

Bad Brad Wheeler is a beloved pillar of the community and spreads his knowledge and passion for music—and the blues—throughout Utah.



end **Joe McQueen**, to the KCPW radio station, where McQueen was going to help *Jazz Time* host **Steve Williams** fundraiser for KCPW's spring pledge drive. The 97-year-old McQueen, the first African American in Utah to play at white-only clubs, embodies Utah jazz—long before we had the professional basketball team—and has played with legends **Charlie Parker**, **Duke Ellington**, **Dizzy Gillespie** and more. Sometime in 1998, Wheeler was playing his harmonica on a blues night at a local bar. One of his friend's fathers, then a professor of jazz at Weber State University, called McQueen down to "see this kid play." Wheeler recalls that when McQueen came through the door, the whole room went silent. The first words out of McQueen's mouth were, "This is goddamned rock n' roll and blues! I play jazz!" Regardless, McQueen stuck around to become Wheeler's best friend.

That April day, on their way to the library, things would turn a little sideways for both Wheeler and McQueen. They were having trouble getting into a parking spot, and Wheeler jumped out of the car to help guide McQueen in. "I guess he hit the gas instead of the brake," Wheeler says. "The car accelerated and pinned my leg up against another car. At first I thought I could just walk it off—then I noticed all of the blood. It looked as if my leg had exploded." As Wheeler lay in that Salt Lake City parking lot bleeding out, his first thoughts were, "I might die." While Wheeler waited for medical help and tried to process the situation, the only person Wheeler wanted near him was his best friend McQueen. McQueen held Wheeler's hand, and they prayed together as the ambulance arrived. Wheeler becomes emotional when he recalls these events. It is obvious that in that moment, Wheeler was hurting just as much for McQueen as he was hurting for himself.

During Wheeler's hospitalization and recovery period, Wheeler would quickly gain a newfound respect for the healthcare industries and the compassion, empathy and humanity that they bring to work everyday. Wheeler had a long healing process ahead of him. "I was lucky," Wheeler says. "Because I'm so tall, it saved my knee, and most likely my leg." Instead, he broke his fibula, the small bone below the knee. Doctors also informed him that his leg was degloved, which is as horrific as it sounds. "My leg was skinned from the knee down to the calf," Wheeler says. He went on from the emergency room to a lengthy hospital stay and to the burn unit, where Wheeler had to have skin graft surgery to further repair his leg. All of this has been a difficult experience for Wheeler. "It's hard to think about that day," Wheeler reflects. "It's hard to look at my leg without a little PTSD."

At one time during his hospital stay, a priest walked into his room and asked what was on his mind. "I told him about Joe and how much I loved him and how I never imagined that I would have a best friend [who was] in his 90s,"

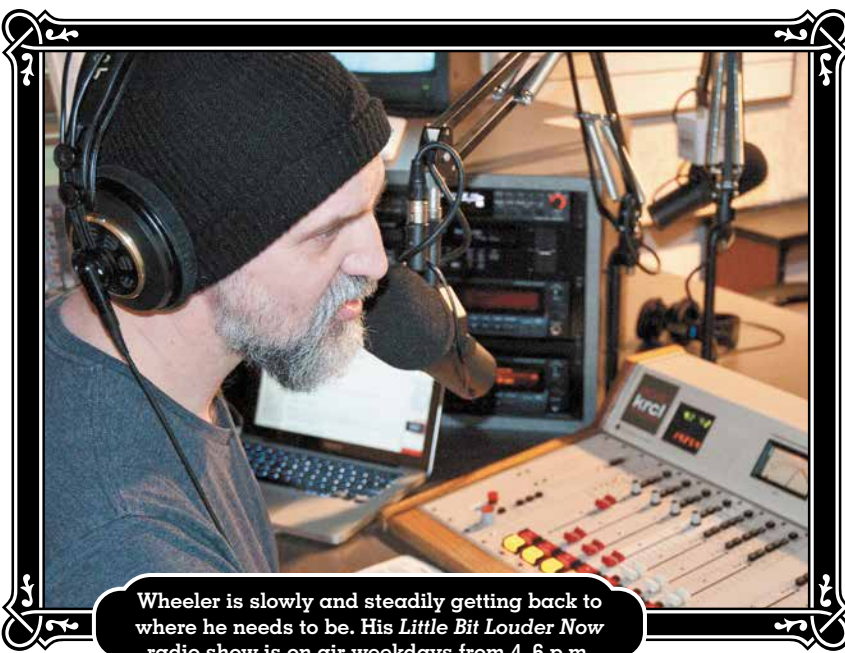
Wheeler says. The priest sat quietly for a moment before stating, "God thinks about you when you think about other people." Wheeler tears up when he recalls this story, because that is exactly what Joe always taught him: "Be kind, give back and be selfless and not selfish."

It's worth repeating: "God thinks about you when you think about other people." Brad Wheeler is always thinking of other people. The music and wisdom he gives us strengthens and diversifies the community in which we live. It helps to inspire people to open blues bars, independent record stores and jazz nights. It promotes local music and opens venues to house them. Wheeler's influence also helps bring in national acts that otherwise would not come through our town. He inspires artists who help to breathe life into this community, this city and this state. Brad Wheeler gives so much that when it was our turn, it was easy to give back: from the nurses and the doctors in the emergency room, the 24-hour hospital staff, the children singing to him during his stay in the burn unit, the neighbors willing to change bandages, the friends bringing food and groceries, family getting him to doctor's appointments and strangers willing to help in any way they can—even if it meant lifting him from room to room.

Wheeler has medical insurance. However, Wheeler is looking at a year's worth of outpatient treatment with the Burn Trauma Intensive Care Unit, and the medical costs—plus having to miss seven weeks of work, despite having vacation time accrued at *KRCL*—add up. A crowdfunding campaign was set up on April 17 to help

contribute to Brad's medical expenses. In just one month, 330 people met and exceeded the \$20,000 goal, which will go toward helping Wheeler with co-pays and unanticipated, out-of-pocket expenses. "I've had to buy things like slippers, sweatpants, compression underwear and basins to wash my leg in—also medical supplies to change my bandage, Lyft and Uber rides to the hospital..." says Wheeler, who has been focusing his efforts on healing enough to start walking again. "There's a lot of little things that pile up fast." A few local businesses also helped the community give back to Wheeler. *Diabolical Records* held a silent auction on Record Store Day with items donated by other local businesses, and his former place of employment, Ogden bar *Brewskis*, held a benefit concert for Wheeler on May 14. Additionally, *Urban Flea Market's* **Kate Wheaddon** donated all of the admission fees from the first *Rock n' Roll Swap Meet* to Wheeler. "I am overwhelmed by what everybody has done for me," Wheeler says, fighting back tears.

Wheeler is slowly getting back where he needs to be—where we need him to be. He is back to work on a half schedule for his *Little Bit Louder Now* radio show, which is currently on air Monday–Friday, 4–6 p.m. "If you see me out and about, or at a show," says Wheeler, "stop and say hello." McQueen is still breathing 97 years of life into his saxophone, and the world is a better place for it. Of course, Bad Brad Wheeler is still dealin' the blues—that which makes him the happiest. He is always within arm's reach of one of his harmonicas, and he knows that a simple blues riff on that mouth harp will always make things a little better—like ketchup.



Wheeler is slowly and steadily getting back to where he needs to be. His *Little Bit Louder Now* radio show is on air weekdays from 4–6 p.m.

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JULY 19
7PM



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THURSDAY
JULY 21
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DTH2016 FILM SCHEDULE

Friday, July 15

OPENING NIGHT JULY 15 | 8PM



SOUTHWEST OF SALEM:

The Story of the San Antonio Four

Directed by **Deborah Esquenazi**

SET THE THAMES ON FIRE

Directed by **Ben Charles Edwards**

10:30 pm



Saturday, July 16

BEING 17

Directed by **André Téchiné**

9:45 am



WOMEN HE'S UNDRRESSED

Directed by **Gillian Armstrong**

10:00 am



ME MYSELF AND HER

Directed by **Maria Sole Tognazzi**

12:00 pm



ORIENTED

Directed by **Jake Witzanfeld**

12:15 pm



MAJOR!

Directed by **Annalise Ophelian**

2:15 pm



UNCLE HOWARD

Directed by **Aaron Brookner**

2:30 pm



THE TRANS LIST

Directed by **Timothy Greenfield-Sanders**

4:30 pm



DAMN SHORTS PROGRAM

Directed by **Various filmmakers**

5:00 pm



CENTERPIECE JULY 16 | 7PM



KIKI

Directed by **Sara Jordenö**

AWOL

Directed by **Deb Shoval**

7:15 pm



CLOSET MONSTER

Directed by **Stephen Dunn**

9:15 pm



LOEV

Directed by **Sudhanshu Saria**

9:30 pm



Sunday, July 17

JONATHAN

Directed by **Piotr J. Lewandowski**

10:00 am



THE PEARL

Directed by **Jessica Dimmock and Christopher LaMarca**

10:30 am



THE SLIPPERS

Directed by **Morgan White**

12:30 pm



HUNKY DORY

Directed by **Michael Curtis Johnson**

1:00 pm



OUT RUN

Directed by **Leo Chiang and Johnny Symons**

3:00 pm



FROM AFAR

Directed by **Lorenzo Vigas**

3:15 pm



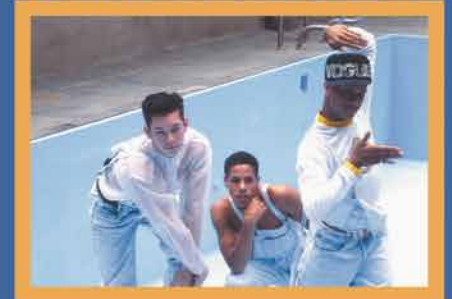
SUMMERTIME

Directed by **Catherine Corsini**

5:00 pm



CLOSING NIGHT JULY 17 | 7:30PM



STRIKE A POSE

Directed by **Ester Gould and Reijer Zwaan**

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SUMMER

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OF DEATH

SKATE CONTEST

SLUG held the first half of the annual *Summer of Death* skate-competition series on Saturday, June 11, at Exchange Place in Salt Lake City, Utah. Monster Energy and *Half and Half Skate Shop* (60 E. Exchange Place) were the presenting sponsors. Congratulations to the contest winners! The 17 & Under division winners were **Kai Taylor** (1st), **Kaleb Van Niel** (2nd) and **Marshall Larsen** (3rd). The Open Division winners were **Deng Tear** (1st), **Garrison Conklin** (2nd) and **Dino Porobic** (3rd). The Best Trick award went to **Coltyn Nelson** for a double tre flip over the bench. Head over to SLUGMag.com for an exclusive photo gallery of the event by **Chris Kiernan**, **Niels Jensen** and **Samuel Milianta** and for a recap by **Zach Lambros**.

Kaleb Van Niel, crook.



Kai Taylor, frontside 180.



Aaron Gailey, 360 flip tailgrab.



Photos: Niels Jensen = Chris Kiernan =



Deng Tear, backside flip.



Coltyn Nelson, ollie nose grab.



Garrison Conklin, hippie jump body varial.



Dino Porobic, frontside boardslide to fakie.



Eric Ferguson, benihana.



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WYE OAK

on making a not-album

By Kia McGinnis • kiaginny@gmail.com

Photo: Alex Marks

"We're in a really good place," **Jenn Wasner** says, and you can hear the relief, accomplishment and mild surprise in her voice. With over a decade of writing and playing experimental rock with her counterpart and musical life partner **Andy Stack** as Wye Oak, the pair is breaking barriers and moving forward into the future on no uncertain terms. After their critically acclaimed *Civilian*, the band worked through self-doubt and writer's block until *Shriek* emerged from the shadows: a confidently different album that validates their struggles.

In between this redefined sound and an itch to keep the ball rolling comes *Tweens*, a collection of songs that doesn't belong but is screaming to be heard. From '70s dream ballads with electric keyboard backbones to drum-heavy tracks that fall like hard rain to searing yet soft guitar soundscapes, Wye Oak will have you believing that there is beauty in miscelany and misfits. If there's anything to be said for the phase of life that the album is named after, it's the gleaming optimism that comes with knowing that you'll someday outgrow your awkwardness and take the world for all it is.

Wye Oak's music continues to flourish, even across many state lines. Wasner has taken up residency in a tiny house in the woods of North Carolina, while Stack is currently residing in Texas. She explains how living far away from her sole bandmate is working out. "We both find that we need a lot of space and time to make things," she says, "and so our situation right now is ideal for that because we can spend a lot of time on our own, in our own spaces, recording and brainstorming and daydreaming before coming together to work on Wye Oak."

Balance is a constant for Wasner and Stack, who have been playing together since they were young teens. They made a conscious choice to be a two-piece in the beginning for reasons of efficiency: It's a lot easier to only work around one other person's schedule and demands, rather than those of a whole damn band. "It really helped us say yes to more than we ever would have been able to otherwise," says Wasner. "It was a big part of not only logistically what we were able to do, but also how we sounded."

What does it really mean to be in a band with one person for 10 years? Wasner explains that it's an emotional and psychological experiment to have that sort of long-lasting relationship with another person. Just like in many romantic situations, a major part of staying interested and connected is allowing themselves to be two individual people with different lives, interests and projects. Each have worked on projects outside of Wye Oak, which brings an appreciative excitement to their bond. "That sort of shared history isn't something that you can just build up overnight," Wasner says.

Working as a duo has forced Wye Oak into making creative decisions based on their limitations, and those limitations have become jumping points for inspiration. The two discovered in writing *Shriek* that less is more. "The point wasn't to rid myself of guitar forever, but to expand the palate of sounds and instruments that I was 'allowed' to work with," Wasner says. "So now, when I sit down to write a song and I'm in my house with all my stuff, I don't have to think about, 'Well, this is a Wye Oak song, so I guess I have to play guitar.' If I sit down and write a song on piano—guess what? It's a song and it counts."

(L-R) Jenn Wasner and Andy Stack have spent over a decade together creating dreamy, experimental rock as Wye Oak.

Wye Oak surged through self-imposed restrictions and are able to freely create together. Releasing *Shriek* put the duo in a state of mind where anything is possible—a breakthrough that may be the reason for calling *Tweens* a "not-album," as it lies outside the preconceived ideas of a typical record. "Sometimes you have stuff where it's like, 'I love this and I want to share this with the world,' but the format doesn't exist, so at that point, you have to create it," says Wasner, "and I guess that's what we're trying to do."

Both members of Wye Oak rely on outside projects as outlets to make them better songwriters and musicians. Wasner is currently wrapping up her first solo album under the guise **Flock of Dimes**, which is due to be released in September 2016. She says coyly, "It's the best thing I've ever done." As for Stacks, you can spot him playing with indie rockers **El Vey**.

Wye Oak are heading out on tour this summer and will be in Salt Lake at *Urban Lounge* on July 9. If you stop by, you'll be treated to a grab bag of a set, as they'll be digging up old tracks from their back catalogue (possibly even some that have never been heard onstage) in addition to tracks from *Tweens* and a few newbies as well. You'll want to catch this band as they are now—flushed and unapologetic.



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Washed-Up Skaters

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

I've always hated comparing skateboarding to sports. I don't relate well to the current *X Games* or *Street League Skateboarding* generation of rippers who, in my opinion, are basically turning skateboarding into figure skating. That 360 flip, perfectly executed with boring style off of a perfectly manufactured concrete bump, is just the new triple axel, minus the tutu. I come from the days of the early '90s, when skateboarding was mostly considered petty vandalism and there was no such thing as a skate park. Our wheels were small, our pants were big, and, if you had a man bun, you'd better be a goddamn samurai.

But just like any other sport one partakes in, there may come a point when your physical abilities just aren't what they used to be, and you may become washed up, like me. As the old saying goes: Father time is undefeated. I went to *SLUG's 17th Annual Summer of Death Skate Contest Presented by Half and Half Skate Shop and Monster Energy* to interview some of my older skate brethren to get their takes on being washed-up skaters. I thought about doing a "Where are they now?"-type piece, but thanks to Facebook, I don't have to. I just assume that all the skaters I ripped with back in the day who aren't on social media are dead.

Fittingly, I conducted the interview in the rain with the judges from the *SOD* contest, which may be the first sign, however flattering, that you are washed up: You get asked to judge a contest. I came up with just a small handful of questions for each of the judges to answer. I'll try to decipher the answers as best as possible, but interviewing a handful of skaters all at once is like trying to herd cats. We may be getting older, but our ADD remains intact. Nonetheless, a fun and beautiful conversation transpired, and I did walk away with new insight into my own washed-up-ness.

I asked **Jared Smith** when he first realized that he was washed up. Jared said it was when he was 7, and that he's never had it—a humble answer and an easy dodge around the question. I asked **Rob Packer** the same thing, but if you know Rob, you know that this guy could either be 16 or 66 years old, so it's impossible to tell—he may have washed up in the '70s. The only way to tell would be through carbon dating. **Ben Dickerson** and **Caleb Orton** made it clear that they still skate all the time, so they didn't really know how



Photo: Niels Jensen

(L-R) Adam Terry, Ashley Bloxham, Moses, Gabe Dussere, Sean "Dirty" Hadley, Jared "Snuggles" Smith, Caleb Orton and Ben Dickerson keep skating, kickflips or no kickflips.

to answer the question. On the other hand, **Ashley Bloxham** says, "I haven't washed up. I was skating up until about four months pregnant, until I started taking too much heat for that." She's temporarily on pause at eight-months pregnant.

The other question I wanted to ask the crew is what trick they used to have and now don't, but wish they did. The answer was pretty surprising to me and sparked a very interesting debate. Jared didn't hesitate to let me know that it's the kickflip, no doubt about it, which seemed strange to me, seeing how it's such a fundamental and seemingly simple maneuver for any longtime skater.

Ben challenged this idea a little bit, saying that he could probably stick 10 kickflips in a row, but maybe one 360 flip out of 20 tries. But Jared's point was that kickflips expire, just like the milk in my fridge, and get harder as time goes on. Caleb agreed 100 percent with Jared, letting me know that he won't kickflip down shit these days. I was starting to come around to this theory, but wanted to test out Jared's hypothesis, so I told him to ask **Sean "Dirty" Hadley**, who wasn't part of the

interview—but could have been—to do a kickflip on the spot.

Dirty was casually pushing around on his board in the shop when Jared yells, "Hey Dirty! Do a kickflip!" To which Dirty quickly shouted back, "I can't!" This quickly proved Jared's statement: The kickflip is the hardest trick in skateboarding, at least with regard to how long you've skated for. We debated this for a good 20 minutes. Rob chimed in and let us know that he used to be able to do switch heelflip body varials.

I then offered all the guys I was interviewing an old-man "Get off my lawn!" moment. These comments mostly had to do with the skate parks, which is where you are most likely to run into the young guns. Jared once got told to get off a ledge because he's too old. Ben said that he never really gets fucked with at the park, but in all fairness, he looks a good 20 years younger than he actually is—he must eat a lot of preservatives. We could all agree that Razor scooters just need to fucking go away, and that nothing can fuck up a good skate park sesh like a little dickhead on a pointless two-wheeled vehicle of destruction.

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BMX

By Andy Fitzgerrell • @theandytiz

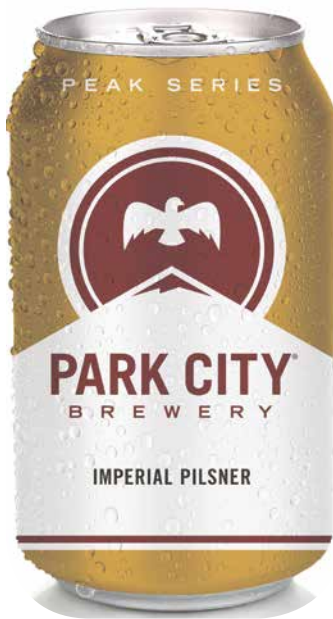
Mike Szczesny – Lookback – Tanner Trails, SLC, Utah

Anyone who was involved with the 2000s era of BMX is familiar with the name Mike Szczesny. He was part of the legendary Square One team and East Coast trails destroyer. Mike relocated to Salt Lake 10 years ago and is a big part of the Tanner Trails crew. He's well known for

his good sense of humor and his talent for laying down classic tricks and endless style at every session. With 20+ years of BMX riding under his belt, it's no surprise that this lookback on the hip at Tanner is "picture perfect."

Beer OF THE MONTH

Peak Series
Imperial Pilsner
Brewery/Brand:
Park City Brewery
ABV: 7.7%
Serving Style: 12-oz. can



Imperial Pilsners are another one of those Americanized beers that came about not because of necessity but rather ingenuity. The original pilsner was created by **Josef Groll**, a German-born brewer contracted to create a lager for a Czech brewery in the town of Plze. It's a beer that was designed for its thirst-quenching drinkability and smoothness. That's part of the reason why pilsners have become the most popular beer style in the world. This new imperial take on the style brings with it a much sweeter malt profile than its toastier cousin, with bigger and spicier hops to balance out the added alcohol. Not many local breweries have attempted to create this style. Uinta Brewing's Tilted Smile Imperial Pilsner was the first, and it has since been retired. Now, our friends up in the clean air at *Park City Brewery* are giving this relatively new beer a second life for the people of the Wasatch Front and Back who crave a little something extra in their lives and in their beer.

Description: This beer has a nicely clear, straw color with a tinge of amber highlights. As I pour it into my pilsner glass, a big and billowy cloud

of eggshell-white foam quickly begins to develop just above the grainy liquid. The head shows fantastic sturdiness and high levels of retention, and it leaves a nice level of lace on the sides of the narrow glass.

The nose starts with big, malty aromas. The pilsner malts smell sweet and clean with a pleasant mix of yeast and hay that builds a sturdy base, upon which some lighter notes of apple and peach rest. Alcohol is detectable and adds to the fruity aromas, creating some spicy melon aromas at the end of the whiff.

On the tongue, the taste begins malty with a bit of sweet apple, pear and caramel. Other fruity flavors begin to reveal themselves, with apricot and Little Cuties citrus becoming more prominent on the front of the tongue. A grassy, hay-like funk begins to build on the sides of the tongue toward the middle of the palate, where it begins to beat back the sweeter, fruity flavors, creating more balance. The end brings a bit of alcohol warmth with a moderate dose of spicy grass and floral bitterness. The hop bitterness wraps it all up with a nice bow, leaving you with a mix of semi-sweet fruitiness and a dry herbal punch on the tongue.

While in the mouth, I find that the pilsner is on the thicker and chewier side of beers that are visually light in appearance. The carbonation level is slightly above average but not too gassy. It's oddly a nice complement to the hops, helping to dry out the apple and other fruity flavors in the beer.

Overview: This is a good beer in a style that I don't tend to drink all that often. Though the alcohol is noticeable, it doesn't hinder the drinkability, and it goes down relatively smoothly. I'd recommend this beer to anyone who is looking for an IPA alternative but doesn't want to sacrifice the body or the ABV of an ale. Like many pilsners, enjoy this on the colder side for maximum refreshment. This lager is currently available at the *Park City Brewery*, located at 2720 Rasmussen Rd. Suite A1 in Park City, Utah.

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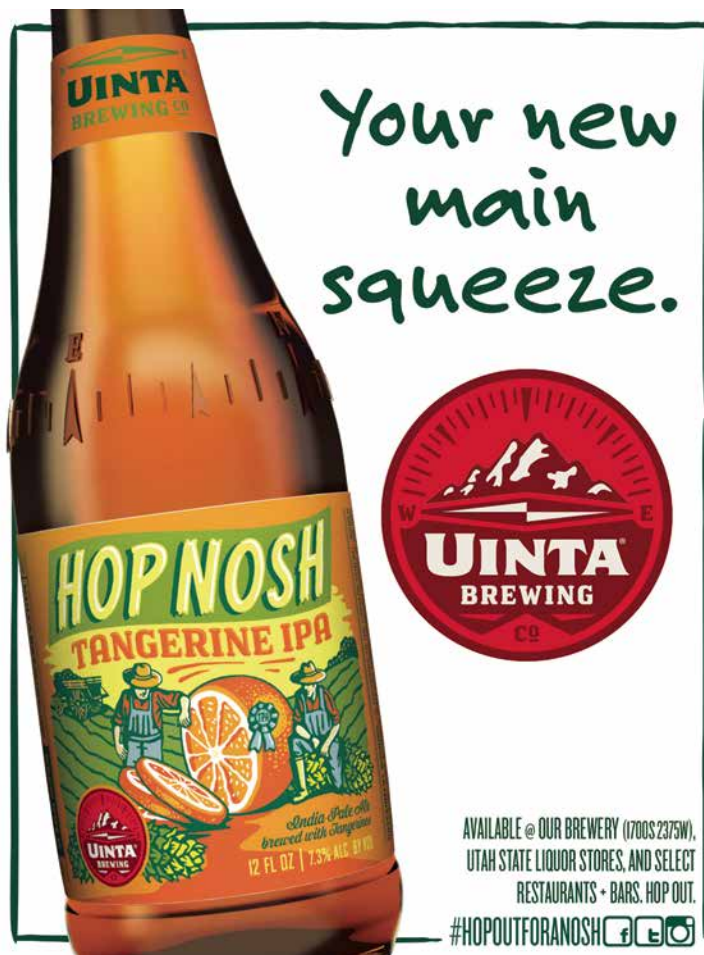
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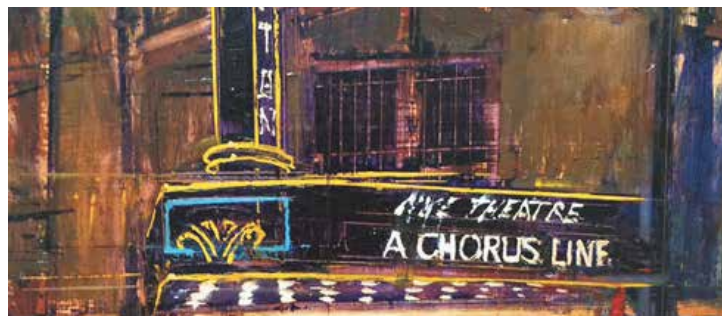
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Gallery STROLL



Plein air paintings like Utah artist Rob Adamson's *Egyptian Theatre* will be on show at the 15th Street Gallery on July 15.

Out in the Open

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mmellus@utahfilmcenter.org

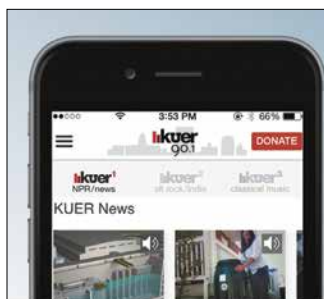
Fresh air is often credited for calming the nerves, sparking ideas and recharging the mind, body and soul. It's no surprise that creatives would gravitate to this easily accessible muse. A technique known as plein air painting takes the artist out of the studio and into the environment of their subject. Master artists like **Vincent van Gogh**, **Claude Monet** and **Pierre-Auguste Renoir** were plein air painters. The term is derived from the French phrase, "en plein air," meaning "open air." Armed with a canvas, brushes, a field easel—or better yet, the collapsible French box easel, which has compartments to store paint and brushes that conveniently straps onto one's back—a plein air artist can paint literally anywhere, from the rolling countryside to the deep woods, from riversides to the sides of the road.

Catching these artists in the act of scenic painting could be a full-time hobby, but luckily for you, on July 15, the **Plein Air Painters of Utah** will create and exhibit their work at the 15th Street Gallery. Artists will arrive between 3 and 4 p.m., check in with the gallery and then venture out into the neighborhood around 1500 East and 1500 South. "This neighborhood is incredibly friendly and welcoming," 15th Street Gallery Art Director **Lucy Heller** says. "The residents and the businesses get very excited to have the artists here. They are proud of their neighborhood and their homes, and they love opportunities to showcase this community and engage with the artists." The small business

district known as 15th and 15th is abuzz from the early-morning bagel runs at *Einstein's* to the Friday-night live music on the patio of *Caputo's* on 15th. Combine the energy of a bustling community, light flickering through tree-covered streets and what most would call a rare glimpse of the American dream—only Mother Nature could stage this perfect kind of scenery.

The Plein Air Painters of Utah is a member-based organization with a mission to "create, promote and educate the public regarding plein air painting while strengthening the camaraderie and carrying on the traditions of painting in the outdoors." Membership in this group is regulated by an internal nominating process by practicing professional plein air artists. Needless to say, the work produced by this organization is of the highest caliber, and while one look at their Facebook photos will tell you that they have fun doing what they do, they are also very serious about their craft. Currently, their membership includes just under 40 of the best and most prolific plein air painters of Utah. This year, joining the event will be the 15th Street Gallery's own artists, many of whom produce plein air works along with their studio pieces. Artists working side by side will create pieces throughout the evening as the sun sets. Finished work will be available for view and purchase inside the gallery.

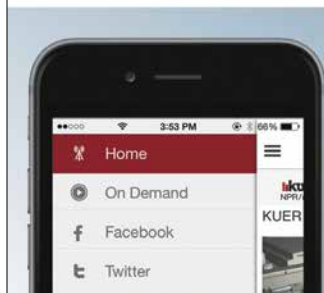
This month's pick is the embodiment of what *Gallery Stroll* is meant to be: a breath of fresh air. For a complete list of *Gallery Stroll* participants, peep the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll Association website at gallerystroll.org.



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Movie REVIEWS

Captain Fantastic Director: Matt Ross Bleeker Street In Theaters: 07.22

Making a meaningful drama about a quirky family is like navigating a minefield plagued with syrupy sweetness or sappy tragedy, but Matt Ross' *Captain Fantastic* successfully blends a touching family drama with well-timed comedy and the unpredictability of a road movie. Ross captures the emotional core of what makes all families tick, and his stellar cast promptly follows suit.

Ben (**Viggo Mortensen**) and Leslie (**Trin Miller**) have chosen to leave the world of American capitalism and raise their six children off the grid in a self-sufficient wilderness home. Here, they make sure their children are well-versed in science, history, **Noam Chomsky** and how to hunt and kill a deer. When a family tragedy forces them to leave their harmonious home and interact with the world as most of us know it, there are some obvious bumps along the road. Writer/director Ross (*Silicon Valley* fans will know him as Gavin Belson) uses this fish-out-of-water story to offer up hilarious critiques of modern society, targeting everything from organized religion to public education. Though Ross' anti-establishment script had the potential to become preachy and pessimistic, he wisely avoided those pitfalls by drawing up equitable perspectives from each character. The family's suburbanite relatives are excellent foils to Ben's parenting methods, and watching their two families butt heads is the perfect imagery for the story's main conflict.

Ross' script uses each of many contrasting familial ideologies to prove that there is no one right way to raise a family. Though we love Ben's unorthodox methods, we also realize that he needs to let go of the initial hostility that caused him to bring his family into the wilderness. *Captain Fantastic* shows how different families struggle, but doesn't claim to have the answer. Instead, it seeks to prove that every family is less of a static institution and more of an evolving organism.

The adult actors in *Captain Fantastic* are great, but the film's younger members make this film work. Investing so much of the plot in younger actors is a huge gamble, but each member of Ben and Leslie's family, from oldest Bodevan (**George MacKay**) to the youngest, twins Nai (**Charlie Shotwell**) and Zaja (**Shree Crooks**), are well-drawn characters. Costume designer **Courtney Hoffman** (*The Hateful Eight*) deserves a lot of the thanks—her creative designs create spot-on character representations—but the performances definitely should not be overlooked. —Alex Springer

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Out of the Shadows Director: Dave Green Paramount In Theaters: 06.03

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles was one of my favorite franchises during my childhood. From the cartoon to the first trilogy (yes, even the one with **Vanilla Ice**'s "Ninja Rap"), I loved watching the martial arts madness where they never really used their weapons. Two years ago, when **Michael Bay** decided to revamp the franchise, I was nervously excited to see the team back on the big screen. It turns out that my suspicions were correct, because the last project was an abomination. As this new production started rolling out, there were hints of an apology. There was the introduction of Bebop, Rocksteady, Baxter Stockman, Casey Jones and Krang! We got to see Dimension X and The Technodrome! It was everything a *Turtles* fan could ever want ... but from Michael Bay. It's like getting the best birthday present ever from your douchebag uncle. With all of that said, could it be a decent follow-up? Shockingly, yes. The plot is simple. Krang and Shredder team up to transport The Technodrome to Earth, and the turtles attempt to stop them while contemplating their sheltered lives in the sewers of New York City. By no means is it perfect, but it is a HUGE step in the right direction for the franchise. Director **Dave Green** focuses more on what made the cartoon so much fun and goofy, which is clearly evident in this version's tone, since Shredder

is primarily benched for the wacky antics of his minions Bebop and Rocksteady. Krang is wildly over the top, but that's how he was portrayed in the '80s, so no harm, no foul. The greatest correction from the 2014 production is that Michelangelo isn't trying to get down April O'Neil's pants the entire time. While many of the jokes fail to land, the action is fun, and I'm interested to see what's next, which is far more positive than my exit two years ago. —Jimmy Martin

Yoga Hosers Director: Kevin Smith Invincible Pictures In Theaters: 07.29

My introduction to Kevin Smith began when my older brother rented *Clerks*. The *Mallrats* soundtrack was the first CD I ever bought on my own, **Weezer**'s "Suzanne" still fills me with nostalgia, and *Chasing Amy* helped me navigate my college relationships. The View Askewniverse was present at some of my most pivotal moments—watching them was a sign that not only was geek culture present and powerful, but that a filmmaker somehow understood me on an elemental level.

On this foundation, it was easy to excuse Smith flops like *Jersey Girl* and *Red State*. My Smith love even justified watching *Tusk*. That said, *Yoga Hosers* was painful. My heart kept making that pitiful yelp that Mathesar uttered when he realized that Captain Taggart was just a washed-up actor.

Those familiar with *Tusk* know that it's the first in Smith's *True North* tri-

gy, and *Yoga Hosers* is more of a traditional sequel than are other films in Smith canon. Smith revisits Colleen McKenzie (**Harley Quinn Smith**) and Colleen Collette (**Lily-Rose Depp**), who had minor roles in *Tusk* and are here thrust into battle with a Nazi scientist (**Ralph Garman**) and his Bratzis, an army of sentient sausages (played by Smith himself).

I was excited to see *Yoga Hosers*, which I envisioned as a *Clerks* 2.0 with a weird horror bent. Visualizing two apathetic clerks going toe to toe with supernatural evil made me think that Smith was wandering into experimental territory while revisiting his roots. Instead, what unfolded was a roughly assembled collage of selfie jokes, awful Canadian accents, laughable visual effects and at least one vocal duet too many. I tried to justify *Yoga Hosers* as a film that Smith made for the *Degrassi* generation, but that didn't stick—so many of the jokes were clearly targeted at an older audience. And what the hell was happening with **Johnny Depp**? His portrayal of Guy Lapointe in *Tusk* was a tad over-indulgent, but his role reprisal here was just maddening.

I'm not saying that Smith needs to keep making sequels to *Clerks* and *Mallrats*. I like that he's distanced himself from those earlier films. But *Yoga Hosers* made me feel the same "ick" that I felt from *The Phantom Menace*. Both films pinpoint that inevitable moment when an artist starts to alienate their audience in the name of pursuing a creative vision. More power to Smith for forging his own path, but I'll be damned if I'm coming along. —Alex Springer



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Local Music

REVIEWS

Bijuu

Crab Cakes Vol. 2

Self-Released

Street: 04.29

Bijuu = Kanye West x Madlib



Alex Monday, otherwise known as Bijuu, released his first official album at *Uprok* in Salt Lake City on April 29 among 30 or so close friends and acquaintances. The 43-track offering evokes feelings of “the old Kanye”—you know, before his persona was bigger than his music. “I’ve been massively influenced by Kanye,” Bijuu says. “I’m not gonna try and hide it.”

Barely old enough to make it into your favorite dive bar (he made 21 in December), you wonder how a young buck from the valley has such a refined ear for creating loops, choosing beat patterns and selecting samples from the ‘70s. Nonetheless, armed with his trusty Maschine Mk II and SP 404 sampler, he has pressed out four total “beat tapes,” if you will (you gotta check out *Raspberry Jams*, Volumes 1 and 2). *Crab Cakes Vol. 1* was an obvious ode to **Rocafella**’s hip-hop prominence, and *Vol. 2* is as well, but the second installation ventures into more current, sample-less, synthetic sounds. With that many tracks, you have to stitch it up, right?

“There’s that trap influence that comes from the South,” says Bijuu. “I’ve been working with some Atlanta-based artists ... I decided if I was gonna do trap music, I was going to put a different spin on it, because [the genre] is really oversaturated. Most of the melodies towards the trap end of the album are samples from old NES games.”

Work like “rooibos,” “she don’t,” “got 2 b,” “good ass job” and “encounter of the 6th Kind” are sure to make heads bob in the Beehive State and beyond because of Bijuu’s knack for putting pleasing sounds together. Trained ears will hear bits and pieces of groups like **Red Hot Chili Pep-**

pers, Tears for Fears, Alabama Shakes, Tower of Power, Syl Johnson, Shadow of the Colossus (a Playstation 2 game) and, yes, even the **Mormon Tabernacle Choir**. If you have an album, podcast, video or dance performance coming up, **Bijuu** is willing and ready to work with locals and anyone else for that matter. You can listen to his instrumentals at soundcloud.com/liveatthebijuu and bijuu.bandcamp.com.
—Keith McDonald

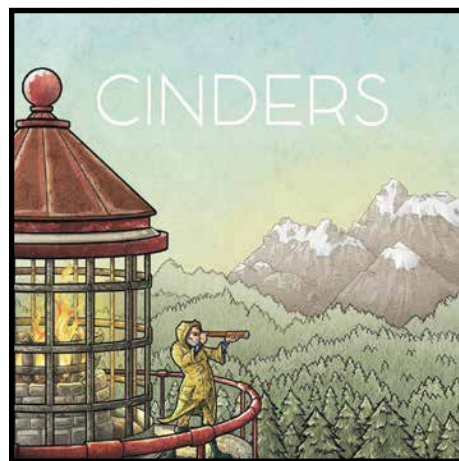
Cinders

Self-titled

Self-Released

Street: 05.27

Cinders = The Head and the Heart + Blind Pilot



Just in time for summer, sun, camping, hiking and road trips comes Salt Lake City’s own folk/indie five-piece Cinders, who have recently released this 12-track, self-titled album. *Cinders* is constant, feel-good energy from start to finish. The album really gave me the feeling of wanting to stand up and dance, no matter how many times I listened through it.

After doing a bit more research on the band, it’s easy to tell that this good-vibes feel is not just a gimmick of their genre but is ingrained into everything these guys do. The album kicks off with the pure energy of heartbeat-pumping percussion and dance-inducing strumming harmonies on “Dog Heart” and closes out with “I Could Do Better,” which is a bit more soothing and calm compared to the rest of the album. It’s still a fun track that really sends the album off. Their fun-loving presence isn’t only exclusive to their music, either: Cinders have recently released their first music video, accompanying the release of the album, for the song “Like A Holiday.” The video, much like the song, is full of good vibes as different collections of people play in place of or alongside the band, jumping around and rocking out in a

true, high-school talent show setting almost reminiscent of the **Red Hot Chili Peppers**’ “Tell Me Baby” video. The collaboration between each member’s unique music styles fuels the sound of Cinders.

All in all, I love the consistency of this album. Each song is happy and groovy, making it almost impossible to not smile while listening through. *Cinders* is the perfect album for adding that extra bit of sunlight to summer and for really generating that sense of home. Go ahead and check out Cinders on their website and get ready to get on your feet and groove to some truly great, feel-good, indie-folk vibes. —Connor Brady

Valentine and the Regard

Girlfriends

Feral Cat Records

Street: 06.14

Valentine and the Regard = Eels + Seahaven

Some of the more prolific artists on the Utah scene, Brigham City artists Valentine and the Regard have created a release for almost every month of this current year, playing with themes of lycanthropy, heartache and the melancholy of driving around in the early hours of the morning. Lyricist, vocalist and guitarist **Mike Maurer** possesses the coveted ability of weaving real life into song and doesn’t waste time on inauthentic semantics: The longest song on *Girlfriends* is “Must I Become,” which clocks in at just under two minutes and 30 seconds. This works to leave a little bit to the imagination, as the fragmented song titles only hint at what we will get in the song. However, there are certain titles—“September Rain,” in particular—that feel a verse or two short of a complete story.

“Brittle Candy” and “Market War” are cheeky, pop punk oddities that mix up the lineup of the album and lend *Girlfriends* an upbeat twist. Vocalist **Julie Maurer**’s half-sung/half-spoken word lyrics in “Brittle Candy” are somewhat playful and somewhat biting as she sings: “A total immature, silly boy / I roll my eyes, he’s just a toy,” hearkening to a **Kathleen Hanna** sound with less instrumentation and a little less vitriol. “Market War” follows suit in the same upbeat fashion, though it’s followed on the album with “Bottles,” which features heavily distorted guitar, a slower tempo and Mike’s saccharine lyrics. It’s the stark contrast between pop punk and lo-fi indie that is a little jarring, though each song has a shining quality on its own. On the one hand, it’s evident that Valentine and the Regard have the talent to dabble in many different genres. On the other hand, there are many varying moods in *Girlfriends*, and Mike’s storytelling and bare-bones instrumentation lend unique views on the Utah

local music scene that I wish could be drawn out just a little bit more. —*Ali Shimkus*

Winterlore

Self-titled

Slaughterhouse Records

Street: 04.29

Winterlore = Windir + Enslaved + Emperor



I don't know how many times I've listened to the latest from this Salt Lake City black metal four-some. While the six tracks from the self-titled record may not stick in my head, they are great black metal listening. With the almost two week's time I've had the record and played it, there is a reason the songs don't stick. It's just one of those albums you can't fully absorb quickly, which is a great thing for any album to have (for me, at least). It means that repeated listening is a must. I'll listen and then listen again, finding things I didn't notice before.

The black metal style of Winterlore is far from the typical American style, which, at the moment, is a good thing, because most American black metal bands are spinning it by adding extra genres into the mix. When I listen to Winterlore, I think of Sweden or some other Scandinavian country. Much of the songs are midtempo, though not for lack of songs with blazing, faster material, either. The first track, "...In the Frozen Forest," starts out fast as hell, and "Marching Hordes on Warpath's Old" is definitely a high-speed listen. There is a magnificent scope and an almost epic dynamic to the album—something broad and amazing. I try to come up with comparisons, and other than the band equation, nothing much comes up. Winterlore's first album, *Four Swords Against the Pious*, used many other elements than the guitar/bass/drums/vox, including a jaw-harp, but here, the extra elements are minimal. There is some flute use, but the chanting vocals on this new release add that grandiose, "Listen to me again and again" element.

Pretty much every time I play this album, I go back and listen again, as band members move to and from the band. Since its inception six years ago, Winterlore have played few live shows: Winterlore's future is unknown, and this adds to the band's mystique, especially for a local scene

that does a lot to support its bands by seeing them live. The album's last track, its title track, feels like a somber goodbye. It's also one of the greatest, most brain-widening, eye-opening and beautiful songs on the album. With all I've said here, I hope that this record is not a goodbye. In time, I may absorb what Winterlore are doing with this album, but I'll still want to listen to it. It's most lasting quality is the sense it imparts that you will want to go take its journey again. I know that even years from now, *Winterlore* will creep its way into my listening rotation. —*Bryer Wharton*

Yeti

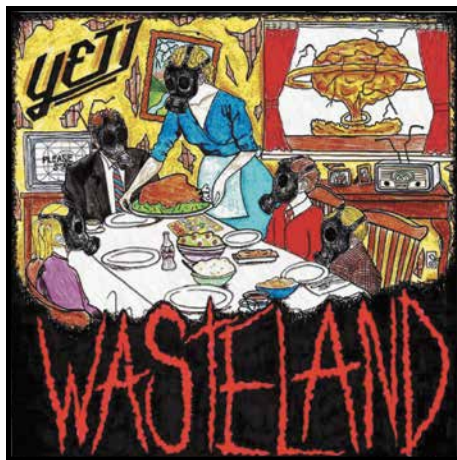
Wasteland

Self-Released

Street: 05.20

Yeti = Pelican + Black Sabbath +

Daylight Dies



Yeti are a band that jovially describe themselves as "Just some good ol' dudes playin' some heavy metal!" There is a refreshing absence of inverted crosses and Baphomets on their social media profiles, and the music is equally derivative of their outlook. The EP's cover doesn't make this apparent at first. It depicts an American family going in the kitchen about their business, while adorned with gas masks amid a mushroom cloud visible through the window, which made me think that this was going to be something in the neighborhood of **Dystopia** or **Final Conflict**. Instead, the music is Pelican and Daylight Dies, filtered through a Black Sabbath lens.

While only four tracks in length, the EP runs for 26 minutes, and it's clear that Yeti are having fun playing. There are some quality riffs found throughout that got my head bobbing on multiple occasions, and even though the songs are long, they don't meander. Yeti know how to effectively repeat the riff. They don't beat them into the ground, though, letting them hang around just long enough to be memorable. I don't know why so many bands are content playing an excellent riff for four bars only to never return to it. Fortunately, Yeti don't skip around—they let 'em ride.

If there's a fault to point out with *Wasteland*, it's tempo. "Warpath" opens the album with a solitary guitar riffing away, and unfortunately, its tempo wavers. It was at that point that I started to

notice there were some inconsistencies in tempo throughout *Wasteland*. Although the drumming is fitting, it seems to be just a click behind the beat throughout the EP with some fills being subtly fumbled. Drumming doesn't have to be pushing the tempo, and for Yeti, a laid-back beat is appropriate—they just cross over into being off-rhythm at certain points. Tempo issues aside, it's during "Warpath" that the first head-bobbing riff launches at 3:55, and it's awesome.

If Yeti can tighten the tempo up, they'll have it locked down, and I have no doubt this is a blast live. —*Peter Fryer*

Young Feel

Night Waves

Self-Released

Street: 07.29

Young Feel = Yung Gud + Curtis Heron + Burial

Local producer Young Feel is a talented musician who has mastered the creation of stylized and cloudy trap beats. His EP, entitled *Night Waves*, is a strong showcase of his work and style. *Night Waves* sports seven medium-length tracks that each use similar effects and instrumentation. Most tracks on the EP employ strong reverberations and eerie samples, giving each instrumentation a darker, dreamy-sounding vibe. The title, *Night Waves*, fits the style of the album perfectly, and Young Feel does a good job of creating a laid-back vibe throughout.

Most tracks on the EP sound similar to what many underground rap producers are creating today. Young Feel builds a landscape with his instrumentations and shies away from banging bass and rasping hi-hats. His sound is similar to up-and-coming producers in **Team Sesh**, such as **Kid Hnrk** and **Drip 133**, who also tend to stay away from harder-sounding drum kits. Still, Young Feel is able to find his own distinct minimal sound on *Night Waves*. The last track, "Morning Road," is particularly strong, borrowing styles from old-school dance music and even vaporwave.

Night Waves, as a whole, is well-mixed and better engineered compared to some of Young Feel's earlier instrumentals. The higher-octave samples in songs like "Blonde" and "Pink Water" are original sounding and entrancing, though the bass is sometimes lost as a result. Still, each track is catchy and enjoyable. Young Feel does a fantastic job at modernizing retro-sounding samples, borrowing from vastly different styles of music and molding it to fit modern-day hip-hop. It will be interesting to see what Young Feel will do with his next work and what his beats would sound like if rapped over. This local producer definitely has promise, and *Night Waves* is a strong example of where producers are headed these days and what a quality beat should sound like. —*Taylor Hartman*

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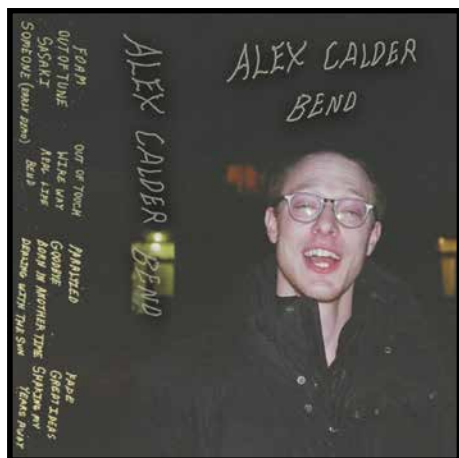
Alex Calder

Bend

Captured Tracks

Street: 07.08

**Alex Calder = Elvis Depressedly +
Mac DeMarco**



Lazy desert drifters looking down the mouth of an open road with no real destination in sight—this is how it feels to listen to Alex Calder's newest LP, *Bend*. *Bend* floats effortlessly above the dreamiest of dreamers, lulling them softly to continue on the whimsical path to nowhere. Calder, the Canadian musical magician, recorded *Bend* in the confines of his living room. He is not only the creative genius behind all of his songs but also the mixer and the recorder of his albums—all without the finest, most grandiose equipment one can buy. The result is not a perfectly mastered record but an utterly drowsy one that maintains the rawness sometimes sucked up and regurgitated inorganically by a studio.

The first track on *Bend*, "Foam," trudges through the swamps of Calder's mind. It moves, slow and steady, in contrast to the second song on the LP, "Out Of Tune," which awakens and rejuvenates listeners through its dreamy pop splendor.

The twangy "Someone" is filled with folk guitar parts that are a near contradiction to Calder's lackluster lyrics. He sings, "I know I'm lazy / I'm laying around while the world's spinning around." His words reflect the overall tone of the album. Each song, in its own right, is lazy and sleepy, which often emulates how many millennials exist in our digital age.

"Real Life" begins with the boldest drumbeat on *Bend*. It ferociously sets the mood for the song. Noisy guitar riffs complement the drums to make way for each instrument's dynamic part. "Real Life" is purely instrumental. The lack of lyrics makes for a perfect bridge between each half of the album. The connection flows seamlessly and maintains the listener's steady interest.

The expanding and contracting that "Born In Another Time" embodies between the keys and the guitar are as edgy as much as they are anxious. The song speaks of the normalcies of everyday life. Calder remembers a time since past as he sings, "I used to watch so much TV back when things were so easy / What I did back then, when I was 14 / I'd pretend that I was born in another time." He goes on to muse, "My parents were always stressed out / But they never scream and shout." The lyrics speak to the life of many kids growing up middle class. There is nothing exciting about it, but not everything in music is meant purely to be riveting. Calder reminds us that there is something invaluable about reaching the masses through a message that is so often overlooked yet so relatable. "Shaking My Years Away" only perpetuates the message as Calder mumbles, "Time is forgetting me, taking my dreams away." How true and cruel that sentence can be.

Bend is an oasis in the driest of climates. It is twangy, loose and sloppy. It was never meant to be perfectly mastered—only honest in its delivery. The quiet moments between Calder's vocally driven songs and instrumental parts are where you find yourself hanging onto his every word, waiting for his next presentation of the boredom of life. There is nothing glamorous about *Bend*, but there is everything to it, too. Calder can take us on the most transcendental summer road trip with his mythical *Bend* any damn time. —Alexandra Graber

CASTLE

Welcome to the Graveyard

Ván Records

Street: 07.02

CASTLE = The Sword + Baroness



San Francisco doom-thrash trio CASTLE spit their fourth album, *Welcome to the Graveyard*, onto the scene after two years of touring ruthlessly. Their style of doom has been enmeshed with late 1970s rock n' roll, offering an even more

melodic twist on their previous ventures. After listening to the first 17 seconds of the album, I knew the impending experience would require more expedition than usual.

A dusty Thursday afternoon found me blasting CASTLE into overwhelmed eardrums, ready for the kind of adventure only the combination of thrashy doom metal and early summer can bring. The title track, albeit the most melodically focused track of the album, ushered me into Mt. Calvary Catholic Cemetery in the Avenues. With my headphones turned up loud, the ricocheting rhythm guitars enunciated each stomp of my boots. Syncopated percussion, courtesy of **Al McCartney**, mirrored the evening sun beating down on the leather jacket I probably shouldn't have been wearing.

Stumbling under the shade of a gnarled tree nearby, the breakdown in "Veil of Death" seeped into my eardrums like a listless, whispering apostate. But suddenly, I was soaring, heated, back into the swirl of cymbal-heavy tom-bashing and **Elizabeth Blackwell's** sooty vocals. The odyssey of the track builds so steadily and heavily that by the end, I was stomping and churning around the gravestones without noticing.

"Flesh of the Pentagram" takes a dark turn with grating, harmonic growls. **Mat Davis'** rumbling conjures phantasmagorias of the mystical and occult. Dusk came quickly. After hopping on my spoked "war horse," the aggression of the basslines took my pedaling to a crazed maximum. I let out a guttural scream so intense that it startled a nearby dog-and-owner combo into a roadside bramble. I furiously skidded into the parking lot of my apartment complex to the last slam of the guitar strings.

In the spirit of the evening, I drew a pentagram on my forehead and blacked out my eyes with greasepaint. "Traitors of the Rune" was next on the track listing as I strayed, smirking, into *Temple Square*. The pulsing, heady riff mid-track brought back mental images of attending **Slayer** at 16. I swayed my step to the thundering rhythm and let the arcane and infernal verses consume me.

Hard rock influences are most balanced on "Down in the Cauldron Bog," creating a motley stew of reminiscence and reincarnation. I made eye contact with a cleanly dressed couple, the horror on their faces violent. With the butt of my pants planted firmly on the reflection pool, I stared up at the illuminated temple and internalized the occult wanderings of CASTLE. Blasting bass tones unnervingly offset deep-throated wailing. A slow moving chill enveloped my body as the intro to "Natural Parallel" eddied, finally pushing the levee past its breaking point and contravening into a dissonant, rhythmic minor key. Ripples reverberated on the reflection pool

in time as a branch landed, clunking to the bottom. I christened the album with a solo joint, and I knew this specific Thursday at the bar would find me more shadowy and inspired than usual.

Welcome to the Graveyard is evocative of the heavy music I grew up on. "Black Widow" is almost as if **Lemmy's** wraith returned to **Motörhead** for one last reunion track, epitomized through a youthful throat. Often, a doom metal group attempts to reach back into the *Book of the Dead* and revive a slice of the style only to sound like a hopeless knock-off. CASTLE exemplify our generation's appreciation for the metal genre's foundation while providing a multitude of unique and eclectic intricacies that make their sound distinctive. I've already pre-ordered this triumph on vinyl, my suggested listening medium. *Welcome to the Graveyard* will be detonating out of open windows on every car ride I am in this summer. —LeAundra Jeffs

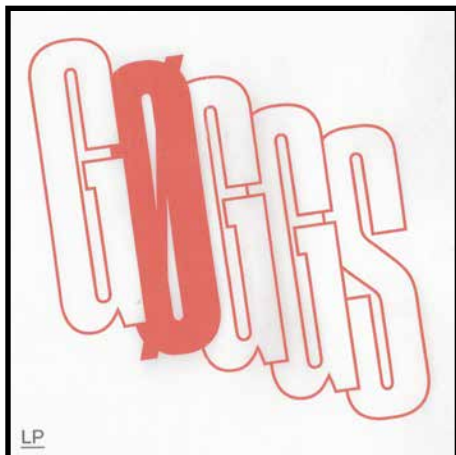
GØGGS

Self-titled

In The Red Records

Street: 07.01

GØGGS = Ex-Cult + Nots



All an unwary listener has to do is switch this on and then bear witness to a sound that devas-
tates with ferocity. GØGGS are a new project that comprises the infamous rocker **Ty Segall**, Ex-Cult's **Chris Shaw** and **Fuzz's Charles Moothart**. Given the rambunctious history of these three, the talent of this project should be of little to no surprise. GØGGS formed after Segall and Shaw mutually expressed a desire to work together after Ex-Cult opened for Segall in 2013. Already friends, they included Moothart, and then GØGGS became a "thing." In November, GØGGS released their first single, "She Got Harder," on In The Red Records.

GØGGS are the logical offspring of these revered musicians. First off, anything that involves Segall carries a noise that is often found within the confines of the garage. The tracks of this self-titled release are mired in the depths of bluesy fuzz and indecipherable, overwhelming noise. That, mixed with the desperate yet assertively brutal aggression of Shaw's raw vocals, offers listeners a look into a real treat that echoes of something infectious and post-punky. Overall, this is an album that is true to form via

its provocation. If Shaw's distinctive vocals don't inspire a certain bit of lashing out with some ultraviolence, then I recommend giving this another listen. That said, be sure to give some time to feel a high-voltage kick to the nervous system and then, by all means, let loose.

GØGGS are as abrasive as are Ex-Cult, and they border on the realms of being as raw as the Nots. The opening track, "Falling In," foreshadows the tone for this album. Its foreboding, dooming, high-charged and spewing riffs expound the idea of this no-bullshit rock n' roll epic. Apart from the single "She Got Harder," "Shotgun Shooter" brilliantly captures Shaw's ability to channel his aggressive vocals, backed by the simple, screeching, fuzz-enveloped riffs of Segall. Sure, there is nothing particularly uplifting about GØGGS. I mean, who am I kidding? It's an aggressive thrill ride that, coupled with some basic human instincts, may see the unparalleled shattering of television screens or possibly more.

GØGGS are the fun addition to the rough but actually interesting sounds that lay a strong pillar for all things punk rock. And with Ex-Cult's vocalist, one could hardly expect a different outcome. This is music that is unsparingly aggressive, with pure, overwhelming noise that is fun to get riled up to. With a track like "Assassinate the Doctor," you'll get an idea of what I'm saying. Add this to your collection and file this record under contemporary punk or that section reserved for "I'm in a rut and really need to take out my severe-to-quite-severe angst on society." It's that special, and after giving this a few listens, you will see why. Enjoy. —Nick Kuzmack

Inter Arma

Paradise Gallows

Relapse

Street: 07.08

Inter Arma = Baroness + Tombs + Yob



As listeners, we tend to flock to the genres and sub-genres that we like because of the satisfying sameness. I love simple, stupid punk rock, and if a band sounds like they might have only ever listened to **Venom**, there's a solid chance I won't like them once they stop sounding exactly like Venom. That said, it's awesome to hear bands who aren't entirely what you expect. Inter Arma could be described as a sludge band—

they definitely have the typically slow pace and thick riffs of the genre down—but calling them a sludge metal band would be a disservice. This band is firmly rooted in the muck and grime of sludge, but throughout *Paradise Gallows*, they aptly incorporate a vast variety of influences and styles.

"Nomini" is a two-and-a-half-minute intro that sounds like it was ripped straight from **John Dyer Baizley's** fingers with its stretched-out, echo-y guitars. When we jump into "An Archer in the Emptiness," Inter Arma embrace their true heaviness with jackhammer drumming, sludgy riffs and sinister growls from **Mike Paparo**—think **Torche** minus all the bubblegum. **TJ Childers'** drums are the thunderous glue that hold Inter Arma's chaos together and constantly steal the show, even over the intensely wailing guitars near the end of the track. Inter Arma laugh in the face of brevity, with only two of the album's nine tracks clocking in at under six minutes, and with three of them over the 10-minute mark. With songs so long, they are able to explore a wide soundscape, switching up tempos and transforming songs while maintaining a consistent thread. "Transfiguration" provides more of the sludgy goodness until the three-minute mark, when a **Slayer**-like squeal emits from one of the guitars, and Childers kicks into overdrive to convert it into a blackened ripper.

"Primordial Wound" has one of the coolest song titles in an album full of cool song titles, and it opens with some creepy, chant-like vocals from Paparo. The song only switches gears at the end with some harsh, noisy vocal screeches. "Poto-mac" harkens back to the album's intro, displaying Inter Arma's pretty side, complete with a piano throughout. The closing trifecta of songs is among the album's best, showing the band at their heaviest ("The Paradise Gallows"), scariest ("Violent Constellations") and prettiest ("Where the Earth Meets the Sky"). *Paradise Gallows* is a long album, but it never outstays its welcome, thanks to Inter Arma's constant exploration. Get out of your comfort zone and try something new. —Ricky Vigil

No Joy

Drool Sucker

Topshef Records

Street: 07.15

No Joy = Weekend + Lush



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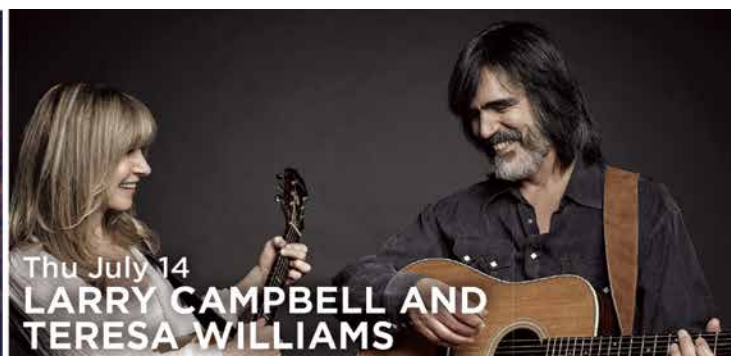
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No Joy, the Canadian band that is now a familiar name in the noisiest of the shoegaze revival circles (think **A Place to Bury Strangers**, if somehow you've been missing out), have created an EP that does what EPs are meant to do. In *Drool Sucker*, they've put out three songs that made me *really* want more. Their last full-length release, *More Faithful*, was fantastic, stocked with rad song after rad song, and it's obvious with this EP that No Joy aren't losing touch with their habit of churning out brilliantly crafted songs. In this three-song release, each song slips into the next three minutes. Like another unexpected present being torn apart—unpapered, unboxed, unstuffed—No Joy deliver a real piece of work.

The opener, "A Thorn in Garlands Side," starts out with a phone ringing, and after someone finally picks up and says "Hullo?" it launches into a barrage of drums. This leads into a rhythmic, cruising wave that crumbles into something more melodic and affected than their usual onslaught of grizzled, layered guitar. It slows at the end with a whirring effect that a

lackadaisical guitar plucks over, trailing off from the sweet rush of the last three minutes. Those few opening seconds of that first song became the moment that really got me stoked, out of all the most exciting moments on the EP. I'm not embarrassed that I shook my head a little in disbelief, while my jaw gaped medium-wide. "XO (Adam's Getting Married)" is a little slower in tempo, meandering at moments, before picking up into bright crescendos again, led along as always by the raspy, moany murmurs of vocalist **Jasmine White-Gluz**. The third and final song, "Theme Song," is aptly named in that it does fit the certain "theme" that No Joy typically exhibit. It sounds more similar to the rest of their repertoire. It flickers along with electric-buzzing guitar, the sort of minimalism that really throws me back to earlier albums like *Ghost Blonde* and *Wait to Pleasure*. However, it still flows in the same general direction as "XO"—slow yet bumpy and pleasantly jarring. All three of the songs work in perfect tandem, and the brief EP sizzles with pure mood and an unshakable energy.

This energy may have come about due to No Joy's recording it on the fly in a barn somewhere in rural Ontario, according to their label's description of the album. The EP was also recorded with **Graham Walsh**, who has been involved in other fantastic projects like **METZ**, **Viet Cong** and **Alvvays**. The name is possibly the only thing I don't get about the album. Why they'd name such a high-voltage album with such a sleepy title escapes me. It does sound gross and nasty, though, like a sloppy make-out session, and No Joy, in general, especially with this release, exude the sort of careless grime that is natural and comfortable for anybody flipping through the lit-up experiences of youth. Here's to hoping all the other bands I really like also get stuck in barns in the middle of nowhere, because somehow, it seems like mixing an already rampant energy with a bit of cabin fever brings out some seriously good stuff. —Erin Moore

TTNG

Disappointment Island

Sargent House

Street: 07.08

TTNG = Enemies x Battles + Modest Mouse

As **This Town Needs Guns**, they were one of my favorite math rock groups—now as TTNG, they're back to wreak havoc. They weren't very accurate with naming this album. Nothing here disappoints—ridiculous guitar tapping, polyrhythms from outer space and vocals that just work so well amid it all. Nope, nothing here disappoints me at all.

This album really grew on me—every track is full of nuance and complexity. I recommend shutting down everything else before listening through *Disappointment Island*, because there is so much going on, and it's easy to miss a lot of it if you're already distracted. Time signature changes between odd meters are standard play for TTNG, but the transitions are so convincing that I didn't even notice that I should be paying attention until my second spin through the album. The drummer is a blast to hear, and the more I listen, the more I realize that he's actually playing much more complex grooves than I first thought.

Rarely am I a fan of vocals in math rock. *Disappointment Island* proves that they can be done well. Vocal-

ist **Henry Tremain** possesses a truly unique voice that, more often than not, melds well in between the guitar tapping and thumping bass. A couple of slow sections in songs like "Empty Palms" and "Consoling Ghosts" were just too bare for his style. Within the mix, though, Tremain is the perfect accent.

TTNG have a gentle style of playing. Everything sits just right. It's mellow and relaxed, like watching the stars. There's an explosion—fireworks come out of the guitar, and when the distortion kicks in, it's business time, and thunder erupts from the bass. Everything goes silent and the calm, starry sky returns alongside the echoing guitar. Most songs on *Disappointment Island* start off slow and build into intense grooves, but listening to the band get there is always a surprising journey. The album is more organic, more natural and smoother than TTNG's previous releases, and it's a fresh take on a formula that has worked well for them: interwoven guitar melodies, warm and welcoming bass lines, soft vocals and energizing drum grooves.

Besides a lackluster opener, "Coconut Crab," the album gets better from start to end and really turns into gold after "In Praise of Idleness." For sure, the best-titled song on the album is "Sponkulus Nodge." It features a polyrhythmic-as-hell drum groove as well as the choppy, distortion-all-the-way-up, full-throttle finale, which is the highlight of the album. There are a lot of fun ideas on *Disappointment Island*, like a lot of quick, unexpected endings and guitar licks that keep on going and going. It all comes flush together and with such confidence in the end that, even amid the chaos, TTNG maintain an incredible level of cool.

If you're new to math rock, TTNG might take you by surprise. They are subtle masters of their craft, piecing together intricate bars of odd meter with such flow that it's impossible to get lost. When I'm not paying too much attention, I just notice that the album sounds good. When I sit down and get cozy between the riffs and rhythms, however, *Disappointment Island* becomes a work of art, full of technicality I'd never otherwise have heard. —Alex Blackburn

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The Daily CALENDAR

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Friday, July 1

Xavier Rudd – *Complex*
Joe Russo's Almost Dead
– *Depot*
Creature Double Feature,
Forest Feathers, GLOE
– *Kilby*
Machinedrum illoom,
ArcOne, Drink – *Urban*
Sol y Mama
– *The Boneyard*
William Austin Clay,
BEACHMEN, Indigo
Plateau – *The Borough*

Saturday, July 2

BANDEMONIUM 4
– *Diabolical*
Radius – *Kilby*
Canyons – *Owl Bar*
The Rolling Stones Tribute
Night! – *Urban*

Sunday, July 3

The Animal In Me, Set to
Stun, Allies Always Lie,
Away At Lakeside, GABI,
Elysium – *Loading Dock*
Goldmyth, Lunch Duchess,
Peach Dream
– *Studio Studio Dada*

Monday, July 4

4th of July Sugar House Arts
Festival – *Sugarmont Plaza*

Tuesday, July 5

The Receiver, Angel Magic,
IVOURIES – *Kilby*

Wednesday, July 6

The Defects
– *Beehive Social Club*
Pity Sex, PWR BTTM, Petal
– *Kilby*
The Queers, HiFi Murder,
I'm A Monster,
Dirtbomb Devils – *Metro*
Brain Bagz, The Moths,
Moon of Delirium, CVPITVLS
– *Urban*

Thursday, July 7

David Liebe Hart,
Palmer Scott, Big Baby,
90s Television – *Kilby*
Eat Drink SLC
– *Tracy Aviary*

Friday, July 8

Sculpture Club, Josh & Ian,
Chalk – *Diabolical*
Marissa Nadler,
Wrekmeister Harmonies,
Muscle and Marrow – *Kilby*

case/lang/veirs

– **Red Butte Garden**
BBoY Federation
– **Rose Wagner**
Southtowne Lanes, The Salt
The Sea and The Sun God,
I Buried The Box With Your
Name – *The Borough*
Quiet Oaks Tour Send off,
Holy Water Buffalo, Starmy
– *Urban*

Saturday, July 9

Scattered Guts – *Club X*
Dej Loaf – *Complex*
The Falcon, The Copyrights,
Sam Russo, Mikey Erg
– *Kilby*
BBoY Federation
– **Rose Wagner**
Jen Hajj & Mindy Dillard
– *The Acoustic Space*
Julie Fest 2016
– *The Underground*
Wye Oak, Tushka – *Urban*
Local Pop-up Shop
– *West Elm*

Sunday, July 10

Urban Flea Market
– **Downtown Salt Lake**
Intronaut, Entheos,
Moon Tooth, A Lily Gray,
Synesthesia – *Loading Dock*
Dragged Into Sunlight,
Cult Leader, Primitive Man,
Portal to the God Damn
Blood Dimension,
Moon of Delirium – *Metro*

Monday, July 11

Alice In Chains – *Depot*
Lawrence – *Kilby*
Embodied Torment,
Omnipotent Hysteria,
Face of Oblivion,
Dezeccration – *Metro*

Tuesday, July 12

Lemolo, Magic Mint, Indigo
Plateau, Muzzle Tung
– *Kilby*

Wednesday, July 13

20XX, Human Leather,
Drtgrbz, Civil Lust
– *Diabolical*
Phoebe Ryan Cardiknox,
Secret Weapons – *Kilby*
Barenaked Ladies,
OMD, Howard Jones
– **Red Butte Garden**
Corb Lund, Dan Fletcher
– *Urban*

Thursday, July 14

The Peach Kings and
Mobley – *Liquid Joe's*
Howard Jones – *Complex*
Show Me Island, Be Like
Max, The Holophonics,
Noise Complaint – *Kilby*
JJ Grey & Mofro,
Josh Ritter
– **Red Butte Garden**
Larry Campbell & Teresa
Williams – *State Room*
SLUG Localized:
Zombiecock,
Goatsifter, Yeti Warlord
– *Urban*

Friday, July 15

Artifacts, EDO., GD-Strong,
Calhoon Popadopolis,
The Outsiders, DJ Hand-
some Hands – *Club X*
VanLadyLove – *Complex*
Olivia Holt, Ryland – *Depot*
Mitski, Japanese Breakfast,
Jay Som – *Kilby*
Jewels of the Nile, Beyond
Bellydance – *State Room*
Max Pain & The Groovies,
Hot Vodka, The Nods
– *Urban*

Saturday, July 16

Buckethead – *Depot*
Margaret Glaspy
– *Kilby*
Nitro World Games
– **Rice Eccles Stadium**
Kimock – *State Room*
Kate McLeod,
Amanda Grapes
– *The Acoustic Space*
Gas Up Yr Hearse,
Mammoth and the Pansies
– *The Borough*
Iceburn,
Suspension of Disbelief,
The Ditch & The Delta
– *Urban*
Lake Island, Panthermilk,
Seas On Sapphire
– *Why Sound*

Sunday, July 17

Dark Sermon, Exalt,
DiseNgaged, Stasis
– *Loading Dock*

Monday, July 18

Jon Bellion – *Complex*
Abandoned By Bears,
Save The Lost Boys,
The Linden Method – *Kilby*
Solstice, Warsenal,
Faethom, Beastial Carnage,

Goro – Metro

Spy Hop's Annual
Heatwave Festival
– **Red Butte Garden**
Deerhoof, Skating Polly,
The Future of the Ghost
– *Urban*

Tuesday, July 19

Rest, Repose, Burn Atlas,
The Thrill Collective,
Young Apollo
– *Loading Dock*
Boz Scaggs
– **Red Butte Garden**
Forest Feathers, L'anarchiste
– *Urban*

Wednesday, July 20

Carcass – *Complex*
Smoke Season,
Caught a Ghost,
The Day & Night – *Kilby*
Beachmen – *Urban*

Thursday, July 21

Dine Krew, Clay – *Kilby*
Chet Faker,
Kaytranada
– **Pioneer Park**
Protoje & The Indignation
– *Urban*

Friday, July 22

Cinders, Giants in the Oak
Tree, Tarot Death Card,
Melting Rain – *Kilby*
Best of the West, Kxng
Crooked of Slaughterhouse,
Doll-E Girl – *Liquid Joes*
Marshall Poole, Soft Limbs,
Steve Jr. – *The Borough*

Saturday, July 23

Toy Called God – *Club X*
letlive., Seahaven,
Silver Snakes – *Complex*
Vid Nelson, The Arvos,
Spenny Relyea,
Lovely Noughts – *Kilby*
The Hound Mystic – *Urban*

Sunday, July 24

Kip Moore
– *Deer Valley Resort*

Monday, July 25

Strong Words – *Urban*

Tuesday, July 26

Guthrie Brown,
Millie and the Moths – *Kilby*
The Avett Brothers
– **Red Butte Garden**
The Joy Formidable – *Urban*

Wednesday, July 27

Claypool Lennon Delirium
– *Depot*
New Madrid,
90s Television,
Indigo Plateau – *Kilby*
Warren G – *Urban*

Thursday, July 28

The Acacia Strain, Oceano,
Knocked Loose,
Culture Killer, To The Wind,
Alumni – *In The Venue*
Yoni & Geti,
Conquer Monster – *Kilby*
Big Grams,
Anderson .Paak &
The Free Nationals
– **Pioneer Park**
Willie Nelson & Family
– **Red Butte Garden**
Helvetia – *Urban*

Friday, July 29

Six Feet In The Pine
– *Bountiful City Park*
Johanna Johanna, Rook
Takes Queen, Small Lake
City, The Cold Year – *Kilby*
Eve 6 – *Metro*
Dusk, Dumb Luck,
Woodburn, Mike Skillz
– *Urban*

Saturday, July 30

Psychedelic Furs – *Complex*
Fictionist – *Kilby*

Sunday, July 31

Moonwalks, Hot Vodka,
Burmese Python – *Kilby*
Gary Clark Jr.
– **Red Butte Garden**

Monday, August 1

Wasatch Eagle Dancers
– *Red Butte Garden*

Tuesday, August 2

Hayes Carll – *State Room*

Wednesday, August 3

Miike Snow, Lewis Del Mar
– *Depot*

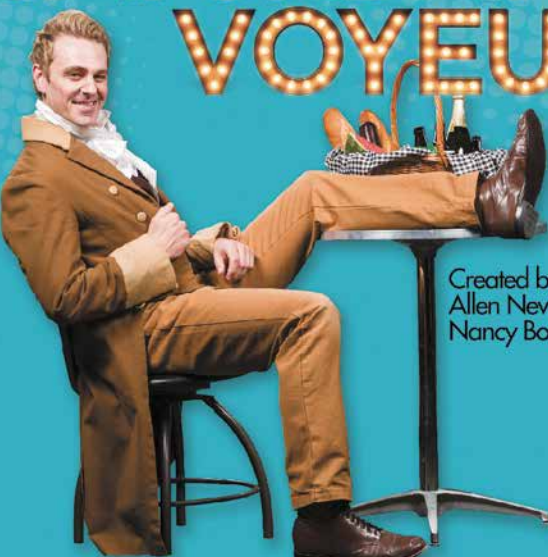
Thursday, August 4

Diplo, BADBADNOT-
GOOD – Pioneer Park

Friday, August 5

Pick up the new issue
of SLUG
– **Anyplace Cool**
"Weird Al" Yankovic
– **Red Butte Garden**

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7/15-7/17 CLERKS
7/22-7/24 VIDEODROME
7/29-7/31 AKIRA
8/5-8/7 LEGEND



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PERFORMS ARANJUEZ WITH
THE UTAH SYMPHONY



THURSDAY • SEPTEMBER 8
KACEY MUSGRAVES



TUESDAY • SEPTEMBER 13
TOUR DE COMPADRES
NEED TO BREATHE
WITH MATT KEARNEY,
JOHN MARK MCMILLAN,
WELSHLY ARMS

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JULY

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DOORS @ 8 PM UNLESS NOTED
21+

COMING SOON

8/3: Roni Size, Johnny Law, Chris Wright
 8/6: QUEEN Tribute Night!
 8/9: Augustines
 8/19: Throwing Shade
 8/20: Boris performing 'Pink'
 8/24: Samantha Crain, Matthew Milla
 8/31: Car Seat Headrest
 9/3: The Kinks Tribute Night!
 9/6: Allah-Las, TOPS
 9/8: BLAQ VOID Record Label
 9/9: Swans, Babe Dee
 9/14: Band of Skulls, Mothers
 9/19: Joseph Arthur
 9/21: Junior Boys
 9/24: Cass McCombs
 10/5: Mr. Gnome
 10/8: The Ramones Tribute Night!
 10/10: Okkervil River, Landlady
 11/7: Peter Hook & the Light
 11/11: Jai Wolf
 11/18: Andy McKee



VISIT US NEXT DOOR, AT RYE!
BREAKFAST / BRUNCH / LUNCH

7/1: **Dubwise: Machinedrum**, illoom, ArcOne, Drink
 7/2: **Killing Stones Tribute Night: 90s Television**, Rumble Gums, Quiet Oaks, The Rubes
 7/3: **VNDMG, BOGL**, Chris Wright, Decay
 7/5: **Femi Kuti & The Positive Force**, DJ Sneaky Long, DJ Feral Cat (7pm doors)
 7/6: **FREE SHOW Brain Bagz**, The Moths, Moons of Delirium, CVPITVLS
 7/7: **X&G**, Aztek, Khensu, Swell Merchants, Shoryuken b2b Shambles, Thoroughbred
 7/8: **Quiet Oaks Tour Send Off**, Holy Water Buffalo, Starmy
 7/9: **Wye Oak**, Tushka
 7/13: **Corb Lund**, Dan Fletcher
 7/14: **FREE SHOW Slug Localized: Zombiecock**, Goatsifter
 7/15: **Max Pain & The Groovies Return From Tour**, Hot Vodka, The Nods
 7/16: **Iceburn**, Suspension Of Disbelief, The Ditch & The Delta
 7/18: **Deerhoof**, Skating Polly, The Future Of The Ghost
 7/19: **FREE SHOW Forest Feathers**, L'anarchiste
 7/20: **FREE SHOW Beachmen**, TBA
 7/21: **Protoje & The Indignation**, TBA
 7/22: **Zeke Beats**, Morfzeen, Decay
 7/23: **The Hound Mystic** EP Release
 7/25: **Strong Words**, TBA
 7/26: **The Joy Formidable**, TBA
 7/27: **Warren G**, DJ Juggy, Cig Burna
 7/28: **FREE SHOW Helvetia** (members of Built To Spill), The Circulars
 7/29: **Dusk Album Release**, Dumb Luck, Woodburn, Mike Skilz
 7/30: **FREE SHOW Flash & Flare** (9 PM DOORS Free before 10:30 & \$3 after)
 7/31: **Blackbear**

Kilby Court JULY

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

OTHER S&S SHOWS

7/1: **Creature Double Feature**, Forest Feathers Album Release, Gloe
 7/2: **Radius**, Ivie, AZA, Brayzee
 7/5: **The Receiver**, Angel Magic, IVOURIES
 7/6: **Pity Sex**, PWR BTM, Petal
 7/8: **Marissa Nadler**, Wreckmeister Harmonies, Muscle and Marrow
 7/9: **The Falcon**, The Copyright, Sam Russo, Mikey Erg
 7/10: **COMEDY NIGHT**: Host Aaron Orlovitz
 7/11: **Lawrence**, TBA
 7/12: **Lemolo**, Magic Mint, Indigo Plateau, Muzzle Tung
 7/13: **Phoebe Ryan & Cardiknox** CO-HEADLINE, Secret Weapons
 7/14: **Show Me Island**, Be Like Max, The Holophonics, Noise Complaint
 7/15: **Mitski**, Japanese Breakfast, Jay Som
 7/16: **Margaret Glaspy**, TBA
 7/18: **Abandoned By Bears**, Save The Lost Boys, The Linden Method
 7/29: **Prism Tats**, TBA
 7/20: **Smoke Season**, Caught A Ghost, The Day & Night
 7/21: **Dine Krew**, Auritorial and Mixer Mike, Negrodomus with Sticks
 7/22: **Kilby Court 17th Anniversary!! feat. Cinders**, Giants in the Oak Tree,
 The Arvos, Tarot Death Card, Melting Rain (6PM DOORS)
 7/23: **Vid Nelson**, The Arvos, Spenny Relyea, Lovely Noughts
 7/26: **Guthrie Brown**, Millie & The Moths
 7/27: **New Madrid**, 90s TV, Indigo Plateau
 7/28: **Yoni & Geti**, Conquer Monster, TBA
 7/29: **Johanna Johanna**, Rook Takes Queen, Small Lake City, The Cold Year
 7/30: **Fictionist** EP Release show
 7/31: **Moonwalks**, Hot Vodka, Burmese Python, Saline Lakes

7/18: Jon Bellion @ The Complex
 7/26: Bob Log III @ The Garage
 7/28: Whitney @ Diabolical Records
 7/29: The Oh Hellos @ The Complex
 8/10: Mariana's Trench @ The Complex
 8/10: King Lil G @ The Complex
 8/15: Trampled By Turtles/Lord Huron @ The Complex
 8/16: FLUME @ The Complex
 8/20: Pouya @ The Complex
 9/3: Tyler, the Creator @ The Complex
 9/22: Local Natives @ The Depot
 9/27: St. Paul & the Broken Bones @ The Depot
 10/8: GHOST @ The Complex
 10/11: Phantogram @ In The Venue
 10/13: St. Lucia @ The Depot

ADDICTIVE BEHAVIOR

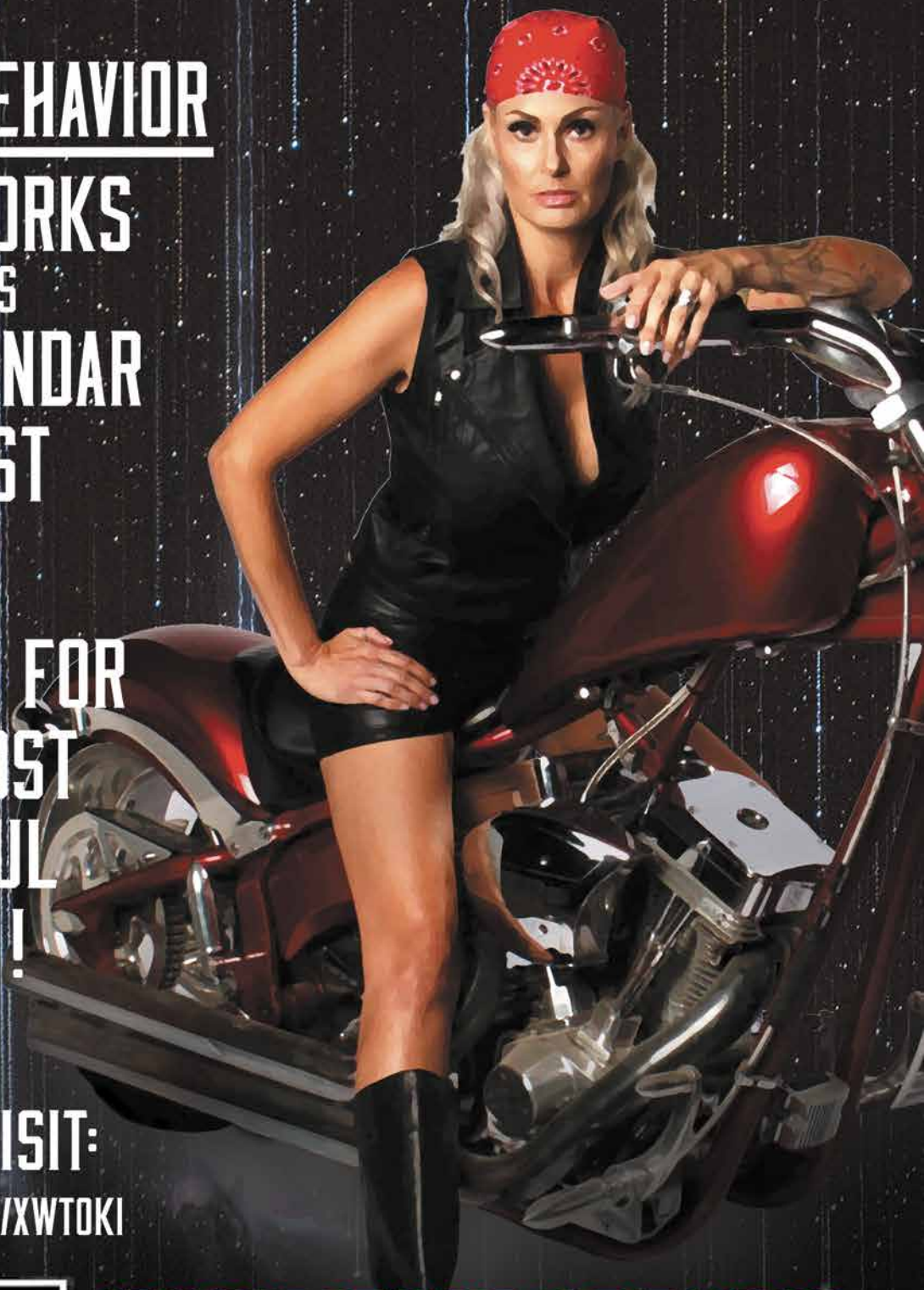
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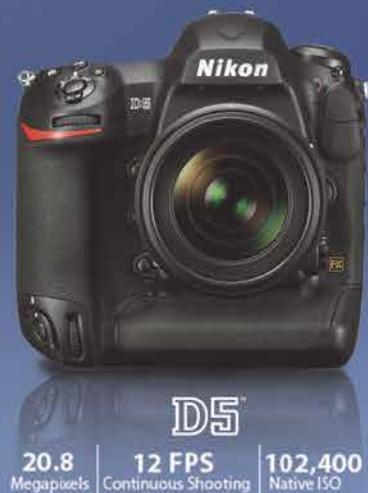
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