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SaltLakeUnderGround • Vol. 26 • Issue #319 • July 2015 • slugmag.com

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## CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT:

**Julia Sachs**  
 Senior Staff Writer, Copy Editor,  
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Julia Sachs joined the SLUG team in 2013, and since then, she's lent her keen eye to SLUG's Copy Editing Team, delved into the ancient SLUG archives as a Digital Intern and penned her fair share of features as a Senior Staff Writer. Check out her piece on **New World Presents** (pg. 36)! Sachs has profiled local electronic artists like **VCR-5** and **Hel Audio** founder **Karl Jørgensen**, and she's covered the **BUKU Music + Art Project** for two years in a row. Legend has it that, on the first Friday of every month, you can even catch her delivering SLUG Magazine "anyplace cool" in the west end of Sugarhouse alongside **Moe**, her trusted pug advisor and co-pilot. Whether we're laughing at her sassy style or listening to her crazy **Burning Man** stories, we at SLUG dig Sachs' "vibey vibes."

**ABOUT THE COVER:** Mike Murdock has been a longtime SLC skate- and art-culture mainstay. We at SLUG commissioned Murdock for one of his colorfully illustrated characters to lure readers in with its many arms. View more of Murdock's urban-style fine art at [ultrasnazy.com](http://ultrasnazy.com).

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(L-R) Chase Griffis (vocals), Tylor Blackburn (bass), Bryan Lee (drums), Sean Jurewicz (guitar) and Matt Mascarenas (guitar) comprise Salt Lake's post-hard-core heartthrobs, Heartless Breakers.

# HEARTLESS BREAKERS

## LOCALIZED

By Ali Shimkus  
alishimkus@gmail.com

Photos: Russel Daniels

This month's *Localized* will feature the heavy-hitting, poetic antics of **Sights**, followed by the addictive melodies of **Larusso** and **Heartless Breakers** headlining the show. If you miss the angsty days of the mid '00s when **Brand New** and **Taking Back Sunday** dominated the airwaves, you better be at *Urban Lounge* on Thursday, July 16 at 9 p.m.—the show is free and sponsored by **Uinta Brewing Co., KRCL 90.9 FM** and **Spilt Ink SLC**.

Heartless Breakers have erupted into the local post-hardcore scene with the release of their first full-length album, *The Great Give Back*, in March. The product of founding members **Chase Griffis** (vocals), **Matt Mascarenas** (guitar) and **Bryan Lee** (drums), Heartless Breakers have had a changing lineup of local musicians playing live shows and traveling on tour, with friends **Sean Jurewicz** and **Tylor Blackburn** currently filling in on guitar and bass, respectively.

Though the creative process for Heartless Breakers is mostly collaborative, Griffis is the sole lyricist, refusing to shy away from intensely personal lyrics and belting them out with honest ferocity. Griffis explains that his lyricism, as well as his own personal experience, have changed since the last EP: "I'm not bitching about stuff as much as I did on our EP," he says. "I'm more like, 'What can I do to resolve this problem that I'm in?'" Because *The Great Give Back* is Heartless Breakers' first full-length album, the band has had

the opportunity to experiment with softer yet equally intricate songs such as "Exit" and "An Aching Kind of Groaning"—these songs are just as quintessentially Heartless Breakers as their faster, head-bang inspiring pieces. With the chance to experiment with different styles for the full-length, there is plenty of space for venting—"I'm the kind of guy who keeps stuff in, and I'm glad I have some sort of outlet for it," says Griffis.

Having just returned from a tour promoting *The Great Give Back*, the members of Heartless Breakers are dealing with readjusting to the Salt Lake scene from life on the road. "I feel like we're a lot more comfortable out of town," Mascarenas says. Playing shows within the tight-knit scene in Salt Lake is intimate, but Heartless Breakers have found freedom in being somewhat anonymous while on the road. They have also found musical soulmates in Phoenix-based punk band **Sundressed**. "I've never felt like I was going through a breakup after a tour but leaving that band was a very big bummer" says Blackburn, but with all things considered, he adds, "I think the most standout moment of the tour was that it ended well."

Though it seems that the Heartless Breakers prefer touring, they have definitely found their niche locally. "Salt Lake is so nice to us," says Mascarenas, who played in New York-based **Daytrader** before moving back to Salt Lake to form Heartless Breakers with Griffis and Lee. "When we play here, it just feels like we're hanging out with our friends" he says. The band prefers the intimacy of playing smaller local shows where everyone is "drinking beers with friends," to the formality of being on a stage in front of an established "audience." The touring members of Heartless Breakers (including Blackburn) have often been friends from different bands and projects along the Wasatch Front. Even the founding members of Heartless Breakers have a stake in different local projects—Griffis and Lee were once part of **The Lionelle** and Lee is ac-

tively involved in other musical endeavors. However, Heartless Breakers have gained the most notice by signing onto Anaheim-based **Animal-Style Records** and earning a spot on this year's *Fest* in Gainesville, Florida, alongside bands such as **Mewithoutyou** and **Defiance, Ohio**, which will take place in late October.

Additionally, their cinematic music video for "Carbon Copy" is demanding a lot of attention. It starts with a rich, dark guitar melody and Griffis' clean voice creeping in with "Young and starving / pockets empty / abandoned on a doorstep / on a dark Chicago street." His voice is evocative and emotive, playing to the dynamic, almost brutal nature of Lee's drumming. The intricacy of the instrumentals is balanced—Heartless Breakers have a good sense of when to highlight Griffis' lyrical sincerity with slower, suspended moments and when to lay down the heavy instrumentals and turn up the intensity. Since the music video's release, the band is garnering comparisons to **Thursday** and **At the Drive In**, which they are both flattered and annoyed by. "It's a cool comparison—it's what I grew up listening to and still listen to, but now it's getting fucking annoying," Griffis says. While Heartless Breakers certainly hold those bands as influences, they insist that they are not trying to emulate any specific sound. "The idea is writing what came naturally, and it makes sense that those bands are included, even though that wasn't the goal," says Blackburn.

There is something infectious about the raw honesty and frankness of Heartless Breakers. Though they maintain that they are just a "rock band," their exhilarating sound attests that they are capable of putting on one hell of a show. Check out *The Great Give Back* on Heartless Breakers' Bandcamp page, [heartlessbreakers.bandcamp.com](http://heartlessbreakers.bandcamp.com) and catch them live at *Localized* on July 16.

Larusso is a name that has been floating around the local scene for years, to the point where they have become almost synonymous with Salt Lake City. Since their inception in 2004, Larusso have maintained a lighthearted yet earnest pop punk sound, reminiscent of *Bleed American*—era **Jimmy Eat World**. While other similar bands have faded from the scene, Larusso have consistently maintained their sound. "We never really stop writing," says vocalist/guitarist **Aaron Condrat**, saying that the reason Larusso have been going strong after such a long time is "refusing to give up, refusing to play it safe." The band's most recent release, *Life in Static*, does just that, mixing upbeat melodies with fervidly profound lyrics, nostalgically recalling bands that reigned supreme on both pop and alt rock radio in the '00s, such as **Yellowcard** and **The Ataris**.

In what can only be described as a Dread Pirate Roberts-style takeover, Larusso are devoid of all of their founding members—Condrat joined the band soon after it started, as his brother was a member at the time, and kept the name going after most of the founding members left to pursue other interests. Guitarist **Nick Sasich** joined shortly thereafter, teaming up with Condrat for acoustic shows. Self-professed "Larusso fan boy" and bassist **Tyler "Fizzy" Grundstrom** followed with drummer/production wizard **Justin Trombetti** joining as the most recent addition over two years ago, creating what Condrat calls his "most solid lineup." Through the many reincarnations of Larusso, the band has noticed a change in the local scene. "You see this movement away from the alternative rock of the 2000s and that pop punk sound, moving into that indie direction or harder direction," Grundstrom says.

"The sound we emulate has become less and less mainstream." Condrat adds, "We like it that way, though." While they were once one of many alt-rock bands on the scene, their steadfastness in that genre has paid off, as there are not many bands left who are creating the sound that Larusso have perfected and made their trademark.

Being one of the longest-running and more locally respected bands of Salt Lake, Larusso maintain a rather large, loyal fanbase. "What's been cool is that we haven't seen a drop off in attendance to our shows," says Sasich, "but as a genre, I think we're one of very few who still can do that here." Condrat considers this success as a testament to each member's dedication to making music and to keep Larusso a priority: "It's taken me a long time to find the guys who I feel confident about ... that are as invested in this as I am," he says. "That only just fuels me more so that I'm not letting them down." Sasich describes the songwriting process as "democratic," saying, "For someone who knows us really well, I think you can probably hear a little bit of each of us in [the album]." The collaborative process in which each musician has equal weight in how each song sounds has produced *Life in Static*—one of Larusso's best and most well-received albums to date.

*Life in Static* is an album in which any of the songs could easily be played on the radio and no one would ever suspect that the creators were locally grown. Condrat's voice is effortlessly melodic, and he sounds upbeat despite some of the more emotionally charged lyrics, while Trombetti's crisp yet artfully present drumming supports but does not overwhelm Condrat's vocals or the persistent guitar melodies. There

is a certain charm to songs like "Set Phasers to Fun," an acoustic piece that involves all of Larusso singing, "Take a step back / I've got too much to say / checking off, checking out / far and away." Larusso have a positive energy and catchy, infectious sound that is sure to have you singing along after the first listen.

Though Larusso are a well-known band in Salt Lake City, there are no overblown egos for the band who describes themselves as "the garage band next door." Sasich says, "We don't take ourselves too seriously"—for them, being a part of the Salt Lake local scene is about supporting all local music, and not just one genre. Though they've shared stages with bigger acts such as **Neon Trees** and **The Almost** in the past, they're more interested in playing shows simply to have fun rather than to accumulate a large audience. One show they played in Olympia, Washington, still sticks out to them. After all of the other bands bailed, Larusso was left to play a set with only one homeless person and one dog in the audience. However, the crowd quickly grew to about 30 people, most of them homeless: "They were all just rocking out to the music—two of them sang **Green Day** with me," says Grundstrom. Condrat adds, "It was a powerful moment for me personally. We didn't make any money, but it's one of the best memories I have of that tour."

Larusso are currently promoting *Life in Static*, which can be found on [larussorock.com](http://larussorock.com). Their aim is to keep touring and to reach out to local artists of all genres—as Sasich says, "Give the local music scene a chance ... Go out and see shows and support local." What better way to do that than to catch them at *Urban Lounge* on July 16!

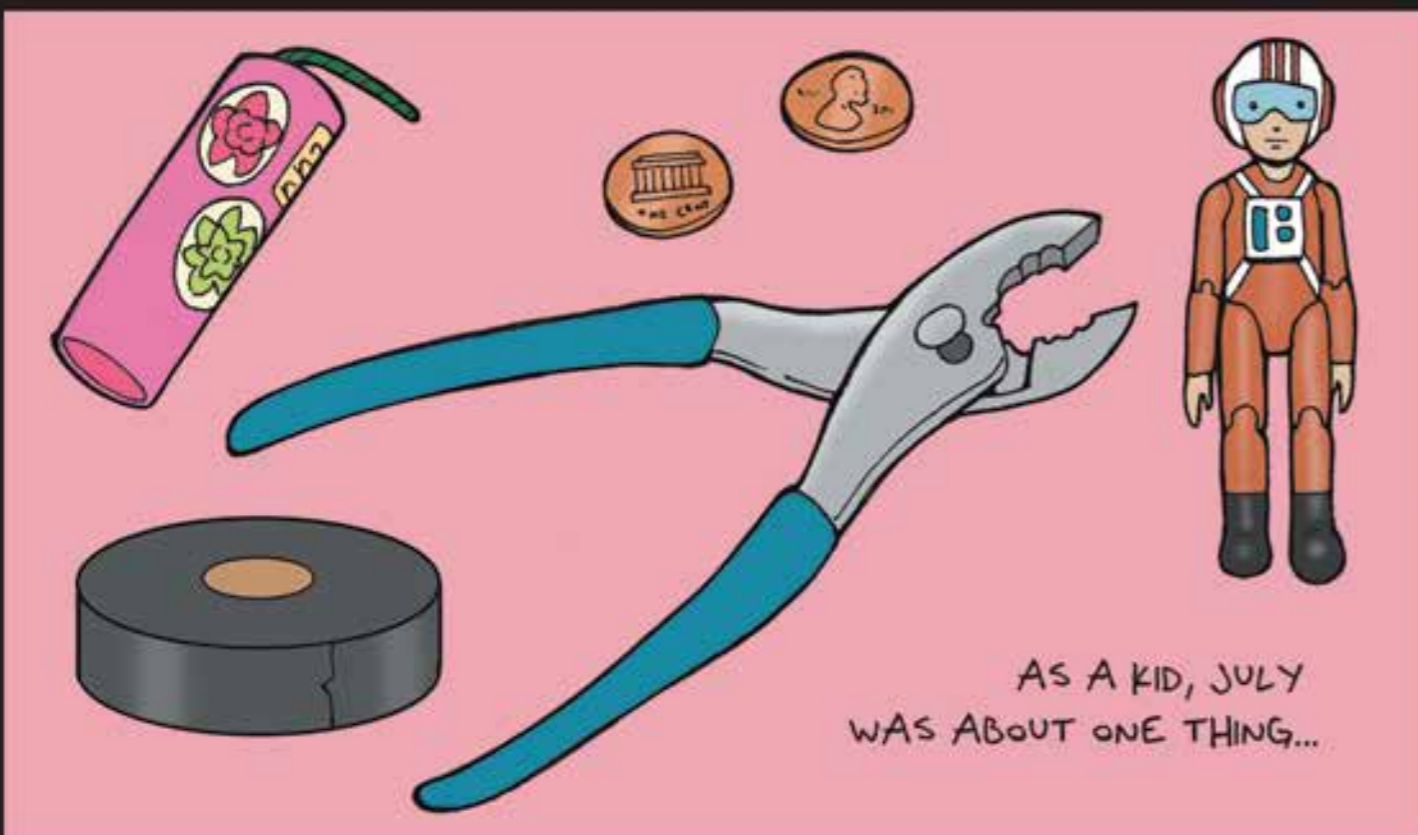
# LARUSSO



(L-R) Nick Sasich (guitar), Justin Trombetti (drums), Tyler Grundstrom (bass) and Aaron Condrat (vocals, guitar) make up Utah's pop punk mainstay, Larusso.

# SLUG HOLIDAY COMIX

By  
CHRIS BODILY  
HATROBOT.COM



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# DIABOLICAL RECORDS!

## ADAM TYE AND ALANA BOSCAN CELEBRATE TWO YEARS

By Nick Kuzmack • nicholaskuzmack@gmail.com

ON July 5, *Diabolical Records* celebrates its second-year anniversary. Their existence in Salt Lake City has made a remarkable impact on the music scene—both as a record shop and the hottest new all-ages music venue. *Diabolical Records* first opened its doors at *Granary Row* in 2013 and quickly attracted a following, and after *Granary Row* ceased operating for the winter, *Diabolical Records* moved to its current location at 238 S. Edison Street. There, Adam Tye and Alana Boscan began infecting the public with solid and infectious grooves.

*Diabolical Records* is located in the most visited alleyway in Salt Lake City. Inside, one can find a stellar collection of records, and at night, some brilliantly intimate gigs. The rapid growth in popularity of *Diabolical Records* as a venue has been striking. “I think it’s been a really good location for a lot of our customers that do reside Downtown,” says Boscan. “It’s really accessible—it’s really close to a bunch of other activities like bars and restaurants.”

On the record store side of things, *Diabolical Records* boasts an impressive display of records. It is a collection that has grown considerably over the last two years. They have maintained relationships with distributors like Red Eye and Forced Exposure, and when possible, like to work directly through bands’ labels. *Diabolical Records* carries all sorts of genres for all sorts of record enthusiasts. “It’s just a matter of knowing our audience,” says Tye. “If it’s an **Elton John** record, we’re going to end up sitting on that for a while. If it’s a **Ty Segall** record, it won’t make it out of the new arrival bin.” *Diabolical* also has an impressive local artists rack, and according to Tye, **Bat Manors’** and **Baby Ghosts’** records have sold pretty well. He also points out that most local records sell to out-of-towners rather than to local Salt Lakers.

Pushing the record stacks aside at night and welcoming in Salt Lake’s diverse array of twisting-and-shouting hip weirdo types, *Diabolical Records* has hosted numerous gigs over the last year and a half. These gigs are intimate experiences that put show-goers on the same level as the band they have come to see. *Diabolical Records* has been a favorite for local groups like **Koala Temple**, **Swamp Ravens**, **Chalk** and **Foster Body**—who will be producing a record on *Diabolical’s* label. Apart from these revered Salt Lake darlings, *Diabolical Records* has also welcomed notable touring acts through their doors, such as **Mr. Elevator and the Brain Hotel**, **Shivery Shakes**, **The Harms**, **Kepi Ghoulie**, **Pookie & the Poodlez**, **Radioactivity**, **Los Cripis** and **Ex-Cult**.



Photo: Gilbert Cisneros

(Center) Alana Boscan and Adam Tye run *Diabolical Records* as customers Kamryn Feigel (L) and Brinley Froelich (R) peruse the vinyl selection.

Tye and Boscan book most of the shows, which are prospective gigs that they personally like. Tye says, “It’s us that books the shows, and we have certain people that we know that if they come to us with a show, we’ll help them set it up.” There is an ever-increasing network of bands who have an interest in playing the shop. *Diabolical Records* acts like a sort of oasis for groups going through Salt Lake who have not been able to get booked at venues like *Kilby Court* or who are not as well known and fill a special niche. Bands will usually contact Tye and Boscan through Facebook and email, or sometimes Tye will check touring bands’ schedules to see if they have a gap that can be filled. Tye says, “I’ll hit them up, and just be like, ‘Hey, I see that you’re coming through,’ and give them the whole pitch and try and set up a show.” To support touring acts, Tye has emphasized a minimum of a \$5 donation.

In addition to hosting gigs several nights a week, *Diabolical Records* has hosted a couple of “festivals.” In December 2014, Tye and Boscan set up *Bandemonium* by inviting individuals—many already in established groups—to put their names in a hat to be randomly drawn and organized into one-off bands. Those participating then practiced for a couple weeks for the *Bandemonium* show on Dec. 26. “I think it was really a good op-

portunity for Salt Lake to show off the talent that exists here,” says Boscan. “Everybody that played was from Salt Lake and have different bands. They were able to come up with these amazing sets in two weeks. They were short sets, but they were really creative and really unique ... It just goes to show how much talent we have here.”

With loads of bands traveling through Salt Lake City on their way to festivals like *Treefort Music Festival* or *Austin Psych Fest*, Tye had an idea: Take advantage of the increased band traffic through the state and hold a local festival. Thus, *Diabolical Daze* was born. “We basically just ripped off *Treefort’s* model because *Treefort* started [realizing] that all these bands were leaving Austin and going up to the Northwest,” says Tye. “Now to get to Boise for *Treefort*, all those bands have to come through Salt Lake, so I’ve been cherry picking all those bands that we like.”

*Diabolical Records* attracts a wide variety of people looking for new and upcoming underground local and touring acts. Once one goes to a few gigs, it is very easy to be swept in among the regulars who hang around the shop. So, dig *Diabolical Records*, as this shop represents the changing face of Salt Lake’s Downtown—you won’t regret it.

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## GOD HATES ROBOTS

Enters the SLC Gallery Landscape

By Kathy Zhou  
kathy@slugmag.com

### GOD HATES ROBOTS

has been a mission in the making for 10 years. Officially open since mid-May, this local experimental art gallery is one of the newest additions to the *Broadway District*. Founded by business partners **Shon Taylor** and **Ray Childs**, the art space sets itself apart with three core principles: All of the artists must be local, no pieces can be over \$400, and 80 percent of sales go directly to the artists.

The gallery is the third of Taylor and Childs' impressive endeavors—they also run *Botlerocket Manufacturing*, a software development and technical consulting company, and *24tix*, an online ticketing platform for Utah events. *God Hates Robots* then presented an avenue for the pair to act on their appreciation for art—Childs references his “all geek background,” and Taylor is a self-described “art school dropout and armchair collector of art”—as well as a chance to interact directly with the community. “It’s a hearkening back to the community we were always part of growing up—going to shows, having friends with local businesses that they’ve started, the gamut,” says Childs. “We’re trying to come up with ideas to foster a similar community, and this is what it looks like.”

The original concept for *God Hates Robots*, formulated a decade ago, was an online analog of the gallery space. Taylor and Childs made stickers, created a website and acquired a business license. There were a few obstacles, though: “We realized that art involves a much more personal interaction than what an online experience could offer,” says Taylor. When a feasible space opened up last December, however, the rest of the gallery fell into place, and Taylor and Childs were able to set *God Hates Robots’* direction for the following few months.

The gallery is intimate. *Botlerocket* and *24tix* stickers lead visitors upstairs from the street-side entrance to *God Hates Robots*. A



Photo: LmSorenson.net

Shon Taylor has birthed the *God Hates Robots* space into the SLC gallery landscape with business partner Ray Childs (not pictured).

large chalkboard, along with several T-shirts and pint glasses that chorus, “BUY ART,” greet incomers. On one end of the room are wide windows; at the other are prints and zines, the gallery desk and a turntable. In between are the works on the walls and, within a nook, a *Karate Champ* arcade machine.

Upon entering, the space immediately feels less esoteric and more approachable than other galleries or museums might, but Taylor and Childs aren’t looking to respond to the current Salt Lake gallery landscape. Rather, they’re seeking to become a contributing player by exposing emerging artists, facilitating bodies of work, boosting artist profitability and encouraging first-time art purchases. Taylor and Childs’ two other enterprises lend *God Hates Robots* a different fiscal dynamic compared to traditional gallery business models. “A show doesn’t have to be so much financially sound as it is compelling to our mission,” says Childs. “We leveraged what we already had to build this space, maintain a lower price point and cater to starting artists.”

The gallery name, *God Hates Robots*, is catchy, but it’s meant to be ambiguous and a bit tongue-in-cheek. Their forthright slogan, however, is the opposite: “Buy art.” As Taylor says, “That’s what we want to have happen. It’s our goal to get people to buy art. It’s a call to action.” It’s a praiseworthy ambition, and the gallery does well in presenting a welcoming space and a digestible setup, all means by which to push the local arts scene to become more affordable, inclusive and self-facilitating. “There’s a point where you want to start supporting your peers, to foster that community and to foster the next generation of that community,” says Taylor.

Looking forward, Taylor and Childs are furthering their gallery’s emphasis on community-centric accessibility with monthly exhibition openings that line up with *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll*.

“We aren’t qualified to choose works for an exhibition,” says Childs, as their good friend, local artist **Trent Call**, curated *The Inaugural Show*. “So, we’re working on defining a public-submissions and panel-review process that will provide a fair channel to offering exposure and tools to less-established artists.”

*God Hates Robots’* efforts to uplift emerging artists go hand-in-hand with its goal of catalyzing first-time art purchases. Both Taylor and Childs maintain that a background or education in art isn’t necessary when buying art—it’s all about what resonates with the viewer. “I saw this screenprint on wood, and I loved it,” says Taylor of one of his most memorable purchases. “I wanted to look at it over and over again—in different light, in different moods. I love the beautiful things that people create: how it comes together, what’s being expressed, the confidence of the strokes, these variant avenues for expression. It’s magical.”

Taylor and Childs’ personal commitments to local art and culture help to cultivate a sense of kinship and creativity at *God Hates Robots*. “This connection to the community—and being able to facilitate a part of that community, not just as a passive participant—is fulfilling,” says Childs. That exposure and connection extend well to the artists and gallery visitors, too: to appreciate and encourage local art, to enjoy the physicality of the space, to be a part of Salt Lake City. “*God Hates Robots* brings us such a tangible level of excitement,” says Taylor. “We want this space, the shows, to feel good to the people who come here, too. Buy art!”

To learn more about the gallery, exhibitions and art purchases, sign up for the *God Hates Robots’* mailing list at [godhatesrobots.com](http://godhatesrobots.com).

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# NOISE NOT MUSIC

## CITY OF DIS JUST SAYS NO TO MUSIC

By Gavin Hoffman  
reignforever666@gmail.com



(L-R) City of Dis founders Conrad and Sam are certainly no phonies when it comes to Salt Lake City's powerviolence, grindcore, D-beat and punk community.

Photo: Madi Smith

I've known **Sam** and **Conrad** for almost five years—well before they delved into the abyss of recording and releasing music (theirs and others') via their somewhat understated label, City of Dis. As Sam explains, "City of Dis is a reference to **Dante's Inferno** ... and the fact that we like 'Dis' music." For the unfamiliar, "Dis" music is generally D-beat, uptempo punk, often crossing over to metal, for which many credit the band **Discharge** with starting, hence the "Dis." The label's output is impressive, if for no other reason than the sheer volume of ideas these two end up releasing. From the beginning, Sam is adamant about the fact that the two did not want to start a label because, according to him, "It's a giant pain in the ass. You gotta work on stuff, schedule stuff, put stuff together. ... It's pretty terrible."

Before Sam and Conrad had even the first thought about starting a label, they started playing music, if "music" is really the correct term. "We just started out playing fast and noisy," says Conrad. "Sam couldn't even play a bass when we first started, but it was all about playing as fast and making as much noise as we possibly could." Both have progressed at playing music, and both are multi-instrumentalists, if one can refer to them in that manner, but they have remained true to playing stuff they want to play—stuff they want to hear.

Thus far, City of Dis has mainly released music from Sam and Conrad's own projects, including **Discoïd A** and **Nelson Muntz**, and they both seem to start new projects almost daily. "We try to get as many people involved with the label as possible," says Sam, "but nobody wants to be involved." His reasoning is that nobody really fits with what it is that

the label and Sam and Conrad personally are trying to achieve, which is making and releasing as much noise as possible. They have worked with bands aside from their own in the past, but they haven't worked out for the best, according to the duo. "We just decided that, since we were sitting on a bunch of stupid ideas," says Sam, "we should go ahead and start a stupid label to release our stupid ideas on."

"We started out just releasing stuff on the Internet," says Conrad, "but then we got a spool of CD-Rs and released a bunch of stuff that way." After the spool of CD-Rs disappeared, the two jumped to cassette releases. "We dub the cassettes one by one, by ourselves," says Sam, "and we do all the inlay cards up at Kinko's ... They hate me."

The recording techniques are what have progressed the most, according to Sam. "The releases have started to at least sound better over time," he says, "even if the music still turns people off." Not only do they combine new-school release methods (the Internet) with old-school release formats (cassettes), but Sam generally does all of the artwork; the two combine input on layouts; and they limit the hell out of physical releases—not necessarily by choice, though. "Sometimes we just dub cassettes off for people that ask for them," says Conrad. Sam expands on Conrad's thought: "For the **DRTGRBZ** release, there are 22 copies," he says. "I'd do more, but nobody has hit me up for them." Their most grandiose goal is to release a Nelson Muntz 7" at some point, and they have just released a Nelson Muntz demo: not exactly the "Big Time," if you will. They're also working on releasing a *Demos* cassette, compiling earlier releases from bands such as **Steve Buscemi**, **Harvey Keitel**, **Oroku Saki** and **Jennifer Connelly**—the two

certainly have a good time poking fun at celebrities while producing interesting stuff under each tag.

According to both Sam and Conrad, they don't really "have anything" here in Salt Lake—no family, no friends, no future—your standard punk ethos. However, the two are quite serious about this. "Since we really don't have anything here, in addition to the label, all we do is start new projects and book shows for bands we want to see that generally wouldn't stop here," says Sam—not that they experience huge turn-outs or garner new followers. "It's a good feeling, you know?" says Sam. "We like releasing our stuff because we like to listen to our projects, and we like booking shows because the bands we get to come here are bands we want to see, even if nobody else cares."

Additionally, the two have made a decent amount of out-of-state contacts since they began the label and started booking shows, but neither will cop to the label growing or attendance at shows being anything more than minimal. In Utah, there is a noticeable, albeit somewhat small, group of people who support City of Dis, and it's not uncommon to see a shirt of one of the City of Dis-related bands floating around the city on the back of a fan on any given day.

At the end of the day, the two aren't trying to be poster children for the D.I.Y. ethic—they're simply doing what they want to do, how they want to do it. They don't make money, they don't care about "scene status" or who they know, and they don't limit themselves in what they play, what they release or the bands they book. "We're not doing anything else with our lives," says Sam, "so we may as well make terrible noise, put out terrible stuff, and book terrible shows."

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# THE TASTE OF SUMMER: JOHNNIEBEEFS

By James Bennett • [bennett.james.m@gmail.com](mailto:bennett.james.m@gmail.com)

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As long as I can remember, my summers have been punctuated by outdoor cookouts—and this has usually meant sausages and hotdogs. As such, I've got a soft spot for a well-prepared dog, even if it isn't coming straight from the grill. Having heard great things about a Chicago dog restaurant in Cottonwood Heights, I figured that it was time to make a pilgrimage before I blinked and the summer had gotten away from me.

When I entered *Johnniebeefs*, I quickly understood that it would take several visits to properly sample their menu. The selection is vast. Most dogs are available in a regular or big size, and there's also a good selection of sides and Chicago-inspired sandwiches. For my first round, I went with the Cubby Bear combo: a selection of two regular-size dogs from the list with fries and chips and a fountain drink for \$10.19.

Since the place prides itself on its Chicago pedigree, the Chicago Dog (\$4.49 Regular / \$6.29 Big) was my choice for the first half of the combo. If they were going for authentic, they hit the nail right on the head. The Chicago Dog is the best I've had outside of the Windy City. *Johnniebeefs* uses a pure-beef Red Hot Chicago dog served on a pleasantly steamed poppyseed bun that they ship from Chicago. The toppings are exactly what you'd expect—yellow mustard, chopped onions, nuclear-green relish, cucumbers, tomatoes, tiny sport peppers, a pickle spear and a sprinkling of celery salt. Holy hell, this was a pleasurable mouthful, and it almost seems wrong to even call it a hot dog. The beef dog's inherent richness was softened by the soft bread, and its flavor was magnified by the mound of awesome piled on top. The peppers added a little kick; the pickle spear and relish brought in the sweetness; and the onions made sure the memory of the meal remained long after you'd finished.

I rounded out the Cubby Bear combo with a New Yorkie Dog (\$4.49/\$6.29) and a pile of French fries. *Johnniebeefs* also makes The New Yorkie with a pure-beef dog and a steamed poppyseed bun, but the toppings are turned down a bit, limited to sauerkraut, mustard, chopped onions, a pickle spear and celery salt. If you're a fan of sauerkraut and if the Chicago Dog seems a little intimidating to you, the New Yorkie is a good choice. The addition of the kraut adds a certain tanginess to the dog, and the absence of the sport peppers lowers the spice level considerably, making the dog a solid choice on its own or as part of a combo.



Photo: Talyn Sherer

*Johnniebeefs* do their Chicago Dog right, with fries and soda to match!

My next choice, of the more-than-20 options on the menu board, was the Maxwell Street Polish (\$6.59)—a polish sausage that was passed through the deep fryer and topped with yellow mustard, grilled onions and sport peppers. What a gem! Frying the sausage adds a crunch to the natural casing, causing it to snap as you bite into it. The sautéed onions and peppers are a mellow and sweet addition and balance the spice and heaviness of the sausage. I also sampled a "Slaw Dog," topped with homemade coleslaw, mustard, onions and celery salt (\$4.49/\$6.29), which reminded me the most of the flavors of a summer cookout.

If you're not one to eat hot dogs, *Johnniebeefs* also does burgers and sandwiches. The star of their sandwich menu would have to be the Italian Beef Sandwich (half – \$5.19/full – \$7.49). They make this one with thinly sliced, seasoned roast beef piled onto a French roll with sweet peppers, and either hot or mild giardiniera. Depending on your love for au jus gravy, you can order it with just a little sauce or completely dipped in the gravy pot. If you forget to specify, they'll make it extra wet and spicy. Good thing, too, because if you're going to order the Italian Beef Sandwich, spicy and wet is the way you should do it.

I am so glad that I found *Johnniebeefs*. The selection is immense and reasonably priced, the staff is cheerful and patient with the uninitiated, and the food is of the highest quality available for a 1950s-themed hot dog joint. Sure, eating a Chicago dog overloaded with toppings can feel and look a little sloppy at first, but when you realize how good it tastes, you'll wonder how you ever lived without it.

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# AMIGO THE DEVIL

## Bloodstained Banjo

By Bryer Wharton • [bryernw@gmail.com](mailto:bryernw@gmail.com)



Growing up and listening to folk music on my family's long camping trips, I remember never getting bored because my imagination would be blown up by artists like **Pete Seeger**, **Simon and Garfunkel** and **Peter, Paul and Mary**. Now, Orlando, Florida's Amigo the Devil weaves his brand of storytelling with his macabre and twisted tales from the cheesy funny to the brink of darkness. His recordings meld the banjo and acoustic guitar—one listen to a song, and it's stuck in your head.

It was by luck or happenstance that Amigo the Devil even exists. The man behind the project, **Danny Kiranos**, found himself playing in a grindcore and hardcore band in a younger, different life. In an interview for *SLUG*, Kiranos talked about how, one day, he purchased a banjo because it was cheap, and he found it funny. He said it sat in his room for years, and one day, he decided to pick it up and start messing around.

"When I started, I had no context of country or folk or that genre at all," he says. "I didn't grow up with it—I wasn't surrounded by it at all ... It was after I realized that I liked the banjo that I started going back and being like, 'All right, what are the roots of this, and how can I actually learn to play this?'"

He learned to write folk music through his first song, "Perfect Wife," which tells the story of a husband removing body parts from his spouse to make her a more perfect wife—it's all done in a more humorous way than you'd think. Hence arose the self-coined term for what Amigo the Devil has created: murderfolk. Kiranos felt that the murderfolk name fit, even though a lot of folk music is already dark in subject matter in the way of drinking issues or losing people. He didn't think people would take to murderfolk the way they did.

Kiranos found his lyrical influence from true-crime phenomena—mainly serial killers or just his love for the macabre. Regarding his interest in writing songs about serial killers, "The part that really interests me about it is the internal process—the thoughts behind doing it, the leading up to it and deciding to do it and the internal factors," says Kiranos. "That's the really dark part to it." Horror films and true-life gore and murder videos fueled his curiosity and fascination—watching gore and violence was about testing himself to find the worst thing he could see, which, he admits, was a challenge for him.



Photo: Karen Jerzyk

Amigo The Devil plays macabre yet tongue-in-cheek folk songs with his pipes and a banjo.



Amigo the Devil's body of work consists of three EP releases: *Manimals*, *Diggers* and the newly released *Decompositions*. Each has songs that range from tongue-in-cheek dark humor to the completely morbid—a fictional tale of **Jeffrey Dahmer** going to Hollywood to become a man/monster who eats children; a man hoping a woman he's fond of wishes that her husband dies; a fun song about how the only thing that people do is die; stories of **Ed Gein** wanting to be comfortable in his own skin, but really liking the one you're living in. The dyad of humor and morbidity go seamlessly together. "I was always really curious about the morbid aspects of things—not so much the bad ones, [and] not so much, 'Oh, I love evil things,' but just the curiosity of the gore," Kiranos says.

Amigo the Devil is a self-promoted and self-funded project—the band doesn't exist on a label. The DIY sensibility contributes to the fact that his partner, **Hayley Miller**, is listed as a band member—Kiranos says that Amigo the Devil would not exist without her efforts. Kiranos is also humbled and impressed that his curiosity in something different has gained so much interest. "It's slow growth, but it's—as I like to call it—honest growth," he says. He likes that he still gets to connect with his audience, and mentions showing up in Olympia, Washington, for a show where

the venue didn't know he was playing and where only two people showed up, and how he had the greatest time with those two people nonetheless. Amigo the Devil was welcomed to the *Southwest Terror Fest*, which had him playing impromptu shows around the festival, including a set in the men's bathroom, which he packed to the brim but also took the time to let folks relieve themselves when necessary.

*Decompositions* marks the end of the current chapter of Kiranos' songwriting style of Amigo the Devil. This stylistic ending marks a release of all of Amigo's work, which will be combined into one digital/CD release, including some B-sides that show the upstarts and what's to come in the future, including a special double-LP version to be released tentatively in August (depending on when the pressing plant finishes). Kiranos admits that the songwriting he has done felt like he was writing to appeal to what he thought people would expect or want to hear. "From now on, we're going to go back to being a little more off-the-beaten-path—a little less expected in instrumentation and all that, a little stranger, a little more of what I feel I am," says Kiranos. "It will be more coherent in songwriting, but I wanted to have more of that eerie feel to it—the get-under-your-skin kind of thing." Watch out for an upcoming Amigo the Devil show in SLC this fall.

"I was always really curious about the morbid aspects of things ... the curiosity of the gore."

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# DISCOVERED IN GREASE

**THE DIRTY RAT  
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By Darcy Mimms  
r2d2therc@gmail.com

**DIRTY RAT MOTO CYCO** is a shop packed with Harleys of every generation in varying degrees of dissection, countless tool chests, guitars and amps and two friendly shop dogs, **Natas** and **Cooter**, who play with a cannonball as a toy. **Rick** and **Ashlyn White** have both owned and operated the shop at its current location for over nine years. With a combined 60-plus years of experience working on motorcycles, Rick and mechanics **Nick Kennedy** and **Wolf** make up the Dirty Rat crew. From oil changes to engine rebuilds, the Dirty Rats offer a wide range of services at a competitive price.

The Dirty Rats are advocates of the “buy local first” mentality, and foster an environment of DIY badassery. “Keep the money in Utah,” says Rick, after he and Ashlyn give me a tour of their impressive home and motorcycle repair shop, located on 1515 South Major Street in Salt Lake City, which they have painstakingly built themselves. They don’t care about competition with other local mechanics: They stay true to their punk rock roots with the “FTF” motto—“fuck the factory”—which Ashlyn says they live by. “Especially with the smaller shops in town,” she says, “to help each other out does nothing but benefit everybody.”

Their customers are their family, and support from the local (and loco) moto community has developed a strong cult following, allowing them to live the American Dream. Ashlyn quickly corrects me: “A lot of people say it’s a dream,” she says, “but we call it the American Nightmare—our fun nightmare.”

As I’m shooting the shit with Rick, Nick and Ashlyn, I have the privilege of seeing Rick, “The Chopfather,” in action. A longtime customer and friend rolls in after an incident on I-15 involving some poorly planned construction. I watch as Rick fixed the issue in less than five minutes, sending the customer safely on his way. “Laid-back professionalism” is how Rick and Ashlyn describe the atmosphere around their shop. It becomes more apparent the longer I hang out how much of a family dynamic they have with their customers. “I don’t have a sign on the front of the building for a reason,” Rick says. “We don’t need it—we’ve got really good customers who help us out as much as we help them out.” Referred to as “The Motherfucking Spa” by a regular, the shop often turns into a place of refuge where everyone is welcome and encouraged to ask questions.

Rick says they “don’t see a lot of new, shiny bikes,” but he is not opposed to working on newer models. Rick has watched pop culture influence bike culture, from “the bigger the tire the better” to the Sons of Anarchy chopper trend and ‘70s rat bikes. “Kids are even dressing like they’re from the ‘70s,” Ashlyn says, also pointing out that they’re riding bikes that were never intended to be ridden. Rick can fix them all, though. “Rick fixed our bike on a trip with an earplug and a nail the other day,” Ashlyn says of Rick’s superior mechanic skills. “Dig something out of the dirt and Rick can figure it out.” He’s the McGyver of bikes—once, on a trip to Wendover, he even fixed a bike with a gum wrapper.

As a co-owner of the shop and a wife and mother, Ashlyn, who is incredibly supportive of Rick and dedicated to the shop, says, “It has got to be one of the hardest things I’ve ever done.” But they wouldn’t have it any other way. “My job in this shop is to support [Rick],” she says. “The hard part is him working 24/7 and how much time, blood, sweat and tears [the crew] put in to make each customer happy, but that’s what they’re known for.”

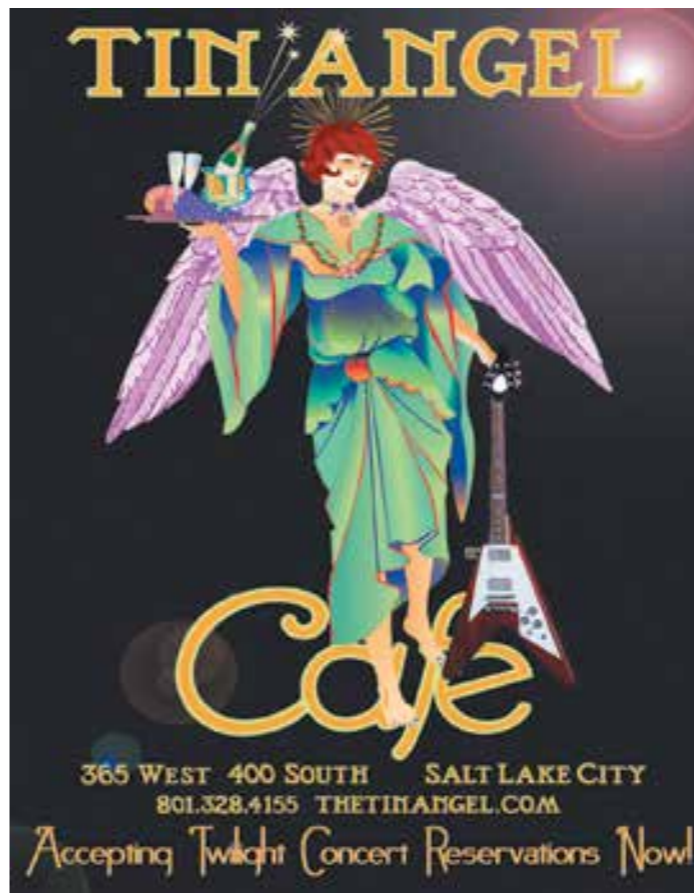
Rick loves seeing people wear out their tires and put miles on their bikes—and the often comical and sometimes tragic stories that come with those miles. As with all families, tragedy will eventually strike, and within the motorcycle community, unfortunately, tragedy seems to strike more frequently. “There’s two types of riders,” Rick says, “those who have crashed and those who will.” Rick admits to at least six different collisions he’s been involved in. Ashlyn tears up when she talks about the friends they’ve lost over the years, and Nick shows me the “burnout” tires on the shop wall that they’ve collected in memoriam of friends lost. “It’s always those left-hand turns,” Ashlyn says, referring to the most common type of car-versus-motorcycle collision, where the car driver either doesn’t see you over their Snapchat or judges your speed incorrectly, introducing their hood to your face. Proper safety gear is never guaranteed to save your life, but your odds sure as hell increase—helmets are a great way to keep your meathead on your tattooed shoulders.

Rick calls motorcycling the tie that binds. “You can have a Mormon next to a murderer and it won’t matter,” he says. Stop by the shop or check out [dirtyratmotocyco.com](http://dirtyratmotocyco.com) to see some of their work, or just to meet some really cool people.

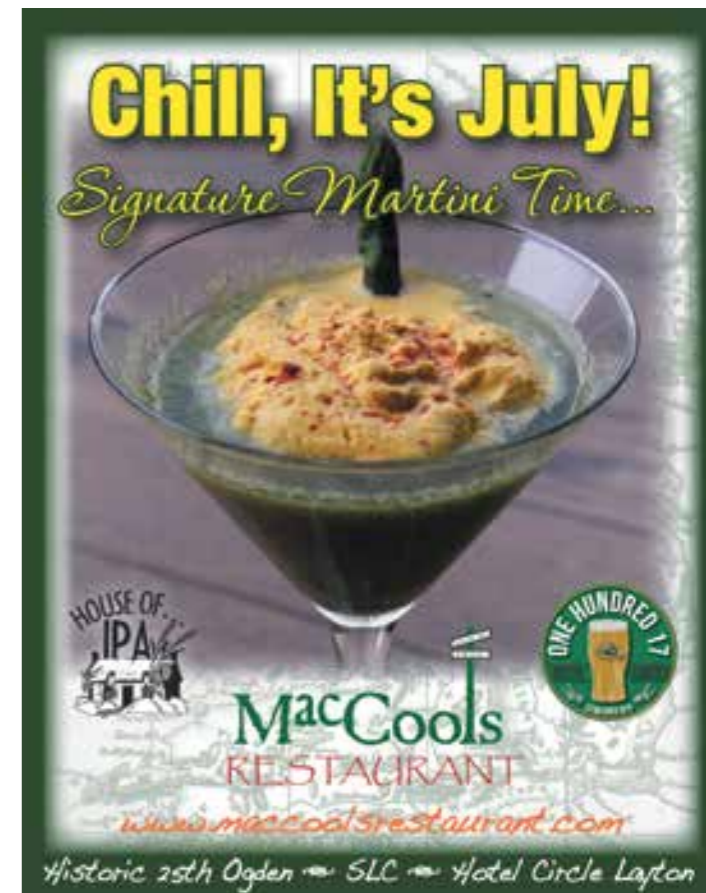


Photo: Russel Daniels

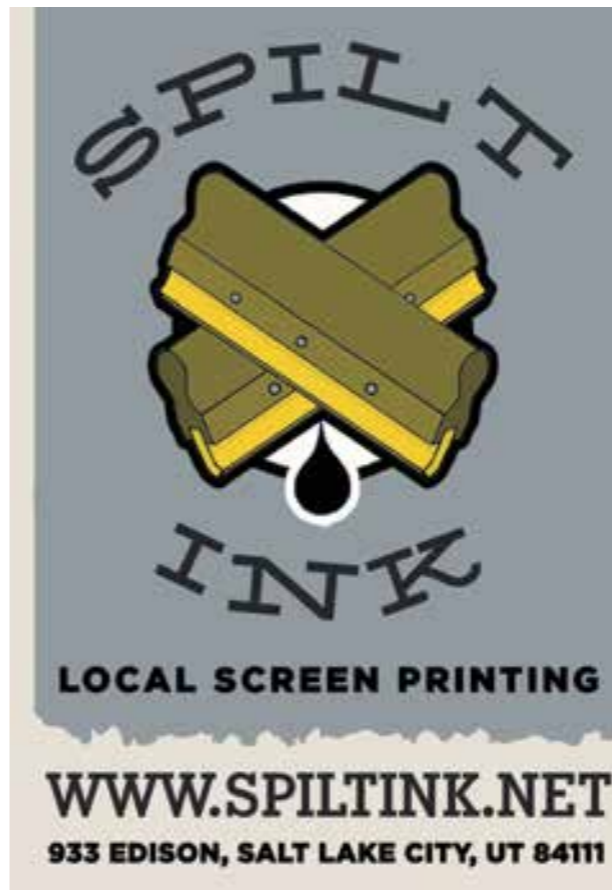
(L-R) Dirty Rats Mike Negley, Teagan and Devin White, Nick Kennedy and Ashlyn and Rick White are the tight-knit moto family of the Dirty Rat Moto Cyco shop.



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By Jordan Deveraux • tomjordan21@gmail.com



Photo: Weston Colton.com

I was ordering tea and a dainty little slice of raspberry crème cake when Caleb Orton swaggered into the *Salt Lake Roasting Co.* With his son, **Otto**, in the crook of his arm, he rushed into the bathroom to change a dirty diaper, asking for a stiff cup of coffee. For a guy that juggles parenthood, double-shifts at the *Porcupine Pub & Grill* and a skating acumen that's almost without parallel, he seems to do it all with little effort.

In case you don't know him, Orton is a giant in the Skate of Utah. He may have possibly been spawned from the blood and cum of the god of the sky—he's got skills. He has been hooked up by some big names in skateboarding, including stunts with Element as well as Tum Yeto—related flowships. Orton can boast of video appearances in the double digits—I've seen a lot of them, and they're all killer. He's the type of guy with a big enough bag of flip tricks to string a line without having to jump down anything—I counted 10 heelflip and kickflip variations in a line he filmed for *Weast Infection*—and the line between his switch and regular tricks gets blurry. But he can jump down sets—see the nollie laser flip down the seven-stair for his banger in the same video.

With all that's on his plate, Orton has only Sundays to really go out and skate, but his intensity is still in the red. Regarding what's been on his mind skate-wise: "I've been watching a lot of **Aaron Homoki**, so I've been trying to jump off shit," he says. "I wanna look for rooftops. ... My knees aren't broken yet." His vigor—and, dare I say, luck—could be genetic, after all. Orton comes from a hardy stock of Mormon Pioneers, one of whom—a grandmother of his—got frostbite in both legs and had to get them amputated with a meat cleaver.



:: Caleb Orton, dumptruck. ::

Photo: Niels Jensen

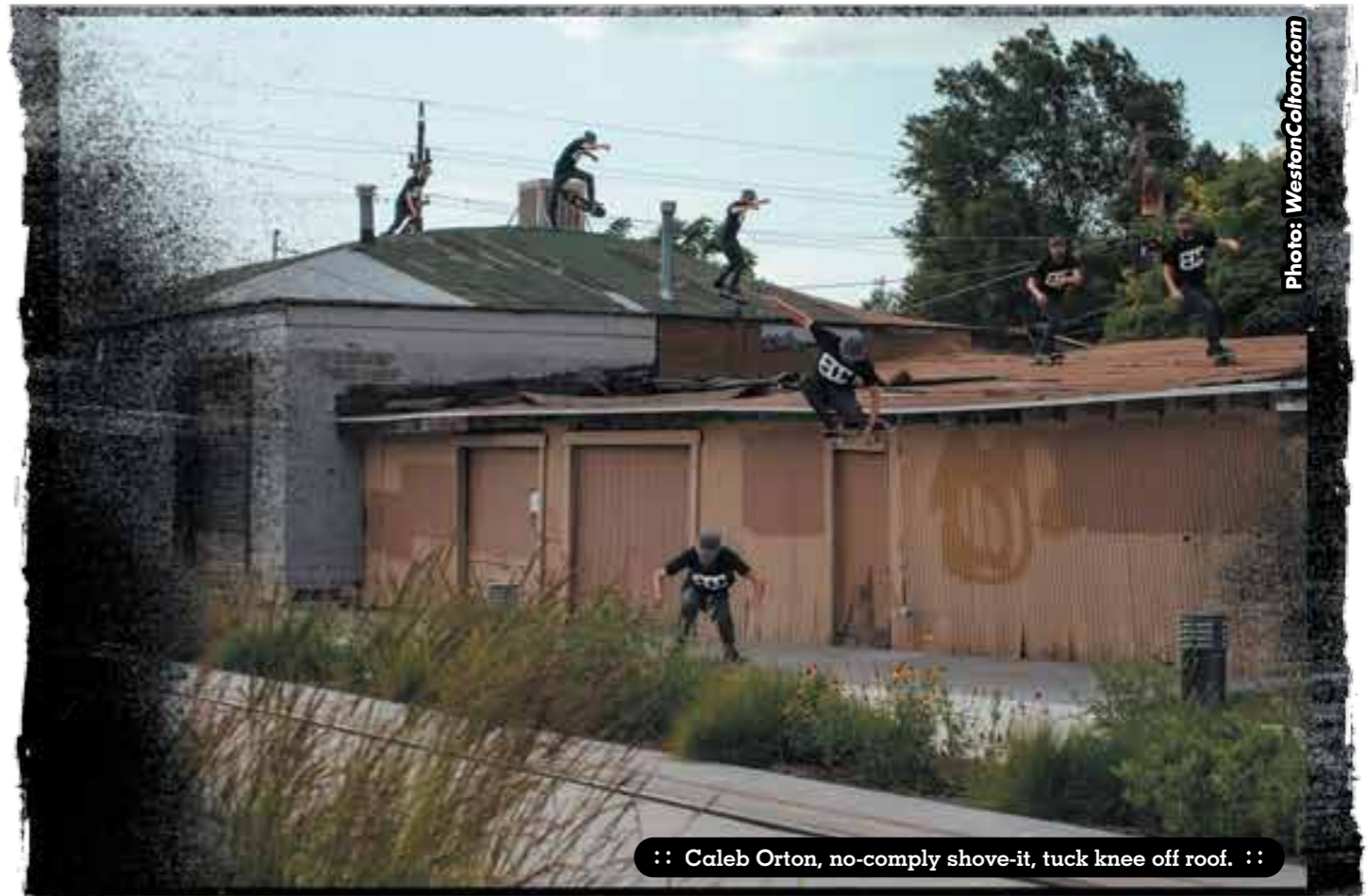
She raised kids hobbling around on her knees on a dirt floor. As to whether she wore shoes on her nubs, he says, "I don't believe so, man. I think she was just that hard." Maybe his own indestructible knees have Grammy to thank.

Some years back, Orton took his passion for skateboarding to the Golden State to try his luck. Like so many other talented skateboarders from Utah, the curse of Southern California befell him, and he broke his wrist. He was unable to work the job he had out there, but he still managed to keep skating until the well dried up, cutting the L-cast from his arm with a butter knife. "I'm sure it'll be jacked when I'm older, but so will every other bone in my body," Orton says.

He returned to Salt Lake after living in San Diego for around eight months from 2006 to '07. Since being back home, he has put out full parts

in *Weast: Better than Some, Worse than Most* and *Four Down*—some of his best skating. He told me about some of his early years skateboarding in the valley and nearby areas, and he remembers skating *Wednesday Night Jams* at *Classic Skating*. "You could see all the dope skateboarders from back in the day, like those dirty Hessian dudes," he says. "It was before I knew who any of them were, but it was cool, man, to go and see some people just ripping." He also remembers when parks like the *Farmington Skatepark*, an abomination of janky rails and cement, was one of the few on the map.

Orton has seen the local skateboarding community change a lot from its humble beginnings. "Lots of spots have come and gone," he says. "It's a canvas. It's cool to get out of town and go skate other stuff, but I definitely dig Salt Lake.... A spot dies [and] a new spot gets made." Over the years, Orton has been involved in more than just the



:: Caleb Orton, no-comply shove-it, tuck knee off roof. ::

Photo: Weston Colton.com



:: Caleb Orton, switch frontside boardslide pop out. ::

Photo: Niels Jensen

Photo: Weston Colton.com

:: Caleb Orton, acid drop to street. ::

"skateboarding side" of skateboarding. Recently, he has helped **Mark Judd**, owner and operator of **After Dark Skateboards**, get the company going, occasionally lending a hand in the shop and managing the budding skate team. "Whoever's interested in skating the best boards out there, hit up Mark," he says. He tells me that After Dark will also be working on a video in which Orton will have a part. In addition to the AD video, Orton plans to film a part for the new *Weast* video. In the meantime, you can catch Orton on Sundays, possibly skating the Public Safety Building on 300 East (a new favorite of his).

Of all of the stuff he's done and all of the stuff he's going to do, nothing seems to matter as much as the time he looks forward to spending with his son, Otto. Among their favorite pastimes are watching *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* and going into the mountains. "Me and Otto go up the canyon all the time—we like to get our toes wet in the river," he says. "Hopefully, when he gets a little bigger, we'll get him a little backpack setup and we can go up to the Uintas and just walk off into nothing for the weekend."

At the close of the interview, we smoked a cigarette outside the café and watched a train of people in splashy clothes and resplendent accessories wave signs pronouncing their individuality. It was the beginning of the *Pride* festivities. Most of the best minds agree that individuality is one of the most important things to possess. When I asked Orton what he likes most about skateboarding, he told me this: "No one's [style] is gonna look like anyone else's. It makes skateboarding an aesthetic, a very beautiful thing." With the great minds, then, Orton agrees.

# COURSE CORRECTION

By Ricky Vigil  
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"Humans hate change—they don't accept it even 10 years later," Coliseum guitarist and vocalist **Ryan Patterson** says. For nearly 20 years, Patterson has been making various forms of punk rock with the likes of **National Acrobat**, **Breather Resist**, **Black Cross** and **Black God** among others, but it's the early **Motörhead-meets-Discharge** material of Coliseum—who play *Kilby Court* July 26—that he seems to be most remembered for. "The history of the band is kind of a ball and chain that you drag around," Patterson says. "Sometimes it feels like a legacy, and you're treated with a certain reverence because you've been around so long, and that feels great, but other times, you're like, 'Jesus, I wish we could just be accepted on [our] own merits.'"

The band's new album, *Anxiety's Kiss*, is receiving loads of positive press—partly because it is so disparate from the band's early material, even if Coliseum haven't written a D-beat song for more than five years. "Most hardcore bands break up after a couple years, and most probably should," Patterson says. "Something about

how visceral that music is kind of makes it temporary, and I don't think that's bad—those blasts of energy are best executed in a quick manner," Patterson says. "That's why *Goddamage* is so well loved—it's only 15 minutes. If we had been trying to replicate those 15 minutes for 10 years, it would've been really sad. You can have those 15 minutes—we're moving on."

Beginning with 2010's *House With a Curse*, Patterson and Coliseum ditched the breakneck speed of their early material in favor of dark, moody post-punk. The grit, heavy riffs and Patterson's gruff voice remained intact, but the addition of drummer **Carter Wilson** gave Coliseum a groove it never had before, allowing Patterson to explore the esoteric aspects of the band's sound. After years of a revolving-door lineup, the addition of **Kayhan Vaziri** on bass for 2013's *Sister Faith*, as well as the guidance of legendary producer **J. Robbins**, further cemented the current sound of Coliseum. "Having this steady lineup of these guys is amazing," Patterson says. "It's not a struggle like it was for a lot of years. There is a lot more conceptually going on with

the band, and I've learned a lot more about what I want to do and what I want to represent, what I want to hear in music and how to approach my instrument and songwriting and my voice."

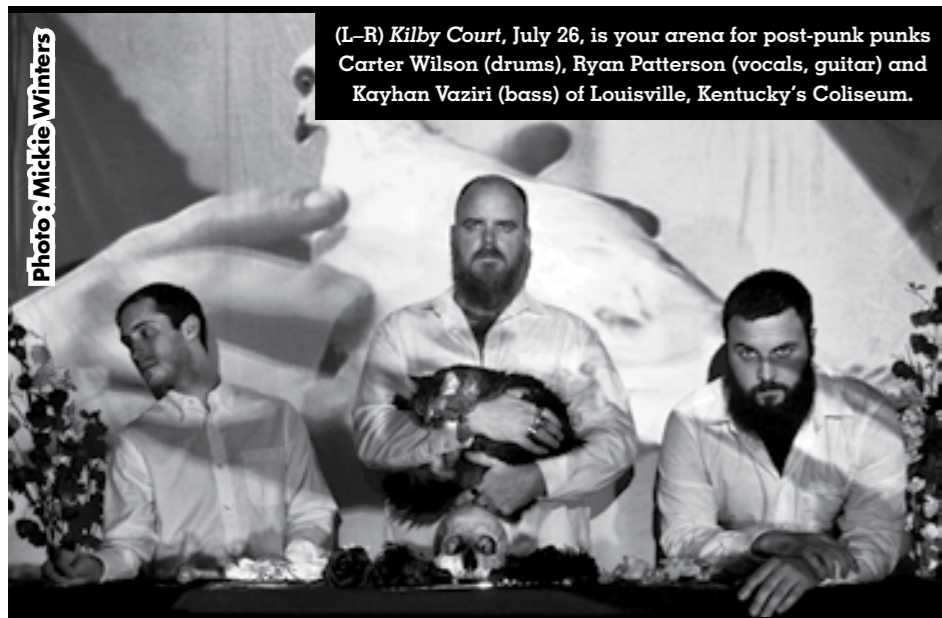
*Anxiety's Kiss* displays Coliseum as more comfortable with their sound than ever before, deeply indebted to bands like **Killing Joke** and on the same plane as like-minded contemporary post-punk punks **Ceremony** and **Cold Cave**. Subtle synthesizers provide a constant fuzz under Patterson's stabbing guitar, and Wilson and Vaziri create solid, tense rhythms for Patterson's vocals to work over—J. Robbins even provides guitar on one track. Even the cover artwork is a step away from the traditional Coliseum aesthetic of Patterson's blown-out digital collages, featuring a stark, creepy photo of the band. "You wouldn't expect us to have a photo of ourselves on a record cover, and that's why we wanted to do it," Patterson says. "I wanted it to be odd and mysterious. I felt that there's a timelessness to it—the photography doesn't really look modern. It helps to push myself as a person who struggles with my own insecurities, so to have yourself on the cover of a record is a challenge."

Even with all this forward momentum, Coliseum has also been known to pay homage to their past, first by re-releasing their landmark EP *Goddamage* in 2012 via **Temporary Residence Limited** and reissuing their classic debut album last year on **Deathwish**. Patterson is a longtime friend of Deathwish head honcho **Jacob Bannon**, booking his band **Converge** on various Louisville shows over the past 15 years and releasing a Coliseum 7" on Deathwish in 2009. Much like Deathwish, Coliseum is a forward-thinking entity, pushing the boundaries of punk and shaping into something greater than where it started. "Deathwish is known for having a deep connection to the hardcore scene, but they've grown outward from there, so the re-issue was kind of a celebration of our own history and also moving forward with Deathwish," Patterson says.

In addition to reissuing their first album via Deathwish last year, Coliseum played a 10th-anniversary show featuring previous members of the band and also released a special 12" remix version of "Black Magic Punks" from the *Sister Faith* album, featuring remixes by Cold Cave, and members of **Boris** and **Cave In**, among others. All the while, the band was hard at work on *Anxiety's Kiss*. "We did a lot of stuff under the guise of a 10th anniversary, including a 10th-anniversary show with a lot of the old members of the band, but when it was all over, I was so fucking tired of it," Patterson says. "I didn't really want to just talk about the old days, so when it was over I was happy."

With *Anxiety's Kiss*, Coliseum finally seems to have broken away from the specter of their early days. After years of being compared to their first two albums, the world finally seems to realize that the band has grown beyond their crusty roots. Coliseum will perform at *Kilby Court* July 26 with **Arctic Flowers** and locals **La Verkin**.

# COLISEUM



(L-R) *Kilby Court*, July 26, is your arena for post-punk punks Carter Wilson (drums), Ryan Patterson (vocals, guitar) and Kayhan Vaziri (bass) of Louisville, Kentucky's Coliseum.

Photo: Mickie Winters

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“Mystic” Mike Ginsburg steadily prepares the main stage for his upcoming *Mystic Hot Springs Music Festival*, which takes place July 23 through 26 at *Mystic Hot Springs* in Monroe, Utah. A gaggle of geese watch him with apprehensive eyes; *Mystic Hot Springs* guests splish in their bathtubs as they cool themselves from the overhead sun; old Deadhead busses sit quietly as weeds overtake their steel axles.

Mystic Hot Springs will hold the first *Mystic Hot Springs Music Festival* July 23–26.

From an early age, Ginsburg, a Denver native, was enthralled with music and the idea of self-sustainability. These two interests led him to the **Grateful Dead**. Throughout the earlier stages of his life, he traveled in a bus, following the band. One day 19 years ago, as he was returning from a Dead show in Las Vegas, his van broke down just outside of Monroe, Utah. “I was driving home, going past St. George, and my tire blew out,” Ginsburg says. “Then after that was fixed, my engine broke down and we were right next to this little red dot on the map I’d never seen before.” Ginsburg immediately fell in love with the property. Within the same week, he bought the springs, and two months later, he quit his job and moved his family.

When Ginsburg took over the 150-acre estate, there was an overwhelming amount of work to be done. Trucks full of locals would come in the dead of night, drinking and completely ransacking the property. Old appliances sat peacefully, sunbathing in the surrounding fields, and late-19th Century cabins—whose wood bears memories of pioneer times past—leaned more and more to one side each day. Since his arrival, Ginsburg has added a greenhouse—which utilizes steam from the naturally occurring geothermal waters—repu-

posed bathtubs for soaking, and refurbished Grateful Dead busses and old cabins—which are now rented out for guests. The once discarded bathtubs were found slowly eroding on his property, while the busses are a mix between a collection from his travels and Craigslist purchases. Ginsburg is also installing passive solar energy cabins, using large windows, heat-absorbing rocks and geographical placement. “When I first started this project, I thought people from all over would help me,” says Ginsburg. “Everything I’ve done here has been on my own.”

These changes have not been cheap, and Ginsburg has realized that he needed an alternative source of income. “My father always taught me two things about business,” says Ginsburg. “One, never invest more capital than you have, and two, never get emotionally attached. I’ve done both here.” Combining his love of music, traveling and the springs, Ginsburg decided that the best way he could sustain himself was through a music festival.

This is the first year of the *Mystic Hot Springs Music Festival*. There is one main stage and smaller acoustic stages that will be scattered throughout the springs. Artists adept in glass blowing, wood carving and painting will create works onsite. Local and national figures will also be in attendance to give workshops on sustainable businesses, tai chi, yoga and permaculture. Visitors can lodge in the busses and cabins, and can also camp with their own trailers and tents.

Many of the festival’s headliners, such as **Hot Buttered Rum, Animal Liberation Orchestra** and **Head for the Hills**, have

already played at Ginsburg’s property to audiences that range anywhere from just him to a couple hundred people. Ginsburg’s YouTube channel has over 1,000 concert videos and about 1 million views—all recorded and shot in his small onsite living room. The festival is centered around enjoying music, enjoying one another’s company and enjoying oneself. Ginsburg wants to be able to give an experience that will impact lives. The acts at the *Mystic Festival*, as well as the workshops and artists, are all handpicked. All of these forces converge together to make a grand, cohesive event that is applicable to a wide variety of people.

Ginsburg stands tall as he poses for a picture between his once-new Deadhead bus and Nissan Leaf. He makes a comment about the contrast of his visible evolution. His demeanor is soft and subtle, yet there is a driving force that can be easily misunderstood at first glance. “Out here, there are no distractions,” he says. “The work and silence either free you or crush you.” Through his evolution and having to face himself, Ginsburg has learned a lot. “I just feel that I have gotten to the point where I can start teaching,” he says. “Being out here, you figure out how to listen and learn. Now I want to share that.” His knowledge, whether it will be in gardening, music, film or business, coupled with his understanding and patience, are grand things to share. “Whether 10 or 5,000 people come,” Ginsburg says, “either way, I’m going to have fun.”

# LETTING THE GOODTIMES ROLL

## 15 YEARS OF INKING SLC

By Allison Shephard  
allshephard@gmail.com

When it comes to tattooing the community, *GoodTimes Tattoo* has not only been around for 15 years—making it one of Salt Lake’s more seasoned tattoo shops—but it has also continually produced high-quality tattoos throughout its existence. With a brand-new location on 1249 S. 900 E., the folks at *GoodTimes* are hoping to continue to provide great tattoos to Salt Lakers and beyond.

Owner **Colby Burluson** describes the shop’s beginnings simply as a manifestation of his desire to work for himself while also contributing art to the city. “I wanted to create an environment that I would’ve wanted to work in,” he says. “That part hasn’t changed. That’s something that from Day One to now, 15 years later, has stayed the same.”

The core values of *GoodTimes* are to make an enjoyable environment part of the experience. With “front-guy” **Alex Mecham** greeting patrons, the shop also features a varied roster of artists, including **Al Martinez, Alex Guy, Alex Hinton, Alexander Jay Martinez, Ben Martinez, Clint Marvin, Danny Madsen** and **Kyle Olsen**, each of whom add a different style to the shop. “The same idea approached by two different artists is going to be executed in two different ways,” says Al Martinez. “The diversity in this shop is really cool.”

Passion and a multifaceted approach are recurring themes that are visible in each member of the shop. They take pride in dedicating themselves to each tattoo that they do, regardless of style. “I do think that is one of the things from *GoodTimes* that people, hopefully, have come to know: the shop as a place that they can get a little bit of any style,” says Burluson. Committed to versatility, the artists are always looking for opportunities to try new ideas and work with complicated concepts. “When someone asks us, ‘Which artist would be good for this?’ it’s super hard because we’d all be disappointed to miss out on an opportunity to do a killer tattoo,” says Hinton.

Part of what has allowed *GoodTimes*’ continued growth is their conscious effort to stay current in the industry. “We’ve seen tattooing evolve and progress,” says Burluson. “The tattooing atmosphere and the tattoo scenes in Utah are really good. There are a lot of really talented people here doing tattoos, and it’s elevated the overall tattoo culture in Utah. We’ve been able to stay current and continue to work on our craft. It’s a never-ending process.” In fact, the artists strive to continually better themselves, which allows them to grow as artists and as people. “The day that I don’t care or the day that I stop improving

or being thirsty for knowledge is the day that I stop tattooing—because at that point, I can no longer see a point in doing it,” says Burluson.

The guys at *GoodTimes* constantly strive to be the best that they can be, and they remain open to inspiration from the outside world and clients alike. The general consensus seemed to be that the best source for inspiration and creativity was from each other. “The guys I work with inspire me daily, and I’ve been doing this for 20 years. They probably have as much influence over me as anybody,” says Burluson.

The move from their previous Downtown location—one that they had resided in for over 10 years—to the Sugarhouse area has been a major move on their part in regard to growing their business. With such a big move comes an even bigger sense of motivation and urge to excel within their craft. “We all work so hard,” says Hinton. “That’s what keeps our shop moving. We’ve got a lot of self-motivated people here, and everyone aspires to be the best they can be. That’s one of the things that really makes our shop special.” It is this dedication to the art and to their clients that has allowed *GoodTimes* to prosper for such a long time—they have weathered an unpredictable economy and a well-saturated industry, all while increasing their already expansive knowledge of the

industry and simultaneously giving life to their clients’ ideas. “We all really love tattooing, and we all want to see the best in it, and that’s what’s so awesome about our shop. When we love it, our clients know we love it, and they want to love it too,” says Hinton.

The new location offers the guys at *GoodTimes* the opportunity to connect not only with their clientele, but also with surrounding local businesses. “We’re next to businesses that we’ve supported for a really long time. We don’t do piercings, and *Koi* doesn’t do tattoos, so it’s been really great,” says Hinton. The outside of the shop includes a community bulletin board where citizens can post flyers or other information about local events.

At the end of the day, the fellas at *GoodTimes* just love their clients as well as the opportunity to make visions come to life and treat each tattoo as a chance to learn more about their trade.

Be sure to check out the shop’s Instagram, [@goodtimes\\_tattoo](#), or stop by their new location in Sugarhouse. They will have an open house on July 19—it starts at noon and goes all day—to celebrate their 15 years of tattooing Salt Lake City.

The crew at *GoodTimes Tattoo* has been contributing quality body art to SLC for over 15 years.



Photo: Matthew Windsor

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(L-R) Michael Sanders and Kate Wheadon raise a kitschy mug for the occasion of the Urban Flea Market's five-year anniversary.

Photo: John Barkiple

# The Urban Flea Market: Salt Lake's Sunday Gem

By Kia McGinnis • [kiaginnny@gmail.com](mailto:kiaginnny@gmail.com)

If you're guilty of spending glaze-eyed hours perusing Etsy and Pinterest, the time has come to attend the real-life, local version of online shopping—and you won't even have to hashtag vintage. The *Urban Flea Market*—held one Sunday a month, May through October from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.—has everything from antique goods to bohemian clothing, all provided by Salt Lake artists, makers and thrifters. Curated by **Kate Wheadon** of *KRCL 90.9 FM* and **Michael Sanders** of *Now & Again*, the market is in its fifth season and has hit a sweet spot. "It's not too big, and it's not too small," says Wheadon. As longtime friends and now business partners, the duo combines their individual tastes to create a well-rounded market. Sanders says, laughing, "Everyone and their sister-in-law comes out and sells a bunch of junk. It's really awesome, and we have a great time."

Influenced by the New York and L.A. style of inner-city parking lot markets, the *Urban Flea* is held Downtown on 600 South and Main Street. "When I moved to Salt Lake [from NYC], I asked, 'Where are the flea markets?' and realized there weren't any," Sanders says. Likewise, Wheadon found that she missed the markets of California and wanted to bring flea to Salt Lake: "I thought it would be a great way for people to come together," she says. With nearly 80 vendors participating in the most recent *Urban Flea* and an ever-growing crowd of market-goers, it certainly facilitates a meeting ground for both those selling treasures and those hunting for them. The vendors are not organized into categories so that browsing through the market is

an authentic searching experience where one could stumble into any number of handmade or vintage goods—whether it be sock monkeys or spoon rings.

The atmosphere of the *Urban Flea* is more intimate than a larger craft fair or farmers market but with just as much exciting energy. It is held in a tree-lined parking lot and is just the right size to browse. "People like to be there enjoying the experience, searching for that thing, finding it, picking it up and being wowed by it," says Wheadon. Walking through the market, you will likely come across irresistible vendors such as *Luna Dust*—who features a dreamy collection of vintage Western and desert-inspired clothing, furniture and knick-knacks. It doesn't so much matter which booths you end up exploring, as each one has something worth taking a look at.

Wheadon and Sanders work hard to create an environment that is fun and fulfilling, providing amenities such as food trucks and music DJed by *KRCL's Brad Wheeler* in addition to the wide variety of shopping. The most recent market did so well that the *Chow Truck* ran completely out of food, and the nearest coffee shop to the venue was depleted of their entire stock of coffee. This success is welcome as it is boosting local businesses, creating healthy relationships and ensuring that each booth is able to make a profit. "We like our vendors to be happy," Sanders says. As curators, Wheadon and Sanders do everything in their power to make *Urban Flea* affordable for vendors, charging an extremely low fee per mar-

ket, which goes directly to paying for the space. The market is also free of admission, which is another way of supporting vendors and providing a valuable community event for Salt Lake City.

"We started the market because we love it," says Wheadon. "We don't do it to make money; we do it to provide resources for people. It is an opportunity for people to support their families, their hobbies and their art." As they've reached their ideal capacity of vendors, the hope is that the growth and momentum of the market will continue in terms of community.

One way that *Urban Flea* has connected to Salt Lake on a larger scale is by featuring a different animal rescue with each market. Wheadon has worked with these organizations for many years and says, "I just want to highlight some of the rescues we have in our community." Market-goers are invited to bring gently used, clean sheets and towels to be donated to the *Wildlife Rehabilitation Center of Northern Utah* and can also look forward to being able to gander at cute pets while getting their thrifting in.

With that in mind, there's no reason to mope about wondering what to do on a Sunday in Salt Lake City any longer. Whether you're in the market for something specific or just enjoy the search, you won't leave empty-handed. Check out [fleamarketslc.com](http://fleamarketslc.com) for more information about the event and vendors, and be sure to check out this year's markets on July 12, Aug. 9, Sept. 13 and Oct. 11.

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# LUCIFER

## LUCIFER'S GRASP CLUTCHES SLC

By Madi Smith • [m.madelinesmith@gmail.com](mailto:m.madelinesmith@gmail.com)

**Johanna Sadonis** channels her spiritual essence into a rising beast—one that thrives on the creative brainwaves and talents of fellow musicians **Gaz Jennings**, **Dino Gollnick** and **Andrew Prestidge**. The combined efforts summon a formative master that shall soon take the world by a storm of hellfire—the doom metal master, Lucifer. The band's Salt Lake City debut will rattle the walls of *The Complex* on Aug. 7.

Sadonis' musical journey originated in the realm of black metal, and as the sands of time gradually eroded away the rough edges, she came to embrace the smoother sounds of heavy metal. Her previous brainchild, the New Wave of British Heavy Metal (NWOBHM) band **The Oath**, met an early demise in 2014. In only a few months' time, her love for creating music inspired the formation of a beast of a slightly different nature. "My concept for Lucifer was to put more weight onto my influences of heavy rock music from the 1970s and doom," Sadonis says. "I wanted Lucifer to be more eclectic, defined and deeper—less raw."

Lucifer combine the power of Jennings' memorable, crushing doom riffs with Sadonis' unmistakably powerful, pristine voice. Sadonis seldom uses gruff delivery and focuses instead on interlacing harmonies that carry the listener through each song. She takes advantage of her range and varies her melodies verse to verse to ensure an intriguing listening experience. Lucifer's lyrics relate to magic, death and other occult themes, and Sadonis reflects her spirituality and belief in duality through imagery and metaphors. "The inspiration comes from within," she says. "The lyrics are very personal. Certain episodes and key figures of my life are represented by images, metaphors and symbolic figures."

The band's logo is strikingly reminiscent of that of **Rush**, and their sound is stylistically founded on sounds from classic acts such as **Black Sabbath** and **Deep Purple**—influences similar to The Oath. However, that's not to say that Lucifer are a re-imagining of Sadonis' past endeavor. "From the beginning, Lucifer was meant to be an entity of its own," Sadonis says. "The music you hear is what naturally flows out of us as musicians. Sure, certain elements and influences shine through, but they remain just that—influences that are channeled through you. You should always find your own language as a musician."

When Lucifer's talents are united, they forge a refreshing blast from the past. Jennings deviates from the melodically barren landscape of other modern stoner doom guitarists, combining ripping guitar solos with pounding rhythms. Gollnick's meaty bass tone fills out the sound and almost makes you forget there's only one guitar. Prestidge's drum fills beef up a song, especially accented by his mighty use of crash cymbals. "Music runs in our blood," Sadonis says, "and you can tell, when we are in a room together playing, that this is where all of us want to be."

In the early stages of Lucifer's creations, Sadonis had both Gollnick and Prestidge—the current drummer for the legendary NWOBHM band **Angel Witch** and former throne sitter for the fantastic NWOBHM ensemble **Tytan**—in mind for Lucifer's rhythm section. "Andy played with me in The Oath already, so



Photo: Ester Segarra

**Lucifer's shadow looms on the horizon: Dino Gollnick (bass), Johanna Sadonis (vocals) and Andrew Prestidge (drums) will make their Utah debut at The Complex on Aug. 7**

I knew what a killer drummer he is, and the same goes for Dino, who actually was in the talks to become the bassist of The Oath back then," Sadonis says. Although Sadonis opened the gates with a clear vision of Lucifer's sound in mind, Jennings, formerly of doom stalwarts **Cathedral** and current guitarist for heavy metallers **Death Penalty**, loaned his unique style of playing to elevate Sadonis' initial concept to a higher plane. Sadonis says their debut full-length album, *Lucifer I*, would never be what it is without him.

Released by **Rise Above Records** on May 25, *Lucifer I* was conceived in both Jennings' London home and Sadonis' home city of Berlin. "Gaz and I wrote the entire album by sending files back and forth between each other's little home studios until we had finished demos of the songs," Sadonis says. A week before recording the album, the full band met up in Berlin to spend a few days rehearsing prior to entering the studio. The band routinely convenes in either London or Berlin for both recording and show rehearsals.

Vinyl pressings and packages are soon to come. "We will have several different versions of the album released on vinyl," Sadonis says, "including two different diehard editions that come with extra 7"s, including two bonus tracks plus a few extra gimmicks: an Angel Witch and a **Rattles** cover."

The band showcased their new material in Berlin when opening for **Pentagram** in the end of May, and Sadonis says supporting the U.S. doom metal pioneers was amazing. "They are one of our big influences. **Bobby [Liebling]** watched our show standing first row, and our bands ended up hanging out until 6 in the morning. It was a memorable night!" Lucifer looks forward to spreading their shadowy grasp on the road. The heat of July will accompany the searing hellfire that Lucifer is set to unleash on America with **High on Fire** and **Pallbearer** on a month-long tour. They will take Salt Lake City by storm at *The Complex* on Aug. 7, followed by their first London gig.

Keep a steady eye on the horizon and beware the lurking evil. Magicks shall soon fill the air, preceded by Sadonis' soaring vocals dancing on the furious wind. The time has come—master Lucifer has arrived.

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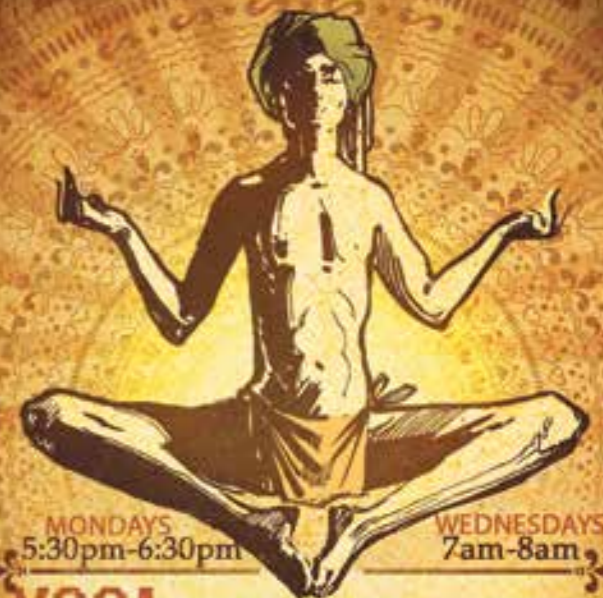
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# CREATING A NEW WORLD

By Julia Sachs  
juliasachs801@gmail.com



(Top, L-R) Cody Layton, Trevor Williams, Ether Stern, Jes Stobaugh, (Bottom, L-R) Camille Overmoe, Chad Wing and Bobby Ward comprise some of the New World Presents team.

About a year ago, a friend of mine invited me to a new party at *Photo Collective Studios* called *Deep Space*, hosted by a group of friends who called themselves **New World Presents**—college-age burners with a vision to create a fulfilling and inspiring environment for themselves and their peers to enjoy. What I arrived at was a perfect combination of everything I wanted in an organized party: creative people coming together to present futuristic deep house paired with all-original art, intricate lighting features and a laid-back environment where yoga and techno met in the middle. Sage burned as massive dreamcatchers or glowing planets hung from the ceiling while people mingled, danced and hung out. This wasn't a club scene anyone was used to, but people were genuinely excited about the event they were at. With local vendors, artists, musicians and proud weirdos stomping around, each New World event is more of a catalyst for creative thinking than an average night out. Now, New World is preparing for their first desert music festival to be held in early August in Beaver, Utah: *Lunar Transit Festival*.

After *Deep Space*, New World permanently moved their parties to *The Fallout*—a warehouse art space on 600 W. 625 S.—where they would become monthly events. The echoing but relaxed sounds of the techno and deep house that their DJs spin follow the theme of space exploration and aliens, creating a futuristic and mysterious vibe that is still mellow enough to enjoy from the couch. The parties last from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. and cost between \$10 and \$15, depending on what time you arrive (the earlier the cheaper). "I think the initial spark [of the New World parties] was the weekend hitting, and us turning to each other and going, 'There is nothing fun or cool to do this weekend—why don't we just start our own [parties]?' " says **Chad Wing**, one of the production designers and DJs involved in New World. "It turned out a lot of people were waiting for something fresh like that to come around, too."

It wasn't just music and a refreshing environment that took New World to the level it's reached, though—it was the sense of a radically inclusive

community. "I feel like we target a lot of different people," says **Ether Stern**, a contributing artist with New World who has also worked with local gender performance group **The Bad Kids Collective**. Each event attracts new and different people. In their "cuddle puddle," an area of the party filled with couches and mattresses that are adorned in Balinese tapestries, you'll see people from different social scenes mingling and dancing together. "New World is a canvas on which people project whatever they want to express creatively," says resident visual artist and musician **Jes "Crystalres" Stobaugh**. **Cody "Red Spectral" Layton**, another resident DJ, considers New World a sanctuary for those who don't identify with the norms of what's considered "sacred" in Utah. "If we're being honest, we live in a theocracy here in Salt Lake, and I find that environments like that create a very vibrant counterculture," he says.

Over the last few parties, New World has been bringing in musicians from around the country to perform at their shows. **Bobby Ward** is responsible for booking, creating visual content and securing venues and promotions, with Wing also helping to manifest the vision for what they want to present. Their last *Fallout* event featured the Los Angeles-based **DJ Sabo**, who is involved with international collectives like **Robot Heart**, a deep house and techno production company with large ties to events like *Burning Man*. "We were [initially] just kind of channeling our favorite music from these big artists, but now that we're [also] getting the opportunity to book artists that we respect and we think people in Salt Lake should be exposed to, we're all for it," says Wing.

For New World's upcoming *Lunar Transit Festival*—the first outdoor camping festival put on by New World,

inspired by festivals like *Lightning In A Bottle* and *Burning Man*—they're merging both local and national acts. "The music you hear [at our warehouse shows] will be a majority of what you'll hear at [*Lunar Transit*]," says Wing. "We're bringing a top-tier Funktion-One sound system, the kind you would hear at big, high-quality music festivals with great musical acts," says Wing, who designs and builds the stage for both the parties and festival appearances. This year, the group participated in *Building Man*, *Element-11* and, in collaboration with the **Jenkstars**, *Electric Forest*, which is held annually by **Insomniac**, the same group responsible for *Electric Daisy Carnival*.

*Lunar Transit* will offer activities like yoga, art and spirituality workshops, and mountain biking at the *Eagle Point Resort* near Beaver, Utah. Wing says, "We wanted to build the momentum in Salt Lake of getting people to come out over a weekend and learn with each other and have a real community be established rather than a six- or seven-hour party where the music is so loud, all you can really do is dance."

The *Lunar Transit Festival* will be held Aug. 7–9 in Beaver, Utah, and tickets are now on sale at [eventbrite.com](http://eventbrite.com) starting at \$60 for general admission and an additional \$35 for camping. To find out about upcoming shows, check out [newworldpresents.com](http://newworldpresents.com) or peep [facebook.com/newworldpresents](https://www.facebook.com/newworldpresents) for information. If you're interested in collaborating with New World, contact them at [info@lunartransit.com](mailto:info@lunartransit.com). "If you're passionate and want to get involved, then please do contact us," says resident DJ **Trevor "Eights Everywhere" Williams**.

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# SKATE CONTEST

SLUG held the first contest of the 16th annual Summer of Death skate series on Saturday, June 20, at Banzai Skatepark in Lindon, Utah. Congratulations to Summer of Death 1st Place champion **Parley Southworth**! Visit [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com) for a recap and an exclusive photo gallery, and stay tuned for details about Summer of Death: Roughside, which happens Sept. 12.



(1) Jack Massey (3rd Place), wallride on the tombstone. (2) Parley Southworth (1st Place), nose blunt bomb drop from the railing. (3) Josh Meyer (2nd Place), blunt stall shove-it. (4) Elijah Schmidt (4th Place), backside boneless. Thanks to this contest's sponsors: Banzai Skatepark, The Blue Plate Diner, Board of Provo, iNi Cooperative, Milosport, Monster Energy, Saga Outerwear and Salty Peaks.

Photos: [WestonColton.com](http://WestonColton.com)

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Midsummer 2007, I received a phone call from **Harv Hallas**, tour manager for Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, asking me to jump on to the last leg of the band's monumental *Baby 81* tour. It was a baptism by fire as I attempted to manage merch sales and act as ambassador to the increasing number of fans who followed the band throughout stretches of the tour. Two months soon stretched into eight months. These were some of the most rewarding and challenging times—not only in my life but also in the life of the band. Crew and lineup changes were the tip of the iceberg; the road yet traveled would bring greater challenges and losses.

The band will return to Utah for the *Twilight Concert Series* at Pioneer Park on July 23. I've kept in touch with them over the years, primarily with bassist/guitarist/vocalist **Robert Been**. In time, our talk shifts from how the recent horrors of the world are conveyed in such a way that we might as well be talking about last night's episode of *Game of Thrones*, to the influence of politics in his writing.

In Been's teens, however, those feelings didn't tend to be very political. "When I first started playing guitar, I was just in love with the feeling," he says. "It was innocently stumbling into something that was an artistic expression of all the different feelings that were going on inside of me." At that time, there wasn't a war turning young men into cadavers. As Been grew older, his interests inevitably changed.

"In my early 20s, I started writing angsty, youthful, idealistic [songs] about this and that," he says, "drunk on the power of youthful, anarchistic music, thinking we could change anything." Been still thinks music can change the world—he's just disheartened with the generation he'd be preaching to. "I don't know whether it's needed or wanted [or] whether I give a shit at all about what anyone else thinks," he says.

Experience naturally changes the focus of an artist's work, and Been is leery of artists who don't evolve. "I don't trust artists that only write political songs or ones that never really say a fucking thing that is political or dangerous," he says. "It's all about the things that ebb and change, just like anyone growing up."

Though the topics may change, Been isn't certain that writing has become easier. He only knows that the process is always evolving and that the expectations he puts on himself have heightened. "We're throwing in some older, older songs, and there are a lot of elements that I'm in awe of," he says. "They came so naturally without any interference of thought, but then there are other parts that I would never be able to live with anymore. If I could write them again, I would definitely write them better."

This sort of thought might be somewhat shocking to those who consider the band's first two albums to be the pinnacle of their career. "Some people might just want it to be simple, dumb rock n' roll, which is great, but we need more to get off lyrically now," Been says.

Last October, drummer **Leah Shapiro** announced that she needed brain surgery to treat a Chiari malformation and that the recovery would require her to stop playing the drums for several months. We've often joked

# DESTINATION DESOLATION: BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB

By Ryan Michael Painter • Twitter: @ryanMpainter



Photo: James Minchin

(L-R) Black Rebel Motorcycle Club's Peter Hayes, Robert Been and Leah Shapiro return to Salt Lake City for the *Twilight Concert Series* on July 23.

about the BRMC curse, that every album has to have its own tragedy or hardship. "The best thing about curses is that you start getting used to them," Been says. "You start to laugh a bit more than cry when they happen."

Been points out that without the difficulties, the various albums would inevitably have formed differently. Each experience has, in its own way, defined what the band is: being forced to record *Howl* without original drummer **Nick Jago**; or recording with Shapiro, who influenced a change in the way the group wrote the music; or the impact of the death of Been's father on *Specter at the Feast*; or Shapiro's brain surgery during the latest writing sessions. "I don't cash in as soon as something bad happens because I'm starting to learn that those unexpected turns can [result] in some of the best things that we've done," he says.

With Shapiro sidelined, Been and guitarist/vocalist **Peter Hayes** have used a completely different approach to writing material for the next record. "Rather than making the studio the last step in the process, we made it the first," says Been. With numerous tracks already written, the band now has to decide

if the acoustic tracks should be rearranged as full-band productions with a drum kit added after the fact, or if they should remain the way they are.

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club play the *Twilight Concert Series* on July 23. Been says that, unlike in the past, the band won't be playing the bulk of the new material at upcoming shows. He's considering performing one track acoustically, knowing that the album version will probably be a radically different, full-band arrangement. As for the new album, Been suggests it's a year away.

Dusk threatens as the conversation shifts. But before he goes, Been, like the wise older brother he's always been, offers a bit of advice: "Keep the fires burning," he says, "and if you haven't seen **The Kills**, you should really check out their Salt Lake show." The Kills will play the *Twilight Concert Series* on Aug. 6. Keep up to date with Black Rebel Motorcycle Club at [blackrebelmotorcycle.com](http://blackrebelmotorcycle.com).



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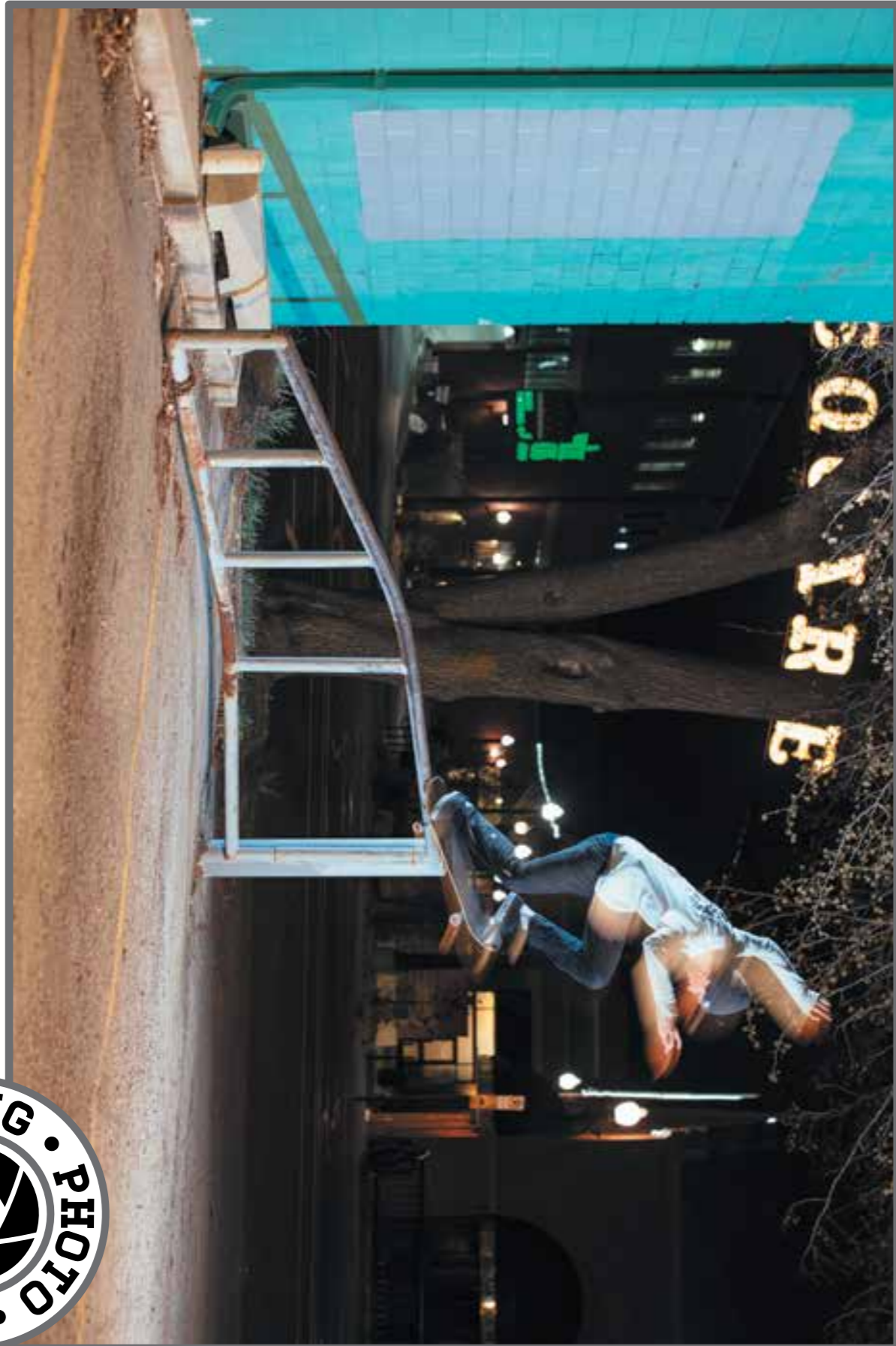
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I was lucky enough to shoot with **Ryan Lay** while he was in Utah a couple of months back. He has an eye for unique spots and a nollie reminiscent of **Paulo Diaz**. This is my favorite shot I got with him: keeping it classic with an **Anthony Pappalardo**-esque backside 50-50 in SLC.

By **Weston Colton**  
[WestonColton.com](http://WestonColton.com)

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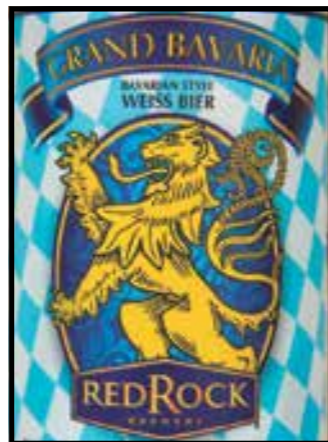
## BEER REVIEWS



By Mike Riedel  
alegeek@gmail.com

July beers are all about drinkability. Sure, have a big, malty barleywine on occasion, but when the heat is on, your body will quickly split with your mind, and it's gonna want something a bit more drinkable and hydrating. Damn near every beer style out there has a lighter, quenchable subcategory that will keep your body and mind in sync as the summer heat takes hold. Here is a great trio of very different but pleasing summertime beers that are just what the proverbial doctor ordered.

**Grand Bavarian Weissbier**  
Brewery/Brand:  
**Red Rock Brewing Co.**  
ABV: 5.0%  
Serving Style: 500 ml. bottle



Poured from the bottle, this hazy, golden-honey beer looks to have a heart of copper in the middle of it as it sits in its hefeweizen-style glassware. There's an impossibly large and puffy crown of foam on top that shows no sign of giving up its perch as well. It's a beauty of a beer to behold. The nose is loaded with all the clove and banana esters—some wheat and bubblegum as well. The taste starts with big clove smack with some chewy banana drawn out from the traditional German yeast strain. A hint of indefinable citrus creeps in next, amid loads of doughy wheat bread. The end has a nice bit of grass and hay bitterness that keeps the beer from becoming overly sweet. The finish is spicy, chewy and doughy.

**Overview:** This is a very good representation of what a Bavarian weissbier should be. Brewmaster **Kevin Templin** and his crew have created an authentic and respectful interpretation to this uniquely German beer.

**The Kimmie, The Yink & The Holy Gose Ale**  
Brewery/Brand:  
**Anderson Valley Brewing Co.**  
ABV: 4.2%  
Serving Style: 12 oz. can

This beer pours a somewhat hazy golden/yellow color with a head that quickly fades to a foamy film. The nose is mellow with hints of lemon rind and dry wood. The taste starts tart but not overly sour with a nice, lemony punch that is drying and lingering. Next comes a hint of what is best described as toasted wood along with some herbal British or European hops. The end is what makes this beer unique. There is a low to moderate sodium bite that balances out the lemony tartness from the beginning of the palate. It has an almost sea salt quality. The finish is tart, slick and dry.

**Overview:** I find the Gose beer style to be a very refreshing summer option. I think it will work well with a fruity vinaigrette salad or saucy barbeque. If you find yourself to be an active person and need a post-beer quencher, I think you'll find that its low alcohol content and added electrolytes will be a welcome hydrating alternative. Plus, you gotta love the name!

**New Zealand Draught**  
Brewery/Brand:  
**Hoppers Grill & Brewing Co.**  
ABV: 4.0%  
Serving Style: Draft

This beer pours a dark orange/amber color with a fluffy two fingers of foam on top. The nose is flowery with spicy malts and a hint of melon. The taste starts with a bit of toffee malts and toasted bread. Grassy hops begin to take over mid-palate. Beneath the bitter grass, there is a bit of ripe-berry flavors and a touch of melon, creating a nicely complex hop profile. The end is pleasantly dry with just a touch of lingering malt creaminess. The finish is crisp on the tongue.

**Overview:** It's the rarely used (in North America) Rakau hops that really make this beer shine. The variety hails from New Zealand and is full of pine and berry flavors. This seasonal beer has become so popular at *Hoppers* that it is now a full-time tap option. It's definitely worth stopping in to try this unique take on a "Kiwi" pale ale.

Prost!

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# Miss Utah!!!



By Mike Brown • Instagram: @jetpackrules

A few weeks ago, I had the distinct pleasure of interviewing the current Miss Utah. The last time I interacted with a pageant queen was when I was asked to show a former Miss Utah how to skateboard on the live morning local newscast. Needless to say, she ended up eating street on live TV after it looks like I pushed her into the shallow bowl at *Guthrie Skate Park*. To this day, I maintain my innocence, but if you look up "Local Skater Ruins Morning Newscast," you can judge for yourself.

I decided to keep this interview much tamer and safer. I figured that since I was getting to interview the current Miss Utah, **Rylee Coggins**, I wanted to make it an interview about all things Utah. I consider myself a true Utahn, and I'm proud of this. Whenever I leave the state, I tell people that I had to shave my horns and lock my nine wives up before the Mormons would allow me to cross the state lines. It gets believed half of the time and gets me a free drink the other half.

Obviously, Miss Utah would be a true Utahn through and through as well, but I wanted to know just how Utahn Coggins is. So, I decided that we should do the interview at a quintessential Utah landmark, such as *Gilgal Sculpture Garden* or *Temple Square*. We decided on *Temple Square* and met up at the reflecting pond, where I told her I would be adorned head-to-toe in **Utah Jazz** gear. Coggins was radiant in her sash and crown.

I asked her if we could conduct the interview in my favorite part of *Temple Square*, the "Space Jesus Room." Coggins politely obliged, and off we went to sit under the fake stars in front of the gigantic Space Jesus.

To keep in line with the all-Utah theme, I gave Coggins a little quiz on Utah. She was a bit nervous, but I assured her she wouldn't lose her crown over this. First question: What is our state capital? Coggins replied Salt Lake City, passing with flying colors. I needed tougher questions. So I asked her, "What is our state bird?" Again, Coggins answered correctly: the California Seagull, and she even knew the backstory of the cricket infestation. She even knew about Lake Bonneville. Coggins was proving to be a true Utahn indeed, or proving that she paid excellent attention in a seventh grade Utah history class.

Now time for an even tougher question: What is our state tree? Coggins knew it was a Christmas tree of sorts, but not exactly sure. I gave her a pass because it's the blue spruce pine tree, and she was super close. Then I asked

her about which year Utah was declared an official state. Honestly, I forgot the answer but knew it was postponed because the early Mormon legislature liked their multiple-wives thing that was going on, so the rest of the U.S. wasn't cool with granting us Beehivers statehood. Coggins wasn't too sure either, so we just agreed to go ahead and say that it was 1888 or something.

I then asked some generic questions about pageantry, because I know nothing about it. I asked Coggins how she got into it. Turns out she got into it the same way I got into smoking and skateboarding—a friend turned her on to it in seventh grade. She walked me through some of the stereotypes about how pageantry is seen as degrading toward women, but explained that in her personal experience, it's been quite the opposite—mostly because it drove her to be a better person and take care of herself. This actually made a lot of sense. Coggins said that pageantry makes for a well-rounded person—you have to know what's going on in the world, and you have to be nice. We stopped the interview a couple of times so that Coggins could graciously pose for cell phone photos, and it was totes adorbs.

The interview was going great. Coggins was naturally charming and delightful, and then the Mormon Secret Service had to break up the fun. Apparently, media coverage of any sort on *Temple Square* is as forbidden as a beard at

BYU. A man in a suit and earpiece politely kicked us out of the "Space Jesus Room." So, I tried to finish the interview by a flower patch by *The Temple*. Apparently, this wasn't OK either, and we were asked to leave *Temple Square*—yes, Miss Utah and I got kicked out of *Temple Square*. I thought about the irony of the situation and felt a little proud.

I wanted to finish up the interview with Miss Utah with a surprise, on-the-fly pageant-style question. As I'd recently been the victim of a cyber-bullying attack, I asked Coggins how she would prevent this issue that **Dr. Phil** and **Oprah** both agree is one of the biggest threats to the self-esteem of youth today.

I told her to pretend it was a real pageant question. Coggins remained poised, confident and articulate in her answer, and explained that we all need to take a step back from social media from time to time and that parents need to be more aware of what their children are doing with their social media. I'd dealt with my cyber bullies by simply turning off my phone, which worked.

Overall, the interview was delightful, and even though we got booted, Coggins let me wear her sash and crown. I looked damn good in it. Wish Coggins luck on becoming the next Miss International by visiting her website, [ryleekier.com](http://ryleekier.com), or go there to learn all things pageantry.

(L-R) Mike Brown and Miss Utah Rylee Coggins talked Utah trivia during their outing at *Temple Square*.



Photo: Andy Fitzgerrell

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Kurt Perkins - Untumdown / MacNac - Wasatch Bike Park, SLC, Utah

# BMX

By Andy Fitzgerald  
Andyfitzgerrell@mac.com

Wasatch Bike Park opened up in 2014, providing riders with a sanctuary from the cold and wet months here in Utah. With their focus on the riding community and its many facets, Wasatch has created several "rooms" within their building that provide a variety of terrain—the most popular of which is the (aptly named) "Jump Room," which features a series of box jumps for riders to go through.

As BMX continues to progress and challenge the limits of what is possible, there is one thing that is constant and will never change: style. You learn style by watching videos or by riding foam pit jumps. Style naturally develops over time. Kurt is one of the truly gifted riders here in SLC, and his style is coveted by many. Kurt was blasting effortless tricks all evening, but this one is something of his own creation—a hybrid, really, of two tricks combined into some serious eye candy.





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## GALLERY STROLL

Photo courtesy of Utah Arts Alliance

On July 18, the *Urban Arts Festival*, presented by the Utah Arts Alliance, will heat up the city with a full lineup of artists, musicians and performers.

### Hot City, Sizzling Art

By Mariah Mann Mellus  
mmellus@utahfilmcenter.org

I am far from a scientist—I never have and probably never will be able to recite the periodic table. Instead, I tend to focus my inquisitiveness on human nature and the study of sociology. I find it particularly interesting how people react to summer. All day, the sun beats down, transferring its energy in the soil for the plants and grass to grow, but in the city of asphalt and concrete, where does all that heat and energy go? I propose that energy pulses through our streets and bubbles up in urban art forms across the city. No other time of year does art sizzle the way it does during these hot summer nights. To prove my theory of heat transfer, let's look at the art offerings for July.

*Gallery Stroll* hits it hard on the third Friday of the month. From 6 to 9 p.m., dozens of Salt Lake's art galleries host public artist receptions for their incoming shows. The full list of participating galleries can be found at [gallerystroll.org](http://gallerystroll.org). But what do you do after 9 p.m.? With longer days, it seems a shame to end the party so early, so let's head to an after-party.

*Sketch Cabaret* is THE after party for *Gallery Stroll*. Taking over the *Metro Bar*, *Sketch Cabaret* is a collective of artists and creative types that come together for a night of art, music, performances and interactions. To support a cohesive event, a theme is selected for each month. No doubt due to the energy conversion I mentioned earlier, the July 17 theme is street art. Imagine an evening of graffiti and mural artists working on a giant canvas,

skaters taking advantage of the indoor skate ramp, music thumping and models posing for sketches, all while sporting the wildest urban clothing. Everyone is invited to attend and encouraged to participate, whether you're professional artists who just want to branch out and explore new art mediums or novice artists wanting to make connections and be around creative types. Put the inspiration that *Gallery Stroll* charges you up with to good use and create some art yourself.

Utah is home to many notorious and honored urban arts—aka street artists. The *Urban Arts Festival* was created five years ago in hopes of bringing this particular group of artists out of the shadows and into the limelight. The annual festival takes place the Saturday after *Gallery Stroll* on July 18 in the *Gateway Shopping District* of Salt Lake City. The *Urban Arts Festival* showcases nearly 200 artists, plus dancers, musicians and skateboarders on three stages. This year, the stages will be broken up into a "Hip-Hop Stage," "Festival Stage" and "Gallery Stage." Hands-on kids art activities will be held in partnership with the *Discovery Gateway*. Skaters and skate enthusiasts will enjoy a quarter-pipe skate competition along with open skate sessions and a skatedeck design competition. If the heat gets to you, duck into the *Voice Of The City Film Festival* featuring *Shepherd Fairey's* new film, *Art As A Weapon*. The list of events and activities is too robust to mention it all, so please visit [urbanartsfest.org](http://urbanartsfest.org). Looking to support the local art scene? Consider volunteering; *Urban Arts Festival* and *Craft Lake City* are always need volunteers, and it's a great way to support the scene. Enjoy the summer of art!

# GAME REVIEWS

**ARCANIA**

Standing here, I wonder why the hell things couldn't have been different.

**SYM**

Here I rule over eyes and black-and-white blocks!

### *Arcania: The Complete Tale* Nordic Games Reviewed on: PS4 Also on: Xbox 360, PS3, PC Street: 05.29

In an ever evolving RPG landscape, where one game borrows from another, perfecting age-old, tried-and-true mechanics, upgrading graphics, expanding open worlds, adding consequence to every interaction, etc., *Arcania: The Complete Tale* seems to be the baby boomer to the millennial. Instead of trying to do anything new, it's stuck in the ways of old. With repetitive combat, limited (not to mention extremely buggy) traversal, brainless practice dummies for enemies and an inventory that is as unintuitive as it is a cluttered mess, the question that needs to be asked is: Why is this game being released for a third time? Most RPGs shouldn't get any sort of re-release treatment. The most memorable, albeit classic games in the genre have never had a re-release outside of porting them to consoles. Why the hell would this gaming generation want—let alone, need—an RPG that in no way stands up to its counterparts? If this were the year 2010 and games like *The Witcher 2*, *Fallout: New Vegas*, or even *Mass Effect 2* weren't out around the same time, then maybe *Arcania: The Complete Tale* would be a fun, fill-the-void RPG experience, but even that would be a stretch. —Trey Sanders

### *Assassin's Creed Chronicles: China* Ubisoft Reviewed on: PS4 Also on: Xbox One, PC Street: 04.21

I've never understood why the emphasis in *Assassin's Creed* games is less on historical assassinations and more on ridiculously trite "hunt and gather" missions, layered with the extremely superficial satisfaction of climbing and jumping off buildings into bushes. Being a yearly title, Ubisoft's signature 3D action series doesn't often get a chance to step outside its populist trappings. This, ironically, often saps the game of its greatest strengths—its ability to build immersive worlds and to get players lost in the game's time period and cultural aesthetics. The first game in the 2D *Assassin's Creed Chronicles* series, *China*, is an important step

in this direction—a side-scrolling action game that actually emphasizes visual flair and stealth, the two oft forgotten components of recent *Assassin's Creed* games. Plus, it's the first game in the series to feature a female protagonist. That's not to say it's a great game—while the controls and general atmosphere are greatly improved, the actual level design and storytelling is quite flat, but there's a blueprint for a great companion series underneath the too-familiar surface of *Chronicles: China*. Intrigue carried me through this brief experience and has me mildly intrigued at the planned sequels to follow. —Randy Dankievitch

### *Sym* Atrax Games / Mastertronic Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive) Street: 05.07

The fear of interacting with people can be crippling for those with Social Anxiety Disorder—*Sym* is about Josh, a boy suffering with this disorder. The whole game feels like you're walking through Josh's sketchbook—the graphics look hand drawn, some things are constantly moving and there are words everywhere. You play as two different versions of Josh—a black, stick-like figure that runs around in the world, and a white, cocooned version of himself that delves into the ground, hidden from the world. It's a great metaphor that happens to make this platformer one of the most interesting games I've played—and a little disconcerting at the same time. The gameplay is simple, but it's far from easy. You have to be very precise to get through all of the levels—one wrong step, and you're done. My computer is a little too expensive to throw against the wall, but believe me, swear words were yelled. Once you manage to beat the main game, there's a level editor so you can create your own levels, share them with your steam peeps and play theirs. It's a great platformer for \$8 that may open your eyes to a different perspective. —Ashley Lippert

### *The Weaponographer* Puuba / Mastertronic Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive) Street: 04.29

It's clear that *The Weaponographer* is hoping to insert itself as a new entry in the rapidly diversifying rogue-like genre. It's got a town full of upgrade-peddlers, progressively difficult enemies and vaguely retro

gameplay mechanics. The problem is that the game doesn't do much to set itself apart from its more acclaimed brethren. Taking the role of protagonist is a blond, square-jawed princely type named Doug McGrave (get it?), who is tasked with entering a monster-filled dungeon, dying and doing it all over again. Once in the dungeon, Doug is pitted against all kinds of enemies, from tommy-gun toting gangsters to bullwhip brandishing lions. Each enemy drops a specific weapon that Doug can equip in his quest to collect green ooze that can be spent on upgrades. The game's focus on each weapon's strengths and weaknesses is solid, but the character animations and combat feel like they'd be more at home on your favorite mobile device. *The Weaponographer* is mildly entertaining right up until the first boss fight, but it goes downhill from there. The increased frequency and difficulty of the random enemies becomes aggravating as Doug's slow-as-molasses attack speed desperately tries to keep up. —Alex Springer

### *The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt* CD Projekt RED Reviewed on: PS4 Also on: Xbox One, PC Street: 05.19

The fine folks over at CD Projekt RED claim that those who pick up *The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt* need not have played the previous two to enjoy the third installment, which is music to my ears, considering I've never even heard of the game up until four months ago. Having played a good chunk of it (prying myself away to write this review), I can honestly say that *The Witcher 3* has lived up to the surrounding hype. With over 200 hours of gameplay and graphics so detailed that it makes you call your friends into the room to show them the mighty power of the PS4, I daresay that this is the game of the year. Concluding the story of Geralt Of Rivia in *The Witcher 3*, Geralt must stop an army known as the Wild Hunt as they leave mayhem and destruction throughout his kingdom. This massive RPG is unlike any other. The story is spectacular, the graphics are unmatched, and the learning curve for new players is surprisingly easy. One moment, you're playing a detective looking for clues; the next, you're fighting a giant Griffin. There you have it! Everybody should own *The Witcher 3*. Can I get back to the game now? —Kenny Tadrzynski

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Hey, Copface (I say that with oh, so much love),  
What it is?

So I've heard it repeated, from time to time, that "cops tend to be/are overwhelmingly Type-A personalities." Those who say so are, of course, complaining. I hope you haven't fielded this question before and that I've missed it because I very much wonder and would like to pick your brain. I wonder two things about this, actually:

- 1) Is this in any way verifiably true?
- 2) If it is, does it matter? In other words, do we make it a requirement that the squeamish perform surgeries or the timid be on the front lines of battle or that the disorganized be the ones to draft a corporation's weekly schedule? If Type-A personalities suit the job of "Constable on Patrol" (I've heard that's where we get the term "cop" from-hey!) and it is true, indeed, that such types predominate the numbers of our boys and girls in blue, then what would be the problem with that?

DO Type-A personalities suit the job of constable on patrol in the first place? Do they not?

I guess I kind of have another question, also. My friend Jeff recently told me that he has a cousin who's a cop whose friend (a fellow cop) recently got divorced from his wife. After some time, Jeff actually became interested in this cop's former wife and set about to start making some moves. Cop Cousin Theresa put the kibosh on that, sharpish. As Jeff related this story to me, I immediately thought that it was just

a delicate situation and that it was a question of the intimacy, boundaries and propriety common to us all, but he swiftly corrected me and said, "Oh, no, Bro! I crossed the Blue Line, man!"

Come, now. For real? Is this a thing, too? I mean, is the "Blue Line" a THING, Cop Friend? If so, what is it? What are its basic limits? From whence it cometh (what hath God wrought!)? And could you hook me up with your sister?

Sincerely,  
Laikwan

**Mr. Laikwan,**

**My opinion is yes, most cops (male and female) are Type A. Lots of people probably think it's Type A-squared for "Arrogant Asshole," but it's a job where you mostly have to tell people what to do and not ask people what they'd like to do. In my experience, Type A people are much better at giving direction assertively and not backing down to adversity than Type B people. I hope we're thinking of the types as the same thing. By the way, I'm Type B per my Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory.**

**I've neither heard of nor experienced the "Blue Line" you've described. The ex of some cop is fair game to anyone. I believe the Blue Line saved Jeff from that ex-wife. The Blue Line I know and have experienced refers to one of two things: first, the inner workings of law enforcement that's not revealed to outsiders. Cops go through life and death together, and when Internal Affairs comes knocking, no one wants to rat out their partner. Second is the "Thin Blue Line" that refers to the few sheepdogs protecting sheep from the wolves. My sisters? Really? Hell no!**

**-Cop**

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

## PRODUCT REVIEWS

**KeepCup**  
KeepCup Brew  
[us.keepcup.com](http://us.keepcup.com)



If you ever wanted to catch the eye of your favorite barista, get your coffee or tea in one of KeepCup's chic and ingenious reusable cups. I took my glass KeepCup Brew (\$32) on daily treks to SLUG HQ's favorite caffeine haunt, *The Rose Establishment*, where it was the envy of each of their lovely employees. I'd previously been toting around a Hammertone Green Stanley Vacuum Mug, which did keep beverages hotter for longer than the KeepCup but left a metallic taste to my daily cuppa—not to mention that it has a lid that's difficult to clean thoroughly. The KeepCup, though, is made with durable tempered glass, which keeps any drink warm enough for quick consumption, has an easy-to-clean and securable polypropylene lid and comes in 8-oz. and 12-oz. sizes, and can either have a plastic or cork band around it for safe handling. While it's comparable to the JOCO cup, the classy-lookin' cork band seals the deal ... Next time you fill up, let KeepCup do the talking.  
—Christian Schultz

**Patagonia**  
Houdini Jacket  
[patagonia.com](http://patagonia.com)

Intended as a shell for blocking out the elements during runs and other active conditions, Patagonia's Houdini (\$99) has become my go-to light jacket. When a week's worth of unusually wet weather hit the Wasatch Front, the Houdini kept me dry as a dad joke during my slick and drizzly commutes. Made with 100-percent nylon ripstop fabric, the jacket is weather-resistant and super



lightweight and smooth, making it easy to move around in when running, biking or during any other activities. A zippered chest pocket makes packing the light-as-a-feather jacket a breeze when traveling lightly is key. The adjustable hood is designed for full peripheral vision, which was super helpful to me as someone who also sports glasses. My only complaint is that the thing is so slick that my Chrome Industries messenger bag was slippin' n' slidin' across my back during bicycle commutes if it wasn't tightened down, but aside from that minor gripe, the Houdini is one of those staple items that every outdoor adventurer should own.  
—Christian Schultz

**Patagonia**  
Ironwood Pack 20L  
[patagonia.com](http://patagonia.com)

The Ironwood Pack from Patagonia has the simple and classic design of every backpack you have ever owned. What sets this pack apart from every other one out there is its sturdy construction and superior padded Human Curve shoulder straps that make it feel like I'm not hauling many pounds of gear on my back. Patagonia uses recycled polyester fabric that keeps the pack light and durable enough for the mountains or professional use. Not only is the body made of 100-percent post-consumer material, it is treated with a polyurethane coating and a durable water-repellent finish, and the lining offers the same treatment to ensure that gear stays dry. The inside offers a raised 15-inch padded sleeve with an adjustable buckle to keep your laptop in place. While the main compartment is huge, the secondary "stash" pocket is big enough to store all of the smaller necessities. The Ironwood Pack is available in nine different colorways that look good regardless if you're running to class or down a dusty trail. The last few packs I've

had were rough and slow (either from the start or after a month), but the zipper on the Ironwood is one of the smoothest I have ever used—it even sounds clean. Some of my favorite features on this pack are the five exterior lash points, top-mounted, reinforced haul handle and lower accessory loop. The lash points are perfect for clipping carabineers to, or running paracords through for water bottles, or any gear you need to get to on the fly or larger items that wouldn't fit in the main compartment. I have a feeling that this bag will last me many years of professional commuting and recreation.  
—Granato

**Sony**  
Waterproof Walkman  
Headphones  
[sony.co.uk](http://sony.co.uk)

These little headphones are not your average ear buds. They are a fully water- and sweat-proof (for up to two meters) music playback device with up to eight hours of rechargeable battery life. They have one hour of playback with a short, three-minute charge time, hold up to 4GB or 8GB of memory and an easy computer interface. When you want to add or delete sound files, simply plug in the device then drag and drop an array of sound files you want on the Walkman once it's connected to your computer, and then you're ready. The

highly comfortable design is combined with a worry free fit to keep the device from falling off your head while amid some of the hardest workouts. Overall, this is a great product with minimal to no downsides.  
—Joshua Joye

**W&P Design**  
Homemade Gin Kit  
[homemadegin.com](http://homemadegin.com)

Ever stare down a bottle of Beehive Gin and wonder how many distinct ingredients are at work in such a spirit? Or maybe you've thought to yourself, "Gee, could I ever make something that tasty for myself?" Well, with the help of W&P Design's Homemade Gin Kit, you can master the art of making your own gin—in 36 hours, no less. The kit comes with two 375-ml glass bottles with accompanying cork stoppers, a stainless steel strainer, a funnel and a tin each of dried juniper berries and a botanical blend containing bay leaves, fennel, rose hips and a handful of other strong spices. Essentially, this kit makes the seemingly daunting process of making your own compound gin quick and easy. Simply funnel your juniper berries into a 750 ml. bottle of vodka, infuse for 24 hours, add the botanicals for another 12, filter out and imbibe. Longer infusion will make for a more potent gin, but at \$49.95, this kit will give any timid bootlegger the encouragement to experiment.  
—Christian Schultz

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## ZINE REVIEWS



**Branches and Twigs**  
**Kia McGinnis**  
 Self-Released  
 Street: 04.15



If you're a typical resident of Salt Lake City, or perhaps even just "The West," there's a chance that your ancestors aren't very clear, mentally. Meaning, you can't say much about your great-great-grandparents other than that you have a vague awareness that they belonged to the nomadic, proletariat mass of people who left their homes at some point for greener pastures. In her zine, McGinnis sets out to fill the void and tell the story of her own wilderness-bred heritage. Through a stylized version of record-keeping, McGinnis offers us faded photographs of her Idahoan family during the golden age, a time long gone. And though the book is certainly romanticizing, the content of her collection has wonderful personality and artfully evades the kitschy signifiers of cowboy-dom. In addition to the photos, McGinnis provides handwritten commentary, which ranges from simply told words of wisdom to the conflicting expectations of women's gender roles, the beauty of the mundane, and her family's enduring characteristic of hope. Email McGinnis at [kiaginny@gmail.com](mailto:kiaginny@gmail.com), and, for just \$3, you can pick up *Branches and Twigs* for yourself and smile along with her as she builds a new tree. —Nic Smith

**Kackle Issue 3D:**  
**Skull Water**  
**Bruce Wilson**  
 Self-Released  
 Street: 01.28

This little zine is rated R for Re-Animator Romance. In just 12 short pages, **Bruce Wilson** writes a twisted little love story wrapped up in reimagined zombie-tropes. The plot itself is humorous, just a short story about a simple boy who wants to bring his mother back to life and the magical doctor who sends him on a mission to find a skull with a drop

of water that will save her. Things predictably go awry. However, there's a ... happy ending. The writing is straightforward like a ghost story—meant to be told around the campfire—but instead, we experience it through those classic red-and-blue 3D glasses. It's headache-inducing because it's a constant switch between the few pictures and the story every other page, but it's still a fun experience. The art has nice depth perception, though it doesn't add to the story as much as mimic what's already been said, similar to the way children's books are set up. It's akin to the Buddhist Master **Wonhyo's** story about "drinking water from a skull," which, in short, teaches us that even gross things can be refreshing, just like this! —Taylor Hoffman

**The Holy Automatic**  
 Various Authors  
 BETEP International  
 Street: 01.15

Despite being a non-religious fellow, there have been a few times in my life when I really envy people who are well-versed in the Bible. Though, no duh, shame on me for not being so. The shit's canon. Regardless, this zine presents a brilliant concept on the complicated relationship between poetry, words and their relationship to "the truth." Beginning with a statement from (whom I'm guessing is fictional, though it's wonderfully unclear) "Rev. Dr. Lee Busch, D.D., Tri-County Youth Pastor," the collection asks us to consider these poems as modern stand-ins for biblical scripture. Busch explains, "You are holding in your very hands the most recent divinations from the Lord." And why not? Each poem in this text references specific biblical verses which are sometimes serious re-creations and sometimes outright parody. Whether or not you find the content offensive, enlightening or hilarious, your reaction is not really the point. The accomplishment of *The Holy Automatic* is that any poem in this text forces you to confront whether or not their re-creation is an adequate replacement for the original—which is impossible to decide without interpretational bias. Thus, the book reveals the profound, centuries-long Judeo-Christian problem of trying to impose poetry onto reality. My advice: Pick this up alongside a Bible and go back and forth. Who knows? You might just get divinely inspired. —Nic Smith

Read more reviews at  
[slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com)

## MOVIE REVIEWS



**Entourage**  
 Director: Doug Ellin  
 Warner Bros.  
 In Theaters: 06.03

It's been four years since Vinnie (**Adrian Grenier**), E (**Kevin Connolly**), Turtle (**Jerry Ferrara**), Drama (**Kevin Dillon**) and Ari (**Jeremy Piven**) left HBO and our lives, but, for some odd reason, it has been decided that the tale of this Hollywood gang hasn't been completely wrapped up. If you've never seen an episode of *Entourage*, you have absolutely no business watching the movie adaptation. You will be utterly lost and uninterested. Essentially, the film plays out like an extended episode of the television show. Ari wants Vinnie to star in his studio's latest movie, but Vinnie wants to direct. After Vinnie goes \$20 million over budget, Ari must seek additional funding from a Texas oilman (**Billy Bob Thornton**) and his son (**Haley Joel Osment**). This may be easier said than done, however, when unwarranted creative differences on the production arise. The primary reason to watch the show was Piven's maniacal outbursts and unforgettable tirades, and he continues to entertain in that respect. The franchise's ultimate problem, which continues to this day, is that the viewers know without a doubt that everything will work out in the end. There's no hint at any real danger. As a fan of the show that was ready for its departure four years ago, I sat in the theater with the question of "Why?" repeatedly running through my mind. To give director/creator Doug Ellin some credit, it certainly didn't feel like that much time had passed, but, when the cameos start to outshine the cast (I'm looking at you, **Ronda Rousey**), one may need to recalculate the situation and wonder if it's time for Vinnie and the crew to go back to mom's house for good. —Jimmy Martin

**Jurassic World**  
 Director:  
 Colin Trevorrow  
 Universal  
 In Theaters: 06.12

It's hard to believe that it's been exactly 22 years since the original *Jurassic Park* attempted to open its doors, but that's where *Jurassic World* begins. Now that John Hammond's idea has



become a reality and Claire (**Bryce Dallas Howard**) is doing everything she can to run a successful theme park, the notion of creating new dinosaur breeds by splicing various DNA strands together is the latest attraction. Once the Indominus Rex breaks out—and of course she does, or else it'd be a boring movie—Navy vet Owen (**Chris Pratt**) must track down the beast before disaster strikes. Spoiler alert: Disaster strikes. The greatest accomplishment of director Colin Trevorrow's vision is the solid foundation of the park's establishment. From the VIP wristbands and petting zoo to the impracticalities of a dinosaur theme park, you'll lose your mind and forget the purpose of the production. I do appreciate the fact that Howard is not always the damsel in distress, especially since she saves the leading man's life on multiple occasions. While this chapter may not live up to the original's classic status, it certainly revived the franchise in a much-needed fashion. —Jimmy Martin

**Max**  
 Director: Boaz Yakin  
 Warner Bros.  
 In Theaters: 06.26

I honestly had no idea how long dogs had been used in the military to seek

out mines and weapons caches, or that some could acquire PTSD like their human handlers. In Boaz Yakin's family-friendly tale, we follow a Belgian Malinois named Max who loses his handler, Kyle Wincott (**Robbie Amell**), during a firefight in Afghanistan and can no longer perform his duties due to PTSD. Since Robby's Law prohibits the military from simply euthanizing the animals (thank Crom), Max is adopted by his handler's family, which consists of Ray (**Thomas Haden Church**), Pamela (**Lauren Graham**) and Justin (**Josh Wiggins**), who already have their own issues. However, when Kyle's former friend and fellow soldier Tyler (**Luke Kleintank**) returns home under questionable circumstances, Justin begins to unravel the mystery of his brother's death. Yakin's script feels as though it's been sitting around for decades and no one thought to freshen it up. His heart is in the right place, but the execution is hindered with dated dialogue and unexplainable racism. The inclusion of teenagers riding their bikes everywhere is much appreciated, but that's certainly not enough to claim victory. The overt use of patriotism is enough to make you want to move to Canada. Max (aka **Carlos**) is adorable, and children will love him, but most parents will be found asleep in the chair next to them. —Jimmy Martin

**San Andreas**  
 Director: Brad Peyton  
 Warner Bros.  
 In Theaters: 05.29

There's not much to say about a film entirely about earthquakes, but let's do it anyway. I must admit, my theater experience tilted the judgment scale on this one, since I witnessed this disaster-porn epic in 4DX. If you are unfamiliar with the format, 4DX theaters have aggressively shifting seats, smoke machines, water sprayers, aroma emitters, strobe lights and tubes of air that spray the back of your neck. It essentially converts any film into a ride at Disneyland. As I watched **Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson** save the day as a rescue helicopter pilot who attempts to salvage his marriage with **Carla Gugino** as their daughter, played by **Alexandra Daddario**, tries not to fall into a massive crater, I could only imagine how much less entertaining the film would be without all the antics occurring.

Sure, the effects are beautiful, and **Paul Giamatti** is a delight even when he's ducking under a desk half the time, but the plot is paper-thin and reeks of 'Merica pride (see unnecessary flag waving in the wind just before credits). Johnson is a great lead and possesses the ability for far greater productions, but sometimes you just go to the theater to watch iconic structures be demolished by skyscraper-sized tidal waves. —Jimmy Martin

**Spy**  
 Director: Paul Feig  
 20th Century Fox  
 In Theaters: 06.05

You can never judge a book by its cover, and you can never judge a movie by its trailer. Those are words to live by, especially in the case of this next coupling of **Melissa McCarthy** and **Paul Feig**. Every time the pair has been together, they have been an unstoppable force of hilarity. First *Bridesmaids*, then *The Heat* and now *Spy*. As the voice of navigation and information inside the ear of CIA super spy Bradley Fine (**Jude Law**), Susan Cooper (McCarthy) lives a menial life of doubt and regret, but when her partner is gunned down, it's time for Susan to take a step into the spotlight and let her true colors shine. McCarthy is one of the funniest actresses working to date, and Feig knows how to let her glow with multiple improvisational scenes. Feig does suffer from **Judd Apatow** syndrome and lets the running time get away from him, though. The film clocks in at 120 minutes and definitely needs to be in the 90-minute region, and there are a handful of moments where the cast is trying much too hard to be funny when it's entirely unnecessary. With that said, Feig uses his R-rating to the fullest extent and lets McCarthy off the chain with lines of dialogue that would make sailors blush. Along with the laughs, the fight sequences are nothing to ignore, and McCarthy excels at those as well. To add the cherry on top, **Jason Statham** delivers his best role to date as a caricature version of every action role he's ever performed and comes across as the biggest idiot on the screen. It's brilliant. —Jimmy Martin

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# LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS



## 90s Television

*Bad 4 the Tooth*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 12.12.14**

**90s Television =**

**Animal Collective +**

**Devendra Banhart +**

**The Strokes**



*Bad 4 the Tooth* is a seven-track collection of burned-out, sleepy tunes that sway nicely across bizarre landscapes. With a name like 90s Television, I'll admit that I had nostalgically charged expectations. However, their style seems to be venturing into new territory, and I admire their distorted re-creation of the past. 90s Television have a purposefully unpolished sound, which gives it a stylized feeling of VCR fadedness. Songs like "Love Patient" and "Shoes" possess a fun but eerie quality that reminds me of the music found in misfit Saturday cartoons. I felt swept up in the speed-breezy chorus of "Alleycat Blues" (named after a level from a classic Ninja Turtles SNES game), and danced to the killer solo of "Bug Girl." 90s Television seem comfortable and at ease throughout this album, and I dig its lack of pretension. If you're on the hunt for new styles, keep these guys on your radar. —Nic Smith

## 100 Mile House

*Self-Titled*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.06**

**100 Mile House =**

**American Football +**

**Minus the Bear**

On my first listen through this EP, I thought, "I bet these guys like American Football and Minus the Bear."

Then I went to their Facebook page and saw that under "influences," they list those two bands ... and pizza. Glad we agree! *100 Mile House* is a different take on the emo revival that's been taking place in the last few years. Instead of following the more ambient path like **Great Interstate**, these guys are embracing the poppier side of emo and mixing it with a little bit of finger-tapping math rock. The production quality of this album occasionally leaves me wanting, but overall, it's a really solid introduction. Hopefully, these kids stick around and keep making solid tunes—Provo needs more good guitar rock. —Alex Gilvary

## Artificial Flower Company

*Creamium*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.16**

**The Artificial Flower**

**Company = 90s Television +**

**Delicate Steve**

T AFC are an experimental project out of Provo who give old and new pop influences unexpected flavors within a low-budget recording style. For me, most lo-fi music sounds endearing. However, T AFC have a certain cabaret panache in this album that's especially funny and nicely tempered by the sound quality. Opening up with "Creamium Overture" and "Demon In the Sack," the album sets a tone for a kind of tongue-in-cheek listening experience. For the high-energy jam "Cougar Town" with lyrics such as "everyone loves a MILF," no one should have high-brow expectations. Rather, T AFC are clearly just having a good time with this album. And there is no denying the catchiness of the beats in "Between A Rock and A Hard Place" or the sudden sincerity of "The Smallest Town." Give this album a couple listens and you'll be flipping through their entire catalogue. —Nic Smith

## Batty Blue

*Ekphrasis*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 01.17**

**Batty Blue = Amelie**

**soundtrack + Laura Marling**

There's an oversaturation of folk bands

in Provo, but this album is charming and off-beat enough from the typically clean-cut music of Happy Valley to stand alone. It rubs into you nicely—like a good sweater from the D.I. Soft accordion is the threshold to intellectually stimulating lyrics that seem to unapologetically examine religion. "Earnest Blood/Rapture," declares, "There's a spirit in my book and it's telling me lies / Tricked me into feeling guilty about things that naturally come from an earnest heart that's still pumping blood." While there are heavy lyrical moments, the overall texture of *Ekphrasis* is bittersweet. "Sway With Me" brings a swirling, singalong lightness, while "Organic Computer" is a tender denouement with fingerstyle guitar and a simple proclamation: "I need the truth / So I can be less confused." —Kia McGinnis

## Black Jupiter

*Salvation in a*

*Self-Destructive World EP*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 01.16**

**Black Jupiter =**

**A Perfect Circle + Radiohead**

**+ Pink Floyd**

It was so wonderful to listen to such a calm and gripping strut through the melodic wanderings of Black Jupiter's EP, *Salvation in a Self-Destructive World*. The heavily instrumental album takes me back to nights sitting at lookout points, wondering where it all ends. With the entire world rushing to the next big catchy thing, it's nice to see a band confident enough to just be ... and this album dwells in itself to a wonderful extent. Very few times in my listening career have I actually felt relief and peace after taking in a rock album, so thank you, Black Jupiter, for relaxing shoulders and giving the mind a place to explore. Local bands often trip over themselves fighting for attention—it's good to see some bands haven't forgotten that they're simply entertainers. —Benjamin Tilton

## Crook & the Bluff

*Down to the Styx*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 01.13**

**Crook & the Bluff =**

**Those Poor Bastards +**

## Lydia Lunch & Cypress Grove

*Down to the Styx* is a rise and fall of a drawn-out song—eroded down to the twang of the guitar and redolent of all psychedelic hearts longing for the Southwestern desert. **Kirk Dath's** voice is soulful and sooty, like iron-crusted boots kicked around in the sand until they're tattered but still barely intact, elation and agony both held in the shreds. Purist blues and squealing harmonica—mixed with slithering, vintage rock n' roll—sounds like **Timothy Leary** in the Wild West. Check out "Devilish Deeds." The quality of recording and use of heavily echoing reverb brings to mind a sweltering twilight performance with sound waves bouncing off hoodoos and up toward the stars. **Tad Wilford's** licks will bring out your most wicked fever dreams, à la "Honey." This gorgeous and gritty album has already ranked up on my summer time "trip" list 'cause this layer of downtempo grit reminds that we're just animals inside. —LeAundra Jeffs

## Cult Leader

*Useless Animal EP*

**Deathwish Inc**

**Street: 06.16**

**Cult Leader = Converge +**

**Coalesce**



On the heels of the acclaimed debut *Nothing For Us Here* comes this tiny but crushing EP to grind the lesser music out of your ears. Both "Useless Animal" and "Gutter Gods" are short tracks, like brutal slashes with rusty blades, but there is so much energy and atmosphere in their frantic, ugly rhythms. The stand-out track is easily

the cover of **Mark Kozelek's** "You Are Not My Blood," wherein the band is joined by **SubRosa** members to showcase their range with this deep, brooding dirge. **Anthony Lucero's** dramatic, clean vox, in particular, were an enjoyable surprise. There is a distinct, dark anger in Cult Leader's music that I have honestly felt only on a few records ever, and it's that unique adrenaline that keeps me coming back. My only complaint is this isn't a fucking full-length, and I'm still thirsty. Replay. —Megan Kennedy

## False Witness

*Ascent To Chaos*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.28**

**False Witness =**

**Avenged Sevenfold +**

**Mudvayne + Sepultura**

Upon first listen to False Witness and their album *Ascent To Chaos*, I felt that I was handed another generic melodic metalcore release within the "paint by numbers" realm. After the fourth listen, I realized that I was completely wrong. Although they are an extremely heavy band—incorporating intricate palm-muted chugging guitar patterns that are complemented by a talented rhythm section, along with vocals sounding like a chorus of demons let out of hell—they don't fall into the trap of using the heavy elements to define them. Instead, they use fascinating riffs and passages that allow the musical experience to rise to the forefront, and even though you can discern their influences, they have crafted a sound all their own. My only complaint is that the clean vocals sometimes get off rhythm at times, but with that being so minute, this is an album I must recommend. —R.G.B. Robb

## Folk Hogan

*The Show*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 04.10**

**Folk Hogan = Oingo Boingo**

**+ Tom Waits + In Extremo**

Folk Hogan have chosen an entirely new direction. *The Show* is a concept album centered on a nightmarish allegory of a troupe of carnival workers who feel trapped and resort to mayhem. With their signature quirkiness marinated in heavy metal, Folk Hogan have taken a turn from their previously folk punk ways. "Illusionist" mixes swooning melodies with despairingly violent guitar breaks. The grinding heaviness of songs such as "Butcher" are offset by sweet and emotive pieces like "Said the Beast to the Bearded Lady." To add to the album's versatility, **Jared Hayes** has been added as a main vocalist, launching the album into a sinister, character-centric, narrative realm. Even with only one reference to alcohol over the

course of the album, their drunken, bawdy intensity shines through. Join the show and you can never leave. Are you in the mood for a gamble? —LeAundra Jeffs

## Kyler Slater

*The Winter EP*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.02**

**Kyler Slater = The Fray +**

**First Aid Kit –**

**Justin Townes Earle**

*The Winter* is an appropriate title for this album. This is not a cheerful, upbeat kind of album—this is a rainy-day, stare-out-your-window-and-wonder-where-it-all-went-wrong kind of album. *The Winter* plays beautifully and brushes over your head the way your mom's hand would when you were a child on the worst kind of bad days. The tracks "On My Own" and "Losing My Mind" are patient and intimate songs that are reminiscent of things you may have heard before but they serve more as a comfort than a redundancy. Kyler Slater show a maturity that is unique for bands just starting out, and they are one of the few bands that can successfully pull off melody without succumbing to a hook. *The Winter* is a solid first step from these local guys, and I'm honestly curious what they'll come up with next. —Benjamin Tilton

## The Ladells

*Vamp*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 05.15**

**The Ladells = Giuda +**

**The Stooges +**

**The Velvet Underground**

In an explosion of heavy, fuzz-filled riffs and prominent beats, The Ladells have more than captured my attention. The Ladells have a sound that is a welcome ferocity of sultry angst inspired by the greats of proto-punk that is heard in numbers like "Velvet Wasteland," and they have that delicious, snotty attitude of late-1970s art punk in tracks like "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger" and "Night Trooper." *Vamp* is a much-needed jolt to the system and a swift kick to the balls. If I wasn't before, Lord knows I'm now awake and am now very much turned on to what's coming out of the Land of Zion—and I want more of it. This sweet, nine-track release hit shelves in May, and while it may sometimes be difficult to make choices between albums when perusing records, let me cut out the bullshit of uncertainty and simply say that *Vamp* is the next album to pick up. —Nick Kuzmack

## Ossatura

*Self-Titled*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.13**

**Ossatura =**

**Motionless In White +**

**Iron Maiden**

Ossatura's self-released, self-titled EP is the epitome of bad production wrecking an otherwise good album. Musically, with what they are trying to accomplish, they have all the trademarks needed to be a good representative of their sound, which is a somewhat melodically progressive metalcore unit. Their musicianship and songwriting isn't the issue here. It's the fact that the mix and production are off. One guitar is barely audible, the bass comes in loud at times and then disappears into the abyss, and the clean vocals are so loud that they sound out of place—I could go on, but why? Having seen the band live previously—and knowing that when the mix is right and dense, these guys have an extremely heavy sound—and then listening to the release where everything sounds sterile is heartbreaking. Perhaps a live release wouldn't be a bad idea at this point. —R.G.B. Robb

## panthermilk

*Totem*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.12**

**panthermilk = Woods +**

**TOPS**

The second EP from Loganite **Benton Wood's** solo project, panthermilk, reminds me of those wholesome snack food commercials where the mom and the kids are flipping their shit over their healthy treats. It's a vision of wholesomeness. Though this association may seem negative, it's not. This album transcends what otherwise would be a sappy indie sound to a tangibly emotional and thoroughly whole place. Its concentration of youthful, sincere vocals (especially "Sun Lakes"), and the sunshine feel that blinks off of warbling psychedelic effects keeps the almost Western guitar feeling tanga and fresh. This is achieved by a lovely mixture of melodic acoustics and a little dose of body and warmth adding funk, seen in tracks like "Bare Feet." It is thorough and direct in its style but so sweet at points that it's almost too much for my lame, calloused heart. —Erin Moore

## Porch to Porch

*Self-Titled*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.24**

**Porch to Porch =**

**Hot Buttered Rum +**

**Ugly Valley Boys**

Porch to Porch are an all-acoustic folk/bluegrass band that capture the quirky, Western vibes of Salt Lake City. The band members initially met each other in high school, and music eventu-

ally brought them back together years down the road. They recorded their five-track EP in December 2014, which sets the bar high for their full-length album. These locals jam with a kind of rawness (yes, on porches) with a guitar, fast banjo picks and plucks and a fiddling flavor, singing songs about drinking and good times. Vocally, everyone participates, adding fullness to each song, but bassist **Nick Harris'** voice is as low and awesome as the notes he plays. Throw in the harmonica, and we have the quintessential folk grass band. —Lizz Corrigan

## Soft Touch

*Touch*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 03.26**

**Soft Touch = Shy Girls /**

**Lewis**

When **Prince** introduced the world to his high-pitched funk ballads, the world became infatuated. Soft Touch might be hip to the "purple one" and his influence, but they remind me more of Prince-influenced modern songs. **Beck's** "Debra" and "Idiot Boyfriend" by **Jimmy Fallon** are reference points for Soft Touch's style, but this four-piece delivers a bit slower, hazier and in lo-fi. *Touch's* highlights include the lead organ on "Never Ending Story Infinity Part 1" and the sax solo on "Touch Your Body," which soothes like soda and crackers for a sick tummy. Like soda and crackers, you can expect things to be a little flat and bubbly all at once with Soft Touch. —Justin Gallegos

## Whysir

*Sigh Quests*

**Self-Released**

**Streets: 03.12**

**Whysir = Hopsin +**

**MC Frontalot + Yelawolf**

Witty, clever, angry and thought-provoking—this is what comes to mind when listening to Whysir's debut mix tape *Sigh Quests*. Whysir approached the layout of this mixtape in an amazingly creative way, played out as an intimate conversation between a madman and his iPhone's Siri, almost like some fucked-up version of **Spike Jonze's Her**. "Intro (some concerns)" is a beautiful and ambient track with spatial synths and Whysir asking unanswerable questions about life itself. *Sigh Quests* then explodes into an interesting analysis of the darker side of life and current culture, referencing 3D-printed guns, Internet dependence, suicide, pleasure and depression. *Sigh Quests* is an interestingly unique approach to a debut mix tape, and its thought-provoking lyrics and delivery make it worth the listen. —Connor Brady

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# MUSIC REVIEWS



## Author & Punisher

*Melk En Honing*

**Housecore**

**Street: 06.30**

**Author and Punisher = Izoloscope + Aphex Twin + Darko4**

**Tristan Shone** has used his “Drone and Dub” machines to create a release full of harsh, droning metal and pounding rhythms. The ingenuity of these mechanical devices and how they play their sounds simply astonishes me. It is audible art. The dreary track, “Disparate,” has a gritty, grinding guitar riff and a drumbeat that would fit into any harsher metal song. As neither of these instruments are being used, the fascinating part is the machines and their interfaces he has created for them to sound this way. The whipping, slamming sounds and screaming style vocals in “Callous and Hoof” made me feel like slaughtering a cow, taking a bath in its blood and then burning down a church. This is a must add to my music collection, as everyone needs to feed their taste for powerful, dark sounds every now and then. —*Mistress Nancy*

## Bosse-de-Nage

*All Fours*

**Profound Lore**

**Street: 04.14**

**Bosse-de-Nage = Deafheaven + Sannhet**

A common theme in early press for the new Bosse-de-Nage album is that their last release was a split 12” with fellow Bay Area black metal band Deafheaven, and not without reason. Deafheaven have significant crossover appeal and have brought black metal at least a little closer to the forefront of indie-rock consciousness. With their similar style, I imagine Bosse-de-Nage are hoping to benefit from the association and, with this album, they definitely deserve it. Though the music is darker and less melodic than *Sunbather*, *All Fours* brings the same quality, clarity of sound and intensity of that album, which is no surprise, considering they have the same producer. Bosse-de-Nage probably won’t blow up like Deafheaven did—it’s not quite that accessible—but they sure do deserve it. —*Alex Gilvarry*

56 SaltLakeUnderGround

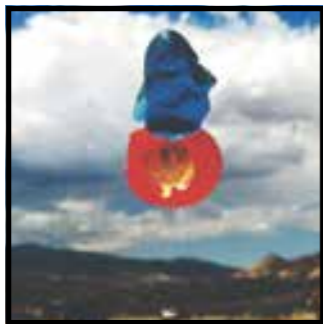
## Bully

*Feels Like*

**Columbia**

**Street: 06.23**

**Bully = Japandroids + Best Coast + Yuck**



The first thing that came to my raised-on-Disney brain upon hearing Bully was that if Ashley Spinelli from *Recess*—9 and donning moto boots—started a band, it would sound like this. Overwhelming at first—maybe with the volume of rock-solid grindy guitar and **Alicia Bognanno**’s ragged scream-to-croon-to-holler vocals (“Trying,” especially)—Bully build up an impenetrable wall of sound, sans any arbitrary-sounding fuzz. This crystal-clear production hints at intense time and care that’s resulted in something of an exemplary rock album. With the help of compelling and relatable lyrics about life’s roughness (“When I was eight, I broke my own arm!” and “I remember my old habits / I remember getting too fucked up”), not only does this album contain the essence of attitude, it pulls at heartstrings like they’re shredded on guitar strings. —*Erin Moore*

## The Cairo Gang

*Goes Missing*

**God?**

**Street: 06.23**

**The Cairo Gang = The Brian Jonestown Massacre + The Church**

Where should I start? The Cairo Gang’s *Goes Missing* features a splendid array of music. To start, the group’s ever talented singer, **Emmett Kelly**, has a vocal range similar to **Michael Hutchence (INXS)**, and the band

can pick up the pace just as well as they slow it down. The lead track sounds like a Church song with those soothingly deep vocals, yet it’s directly followed by a more groovy, upbeat tune—like something from **The Byrds!** The album loosely follows that pattern throughout, constantly surprising with varying vibes in each track. “Some Other Time” takes a soft approach to crooning, backed with an upright bass and nothing else. The track precedes another Church-esque song—and I’m all right with that. From soft ballads to groovy licks, Cairo Gang’s got you covered—I can tell you that. —*Dylan Evans*

## Doomsquad

*Pageantry Suite*

**Bella Union**

**Street: 05.25**

**Doomsquad = Odesza + AWOLNATION + Grizzly Bear**

What sounds like an updated and less campy version of **The B-52s** is a Toronto-based, all-sibling group that channels a *#vibe* à la **Yoko Ono**. The opening track on the five-song EP begins with a slow, ethereal synth sound before turning into a faster-paced funk beat and includes lyrics that read more like a psychedelic manifesto. “Here we are again, encountering each other through a two-way mirror / But you can’t see me, only yourself and this fear you live in / Now I’ve got something over you,” the male vocalist shouts in a monotonous and echoing tone throughout the song. The rest of the EP stays within a similar archetype of psychedelia. The EP features three original tracks and two remixes of the first two songs, “Two Way Mirror” and “Apocalypso.” This album is something worth checking out no matter what you normally listen to. —*Julia Sachs*

## Eternal Summers

*Gold and Stone*

**Kanine Records**

**Street: 05.26**

**Eternal Summers = Cold Beat + Black Tambourine**

Even in their name, Eternal Summers evokes a kind of summertime nostalgia, mixing a subtle punk attitude from clas-

sic influences like the **Wipers** with a ‘90s lo-fi sound. *Gold and Stone* is the fourth full-length release that the band has had in their five-year history, and it is definitely a departure from its louder, faster predecessors. Tracks like “The Roses” trend into shoegaze/noise rock territory, and vocalist/guitarist **Nicole Yun** has a delicately dreamy voice that complements the noise. Tracks near the end of the album sound a little repetitive, but *Gold and Stone* is definitely on my summer playlist. —*Ali Shimkus*

## EZTV

*Calling Out*

**Captured Tracks**

**Street: 07.10**

**EZTV = The Only Ones + Twerps + Juan Wauters**



Sometimes, all one needs is the sweet, simple sensation of tunes that represent the uplifting, positive nature of something smooth and non-controversial. EZTV’s *Calling Out* has the sensibilities of calm 1960s pop, the soft punch of late-70s power pop and something from the in-between. It’s fun and has a certain calm, groovy thing going on. The consistency of this mix is present throughout the entirety of this album with no deviations from their sound. Notable tracks to dig from this record are the opening number, “Bury Your Heart,” followed up with “Pretty Torn Up” and “There Goes My Girl.” —*Nick Kuzmack*

## Falling Stacks

*No Wives*

**Battle Worldwide**

**Street: 06.08**

**Falling Stacks = Mclusky + Burning Airlines +**

## The Mae Shi

Post-hardcore is a difficult genre to penetrate for me. The genre dances around the edges, obscuring meaning with angular guitar riffs and vocals that vacillate between lackadaisical mumbblings and bursts of energy. These guys from Bristol might bristle at being lumped into the genre, but it was my point of departure. Falling Stacks bring these previously perturbing elements—guitar riffs, **Linklater** slacker vocals that are buried in the mix and would be obnoxious cacophony—with a twinkle in the eye to *No Wives*. And that’s why this works: It is an involved listen, creating anticipation for the next musical idea. Maybe they take themselves seriously, maybe they don’t, but there is conviction in these tunes and a sense of composition versus hurling spaghetti at a wall. The second, more accessible half is less frantic than the first and commands repeat listens. Post-whatever or avant-garde, Falling Stacks are onto something. —*Peter Fryer*

## Institute

*Catharsis*

**Sacred Bones**

**Street: 06.09**

**Institute = The Dead Boys + Gang of Four**



A thin-toned, catchy guitar riff begins “Perpetual Ebb,” the first track on *Catharsis*, and it seems to set the BPM for the whole record. Like most good albums swaying toward the punk genre, the speed enables perpetual pogoing. The vocals, mixed low as if coming through a small amp in the corner of a small practice space, tend to be less melodic than the distorted bass guitar, but the strings carry enough melody for me. The way lead vocalist **Moses Brown** almost chants the lyrics works well in contrast with his moments of screaming, which sounds like **Darby Crash** in some instances and **Joe Strummer** in others. Besides the untitled noisy mess of the track splitting the album in half, I couldn’t find a displeasing moment in *Catharsis*. —*Steve Richardson*

## Jenny Hval

*Apocalypse, girl*

**Sacred Bones**

## Street: 06.09

**Jenny Hval =**

**Laurie Anderson +**

**Kate Bush + FKA Twigs**

*Apocalypse, girl* is intimate, redolent of how an experimental documentary art film might translate to sound. Jenny Hval pervades her reality with musings about her state of being in the world—how she wants to live and how she’s supposed to live, regarding gender, sexuality and physicality. Her hallucinatory, fever-dream narratives are neatly contextualized by the politicized themes that course throughout the speak-sing, art-pop album. In “That Battle is Over,” Hval turns skyward with a singsong jab at capitalism and its utter ubiquity: “And feminism’s over / Socialism’s over ... I can consume what I want now.” Hval’s singing is angelic, and her album—which is superbly produced and touts visceral dreamscapes of fluttery tambourine and astral synth—sounds honeyed until you tune in to the coy charm and calculated transgression of her language. —*Kathy Zhou*

## Jon DeRosa

*Black Halo*

**Rocket Girl**

**Street: 05.25**

**Jon DeRosa = Jens Lekman**

**+ The Magnetic Fields +**

**Beat Happening**

When I listened through this record a time or two, generally enjoying the 1950s pop of **Buddy Holly** and **Roy Orbison** filtered through the skewed lens of **Stephin Merritt**’s fey, minor-chord subversiveness, I had to double check the name: Jon DeRosa ... aka **Aarktica?** Under Aarktica, DeRosa created some of my favorite guitar-based drone ever put to tape (*In Sea*). Performing under his given name, DeRosa proves to be a songwriter of great dynamic ability. *Black Halo* finds DeRosa’s perfect baritone commanding the doo-wop-influenced “Fool’s Razor,” the building, cathartic “Coyotes” and the interchanging male-female vocals on the pastoral and otherworldly “Dancing in a Dream.” These are absolutely perfect pop songs performed and recorded with the painstaking attention to tone and compositional balance that comes from years of creating hushed, glacial movements of crushing guitar sounds. It’s one of the most pleasantly surprising records of 2015 so far. —*Ryan Hall*

## King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

*Quarters!*

**Castle Face**

**Street: 05.11**

**King Gizzard & The Lizard**

**Wizard = Thee Oh Sees /**

**The Murlocs**

*Quarters!* isn’t the first concept album King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard have conceived, but it enters a realm of psychedelic jazz that’s relatively new for the Australian seven-piece. King Gizzard are known for their face-melting psych that can be unpredictable yet groovy, but *Quarters!* finds the band hitting their stride by exploring cosmic rhythms and toning down the noise. This elevates the band from trippy to spiritual through four 10-minute songs with plenty of breathing room. “The River” features **Santana**-esque riffing and jazz drumming that stimulate the mind right into the mellow launch pad that is “Infinite Rise.” And while “The River” features one of King Gizz’s better hooks, nothing compares to the brightness and ease of “God Is In the Rhythm.” It’s their best song to date and a testament that these scallywags just keep getting better. —*Justin Gallegos*

## Linden

*Rest And Be Thankful*

**Slumberland**

**Street: 06.23**

**Linden = The Elected +**

**Kurt Vile**

Recorded in an old fisherman’s croft off the shores of Loch Fyne, *Rest And Be Thankful* has an unmistakable, laid-back seaside quality about it that becomes more and more irresistible with each listen. With a vocal style that is eerily reminiscent of **Blake Bennett**, Linden layers saccharine storylines over straightforward, beachy guitar harmonies to create a pleasant album that moves seamlessly from start to finish. The track “Broken Glass” is a poppy, ear-pleasing melody that quickly became one of my favorite tracks on the album. Completely nonchalant and dreamy, *Rest And Be Thankful* is the ideal addition to any lazy summer day spent lakeside. —*Kristyn Porter*

## Lucifer

*Lucifer I*

**Rise Above Records**

**Street: 06.16**

**Lucifer = Laura Branigan + Castle**

**Johanna Sadonis**’ vocals on the first track off *Lucifer I*, “Abracadabra,” had me frozen in time. She’s unlike many metal vocalists in that her voice seldom gets gritty—instead, her controlled melodies dance through the air with a powerful vibrato that is absent in the delivery of most modern female vocalists. It’s as if the band merged together Laura Branigan with **Ann Wilson of Heart** with a doom-infused, classic heavy metal sound, and it’s a fantastic combination. The reverb on Sadonis’ vocals delivers a haunting element not unlike that of Castle. There is an abundance of tempo changes throughout each song and plenty of variation be-

tween guitar solos. This is one of those “sit down for the whole thing” kind of albums, and you will absolutely enjoy it. (*The Complex*, 08.08) —*Madi Smith*

## Matrixxman

*Homesick*

**Ghostly International**

**Street: 07.10**

**Matrixxman = French Fries + L-Vis 1990**

Matrixxman’s latest release is a stellar album that’s brimming with the darkest techno sounds. I can’t get enough of this release. It’s beautiful and eerie and filled with amazing percussion. I was hooked by the second track, “Augmented,” which maintains a steady beat overlaid with twinkling synths. The entire album features a heavy ‘90s acid house influence. “Network Failure” is a frantic example of **Charles Duff**’s affinity for the heavy ‘90s acid house sound with a perfect amount of hi-hats and cymbals that crash throughout the track. “False Pattern Recognition” is another one of my personal favorites with its erratic beat and jarring chord progressions. The standout track on *Homesick* is “Switchblade,” which features some of the cleanest percussion work on the album. The album is a perfect example of the technological advancements in sound that our generation has to look forward to, and you can rest assured that it’ll be on repeat in my ears for the next few months to come. —*Kamryn Feigel*

## Michael Vidal

*Dream Center*

**Couple Skate Records**

**Street: 06.09**

**Michael Vidal = Morrissey + Real Estate + The Drums**

It is finally here, out of the realm of obscurity and irony. Former **Abe Vigoda** guitarist Michael Vidal’s 2013 cassette-only release, *Dream Center*, has been re-released by Couple Skate Records on a wider-media platform, and it is a beautiful DIY masterpiece. Vidal’s technique and dreamy guitar riffs, followed by bass-heavy backups, leave an immense impression on the seven-track album. The track “Correctional” is a true contrast with its tropical sound paired with Vidal’s Morrissey-esque voice and lyrics. “Sky Blue” keeps true to a more indie vibe with its upbeat tune and heavier use of drums. *Dream Center* finishes in a tremendous fashion with “(Your Song),” which closes in a mixture of distorted and spacy guitar and the sound of waves crashing on the shore. *Dream Center* evaded many ears due to its cassette-only release, but now there is no excuse not to hear it. —*Connor Brady*

## Part 1

*Funeral Parade*

## Sacred Bones Street: 04.14

Part 1 = Rudimentary Peni + Crass + Specimen

In the midst of the London anarcho-punk scene, Part 1 gained favorable recognition in the brief time they spent as "England's Ultimate Cult Deathrock band." Scoping through morbidly atmospheric guitar riffs and anti-religious lyrical themes, Part 1's one and only release—a 7" titled *Funeral Parade*—has been resurrected and digitally restored in all its ominous, aesthetic glory. With echoing synthesizers similar to sound effects you'd find in a gothic art-house film mixed with heavy, distortion-fueled guitar work and ghoulish lyrical enterprise, the result is a truly unnerving experience from start to finish. Rightfully deserving of their cult following, Part 1's unrepentant delivery of their unsettling mix of all things macabre makes *Funeral Parade* an anarcho/deathrock marvel. —Eric U. Norris

## Passion Pit Kindred

Columbia  
Street: 04.21  
Passion Pit = Owl City + Imagine Dragons

With *Kindred*, Passion Pit move into the realm of cute lyrics and synthesized, radio-made computer beats. Just like *Gossamer*, this album is another step in corny pop culture. It does show the versatility of the band, but hints at the overwhelming influences of its conception. The songs are quite similar to one another, and at first listen, it was hard to really know if the first song had ended at all. This album does have an element of uplifted hope and should be a must for any diehard recreators of the scene from *The Perks of Being A Wall-Flower* of Charlie's cathartic experience while standing on the bed of a truck, driving through a tunnel. —Barnabas

## Satanic Ripper

Southern Black Spells

Blood Harvest

Street: 06.22

Satanic Ripper = Sarcófago + Destroyer 666 + Sepultura (old)

Ripping for Satan one song at a time, these speed dealers from Chile have created an engaging album—staying raw but not too much in the lo-fi realm—with songwriting that holds even the most fair-weather listener's attention. *Southern Black Spells* is not a new album—it was released on CD last year, but Blood Harvest has given the album some new life and attention with their vinyl release of the album. Speed is the prevailing factor on the record, but there's little bits of death, black and thick atmosphere. There are some huge successes as a metal album

here—the production maintains this feeling and also bolsters a pleasant way of changing guitar tones and other key sounds. This constantly changes the feeling of the record. Also, amid the howling screams, the band employs some haunting, sung-type vocals. It's a rare but great treat to get a record filled with good songwriting—lots of different sounds and an aggressive, yet haunting atmosphere. —Bryer Wharton

## Sick of Sarah

Anthem E.P.

Self-Released

Street: 06.30

Sick Of Sarah = Blink 182 + Josie and the Pussycats

*Anthem* by Minnesota's Sick of Sarah is easily the most appropriately titled album of the year so far. Every one of their songs has an upbeat tempo with feel-good riffs that would have been HUGE in the late '90s. Well ... this isn't the '90s, and to be honest, upbeat is the ONLY emotion you will get on this album. Every track sounds like a derivative of every mediocre band putting out bland, safe rock tunes. The music contains the anthemic choruses that sell and follows such a "paint-by-numbers" formula that if the emotional content of the music were paint, then the completed artwork would be monochromatic. Overall, this is an album that would work wonders for a spoiled teenager who ran out of anti-depressants ... or those who are enamored by the generic. —R.G.B. Robb

## SOAK

Before We Forgot How to Dream

Rough Trade

Street: 06.02

SOAK = Beach House x Lapsley + Arctic Lake

Let me start off by saying that this album was made by a 19-year-old. However, it would be unjust to brush it off as merely a coming-of-age album composed by a teenager even if some of the song titles do suggest a purely juvenile approach ("B a noBody," "Blud," "SHUVELS," etc.). Irish songwriter **Bridie Monds-Watson** is able to connect not only with those her age, but also a wider audience of all ages and backgrounds. Tackling issues such as divorce, social anxiety and the vast influence of the everyday moments in one's life, Monds-Watson creates an atmosphere that most can relate to. Channeling the likes of the **Quin** sisters (**Tegan and Sara**, that is), the end result is one that is not only emotive but aurally pleasing. Lyrical mastery, superior vocal ability and simple orchestration create a home run of musical virtuosity that reaches dizzying heights. —Allison Shephard

## The Tallest Man on Earth

Dark Bird is Home

Dead Oceans

Street: 05.12

The Tallest Man on Earth = Bob Dylan + Bon Iver

**Kristian Matsson** goes by The Tallest Man on Earth and has released four full-length albums and two EPs. He is typically grouped into American folk for his acoustic sets and steady drumming. *Dark Bird is Home* is slightly less folkish, using more than acoustics alone. He adds the piano, french horn, frequent-yet-subtle synthesized effects and a series of open-tuned chords. *Dark Bird* is slower than the previously distinguishable folk-stomping and strumming, but it still fits, instrumentally, into the folk-genre with raspy vocals and acoustic reverbs—its lyrics set him apart. *Dark Bird* is somber with songs that reflect and look forward simultaneously. In "Little Nowhere Towns," he cries, "And I barely can remember little feet on solid ground / And the drinking part is useless when you bury away from sounds / Carolina where are you ending up this time." As this great album progresses, the tempo quickens while the timbre remains latent and searching for answers. —Lizz Corrigan

## Tau Cross

Self-Titled

Relapse Records

Street: 05.19

Tau Cross = Motörhead + Amebix + Killing Joke

In the age of super-groups—where some have made pretty established names for themselves—comes the question, Is Tau Cross a super-group? No, not just because it has **Rob "The Barron" Miller** of Amebix fame, the drummer from **Voivod** and some other dudes that aren't in anything that hundreds of people have actually heard. But fuck, they are a "super" group all the same—that's for damn sure. The whole album reeks of music that doesn't sound like anything else. A strong album needs a strong opening track, and "Lazarus" starts things rocking that extra shit out of your bowels. It also falls far from the tree of what "The Baron" has done before, who exercises pipes he might not have used previously. It's ripping rock/metal/hardcore/punk and everything else that's cool. It's an album of completely memorable catchy songs that you need to hear. —Bryer Wharton

## Tempel

The Moon Lit Our Path

Prosthetic Records

Street: 06.16

Tempel = Emperor + Edge Of Sanity x Isis

When I reviewed instrumental metal group **Tempel's** previous record last year, I was surprised at the innovative, creative heaviness they brought to a sub-genre I generally steer clear of. Somehow, they topped said album and stomped mudholes in the asses of everyone who didn't think they could improve on such an exponential scale (mine is still healing, but I appreciate your concern ... and I'm not referring to my exponential scale). *The Moon Lit Our Path* is much more blackened and sinister than *On The Steps Of The Temple*, yet just as vast and majestic. To summarize: Tempel have unleashed a jaw-dropping sophomore effort, which has impressed me more than any follow-up album I've had the pleasure of writing about before. If I only had three words with which to sum up this album, I'd choose "it," "fucking" and "rules." —Alex Coulombe

## Thee Oh Sees

Mutilator Defeated At Last

Castle Face

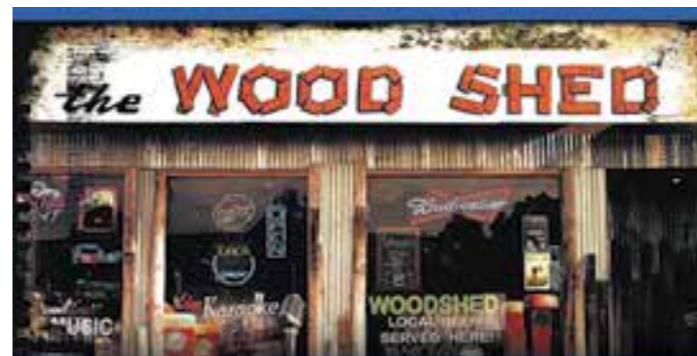
Street: 05.26

Thee Oh Sees = Ty Segall + The Go + Black Lips



It really is astounding how **John Dwyer's** Thee Oh Sees are able to consistently turn out the amount of quality psych rock tunes that they have throughout the last decade. As one of the key groups for the West Coast's psychedelic revival movement, I expected no less from their latest release. In this album, Thee Oh Sees are up to their usual tricks (new band members aside) with aggressive surf-garage noise-psych jams that don't quit. Tracks such as "Withered Hand" and "Turned Out Light" possess a contagious energy that makes me prone to cruising around the city with my windows down. Additionally, though, the album has its moments of relief and contemplation. "Holy Smoke" especially carries a **Kurt Vile**-esque chord progression, which somehow resists melancholia. Whether or not you've heard much of their other music, it's worth keeping up with these guys. They won't let you down. —Nic Smith

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## MONDAYS:

Movies + Popcorn Night

## TUES & SUN:

Karaoke That Doesn't Suck & Poker, no cover

## WEDNESDAYS:

Open Jam Night, no cover

## THURSDAYS:

Live Reggae Music Plus Todo Mundo on Thursday, July 23

## FRIDAYS:

July 3: Ladies That Rock feat. MiNX

July 10: Big Face + friends

July 17: Hold for Ducky

July 24: John Wayne

and The Pain with Jack Wilde


## SATURDAYS:

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# DAILY CALENDAR



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## Friday, July 3

The Moth & The Flame, Static Waves,  
Baby Ghosts - *100 West & Center Street*  
Blair Crimmins & The Hookers - *Brewskis*  
Cache Valley Cruise In - *Cache County Fairgrounds*  
False Hope Fades, Iridia, ColonelLingus, Advent Horizon - *Dawg Pound*  
West Side Story - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Rosie & The Ramblers - *Garage*  
Riverhouse Band - *Hog Wallow*  
Arabrot, Ghold - *Kilby*  
Natural Roots - *Liquid Joe's*  
"Fare Thee Well" Grateful Dead Simulcast - *State Room*  
DJ Enurvi - *The Royal*  
Beach Party, Flash & Flare - *Urban*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*

## Saturday, July 4

Tony Holiday, Talia Keys, Stonefed - *Garage*  
Blast Off!, Jesse Walker, Damian Ardenne - *OP Rockwell*  
Life+, Anthony Mollo - *Sky*  
"Fare Thee Well" Grateful Dead Simulcast - *State Room*

## Sunday, July 5

**Happy Birthday, Paul Mason!**  
Kristeen Young, FEA, Mermaid Baby, James Allen Spirit - *Kilby*  
Thievery Corporation - *Park City Live*  
"Fare Thee Well" Grateful Dead Simulcast - *State Room*  
Tanlines, Mas Ysa - *Urban*  
Nickelback, Lifehouse - *USANA*

## Monday, July 6

**Happy Birthday, Henry Glasheen!**  
**Happy Birthday, Ryan Perkins!**  
**Happy Birthday, Timm Paxton!**  
Salt City Superstar Comedian Competition - *50 West*  
Reel Stories - *Broadway Theatre*  
Tracings - *Loading Dock*  
Hemlock, Life Has A Way, 4Gotten Hobbies - *The Royal*  
Widowspeak, Koala Temple, Albino Father - *Urban*

## Tuesday, July 7

Taylor Caniff, Michael Wood - *Complex*  
Head North, Light Years, Casey Bolles - *Loading Dock*

## Wednesday, July 8

**Happy Birthday, Peter Fryer!**  
Reel The Lost Cauze, Adlib, I.L.A.M., Clawson - *Area 51*  
Lord Dying, Hard Men, The Ditch & The Delta, Worst Friends - *Area 51*  
Kaz Mirblouk, Red Telephone, Lemon & Le Mule - *Kilby*  
My Body Sings Electric, Lotus Crush, Late Night Savior, Ember Theory - *Metro*  
Searching For Sugar Man - *Red Butte*  
Electric Cathedral, Charles Ellsworth, Grand Banks, Crook & The Bluff - *Urban*

## Thursday, July 9

Messages - *Dawg Pound*  
David Halliday & The New Orleans Project - *Garage*  
Talia Keys - *Hog Wallow*  
Scalafrea, Bleeding Crown, Blackwinter, The Infernal - *Loading Dock*  
Brian Wilson, Rodriguez - *Red Butte*  
DJ Chuckie - *Sky*

Toe, StarRo - *Urban*

## Friday, July 10

Brothers Brimm, Somewhere In The Attic - *Brewskis*  
Third Eye Blind, Dashboard Confessional - *Complex*  
Insomniac Folklore - *Dawg Pound*  
Bad Feather - *Garage*  
Roots Of The Rock Party - *Hog Wallow*  
Dead Sara - *In The Venue*  
Electric Cathedral, Charles Ellsworth, The Wild War - *Kilby*  
Wirelefant, Penrose, Wonderstone, Citizen Hypocrisy - *Metro*  
**Damn! These Heels Film Festival - Rose Wagner**  
American Hitmen, Bury The Wolf, Betty Hates Everything, My Private Island - *The Royal*  
Opening Reception & Ririe-Woodbury Dance Performance - *UMOCA*  
L'anarchiste, Haarlem, Big Wild Wings - *Urban*  
Connect - *Urban Arts Gallery*  
Big Face - *Woodshed*

## Saturday, July 11

**Happy Birthday, Mame Wallace!**  
Blind Boys of Alabama, Tony Holiday & the Velvetones - *Canyons Resort*  
Damn! These Heels 2015 Opening Reception VIP - *Cityhome Collective*  
FKF Boxing: Wasatch Pro-Am Boxing - *Complex*  
Captain Wailes & The Harpoons, Pony Farm, 90s Television, Geneva Conflict, Monarchist, Puppy - *Dawg Pound*  
Justin Martin, Ardalan - *Depot*  
Rev Deadeye - *Garage*  
From Autumn To Ashes, Hawthorne Heights, Sleepwave, Extinction A.D. - *In The Venue*  
Connecting Stars, Ties for Tolliver - *Kilby*  
**Damn! These Heels Film Festival - Rose Wagner**  
**DirtyBird MudRun - Snowbird**  
Blitzen Trapper, David Williams - *State Room*  
Family Art Saturday: Move It, Move It - *UMOCA*  
Rocky Violotolo, Dave Hause, Chris Farren - *Urban*

## Sunday, July 12

**Happy Birthday, Nicole Stephenson!**  
Vale of Pnath, Dethrone the Sovereign, Alumni - *Metro*  
**Damn! These Heels Film Festival - Rose Wagner**  
Frontier Ruckus - *Urban*

## Monday, July 13

**Happy Birthday, Brady Gambles!**  
Wasatch Warriors Pro-am Boxing - *Complex*  
Ceremony, Tony Molina, Creative Adult, Pure Disgust, Barge - *Kilby*  
The Anchorage, Be Like Max, The A-OKS, The Beam Me Up Ska-Is! - *Loading Dock*  
Rush - *Maverick Center*  
Samba Crianca (Samba Kid) - *Salt Lake Arts Hub*

## Tuesday, July 14

Yeti Warlord, Barrows, Corried by Zombies - *Dawg Pound*  
The Garden, DJ Genie Factory - *In The Venue*  
Sarah Bethel Nelson, Max Pain & The Groovies, Rich Girtz - *Kilby*

letlive., Charlatan, Turbo Chugg, Visitors,  
I Capture Castle - *Loading Dock*  
Hank Williams, Jr., Sam Riddle - *Red Butte*  
Kurt Bestor - *Sandy Amphitheater*  
Lissie, Tyler Lyle - *Urban*

## Wednesday, July 15

Aristocrats - *Club X*  
Wesley Cook - *Hog Wallow*  
Sonreal, Tell City, Osseous Dusk - *Kilby*  
The Ataris, Arliss Nancy, American Mouth - *Metro*  
Black Breath, Theories, Fever Dreams,  
Die Off - *MusicGarage*  
American Hitmen, Bury The Wolf, Betty Hates Everything, My Private Island - *The Royal*

## Thursday, July 16

**Happy Birthday, Brooklyn Offens!**  
Recess Club, Peking Duk, Nate Lowpass, Blessed 1 - *Elevate*  
Allen Michael Quartet - *Garage*  
Deception Past - *Hog Wallow*  
Maldita Vecindad - *Infinity*  
Marriages, Yeti Warlord - *Kilby*  
**Twilight Concert Series: Death Cab For Cutie, tUnE-yArDs - Pioneer Park**  
Twilight Afterparty Series - *Red Door*  
Andy Grammer, Son of Ian - *Sandy Amphitheater*  
Bearfoot Music Festival - *SLCC South City Campus*  
**SLUG Localized: Heartless Breakers, Larusso, Sights - Urban**

## Friday, July 17

**Happy Birthday, Nic Smith!**  
Mark Instinct, SL Steez, Malice, Clearcut - *Area 51*  
Sister Wives - *Garage*  
Tracorun - *Hog Wallow*  
J. Alvarez - *Infinity*  
The Adarna, Moneypenny, The Departure - *Kilby*  
Akrobatik, N.B.S., Virtuoso, The Hidden Sound, Clawson - *Liquid Joe's*  
Through the Gates, Aether, The Anchor,  
Like Wildfire - *Loading Dock*  
Vasudeva, Wasatch Fault, Grass - *MusicGarage*  
June Brothers - *OP Rockwell*  
Lost Kings - *Sky*  
Underground Cash Bar - *The Royal*  
The Adolescents, The Weirdos, All Systems Fail - *Urban*  
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Joshua James - *Velour*

## Saturday, July 18

**Happy Birthday, Nancy Perkins!**  
Chino Grande, Devour - *Complex*  
Morrisey - *Depot*  
Yarn, Triggers & Slips - *Garage*  
JCRD: Junction Expo Bout & Loco's vs. Ladies of the Lake - *Golden Spike*  
5th Annual Wasatch Techno Festival - *Infinity*  
Coyucas, Hibou - *Kilby*  
Alive Like Me, Bonfires, Hour 24, Racing On the Sun, Riddled With, Away At Lakeside - *Loading Dock*  
Heems - *MusicGarage*  
DeVotchKa - *Park City Live*  
Bboy Federation: League Finals - *Rose Wagner*  
Flash & Flare, Concise Kilgore - *Urban*  
Van Halen, Kenny Wayne Shepherd - *USANA*

Two Nations, L'anarchiste, James Allen Spirit - *Velour*

## Sunday, July 19

Abigail Williams - *Area 51*  
Eleni Mandell, Courtney Marie Andrews - *Kilby*  
Boy Hits Car - *Liquid Joe's*  
Delusions of Godhood, Visigoth, Element Nine, Deicidal Carnage, Befouler - *Loading Dock*  
Mavis Staples, Patty Griffin, Amy Helm & The Handsome Strangers - *Red Butte*  
The Adarna - *Why Sound*

## Monday, July 20

**Happy Birthday, KJ!**  
Snow Tha Product, Audio Push - *Complex*  
Alice in Chains - *Depot*  
Good Old War, Flagship, Pete Hill - *Kilby*  
Ces Cru, Joey Cool, Clawson, Houston Zizza, SEM - *Loading Dock*

## Tuesday, July 21

**Happy Birthday, James Ormel!**  
Say Anything, Modern Baseball, Cymbals Eat Guitars, Hard Girls - *Complex*  
The Hunts, Panic Is Perfect - *Kilby*  
Helsott, Legion, Silenced By Dawn, Crisis In Consciousness - *Metro*  
Listener - *MusicGarage*  
Crook & The Bluff, Hectic Hobo - *Urban*  
**Wednesday, July 22**  
Stiff Little Fingers - *Area 51*  
Dollface - *Hog Wallow*  
Faun Fables, Sala & The Shakedown, Jess Corrie - *Kilby*  
Frnklero and the Cellabration, The Homeless Gospel Choir, Jesse Lawson - *Loading Dock*  
Aaron Lewis - *Park City Live*  
Harry Connick, Jr. - *Red Butte*  
Jonny Slaughter, The Bipolar Express, Homo Leviticus - *Urban*

## Thursday, July 23

Dakyl, Nate Lowpass, Devereaux - *Elevate*  
Latin Jazz Factory Allstars - *Garage*  
Tracorun - *Hog Wallow*  
**Twilight Concert Series: Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Father John Misty - Pioneer Park**  
Slim Cessna's Auto Club, Utah County Swillers - *Urban*  
Todo Mundo - *Woodshed*

## Friday, July 24

Big Red Judy - *Brewskis*  
Turnpike Troubadours - *Complex*  
Wyatt Lowe - *Garage*  
Symbol Six, Charlatan, Scarlet Canary, Aura Surreal, Away At Lakeside, Wounds of Valor, Buried Out West - *Metro*  
Forever Came Calling: You, Me & Everone We Know; Seasons Change, Like Pacific - *MusicGarage*  
John Wayne & The Pain - *OP Rockwell*  
Jon Wayne & The Pain - *Woodshed*

## Saturday, July 25

Fautollet - *Canyons Resort*  
Michelle Moonshine - *Garage*  
Grant Farm & Arthur Lee Land - *Hog Wallow*  
Young Rising Sons, Hunter Hunted - *Kilby*  
Brick & Mortar - *Loading Dock*  
Kyle Gass Band - *OP Rockwell*  
Toby Beard - *State Room*  
Torche, Melt Banana, Hot Nerds - *Urban*

## Sunday, July 26

**Happy Birthday, Carl Acheson!**  
**Happy Birthday, Lindsay Clark!**  
Geek Show Movie Night - *Brewskis*  
The Fryed Brothers - *Depot*  
Coliseum, Arctic Flowers, La Verkin - *Kilby*  
Atala - *Metro*  
Lyle Lovett & His Large Band - *Red Butte*

## Monday, July 27

Between The Buried And Me, Animal As Leaders, The Contortionist - *Complex*  
Rezet, Warhead - *Metro*  
Sugar Ray, Better Than Ezra, Uncle Kracker, Eve 6 - *Red Butte*  
Samba Crianca (Samba Kid) - *Salt Lake Arts Hub*  
G. Love & Special Sauce, HONEYHONEY - *State Room*  
Andrea Gibson, Chris Pureka - *Urban*

## Tuesday, July 28

Imagine Dragons, Metric, Halsey - *EnergySolutions*  
Parachute - *In The Venue*  
Chappo, Yukon Blonde - *Kilby*  
Assuming We Survive, Survive This!, Charlatan, Wolf Blitzer - *Metro*  
Lower Dens, Young Ejecta - *Urban*

## Wednesday, July 29

**Happy Birthday, Shawn Mayer!**  
Vain Machine, Rare Fature, New Shack - *Club X*  
Mötley Crüe, Alice Cooper - *EnergySolutions*  
Patrick Flaggerty - *Hog Wallow*  
Anthony Raneri, Laura Stevenson, Allison Weiss - *Kilby*  
K. Flay, Vinyl Tapestries, Lost, The Artist - *Loading Dock*  
Spy Hop's Heatwave Festival - *Red Butte*  
Unknown Mortal Orchestra, Vinyl Williams - *Urban*  
The Hoot Hoots, Advent Horizon - *Velour*

## Thursday, July 30

**Happy Birthday, Nate Housley!**  
Chocolate Puma, Teejay, Ross K. - *Elevate*  
Mark Chaney & The Garage All Stars - *Garage*  
**Twilight Concert Series: Phryme with Adrian Younge, Bishop Nehru, J Godina - Pioneer Park**  
Robert Earl Keen - *State Room*  
Matty Mo - *Urban*  
Taylor Berrett - *Velour*

## Friday, July 31

**Pick up the new issue of SLUG - Anyplace Cool**  
Kyau & Albert, Sandel B, Drew Latta, Jizzy - *Area 51*  
Pop Evil, Red Sun Rising, Spite Of War - *Complex*  
Emanon - *Granary Row*  
Rick Gerber & The Night Caps - *Hog Wallow*  
Mad Child - *Liquid Joe's*  
Bermuda, 2x4, The Prestige - *Loading Dock*  
Creature Double Feature, NSPS - *Mestizo*  
Talia Keys - *State Room*  
Max Pain & The Groovies, Breakers, Heavy Dose - *Urban*  
Foreign Figures, Night Argent, The Lovestrangle - *Velour*  
Jack Wilkinson, Jack Wilde - *Woodshed*



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THE URBAN LOUNGE **JULY**

- 1: FREE SHOW - **Breakers**, Quiet Oaks, Strange Family
- 2: FREE SHOW - **Ancient River**, Red Telephone, Lemon Le Mule, Golden Plates
- 3: Beach Party feat: **Flash & Flare** (9 PM DOORS - FREE BEFORE 10:30, \$3 AFTER)
- 5: **Tanlines**, Mas Ysa
- 6: **Widowspeak**, Koala Temple, Albino Father
- 8: **Electric Cathedral**, Charles Ellsworth, Grand Banks, Crook And The Bluff
- 9: **Toe**, StarRo (9 PM DOORS)
- 10: **L'Anarchiste** Album Release, Haarlem, Big Wild Wings
- 11: **Rocky Votolato**, Dave Hause, Chris Farren
- 12: **Frontier Ruckus**, TBA
- 14: **Lissie**, Tyler Lyle
- 15: **The Applesseed Cast**, Adly, Coaster
- 16: FREE SHOW - **Slug Localized Heartless Breakers**, Larusso, Sights (9 PM DOORS)
- 17: **The Adolescents**, The Weirdos, All Systems Fail (9 PM DOORS)
- 18: FREE SHOW - **Flash & Flare**, Concise Kilgore, FICELORDS
- 21: **Crook & The Bluff**, Hectic Hobo, Big Wild Wings
- 22: Benefit Show - **Homo Leviticus**, Johnny Slaughter, the Bipolar Express
- 23: **Slim Cessna's Auto Club**, Utah County Swillers (9 PM DOORS)
- 25: **Torche**, Melt Banana, Hot Nerds
- 27: **Andrea Gibson**, Chris Pureka
- 28: **Lower Dens**, Young Ejecta
- 29: **Unknown Mortal Orchestra**, Vinyl Williams
- 30: FREE SHOW **Matty Mo**, TBA, (9 PM DOORS)
- 31: **Max Pain & The Groovies**, Breakers, Heavy Dose

**241 S 500 E SLC**  
DOORS @ 8 PM UNLESS NOTED  
21+

COMING SOON

- Aug 1: A.A. Bondy
- Aug 6: Lee Gallagher
- Aug 13: Tinariwen
- Aug 18: KMFD
- Aug 28: Chelsea Wolfe
- Aug 29: The Get Up Kids
- Aug 30: MELVINS
- Aug 31: Millincollin
- Sept 1: Babes in Toyland
- Sept 12: Bowling For Soup
- Sept 21: Shilpa Ray
- Sept 23: Uncle Acid & the Deadbeats
- Sept 24: A Place to Bury Strangers



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

Kilbycourt **JULY**

- 1: **Kayo Dot**, Dust Moth, The Ditch And The Delta
- 2: **The Family Crest**, The Lonely Wild
- 3: **Arabrot**, Ghoid, TBA
- 5: **Kristeen Young**, FEA, James Allen Spirit, Mermaid Baby
- 8: **Kaz Mirblouk**, Red Telephone, Lemon & Le Mule, Heavy Dose
- 10: **Electric Cathedral**, Charles Ellsworth, The Wild War
- 11: **Connecting Stars**, Cinders, Ties for Tolliver
- 13: **Ceremony**, Tony Molina, Creative Adult, Pure Disgust, Barge
- 14: **Sarah Bethel Nelson**, Max Pain & The Groovies, Rich Girtz
- 15: **SonReal**, Tell City, Osseous Dusk
- 16: **Marriages**, Yeti Warford, CVPITVLS
- 17: **The Adarna**, Never Before, Moneypenny, The Departure
- 18: **Cayucas**, Hibou
- 19: **ELENI MANDELL**, Courtney Marie Andrews
- 20: **Good Old War**, Flagship, Pete Hill
- 21: **The Hunts**, Panic Is Perfect
- 22: **Faun Fables**, Sala and The Shakedown, Tess Comrie
- 25: **Young Rising Sons**, Hunter Hunted
- 26: **Coliseum**, Arctic Flowers, La Verkin
- 27: **A Giant Dog**, Blind Pets, TBA
- 28: **CHAPPO**, Yukon Blonde
- 29: **Anthony Raneri**, Laura Stevenson, Allison Weiss
- 31: **Better Taste Bureau** Album Release, Mouse Powell, Apt

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

COMING SOON

- Aug 7: X Ambassadors
- Aug 14: James Allen Spirit
- Aug 18: Funerary
- Aug 22: Great Peacock
- Aug 26: PEARS
- Aug 28: The Anchorage
- Aug 29: Barsie

OTHER S&S SHOWS YOU SHOULD SEE!

- Aug 5th: CHET FAKER (@ The Depot)
- Aug 5th: ROB BELL (@ The Complex)
- Aug 7: HIGH ON FIRE (@ The Complex)
- Oct 3: ZZ WARD (@ The Depot)
- Oct 19: FIDLAR (@ The Complex)
- Oct 22: MISTERWIVES/WATERS (@ The Complex)
- Nov 11: YELLOWCARD/NEW FOUND GLORY (@ The Complex)
- Nov 20: DESAPARECIDOS (@ The Depot)

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2015

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2PM - 2AM

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