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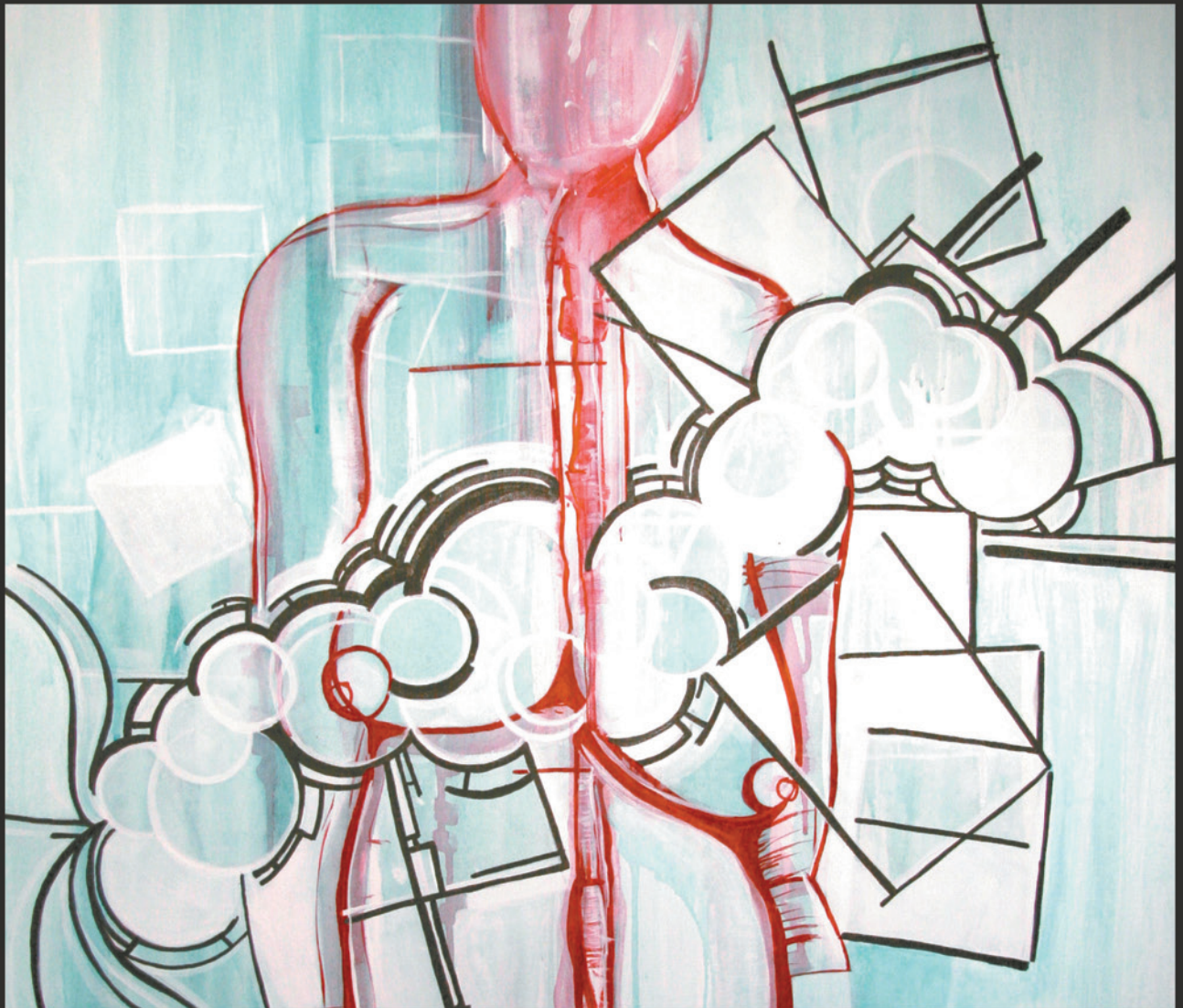
Vol. 19 #234  
June '08

## THE BEER ISSUE



Slugmag.com

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## Contributor Limelight



### Mikey Riedel • Guest Writer

Mikey Riedel makes his SLUG debut in this month's issue. Riedel has been a beer enthusiast for his entire adult life, but credits his wife Krin (who bought him his first homebrewing kit) for his evolution into beer geek. Riedel has maintained the *Utah Beer* blog since 2005 and when he isn't drinking beer, making beer, thinking about beer or blogging about beer he can be found working for Fox13 News as a photojournalist. If you like what you see check out his blog: [utahbeer.blogspot.com](http://utahbeer.blogspot.com). Cheers to you Mikey!



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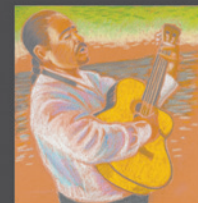
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# Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,  
Have you noticed the changes to the SLC streets lately? The state is laying down a supposed "fog and chip" slurry that no longer makes our streets skateboardable. What are we to do, for the streets were one of the last strongholds the skateboarders had and now they are covered with unskateable sludge. Many people believe it's a conspiracy against our kind, of which I do not doubt. Why else would the government cover perfectly smooth roads with the blackest of all black paving material except to cut down on skateboard traffic? Not only do the roads make for sketchy riding, but a fall on the clearly rugged new blacktop assures certain doom for anyone who might dare to try to skate on them. We might as well just post signs all over the city reading "skateboarders not welcome" or have separate drinking fountains for anyone who skateboards. As I sit here on my porch watching them turn the ice-like streets for urethane riders into pedestrian only zones I cant help but wonder what type of super terrorist plot one would need to undertake to make the streets usable for the skaters of tomorrow.

Signed,  
Chauncey Peppertooth

**because if you have you wouldn't be crying over our ass fault. Besides, I'm a firm believer that skateboarding is about evolution, when they started knobbing ledges and rails we all got better at manuals. So switch your 52's for some 58's, bomb 3rd south, learn how to ollie a fucking pot hole and quit complaining.**

Dear Dickheads,  
Not bad, I picked up mag and it was like looking at a menu of soso articles. The cheese cake one was dumb... I'm not a fan of that place either but why not do a article on a local restaurant worth reading. As you know we have some great local places to eat that are really good and bad. Also these places support you guys. SLUG is still behind like most things in Utah and me, thats why we see the old guys coming back here, they know the can recycle the past here. I know its a work in progress. I think the articles can be proofed by an college kid instead of junior high kid, but thats me.

Thanks,  
JD

**JD,**  
**Thanks for picking up our mag full of "soso" articles. We'd be lying if we said that we were fawning over your critique of our recent restaurant review, why not write a sentence worth reading next time instead? Could you please suggest one local place to eat that is simultaneously "really good and bad." Such logically inconsistent food would surely be worth writing about! Any suggestions you have on how we could catch up to you and Utah, two large spaces mostly devoid of intelligence, would also be appreciated. Your letter should have been proofed by A college kid, not AN college kid.**

**Dear Chauncey Peppertooth,**  
**I love a good conspericy. Mike Brown wrote a whole Zine once (Leviathan Issue #7b) about how he was pretty sure that all the new skate parks popping up were in cahoots with the privatized prison system. But I'm not so sure that the jack offs at the Utah Department of Transportation are sitting in a board room talking about how they can fuck over skateboarders. Our roads suck because of Snowplows, not because you think you're important. And our roads are not the only ones that suck. Ever skate in New Jersey? I didn't think so,**

You're Welcome,  
-SLUG

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# A Letter from the Editor

Fellow SLUG Readers:

You hold in your grimy little hands the very first issue of *SLUG* themed around BEER!

With locally made craft beers consistently left underrated by Utah's own population and mainstream media, I decided it was time to devote an entire *SLUG* Mag to the brew.

Working with our usual space limitations, lack of budget and tight deadlines (it's the *SLUG* way), June's edition should not be read as a fully comprehensive beer bible. Rather, it's a glimpse at our favorite beer topics, breweries and pioneers in Utah's beer brewing past that continue to make local history today—beer after beer.

We'd like to make this topic into an annual edition and with that in mind, we'd love to hear your thoughts on *SLUG*'s coverage this first time around.

Special thanks to the following for making this issue possible: The entire staff at *The Bayou*, *Brewvies*, *Utah Brewer's Co-op*, *Squatter's Pub*, Jenny Tally, Vic Back at *Goodtimes*, Del Vance, *Ken Sanders' Rare Books*, *utahbeer.blogspot.com*, *The Shooting Star Saloon*, Kyle Trammell at *The Beer Nut*, Babs, Cindi, Deb and Wayne at *The Beer Store*, Kevin, Chris, Hollie and Sabrina at *Red Rock Brewing Co.*, and the *SLUG* Staff.

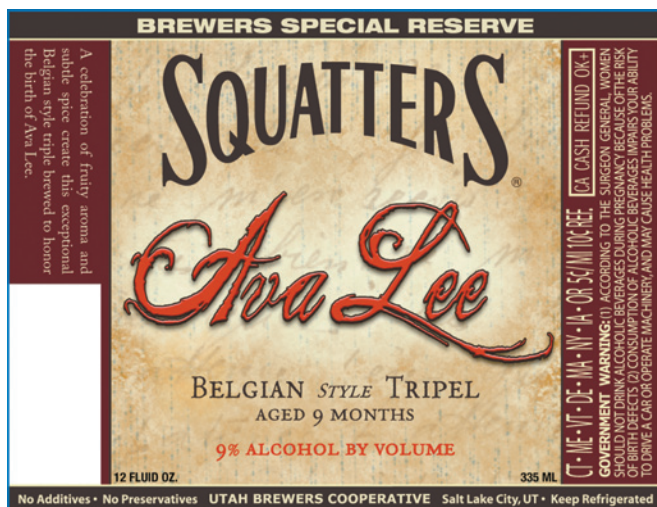
## ON THE COVER:

Born in Bezons, France, Vic Back has been tattooing for over 10 years; winning awards from conventions throughout Europe and the U.S. in categories such as *Best Back Piece*, *Best Color*, *Best Overall*, etc. Vic is a one the industry's most sought after artists and currently tattoos here in SLC at *Goodtimes*.

## Brewer's Special Reserve

Most local brew pubs offer special reserves or seasonally released beers throughout the year on tap. Utah is keeping up with the national trend of releasing these limited edition brews in the bottle—offering consumers a nostalgic keepsake after a tasting. At press-time, this limited edition ale was still available.

Jon Lee, brewer at the Utah Brewer's Co-op, infused a special, one-time beer, the *Ava Lee Tripel*, in celebration of he and his wife's first child. The brew clocks-in at 9% ABV and will not be available in liquor stores, only in bottles at Squatter's three locations for consumption on-premise. It was released Friday, May 23rd as a one-time brew—never to be repeated. This beer is limited and will probably go fast.



## Timeline Of Utah Beer

1833 – **Joseph Smith** received the *Word of Wisdom*, detailing that Mormons, among other things, may not intake any sort of alcohol.

July 24, 1847 – **Brigham Young** and Mormon settlers arrive at Emigration Canyon; Young declares that "this is the place."

1849 – The **State of Deseret** was proposed by church leaders but was never recognized by the U.S. Government because of polygamy laws and also because the area proposed covered Utah, Nevada, New Mexico and most of California

1850 – Several acts in the **Compromise of 1850** carve out a new territory called the **Utah Territory**, which includes modern day Utah and most of Nevada

1856 – High-end Church bodyguard **Orrin Porter Rockwell** establishes the *Hot Springs Brewery Hotel*, located right along the *Pony Express* route and one of the first Utah breweries on record.

1861 – **Abraham Lincoln** signs the *Internal Revenue Act*, making all businesses now file records with the government, making it easier to now keep track of established businesses (like, say, breweries).

1861 – The *Cotton Mission* is established in Toquerville, meant primarily to produce enough fabric to free Utah from exports; in addition, massive quantities of wine are harvested for the Church.

1864 – German immigrant **Henry Wagener** establishes the *California Brewery* right at the mouth of Emigration Canyon: it's the first major commercial brewery in Utah's history.

1871 – **Mark Twain** publishes his Wild West travelogue *Roughing It*, featuring a prominent detour in Utah that describes his love of the Mormon-brewed whisky known as "Valley Tan."

1873 – A session of the Mormon-dominated territorial legislature passes a motion allowing Brigham Young to be the sole manufacturer and distributor of liquor in Utah, even though he never drank the stuff.

1876 – **Louis Pasteur** develops "pasteurization", a process that greatly extends the shelf life of beer, thereby allowing it to be shipped all over the world without expiring prematurely. Anheuser-Busch is the first to fully utilize this process.

Mid-1870s – The Church begins allowing teens in the Aaronic Priesthood to prepare sacrament; the Church had previously used wine during sacrament, but with this new development, they switch to using water.

September 20, 1879 – A Church tithing clerk issues standardized instructions detailing how members can contribute wine as tithing.

1887 – The Church stops making its own wine.

January 4, 1896 – Utah becomes an official state six years after the church bans polygamy.

1919 – Utah ratifies the Eighteenth Amendment, officially putting prohibition into full effect; this is the first of many obstacles that local breweries faced during the 20s and 30s.

1921 – Church President **Heber J. Grant** makes adherence to the *Word of Wisdom* a requirement for entering the Temple, severing all ties with the LDS Church and the Utah beer scene.

October 29, 1929 – "Black Tuesday" – The stock market crashes, sending the country into harsh economic hardships. Only four Utah breweries would survive the 12 years of the Great Depression.

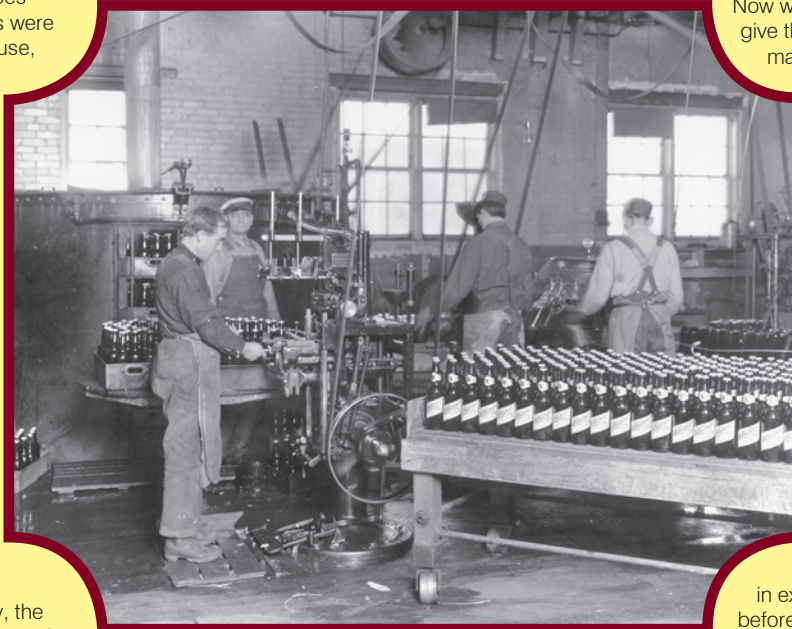
# The History of Beer in Utah

## LATTER-DAY SUDS: The Mormon Church and Utah Breweries By Evan Sawdey [sawdeye@gmail.com](mailto:sawdeye@gmail.com)

In 1833, **Joseph Smith** received a “revelation” known as the *Word of Wisdom*: the famed doctrine that prohibited members of the LDS faith to intake wine, hot drinks, tobacco and—strangely—the flesh of wild animals (which could only be consumed in times of winter cold and famine). In Volume 12 of **Brigham Young’s** *Journal of Discourses*, Young describes how early church meetings were held at Joseph Smith’s house, the elder converts often chewing and smoking tobacco, occasionally spitting on Smith’s floor. Not pleased with the lingering “cloud of tobacco smoke” that he usually found himself in (coupled with his wife’s complaints of having to clean a tobacco-riddled floor afterwards), caused Smith to make an “inquiry” to the Lord, eventually leading to the *Word of Wisdom*. Today, Church members adhere to this doctrine quite strictly ... but it wasn’t always that way. Back when Salt Lake City was in its infancy, the church and its members proved to be both active and vital in the movement to keep Utah soaked in booze. Economically, it was a great way to attract people to Utah’s ever-growing populace.

A Mormon (one that was oft accused of killing people) started the first Utah brewery. Indeed, the infamous **Orrin Porter Rockwell** established the *Hot Springs Brewery Hotel* in 1856 (*Valley Tan*; November 6, 1858). Rockwell himself was a colorful character: he was the personal bodyguard to both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, and with his Manson-like beard

and intense, thunderous eyes, he turned out to be as intimidating as he looked. During a speech given by Vice President **Schuyler Colfax** in 1869, Porter was noted as to have blurted out “I never killed anyone who didn’t need killing.” This certainly makes sense when you take into account the fact that he was arrested for the murders and attempted murders of multiple men, including such notable Western figures as **Lilburn W. Boggs** (arrest reported in *The Wasp*; August 13, 1842), **Lot Harrington** (arrest reported in *The Deseret News*; January 22, 1862) and **John Aiken** (arrest reported in *The Salt Lake Tribune*; September 29, 1877).



Photos: Courtesy of the Utah Historical Society.

Now why, pray tell, would we give this man, much less any man, the means to distribute beer to the common folk? The answer is simple: because of our railroaders and miners. It didn’t take long for people to find out that Utah had rich mineral deposits, and mining soon became the beating heart of Utah’s early economy (besides, there were still many unemployed people wandering around the West after hopping on the California Gold Rush train too late). Naturally, the prospect of new jobs immediately made numerous people perk up in excitement, and it wasn’t long before this little settlement was flooded with immigrants. Many of them (especially Germans) still had

cultural drinking habits from their homelands, and the LDS Church greatly needed their labor. In fact, the first truly major brewery to be established in Utah was in 1864 by a German immigrant named **Henry Wagener** (*Beer in the Beehive*, 2006). *The California Brewery* grew to great prominence in a short amount of time, no doubt due to its prime location: right at the mouth of Emigration Canyon (in fact, it was only a couple hundred feet away from where the *This Is the Place Monument* now stands).

Yet there were problems still. Being a new territory, Utah was largely dependent on outside sources for certain goods like whiskey and cotton. According to an October 1995 *History Blazer* article, it was in 1861 that Brigham Young established the Cotton Mission in a little place called Toquerville, its ultimate goal being for Church members to raise enough cotton for Utah to break off its expensive importing ties. Yet the fertile fields that the Church members worked in soon provided something more: grapes. Lots of grapes. In fact, the wine that was derived from these grapes soon became hoarded by the LDS Church, largely because they were still using wine in their sacraments until the 1870s, when the teenage boys of the Aaronic Priesthood became allowed to prepare the sacraments themselves (soon replacing wine with water for their own protection, citing D&C 27:2 ["... that it mattereth not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink when ye partake of the Sacrament"]) as the reason for the switch). The Mormon-owned and operated Zions Cooperative Mercantile Institution outlet (ZCMI for short) soon began selling wine and beer to the general populace at its downtown location, providing much joy to the hard-working residents of Salt Lake City.

Yet there is more to this story than just buds drinkin' suds. According to **Mark Twain's** hilarious 1871 Wild West travelogue *Roughing It*, "Valley Tan is a kind of whisky, or first cousin to it; is of Mormon invention and manufactured only in Utah. Tradition says it is made of (imported) fire and brimstone." Indeed, the Mormon-curated Valley Tan was soon sweeping the west by storm, with prominent figures like Twain and **Porter Rockwell** drunkenly singing its praises. Yet the big turning point for Utah's brew dance came in the form of an 1873 session of the (Mormon-dominated) territorial legislature in which a motion was passed that gave Brigham Young and only Brigham Young the right to manufacture and distribute "spirituous liquors" in Utah. Though this wasn't the first time that an individual or group has tried to monopolize the Utah liquor market (a decade prior, the Provo City Council petitioned to be the only group responsible for Provo's liquor output, but their petition was ultimately denied by the Utah County Court [J. Marinus Jensen's *Early History of Provo, Utah*]), it was the first time that said individual succeeded. Now why, pray tell, would Brigham Young do that?

Though we can only theorize about what motivated Young's wheelings and dealings to qualify the statement, it's safe to make the assumption that Young – already known as a smart businessman – was in it for the money. The whole point of establishing Utah breweries (and cotton missions and factories) in the first place was to cultivate business and – more importantly – to prevent Utah from wasting money by importing valuable items like beer, whisky and fabrics. Young saw an economic opportunity and immediately seized it, even though he never drank the stuff. So, in an unofficial sense, the Church controlled all

of the liquor in Utah; an 1874 edition of *The Gazetteer of Utah* even has a listing for the Salt Lake City Brewery being housed in Salt Lake's Tenth Ward! Yet beer and whisky weren't the only dealings that the Church had with "spirituous liquors". It wasn't very long until the Valley was swarming with beer and wine. There was so much, in fact, that some Mormons actually began paying their tithing in wine (a report from the St. George Tithing Office [later republished **Leonard J. Arrington's** 1966 book *Desert Saints*] showed that the office had collected more than 7000 gallons of wine by early 1887). Everyone had their own idea of how much wine constituted a full tithing payment, eventually leading a Church tithing-clerk to issue instructions on how to standardize the wine/tithing process in a letter dated September 20, 1879.

The fact of the matter is, however, that the abundance of Utah breweries were gradually leading to frequent displays of public drunkenness, and soon the Church was growing worried about the affect that mass public intoxication was having on its image. According to **Jerald & Sandra Tanner's** 1979 book, *The Changing World of Mormonism*, it wasn't until 1887 that the church stopped

making its own wine, soon followed by a greater pressure for people to adhere to the Word of Wisdom, a move, which would no doubt quell the drunkenness among Church members. The Church's saving grace came in 1919, when Utah ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, putting prohibition into full effect. In 1921, it was **Heber J. Grant** that ultimately made adherence to the Word of Wisdom a strict requirement to enter the Temple, thus forcing many faithful members to clean up their acts whether they liked it or not.



These newly enforced Church rules, coupled with prohibition, proved to be a tough break for local

brewers (forcing Mormons who owned them to jump ship point), but things got even tougher when the Great Depression hit in late 1929. In fact, only four local breweries were standing after the Depression, but their survival signaled better things to come: today, Utah hosts over thirteen breweries (according BeerExpedition.com, that is), all of them working ever-so-hard to hook you up with the drinks you love. Indeed, the Church's ties with the Utah brewery scene ended shortly after the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, but we will always cherish those memories, still as vivid and fascinating as ever.

In fact, I'm gonna toast to that right now. Cheers.

*SLUG offers a special thanks to University of Utah Assistant Professor of History **W. Paul Reeve**, author of *Beer and the Beehive*, **Del Vance** and living legend **Ken Sanders** for their invaluable help on this article. If you happen to run into them, make sure you buy 'em a beer.*



# Beer *in the* Beehive

## Beer Man in The Beehive

By: Brian Kubarycz [yammerskooner@gmail.com](mailto:yammerskooner@gmail.com)

**Del Vance's** *Beer in the Beehive: A History of Brewing in Utah* is a book that has more than a little in common with its subject. Begun as a homespun labor of love, the book was produced, not by a seasoned writer, but the founder of *Uinta Brewing Company*. Published by **Ken Sander's Dream Garden Press** in 2006, this lavishly illustrated and highly informative volume has enjoyed astonishing success. I recently tossed Vance five questions regarding the writing of this surprise hit.

**SLUG:** Beyond your initial research, what has the reaction to your book, either positive or negative, taught you about Utah and its relationship with beer and other controversial pleasures?

**Vance:** My first reaction was one of shock. I couldn't believe I sold out of all the books within a year. I printed the minimum run of 1000, thinking they would last for a few years, and they were gone in less than a year; I guess that would be considered an extremely positive reaction! It shows that Utahns really do care about good beer and local history.

**SLUG:** How has your image of Utah and its history in general changed as a result of writing this book? Did beer open a window onto a new view of Utah?

**Vance:** I've lived in Utah long enough to know that when the subject of alcohol comes up, people on both sides of the issue take notice. I'm sure non-drinking Mormons enjoyed the book as much as beer drinking slobs, such as myself, did. My image of Utah hasn't changed one bit since writing the book, that's mostly because Utah's image hasn't changed at all as a result of my book. The state still has its goofy image when it comes to alcohol policy. My book can't change that, only the legislature can. The only surprise I encountered while researching the book was the amount of brewing and distilling activity there was in Utah over the past 150 years. I had no idea Utah was such a powerhouse in the alcohol production industry before writing the book. I met several collectors who have extensive amounts of brewing memorabilia from over 100 years of Utah brewing. Many photos of these items are in the book.

**SLUG:** Did researching and writing about beer alter your palette or enhance your appreciation of beer? Did it enhance any other aspects of your life?

**Vance:** It's the other way around. My palette was enhanced a long time ago by the great beers brewed by the new

emerging craft breweries in the Pacific Northwest. I became so interested in the brewing business that I decided to try it myself. My friend **Will Hamill** and I liked craft beer so much that we opened the **Uinta Brewing Company** in 1993 to introduce more consumers in Utah to the great taste of locally brewed beer. My love for good beer and my desire to introduce it to more people was one of the major reasons for writing the book. If any part of my life was enhanced by writing the book, I would have to say it was my computer skills. I had to figure out really quickly that putting a book together takes a lot of computer knowledge, something I'm lacking. I was lucky enough to find **Jason Gowans**, who is a computer genius, and convince him to help me put it together. As I recall, a lot of good craft beer was consumed during the layout design of the book.

**SLUG:** What other areas of experience do you feel might be enhanced through information gathering and education?

**Vance:** One of the most interesting experiences in the information gathering part

of the book was the reading of the old minutes from the *Great Salt Lake City Council* meetings, 1851 through 1884. They were all written by hand and documented – all the debates, fights, arguments, disagreements and opinions of the council and citizens trying to obtain business licenses. It amazed me that somebody was able to scratch down all of the words from these frenzied meetings by hand. I would say they are one of the best sources of information, on any historic subject, available to people today.

**SLUG:** What frustrations did you encounter while writing this book? Did you experience blocks? What rescued you from abandoning your project and helped you see it through to completion?

**Vance:** The biggest frustration, other than running out of beer every now and then, was the amount of information I found. It was more than I ever expected – I couldn't seem to stop finding more stuff. I felt like the book was never going to be finished. I never expected it be even close to the 320 pages it ended up being. I could have kept going to over 1000 pages! I'm updating the book for a second edition printing this summer. It's looking like it might reach that number. I'm going to have to get a good editor.

Since its initial release, *Beer in the Beehive* has sold through multiple editions and is currently unavailable. Keep an eye out for used copies at local used bookstores and enjoy the results of brewer Del Vance's day job wherever I products are sold.  
[Editor's Note: Rumor has it that *The Bayou*, 645 S. State St., has a few copies left of this incredible book! Get'em while you still can!]

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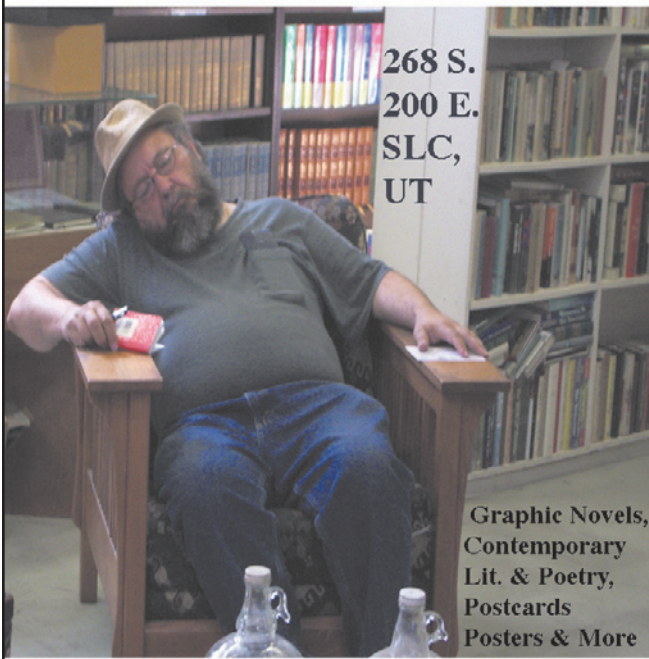
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## The Shooting Star: Bootlegging, Stuffed Dogs and Burgers

By Ben Trentelman [BDKT0@aol.com](mailto:BDKT0@aol.com)

**Buck**, a 297-pound Saint Bernard, was at one point the largest dog on record. His head has been mounted respectfully on the wall of the oldest bar in Utah, *The Shooting Star Saloon*, since 1962.

The *Shooting Star Saloon* started as a general store in 1879 in Huntsville, Utah. **Hoken Olson**, the original owner, was bootlegging and running illegal card games out of the basement. After several run-ins with the local authorities over the illegal gambling and selling alcohol without a license, Olson converted the store into an actual saloon.

Over 100 years later, **John Posnien** is now the seventh owner. He bought the saloon 20 years ago because he needed a hobby. Very little has changed at the *Shooting Star* in all those years. Most of the décor was provided by customers throughout the years, such as Buck the stuffed dog, and several other fine examples of taxidermy. Dollar bills signed by customers paper the ceiling, while articles about the *Shooting Star* and photographs of their customers cover the walls. A collection of business cards put up by businessmen spanning the last 30 years surround the bar.

Posnien has a unique business plan: "Keep it simple and do it how it's been done." He must be on to something, considering the *Shooting Star* has outlasted any other bar in the entire state. In the spirit of keeping it simple, the *Star* is a beer bar offering up several *Wasatch* and *Uinta* beers. The *Star* does not except custom orders. They just don't do it. Who is to question this when the place has been around for so long? Not changing the menu is an essential part of Posnien's business plan.

The *Shooting Star's* menu is surely something to behold. They have the *Shooting Star* burger, which consists of two hamburger patties, topped

off with a Polish sausage, a hunk of cheese, and a secret sauce jam packed with warm hearty goodness between two buns. That is for those of you who really like meat. If you are kind of into meat, then they have a hamburger. When asked what they do for vegetarians, **Carol Conway**, who has been working at the bar for over 20 years, will usually respond: "We eat 'em!"

Oh yeah, there are also chips.



"Buck" the Saint Bernard watches over customers at the *Shooting Star Saloon*.

*The Shooting Star's* unique atmosphere and giant burgers bring people in from all over. "You can get anyone in here from bikers to five-star generals to nuns," Conway said of their customer base. "Our regulars are travelers; guys who come in from Idaho or other places. Some nights, you will hear several different accents and languages."

The town of Huntsville is small and the people are homey. You wouldn't expect the local bar to be a place where the local nuns would go have lunch, but it happens. Posnien has done a lot to clean up the *Shooting Star's* reputation. It has become a respectful business and a central part of the community. "There was a time that people wouldn't even walk on the same side of the street as the bar," says Posnien. "But now it's a place where people can be comfortable and everyone is welcome."

If you find yourself in the mood for a nice drive and a beer head North and up either

Weber or Ogden Canyon. *The Shooting Star* is open Wednesday through Saturday from noon to 11 p.m. and Sundays from 2 to 11 p.m. You can track them down at 7350 E. 200 S. Huntsville, Utah. Don't look for a web site, because they don't need one, and they do zero advertising. If all else fails and you can't find it, give them a call at (801) 745-2002.



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## Localized

By Kat Kellermeyer

[thechickwhopwn3dyou@yahoo.com](mailto:thechickwhopwn3dyou@yahoo.com)

**SLUG Localized** is back home at the *Urban Lounge*, BUT we gave up our second Friday slot so that two of our favorite bands **The Warlocks** and **The Black Angels** could rock this town. Take note and mark those calendars, though. *Localized* will transpire the very next evening—the second Saturday of the month, June 14 so write it down somewhere where you won't forget and (as always) is just five bucks at the door. June features two bands with a collective resume long enough to fill a whole page, and two completely different styles: **Minerva** takes it back to the basics, and **Invaders** throw the basics completely out the window and assault your ear drums. **Danny Vesper** opens the showcase.

### Jason Knott- Guitar/Vocals

### Sean McClaugherty- Bass

### Gavin Hoffman- Drums

Started in the fall of 2006, Minerva is far from what you'd expect from the three members. Minerva takes a completely different turn from anything its members have done before and kicks it back to the basic concepts of simple songs and catchy melodies. The band started after **Clear**, a former project for both Knott and McClaugherty, broke up, but both knew they didn't want to continue in that same direction. "Historically we all played punk rock, hardcore or metal," McClaugherty says, "Just more aggressive music, so we tried to strip out everything we thought about songwriting in the past and just do a simple song structure."

"If the band's going to break up, and I'm going to do another one, it's not going to sound like the band I just did," says Knott, "With bands like **Clear** and **The Kill**, they were really complicated. They had a lot of rifts going on and I got really sick of that. I just wanted to dumb it down. We're just keeping it simple; as simple as we can."

Having been strictly a vocalist for his entire musical career, it was only two years ago when Minerva began that Knott decided to try something new. "Really early it came from the frustrations of just being a singer," he says, "The lack of respect, just the whole: 'What do you know? You're not a musician.' I would verbally try to write music with people, and I think that's what pissed them off the most. It was like I was stepping on their toes. It was like it wasn't good enough just to be a singer. I'd had about 10 years of that, and I had to do something else. So I picked up a guitar."

It was the first time Knott had ever played guitar, or any other instrument, but that has become part of what really defines Minerva as a band. "I think there's a lot of stuff that comes out subconsciously that I don't really know about," Knott says. "I ended up playing guitar the way that this band ended up sounding. It's just how I naturally liked playing it and it sounded good to me; it's weird that the bands we've all done before, none of them were like this. None of us have played music like this."

What comes out is a **Nirvana**-esque simplicity with **Ramones**-catchy melodies. With Knott only having started playing within the last two years, the band has evolved and fast. "It's definitely been a progression," McClaugherty says, "We're making our breakthroughs, but we're not putting a lot of pressure on ourselves. We just want to get better as a band, Jason wants to get better at what he does, we want to get better at what we do, and in the meantime we're just writing songs and we feel like the songs we write are just better than the ones before."

But with all the growth in the band, they worry early concert-goers may have gotten the wrong impression. Having been out of the scene for six months to rework songs and write new ones, Minerva is considering *Localized* their first real show, and hopes to prove themselves to the Salt Lake audience. "A lot of the shows we've played in the past, a lot of them have been on the sketchy side," says Hoffman, "I think we kind of rushed ourselves, started doing things a little too soon. So people that have seen us in the past might have gotten a bad impression, which is really too bad because I think personally, considering all the stuff I've done, this is one of the best things that I've done musically."

"We like playing music, because it's what we love to do," McClaugherty says with a grin, "We don't really care if anyone comes to see us, we'll still play." Hoffman laughs and with a nod says: "Just come to the damn show."

# Invaders



Photo: Raji Barbir

**Phillip White- Throat**  
**Dave Moss- Guitar**  
**Sean McClougherty- Bass**  
**Gavin Hoffman- Drums**

At the time White was doing his own project, a group called **God's Iron Tooth**, "which should have been a much bigger band than it ever was," McClougherty adds. Between White working with his band and McClougherty playing in a similar project, **Hammergun**, the best the two could do was to agree that if there was ever a chance for them to play together, they would take it.

Fast-forward to the beginning of Invaders: McClougherty joins on as the band's bass just as White decides to move to Salt Lake. "When I decided to move out here was when they decided to do this," White says, "They had this project forming, Sean and I had already talked about doing a band like this, and it was kinda fate." Within the first week of White's move, they were starting practice. "He didn't try out," Hoffman says with a laugh, "It was more like, 'Hey! You wanna do this? Sweet. Phil's moving to Salt Lake, we've got a singer!'"

A band that started with every intention to become the loudest, ugliest, heaviest band to have ever walked the earth, and they strike damn close to the mark. "Rather than just getting out there and making noise, we wanted to get to the point where earplugs are a necessity," Hoffman says, "where it bowls people over because it's so much for them to take."

With so many kids picking up on the style, more often than not, a band ends up just making noise and nothing else. "Which is amazing," White adds with a laugh, "It shouldn't be that easy to fuck up **Black Sabbath** and **Black Flag**." But he knows exactly what he wants from the band. "I'm that dude in the front when I see **Motorhead** play. I gotta be so close because they're so loud, so obnoxious, and it rocks me."

"I don't want you to enjoy our show," he says. "I want people to be at that threshold of, 'I can't fucking take it anymore, but I'm going to stomach it, because it's either this or I leave.' And you'll get out of the bar, and you'll still hear it. You'll have to get in your car and go home. Just give me three of my friends, a shitload of beer, some whiskey and we're going to write some badass music," White smiles and grabs another beer. "We're not reinventing the wheel... but we're definitely destroying it."

Come check out Minerva and Invaders along with **Danny Vesper** on Saturday, June 14 at **Urban Lounge**.

Invaders is a band that, by all rights, should never have existed, and exists due to sheer luck, or as some of their members might put it, fate. "If I believed in God, I'd call it a blessing," says White. With all members having known each other for a collective of more than 10 years, none of them ever expected they'd be together in a band, playing the music they've been wanting to play for years. But somehow their paths all crossed at just the right moment, and Invaders was born.

"Invaders is kinda my little brainchild," Hoffman says after much heckling from White. "About the same time **Minerva** was starting, I just had a bug up my ass and I wanted to do a project like this. I ended up talking to Dave about it one night. We were drunk and hanging out at a bar, and he ended up talking to our friend Weston to play bass."

The result was **Spur**, a short-lived three-piece band that ended when the group was left without a bass. Afterwards, both Moss and Hoffman knew they wanted to take the group in a different, somewhat heavier direction. With Spur sharing practice space with Minerva, Moss and Hoffman invited McClougherty to give them a listen.

Rewind 12 years to McClougherty's former project and meet White, who would later become the group's vocalist. "When Jason (Minerva) and I were with **Clear**," McClougherty begins, "Phil used to come out on the road with us and drive our van. On one of our tours, Phil introduced us to this group called **Iron Monkey** that I immediately ... wanted to be in, and I said that if there was ever a time I was not doing [Clear], this is what I want to do. Phil and I talked about it: 'Yeah, it will be awesome! Let's do something like that.' Well, we lived in Utah, he lived in California."

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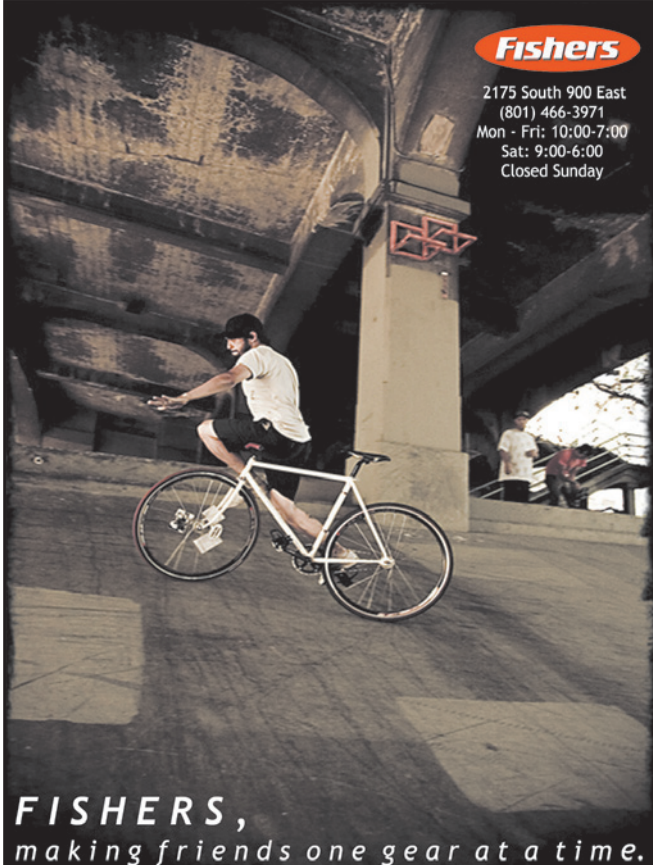
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## Home Brewing: The Super Punk-Rock Hobby

By Jeanette Moses

jeanette@slugmag.com

Numerous beer bottles, such as *Flying Dog*, *Affligem*, *Rogue*, and *Fat Tire* decorate Critter's large kitchen window. Two giant glass jugs sit in his closet; one of them containing fermenting cider called "Goose Juice." The other will soon house a concoction of hops, barley, yeast and water to make an imitation *Anchor Steam* brew that Critter plans to name *The Fix*, after his bike. The 21-year-old is one of many who have taken their

brewing from two books written by **Charlie Papazian**. Well-read copies of *The Complete Joy of Homebrewing* and the *Homebrewer's Companion* sit on the kitchen counter near the sink. "I was out in the dark with all my ingredients, hoping that I didn't fuck up," Critter says. Nonetheless, His first batch was a success. "I've had nothing but positive feedback on all of my beers—even the beers that I've fucking botched."

# HOMEBREW

passion for beer drinking one step further, and begun creating their own. Although homebrewing is a class B misdemeanor in Utah, the law is rarely enforced and doesn't deter folks from creating beer. People from all walks of life brew at home: doctors, lawyers, detectives and even dirty punk-rock kids like Critter, because, as Critter puts it, "corporate beer sucks."

Critter has been a beer drinker for as long as he can remember. "My dad used to feed me beer after dinner when my mom went upstairs," he says. By the time he was 19, Critter had developed a taste for microbrews, and a curiosity to create his own. Through his involvement in the punk scene, Critter met many individuals who had experimented with home brewing. Doing things yourself (D.I.Y.) and not buying into the corporate machine is the common battle cry for all punk rockers, and beer drinking is a common

## HOP

hobby. He created his first batch of homebrew, an amber ale, in November of 2006. Since then, he has been brewing about once a week. "I try to have at least 10-15 gallons around at all times," he says.

Critter learned the majority of what he knows about home

The name of Critter's "brewing company,"



**Black Medal Beer**, was inspired by his love of black metal and one of the few cheap beers he enjoys drinking—Pabst Blue Ribbon. The majority of the beers he makes are 5-7 percent A.B.V., although he makes higher point beverages for special occasions. A few of his favorite creations have been his *Sean Fightmaster Chocolate Stout*, made in memory of his old friend (and S.L.C. legend) who died from a drug overdose, and *Genuine Stunning*, a tasty pale ale whose name was inspired by a **Charles Dickens'** book. Critter creates many of his own recipes, but also occasionally references **Scott R. Russell's** *North American Clone Brews*. When creating his own recipes, Critter says he follows the advice of Papazian: "I taste everything in every stage of the process. Some of it's good ... some of it's not so good."

Although his first batch turned out much better than he expected, he has had a few disasters since, including shattering a carboy (a five-gallon glass fermenting container) while cleaning it and a foul-tasting batch of beer once in a while. "I had a Belgian beer that grew mold—we drank it anyway. Which is fine because no known pathogens can survive in fermenting alcohol. But it made you really flatulent and tasted like cheese."

Critter wishes all people could enjoy the pleasures of home brewing and wants to teach everyone he knows how to make their own beer. "It's an outlet for my creativity and an excuse to keep drinking," he says with a smile.

For more information about concocting your own beer recipe, contact the fine folks at *The Beer Nut* 1200 S. State or drop by Critter's favorite shop, *Art's Brewing Supply* on 642 S. 250 W. in Salt Lake City.

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Photo: Kealan Shilling



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# CHEAP BEER REVIEWS

By Eric Blair  
Ericblair23@gmail.com

**Pabst Blue Ribbon**  
Brewery: **Pabst Brewing Company**  
A.B.V.: Utah Beer  
Price: \$5.99  
Size: Will usually get you a 12 pack



Description: I just woke up from one hell of a bender and discovered that I'd somehow tricked S.L.U.G. magazine into publishing my leaky lexicon and tolerating my verbal velocity. I am now one of the monkeys that Angela Brown has chained to a typewriter in the

basement of S.L.U.G., which makes me your new hipster god and as every hipster knows P.B.R. is the "cool" cheap beer. I believe this phenomenon can be traced back to David Lynch. Every hipster fuck loves David Lynch movies. "Heineken? Fuck that shit! Pabst Blue Ribbon!" If you don't recognize that quote you are going to have to turn in your converse and apologize to your parents.

**Overview:** I've bought into the propaganda. It's my favorite cheap beer.

**Where to find:** As there is not a law that requires all retailers to carry PBR, you cannot assume that it will be in every beer aisle you strut your hipster ass down. You can always buy it from me, but if you come to my Tesoro looking to buy beer I'll probably send you to the liquor store next door. Buy Pabst from me when the liquor store is closed.

**Natural Ice**  
Brewery: **Anheuser-Busch**  
A.B.V.: Utah Beer  
Price: \$5.99  
Size: Is the most you should ever pay for 12 of these

Description: I am now going to explain to you the meaning of two acronyms, "A.B.V." is short for "alcohol by volume" and "A.B.W." means "alcohol by weight." By the time you get to the bottom of this paragraph, I will have fact-checked the physics involved. What's more ridiculous than drinking Natural Light? Drinking Natural Ice in Utah. Outside of Utah, this piss-flavored

beverage is 5.9 percent A.B.V.. In Utah it's 3.2 percent A.B.W. and 4.0 percent A.B.V.. I guess it might taste better than Natural Light—which is 5.0% abw outside of Utah, Minnesota and Oklahoma—but, I still cringe at the sight of a "Natty Light" because it

was the first beer I ever tried—on my 21st birthday of course. Don't look at me like that! Now, how exactly would I get my hands on a beer before I had turned 21? I'd have to have had older friends purchase it completely legally and then bring it back to whatever "party" was going on, wouldn't I? At which point it would become a second party sale (now, that's against the law!). I always pitch in for beer. Eh, who cares about the physics involved? You do! Weight and volume are two different things. I can tell you, hopefully without boring you, that the ice brewing process is quite different. Between seven and ten days into the brewing process, the temperature is lowered below freezing which causes ice crystals to form. This causes the brew to have a higher percentage of alcohol, outside of Utah, this would clearly have an impact on the flavor.

**Overview:** If you aren't in one of those three states listed above this stuff is almost malt liquor!

**Where to find:** On the desk of S.L.U.G. staff writer/copyeditor **Eric Blair**.

**Milwaukee's Best**  
Brewery: **The Miller Brewing Company**  
A.B.V.: Utah Beer  
Price: \$5.84  
Size: Might be how much a 12 pack costs at Walmart



Description: I'm really into fads, especially fad diets. I'm one of those people who only eats food they grow. If everybody did this there wouldn't be any war. All of the food I grow is organic and locally produced, obviously.

Unfortunately, there just isn't enough room in my backyard farm to grow all the ingredients I'd need to make my own beer. I'm going to have to rotate my crops soon; maybe I'll find a place to grow barley and hops. For now, I have to leave Fantasy Island when I want a beer. One beer I could pick up during my day trip to reality is commonly referred to as "Milwaukee's Worst." With good reason, I might add.

**Overview:** There's really no reason to drink this shit unless you are in Milwaukee or it's the cheapest booze available.

**Where to find:** The good people at The Miller Brewing Company do their best to make sure their product is readily available—try grocery stores and gas stations and the like if you want to choke some of this down.

**Busch**  
Brewery: **Anheuser-Busch**  
A.B.V.: Utah Beer  
Price: \$1.39

**Size: Should get you a 24 oz can**  
Description: As far as I can tell the entire reason this beer exists is for the jokes. They get funnier the more you drink. What's every dyke's favorite beer? *Busch*.



There's a lot of different dirty jokes you could make and I love dirty jokes, so knock yourself out.

**Overview:** I'd rather be eating pussy (*Busch* jokes, gotta love 'em!), or drinking *Busch Ice* (the ice brewing process seems to add flavor and alcohol!)

**Where to find:** Avoid burning bushes and seek out a cooler. A cooler full of beer is best found inside one of those places with a sign outside that says, "Cold Beer."



**Keystone Brewery:**  
**Coors Brewing Company**  
A.B.V.: Utah Beer  
Price: \$1.39 plus tax for...

**Size: A 24 oz can**  
Description: It's a tightly held secret that *Keystone* is an ethnic beer. Even a *Keystone* cop knows that *Keystone*, the



beer, is the keystone of a certain ethnic lifestyle. What ethnic group is associated with *Keystone*? Fucking rednecks. White trash. White people. It'll always be okay to mock the white dude in a wifebeater sitting in front of his trailer drinking a *Keystone* on a hot summer's day. This guy has a 30 pack of *Keystone* and he's waiting for his wife to come home from work. In a few days, they are gonna have more food stamp cash and that'll be nice. He's not worried about that right now—he's mostly concerned about how quickly he's running out of beer—and where the fuck is his wife?

**Overview:** The foundation of any healthy breakfast!

**Where to find:** Most places that sell beer have it.

**Olympia Brewery:**  
**SABMiller**  
A.B.V.: Utah Beer  
Price: About seven bucks for a 12 pack  
Size: A 12 pack of 12 ounce cans.

Description: Did I say that *Pabst* was the coolest of all hipster



beers? Well, fuck that. Pabst is so fucking five minutes ago. So, there was this *Olympia Brewing Company*—a'ight? Clearly with a name like that it was all up in the northwest part of the country—Washington state to be exact. So many cool bands have come from Washington: fucking *Nirvana*, forgive me for mentioning *Pearl Jam*, *Mudhoney*, etc. There's such great sushi in the northwest. Trendy assholes love raw fish. Heroin is pretty good there too—nothing proves your "street cred" better than being a fucking junky. I digress...

**Overview:** "It's the water." Bullshit. It's the alcohol.

**Where to find:** Well, I've got 11 of them hidden in a comic book store. If you can guess which comic book store, and if they are still there, you can have them!

# CRAFT BEER

## REVIEWS

### Organic and Stouts Craft Beer Reviews

By Kyle Trammell

**Note about organic craft brews:** For a beer to qualify as organic brew it must meet the exact requirements as all other foods placed on them by the USDA. This is difficult for most brewers because of the limited selection of grains that have been certified. Coupled with the strict brewing guidelines each brewery needs to meet, set by the lovely DABC, you must be quite skilled as a brewer.

**Wildfire Organic Extra Pale Ale**  
**Brewer/Brand: Four + Brewing**  
**Abv: 4.0%**



**Price: \$8.99 six pack**  
**Size: 12 oz Bottle**  
**Description:** The *Four + Brewing Company* gives SLC *Wildfire*. This organic extra pale ale pours a lighter golden color with a thick white head. Catch a smell of floral and citrus hops, followed by sweet malt goodness. *Wildfire* tastes of hop bitterness when it first hits the

palette, only to be followed by soft malts and a nice crisp, breadly finish.

**Overview:** *Four + Brewing* is a branch-off of the *Uinta Brewing Company*, so for those of you who have been picking up this sixer afraid that it may be another sickly *Anheuser-Busch* attempt at launching into micro-brew market ... fret not. Everything that comes out of this brewery is a quality local product. *Wildfire* is an easy-drinking beer that goes terrifically with any Asian dish, and works quite well on its own. Do they charge a bottle cap opening fee for beer at *Takashi*?

**Where to Find:** This is an easy beer to find. Common at most local grocery stores, *Wildfire* can also be found on tap at the *Uinta Brewing Company* and *The Bayou*.

**Squatter's Organic Amber**  
**Brand/Brewery: Squatter's, brewed by Utah Brewer's Cooperative**  
**Abv: 4.0%**  
**Price: \$8.99/ bottled six-pack**  
**Size: 12 oz Bottle**



**Description:** This amber boasts a beautiful honey hue, with a faint touch of red. It possesses a citrus aromatic, followed by a smart coupling of caramel and malt. Though big on the toasted/caramel malt flavor, the citrus hops are still able to pull through, giving it just the faintest

lemon zest, then finishing with an almost nutty finish.

**Overview:** The first organic brew from *Squatters/Utah Brewers Co-op* is making big accomplishments in the beer world. By receiving a silver medal in 2007 at the *Great American Beer Festival*, this organic amber is keeping up *Squatter's* reputation for producing amazing brews.

**Where to Find:** Found at most grocery stores and on tap at *Squatter's Pubs*.

**RedRock: Organic Pale Ale**  
**Brewery: RedRock**  
**Abv: 4.0%**  
**Price: \$4.50/Pint**  
**Size: Pint / Growler / Pitcher**



**Description:** The boys at *RedRock* are at it again, with this fucking amazing 100% organic pale ale. It truly is one of a kind. With a deep honey-copper color, this pale ale has a scent of both fruity and earthy hop bitterness, followed by sweet caramel malts, and a breadly finish.

This brew encompasses a decent amount of bitterness and polishes off with a sweet finish.

**Overview:** This is Utah's only 100% organically made brew, meaning that not only were all the grains used in the creation of this brew organic, but the hops were as well, something very uncommon in the brewing world. Cheers to *RedRock*. And a special "cheers" goes out to **Chris Harlin** for scoring *SLUG* a review growler of this before it flew off the tap at both of their pubs.

**Where to Find:** This rotating-release beer can only be found on tap at *RedRock's* pub locations either in SLC or in Park City.

**Latter Day Stout**  
**Brewery: Desert Edge Brewery**  
**Abv: 4%**  
**Price: \$ 3.75**  
**Size: Pint / Growler / Pitcher**



**Description:** Head brewer **Chris Haas** and his brew team from *Desert Edge Brewery* wish to share their *Latter Day Stout* with the readers of *SLUG*. This stout comes off the nitro tap with a pitch-black color and gives a killer head. Put your nose in it and scents of chocolate followed by

hints of coffee-roasted malt. This medium bodied stout has a nice dry, chalky finish.

**Overview:** I would not denote the *LDS Stout* as being a world-class brew. However, I would call this a damn good session stout. I have no problem throwing back a few of these in one sitting. Cheers to the boys over

at the *Desert Edge Brewery*; their work has constantly gone unnoticed in mainstream Utah beer culture.

**Where to Find:** This beer can only be found on tap at *Desert Edge Brewery*, SLC, UT.

**Junction City Chocolate Stout**  
**Brewery: Rooster's Brewing Company**  
**Abv: 4%**  
**Price: \$ 4.00**

**Size: Pint/ Growler / Pitcher**  
**Description:** This dark-brown brew pours with a nice creamy head, enveloping aromatic pleasures like toffee, coffee and chocolate. You'd think that you were getting ready to drink dessert, and tasting it is nothing short of its smell. Although a touch too watery, this brew has an amazing body which brings out that soft, sweet toffee-roast flavor.



**Overview:** This is my number one recommendation when drinking any of *Rooster's* beers. If driving to Layton or Ogden for beer tasting is too much, be sure to swing by *The Bayou* in Salt Lake to get your beervana on. At *The Bayou* they serve this amazing brew as a beer float with vanilla bean ice cream—making this a tasty treat to finish off any decent night of drinking.

**Where to Find:** Only found on tap, this brew can be found at either of the two *Rooster's* locations in Ogden and Layton, as well as in SLC at *The Bayou* and *Brewies*.

**Madame X Stout**  
**Brewery: Hopper's Grill & Brewing Company**  
**Abv: 4%**  
**Price: \$ 3.75**

**Size: Pint / Growler / Pitcher**  
**Description:** *Madame X* is poured with a creamy, nitro-induced head and is brownish black in color. Toasty malts hit the nose, followed by dark chocolate. The taste has a stong malt complex of coco and caramel with a solid coffee base. Definitely a well-bodied brew, and like my women, this one actually finishes.



**Overview:** This is another brewery going unnoticed by the Utah crowd and a great beer to taste on tap. It has a great balance of all its flavors, making it a great stout. This stout drinks easily with food pairings, but I don't think I will go out of my way to drink it alone.

**Where to Find:** This beer can only be found at *Hopper's Grill & Brewing Company*.

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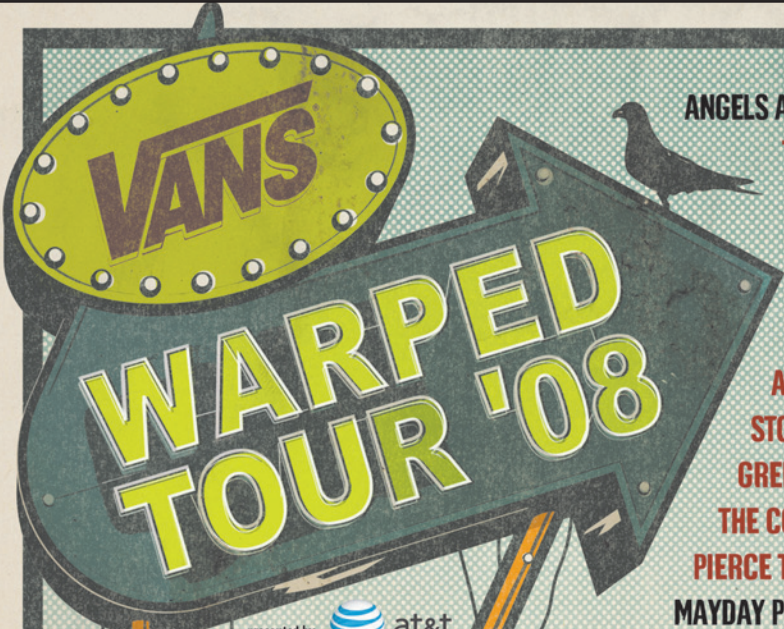
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(34) SLUG

# BREW VIES

May 22, 2008

**Brewvies' Cinema Pub**

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Reviewed By Fred Worbon [worbon@slugmag.com](mailto:worbon@slugmag.com)

I originally submitted a review for June's *SLUG* of a fantastic little spot in Orem that I recently found and now love. I was very proud of myself and as far as I could tell, *SLUG* was going to be the first paper in town to write about this spot, but alas, at the last moment my editor asked me to shelve the review for a month because June's issue is themed around Beer. All of my hard work was for nothing. Well, I guess it wasn't for nothing because you'll be able to read about it next month, which means that I get a month off. Anyway, I decided to review my one favorite spots to grab a beer with friends, bullshit a little, and if I'm hungry, order some eats. Plus, in my opinion, it's the best place to watch a movie in town. With all that extra leg room and no kids, how could you not love it? That's right, I went to *Brewvies*.

It was a Thursday night, so business was pretty slow. Only a meager crowd of regulars, including *SLUG*'s own **Mike Brown**, who managed to leak it to the wait staff why I was dining there. Needless to say, the service was impeccable. I'm not saying that the servers aren't regularly attentive, but I could almost swear that resident bartender **Scott Farley** was kissing my ass the whole time, and I'm not sure that my food has ever been that prompt anywhere other than shitty fast food joints.

I started my meal with a pint of *Guinness* (\$4.25) then promptly moved on to a pitcher of the *Bohemian Brewery's Cherry Boch* (\$10), one of my favorite local brews. One of things I love about *Brewvies* is the great selection of local beer on tap, including *Uinta*, *Squatters*, *Roosters* and *The Bohemian* brews. I'm sure that I missed one or two, but hell, you get the idea.



Photo: Chris Swainston

What once was fried cheesecake and a pitcher of cherry boch

I usually either order a pizza (for those of you that haven't frequented *Brewvies* recently, they bought a new pizza oven several months ago and pizza is now back on the menu) or I get the some of the best enchiladas in town. I'm told that it is one of the cook's old family recipes. This time I decided to try the chipotle bbq chicken sandwich (\$9) and my wife got her usual—a half order of vegetarian nachos. I'm pretty picky when it comes to chicken; it usually seems dry, overcooked and generally bland. I was pleasantly surprised with my sandwich; the chicken was cooked perfectly and the bbq sauce had just the right balance of sweet, smoky and spice. I took it with a side salad (I've gotta watch my girlish

figure, you know) and to finish our meal we shared a slice of a new dessert menu item—fried cheesecake (\$5.75). This deep-fried dessert was served with a chocolate sauce and it was as amazing as it sounds. Granted, my opinion could have been a little skewed by the fact that I was a little lit by that point, but now I've come to the conclusion that all cheesecake should be deep-fried. I do think that the option of a raspberry or strawberry sauce might be nice though.

*Brewvies'* menu has been going through a lot of changes. All the old favorites are still there, but every time I go to the place, it seems there is something new to try. Next time you want to get dinner, tie one on and see a movie, don't risk getting busted sneaking some warm pisswater in a can into the *Megaplex Theatres* only to have the movie ruined by a stupid fuck who thought it would be a cool to bring their kids to a 10 p.m. viewing of *whatever*. Instead, head to *Brewvies* for only a \$6 ticket (\$3 for matinees or \$3 all day with student I.D.) and enjoy your movie with craft beer.

**Insider's Tip:** Every Wednesday is *Brewvies'* "Cheap Date Night," where one can order a liter of PBR for \$3, any dessert (including deep-fried cheesecake) for \$3 and a movie ticket for \$3. Damn! That's ghetto deluxe.

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## UPCOMING CONCERTS

- Fri. June 6: Jeff Lawrence Group, Terence Hansen
- Sat. June 7: My Last Breath, Locke 'n' Load, VX36, Scripted Apology, Cavityburn
- Fri. June 13: Balance Of Power, Kohabit, Friday Night Gun Fight, Harbor Nothing
- Sat. June 14: Black 'n Blue, Shadow, Dirty Loveguns
- Tue. June 17: 16 Volt, Tragic Black, Audio Variancision
- Fri. June 20: Royal Bliss, Broke City, Melodramus
- Sat. June 21: Utah MetalFest Indoor / Outdoor  
2 Stages: Outdoor stage all ages! Featuring: BeDevil, Blood Of Saints, Hooga, Maim Corps, My Last Breath, Sarge, NailSpine, Prosthetic Heads, Trench  
Indoor stage 21+ Featuring: Drown Out The Stars, My Last Breath, Balance Of Power, Jezus Rides A Riksha, Ixxion, My Own Time, tba
- Wed. June 25: Accessory, Bathosphere Riot, Audio Variancision
- Thu. June 26: Bay Area Thrash Metal Invasion!  
Fueled By Fire, Merciless Death, Bonded By Blood, Balance Of Power, tba
- Fri. June 27: Separation Of Self, 2 Headed Chang, Maim Corps, Blonde Assassin
- Sat. June 28: Redemption, Domiana
- Thu. July 3: Poison After Party with Bret Michaels
- Fri. July 25: Oblige, Apiary, Separation Of Self
- Tue. July 29: Endrah, Massacre At The Wake, Main Corps, Hooga

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## THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of  
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit



## BUNNY CAT MATES THE MOP HEAD

Filed by Om

CREEP-O-BLOODY-RAMA! Bunny cat, the void dwelling creature whose front half is feline while its back half is rabbit, is an exhibitionist—and in the creepiest way. A frequent visitor to the gardens and yard of Aunt Kate's home, Weedpatch, bunny cat has his favorites of the soft furnishings and bits of fabric that lie about the place. He's especially fond of fleecy things. He'll stealthily approach his target, pounce and mount. He starts slow – hunched over in a strained position with his soft victim held in place by his front paws and fitting snugly against his belly and between his back legs. His chin will be held up and out with his bottom jaw protruding, his head turning slowly from side to side, and his eyes glazed over and three quarters of the way shut. Deep guttural noises, hisses and spits issue from his clenched mouth, which will occasionally break into a mechanical chewing motion.

Bunny cat will then lower his head and bite up a mouthful of fabric as his bunny haunches start sliding back and forth rubbing his under bits against his inanimate companion. The pace quickens—his thrusting working up into a remarkable motor-like speed and precision. The growls become deeper and more drawn out, contrasting with the accelerating speed of the humping.

The most horribly creepy aspect of this display is bunny cat's apparent need to make eye contact with a viewer just as he slips into climax and sends himself over the goal posts. His head will scan around and find a person even though his eyes are rolled back into his head and are mostly covered by eyelid. If you are the chosen, his head will suddenly stop dead facing your direction, his eyelids will pop open, and his mainly pink eyes will roll down and lock in with yours. Then he begins to serenade you with a wail of what I suppose is great pleasure. Chills will run through you and you'll want to flee. The performance,

however, is so mesmerizing, a person cannot tear him or herself away once bunny cat has mounted an object and set the noisy mechanics in motion. At that point, a doomy resignation will fill your body like you've just been stung and paralyzed by a wasp that is about to lay its egg on you. The egg will hatch and the larvae will burrow in and feed on your insides until you are nothing more than a hollowed-out husk... OK, so I got a bit sidetracked and poetic there, but you get the picture.

Bunny cat recently put on just such a performance for Boo and me. We were hanging out in Weedpatch's side yard, sitting at one of the salvaged old sliver traps of a picnic table that Aunt Kate bought at "a real bargain of a price" from one of the city parks. There was an old mop head lying not far from Boo's feet. It was one of the industrial sized stringy yarn type heads that school custodians use. Bunny cat suddenly appeared and pounced on the mop without warning, giving Boo and me no chance to run. It was Boo who was the chosen one and ended up lock-eyed with the beast and becoming, in a weird way, a part of its orgasm. After bunny cat had finished, he hopped over to Boo, and in thanks, rubbed up against her leg. He then hopped away. This broke the spell and Boo ran shrieking into Weedpatch, presumably in search of an acid shower, and I fell to the ground in relief and hysterical laughter. I looked over at the scene of the crime and noticed that bunny cat had left a neat little pile of rabbit raisins.

Boo was miffed in a BIG way and needed to take out her rage on someone or something. That someone turned out to be me. Somehow she was able to collect the manky mop head, and that night when I went to get into bed, I found the vile thing gingerly laid out on my pillow. I screamed loudly and then heard the muffled cackles of Boo coming from the next room.



**Bobby & Beer: A Recipe for Witch's Brew**  
By Lyuba Basin  
[lyubasin@hotmail.com](mailto:lyubasin@hotmail.com)

What's rock n' roll without a few brewskies down the hatch? I decided to ask an expert on the subject, **Bobby Hecksher**, of the neo-psych band **The Warlocks**. Although Hecksher admits that he's more of a whiskey drinker (my kind of man), he was able to share a little insight on his connection between beer and the band.

**SLUG:** How old were you when you had your first sip of beer?

**BH:** I think I was around 15; I had a drink at a neighbor's party in Florida. I didn't think about it much. I don't think I liked the taste.

**SLUG:** I believe it's an acquired taste. Do you remember your first time getting hammered?

**BH:** As a teenager in high school everything is a new experience, like going to shows and seeing music; and alcohol is a part of that whirlwind. I don't have one specific memory; it's more of a collective memory. It [drinking] was something to bring people together rather than just to get drunk.

**SLUG:** Do you have a favorite type of brew?

**BH:** These days I drink crabby old man drinks like whiskey. As far as beer, it goes in moods. I like Hefenweizens, dark beers, home brews and lagers.

**SLUG:** Sometimes when people drink too much they develop special skills; I become a great dancer. Do you have any drunken skills?

**BH:** No, I don't develop any special talents that I don't have when I'm not drinking; nothing that comes to mind.

**SLUG:** No skills, no problem. Do you have a favorite homie to drink with?

**BH:** It's really fun after we have a long rehearsal, or after I'm done recording, or working on music and writing for a long time. It feels really good to unwind and go to our neighborhood bar. We [the band] all go down there and have a few drinks with the owner. Those are my favorite times.

**SLUG:** It's good to take a rest after a hard days work. What's your favorite thing about drinking beer?

**BH:** I don't have a favorite thing. I'm not really a beer drinker.

**SLUG:** What's the worst thing about it?

**BH:** The worst thing is that after two or three beers you feel really full. I hate that.

**SLUG:** I agree, it's all those fizzy bubbles in your belly! If the Warlocks created their own homebrew, something to classify the band, what would it be like?

**BH:** I'd make sure to try different blends and make sure it was made by professionals and not a bunch of kids following a recipe, I don't think I would do that; but maybe I would, maybe that would be fun, make a bootleg moonshine.

**SLUG:** What would be the alcohol percentage?

**BH:** Enough to knock you out! We're gonna have crossbones and white skulls that says "XXX don't drink." One sip and you're done.

**SLUG:** So like 400 proof?

**BH:** Yeah, 400 proof. A Warlockian Skull beer, there ya go!

Are you thirsty yet? If you want to buy Hecksher or any of the other Warlocks a cold one, they'll be playing with the **Black Angels** on June 13 at *Urban Lounge*. Dance, drink and be merry!

# WE MAY LIVE IN A DESERT BUT WE'RE NOT DRY



By Mike Riedel [mikey@xmission.com](mailto:mikey@xmission.com)

American cheese. It's far from the best example of what America's dairy producers are capable of crafting, but because some corporate hack decided to call it "American cheese" we as a nation got stuck with this lousy faux cheese—representing to the rest of the world our collective "cheesiness." Now we all know that there are probably hundreds of unique cheeses out there that would probably represent us better, but it's hard to sway consumers when confronted by large corporate juggernauts and consumer biases. The same goes for Utah Beer. Again, another group of equally asinine burn-outs from somewhere in the not-too-distance past decided from some booze-pickled standard of what "good" is, declared that our beloved suds were too weak and tasteless to merit any positive praise. And as happens all too often, the mob ran with it and we as Utahans got cheated.

Where did all this misperception of Utah-made beer come from? It's hard to say, But let's just say it's a complex combination of pious aversions to intoxicants and consumer miss-information coming together to create our current climate of barley and hop misconceptions.

One of the biggest misinterpretations of Utah beers is the dreaded 3.2% alcohol content. This is the problem many beer drinkers both from inside and outside of Utah have with the majority of our craft and microbeers. "That 3.2 shit is just too weak!" Well not exactly. The 3.2% handle that's been associated with our beer is about as inaccurate as you can get, especially when comparing Utah beers to other beer producers outside of Utah. The 3.2% you know of comes from an older, lesser-used system of measurement called Alcohol-by-Weight (ABW). Most brewers worldwide use the measurement system Alcohol-by-Volume (ABV). This measurement is the world standard. So what's the difference? Well not much. It's all in the way you look at it. If you were to convert the measurement of a 3.2% ABW beer with the standard ABV measurement you'll find that that 3.2% is really 4.0%, if it's measured on the same scale as most of the world. It's like measuring distance in miles & kilometers. It's the same distance just different numbers. If you're going to compare a *Bud Light* that you bought at your local grocery store, with say a *Bud Light* bought in Wyoming, you might think you're getting far less alcohol in the Utah *Bud Light*. Well, guess what? You are getting less, a whole 0.2% less alcohol per 12oz. Shocked? Most people are.

Dozen of brewmasters statewide work hard under very difficult restrictions to bring great tasting brews to local and national consumers. And it's not easy; Utah's liquor myths weigh heavily outside of Utah and many customers just won't shed their age-old thinking. So how do we change their thinking? I guess the easiest example would be to compare it to wine. Like wine, beer is brewed to match a specific style or taste. Each style has its own look, aroma, flavor and alcohol level. But beer is by far, more broad. For example. An English Pale Ale, generally has a golden to reddish amber in color with a nice foamy head. A mix of fruity, hoppy, earthy, buttery and malty aromas and flavors with an ABV level that

ranges between 4.0% and 5.0%. German Hefeweizens are often a cloudy yellow color with unique phenol flavors of banana and cloves. They often have dry and tart edges, with an apple spiciness, little hop bitterness, and an ABV ranging from 4.0% to 7.0%. And that's just two—there are dozens of styles worldwide! In fact, there are more styles of beer right now than there are varieties of wines, and Utah's brewers take full advantage of all styles. Just because there's a 4.0% ABV cap at the grocery store doesn't mean Utah brewers with the ability to bottle their beverages can't produce beer with higher alcohol contents and do them well.

*Squatter's Pub Brewery* in Salt Lake City makes an India Pale Ale that is 6% ABV, while *Uinta Brewing Company* makes a barley wine that often dials in above 10% ABV. These "heavy" beers can be purchased only in Utah's state liquor stores. Both are highly regarded nationwide. But can these state imposed restrictions actually help make better tasting beer? Most Utah brewers think so. These brewing limitations that the state imposes on brewers has defiantly made them better brewers. With higher alcohol beers, it's easier to hide any imperfections in the beer. "That's what's great about low alcohol beer," said **Jennifer Talley**, Brewmaster at *Squatter's Brew Pub* in Salt Lake City. "You can't hide behind the alcohol. Everything we put into our beers is right on the palate."

This means lower-alcohol beers made at Utah's microbreweries—Pale Ales, Hefeweizens and Stouts—are comparable to those made outside the Zion Curtain. It all comes down to smarter brewing and working within the law. It makes you want to scratch your head; have Utah's arcane laws actually helped to re-invent what makes beer "beer"? Does this careful attention paid between barley, hops, water and yeast payoff? It sure does.

**Fresh Kegs of  
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Company.**

Every two years, an intense competition called the *World Beer Cup* is held in various cities around the world to honor the top three beers in 91 beer style categories with gold, silver and bronze awards. Since it's inception in 1996, Utah's finest craft brewers have participated in the *World Beer Cup* competition with consistently respectable showings. This past April in San Diego, California our local Brewmeisters and their teams (as well as brewers from 644 breweries, from 58 countries and 45 U.S. states) vied for awards against the 2,864 beers entered. If won, the coveted medals can propel brewmaster and brewery to the heights of international praise.

Judging for the *World Beer Cup* (also known as the Olympics of Beer)



is far from an easy task. No other worldwide beer competition is as well represented or judged. This is one of the few events where a true panel of International judges congregate to rate the international diversity of all beer styles. With so many beer experts from so many countries assessing entries, friction can arise when determining whether a beer is within stylistic guidelines (and I'm sure "tasting" beer all day doesn't help fuel the controversies). One would think this beer judging thing would be a no-brainer. Just get a bunch of beer lovers together in the same room and choose the best beer. Right? Well, not exactly. Our American brewers tend to be more cutting edge and innovative in their choice of ingredients and brewing techniques, whereas Europeans tend to display a greater adherence to traditional styles. It's these variables that require brewers to show a high level of latitude and compromise to evaluate each beer in blind competition.

So how do Utah brews, the most misunderstood of all beers, rate in the great global scheme of things? All that careful attention to detail paid off in the *2008 World Beer Cup* as Utah's brewers came home with two gold, three silver and a bronze.

First *Uinta's Cutthroat Pale Ale* (a personal favorite) won its second gold medal in *World Beer Cup* competition and fourth overall. This brew had the honor of being served with one of the courses of the *World Cup's* awards dinner because of its past performance. *Squatter's Pub Brewery* earned a gold with *Alt and In the Way* a well-hopped and malty beer with a dark copper color. Unfortunately you're going to have to wait a few months to try this one, Jenny Tally won't be making this seasonal again 'till September. *The Utah Brewers Cooperative* medaled next with a silver for its *Bobsled Brown* (readily available in bottles and on tap around the state). *Polygamy Porter* one of Utah's more infamous beers also captured

a silver medal in the low strength ale or lager category (available in bottle and draft statewide). Rounding out the low strength ale and lager category *Provo Girl Pilsner* earned a bronze. Both *Polygamy Porter* and *Provo Girl* were brewed by **Dan Burrick** at the *Utah Brewers Cooperative*. Finally,

**RedRock Brewer Kevin Templin** earned a silver in the *American-style Brown Ale* category for its *RedRock Nut Brown Ale*. With 30 entries, it was one of the largest beer categories at the competition. This is the fourth time in four World Cup competitions that Kevin's Nut Brown Ale has brought home a medal. And this is just one of many beer competitions that are held in the North America every year. The above named breweries and brewpubs as well as others, such as *Hopper's*, *Roosters*, *Desert Edge* and *Bohemian* just to name a few have similar showings on a regular basis in nationwide competitions. In fact last October at the *2007 Great American Beer Festival* in Denver, Co., *RedRock Brewing Co.* won *Best Large Brew Pub of the Year!* That's Freak'n Huge! Do you know how many brewpubs are in the United States? 975! Booya!

The market for these flavorful craft beers grew by double digits nationally in 2007, and sales figures locally are on-track with the national brewery and brew pub averages per capita. "Since 2004, dollar sales by craft brewers have increased 58 percent," said **Paul Gatzka**, Director of the *Brewers Association*. The strength of these numbers correlate with the growing American awareness of buying local products and a new-found preference for more flavorful foods and beers. Small brewers lead the beer industry in growth by offering tasty, interesting beers. All you have to do is venture out to one of our local breweries or brewpubs, sample some of their fine craft ales and lagers and you'll know that our brewers serve some of the very best in the world.

To read more of Mike Riedel's rambling about beer, peep his blog: <http://utahbeer.blogspot.com/>.



Photo: Chris Swainston



Photo: Chris Swainston

## BEER BITCHES: 10 QUESTIONS WITH THE LADIES (AND DUDE) OF THE BEER STORE

Pictured from L to R: Babs, Cindi, Deb & Wayne kick back with brews after a long day of work at The Beer Store.

By Patricia Bateman  
 patricia@slugmag.com

The Beer Store, located inside the Utah Brewer's Cooperative (home of brewing efforts from Squatter's Salt Lake Brewing Company and Wasatch's Schirf Brewing Company) at 1763 South 300 West in Salt Lake City, has everything for the discerning local brew fan (Growlers to go, six-packs, T-shirts, paraphernalia, etc.) and a cool, knowledgeable staff—and yet you're still buying Natty Light at *Maverick*? SLUG posed 10 questions to The Beer Store's **Babs Roberts**, **Cindi Patterson**, **Deb McGhee** and **Wayne** (no last name required, apparently) to further illustrate the malty magic. Coincidentally, Babs and Cindi are SLC rock star wives, married to **Adam Sherlock** (White Hot Ferrari, Art of Kanly, Hammergun, etc.) and **Andy Patterson** (recording engineer/drummer about town, etc.; hasn't someone made a *wiki* entry about Andy yet?), respectively.

**SLUG:** Do you prefer the title "Beer Wenches," "Brew Babes," or something less formal?

**Babs Roberts:** "Beer Bitches," actually.

**Deb McGhee:** "Beer Information Specialists."

**Wayne:** If you bring me a beer, I'll just call you "Friend."

**SLUG:** It's tougher to brew a decent beer with less alcohol: True, false or irrelevant after 12?

**Babs:** Let's change that to "fucking

delicious" and I'll tell you yes.

**Deb:** True! That's why our brewers rule!

**Cindi Patterson:** True, but it's even harder to brew fucking delicious, porch-pounding, award-winning beers like we do. We like to call them "session beers." Utah's brewers are recognized as some of the best in the world because of the precise technical skills it takes to mathematically calculate pure balance of flavor and alcohol levels. Keep in mind that our 3.2, 4% by volume, isn't much different than most international beers. Guinness draft is only 4.3% by volume.

**SLUG:** Why is a takeout jug called a "growler"? Shouldn't it be a "pisser"?

**Cindi:** I like to call them "sweet jugs," especially when filling them for the ladies. Good question, though: The term "growler" came from kids near the turn of the century, 1800s to 1900s. Children used to take metal buckets to the local bar and have the bartender fill them up with beer to take home for dad. When the kids put a lid on the bucket and walked home, the beer would slosh around and CO2 would escape, making a "growling" noise. Hence, "growlers."

**Babs:** You know, in England, "growler" is slang for "vagina."

**Deb:** A "pisser's" for pissin'!

**SLUG:** Which is most offensive to Mormons: *Polygamy Porter*, *Evolution Amber Ale* or *Brigham's Brew Root Beer*?

**Deb:** Duh! *Polygamy Porter* gets their garments in a wad. I'm not sure they know what Evolution means—they're

from the planet Kolob, and they love their sodas! Root beer floats! Yum!

**Babs:** What about *Provo Girl*?

**Cindi:** The most offensive thing to Mormons is beer, period. Even though Brigham Young was a distiller, brewer and wine maker. If you show us your temple recommend, you get 10% off the *Brigham Brew Root Beer*—it's our tithing stimulus rebate.

**Wayne:** Evolution is a lie.

**SLUG:** Best beer movie ever: *Beerfest*, *Strange Brew* or *Leaving Las Vegas*?

**Wayne:** *Leaving Las Vegas*. Who wouldn't like to get fucked to death?

**Babs:** *Strange Brew*. By the way, there's really no beer in *Leaving Las Vegas*.

**Deb:** Never seen any of them.

**Cindi:** *Animal House*.

**SLUG:** Which side of the long-standing gang war are you on: Dark stout or light lager?

**Cindi:** I'm an equal-opportunity beer drinker—I drink beer no matter what color it is. There's no war, just uneducated drinkers.

**Deb:** Make beer, not bombs.

**Babs:** Hefeweizen!

**Wayne:** What color do you want you stool in the morning?

**SLUG:** How many beer samples can I have before you cut me off?

**Cindi:** None—it was made illegal in July 2007. But you can drink as much as you want at Andy and I's Fourth of July party.

**Babs:** No drinking at the co-op. I'll send

you to one of our brew pubs and let them deal with you.

**SLUG:** I firmly believe that fruit doesn't belong in beer or on pizza: Can you sway my opinion either way?

**Wayne:** The only time I have fruit is in beer or pizza.

**Babs:** I sell more apricot hefe to big biker dudes, and more stout to little housewives.

**Cindi:** Loads of people love it, therefore it's valid. Fruit beer has been around since fermentation was discovered. Most people who have this snobbish attitude about fruit beer shouldn't drink beer altogether. Snobs belong in the wine industry; beer is for fun.

**Deb:** You're a closet homo.

**SLUG:** Could you beat up a prissy wine snob in a fight?

**Babs:** We lift kegs all day—we have sweet guns.

**Wayne:** No, but I can drink them under the table.

**Deb:** I'm a lover, not a fighter. But snobs are boring, period.

**SLUG:** Is it difficult being rock star wives? Especially when they're not really rock stars?

**Cindi:** It would be difficult if my man didn't utterly rule me and the universe!

**Babs:** Good beer + good tunes = good times.

**Wayne:** No. I like getting fucked in the ass.

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## The Sixth Element of Beer: Jenny Talley

By Tyler Makmell  
tyler@slugmag.com

Brewing with Salt Lake City's own *Squatter's Pub* for over 17 years, Jenny Talley has literally worked her way from the ground up. "I came on for \$4.75/hour, scrubbing the floors, assistant to **Dan Burick**, the brewmaster at the *UBC [Utah Brewers Cooperative]*," Talley says.

After only five years, Talley's hard work paid off when she was promoted to brewmaster for *Squatter's Pub* as well as the Director of Research and Development for the *Squatter's* brand. Since that promotion in 1996, she has been involved in the medaling of numerous brewing competitions—14 in total. The most recent of these was at the 2008 *World Beer Cup*, where she and her brewing team, solely consisting of **Jason Stock**, received a gold for their *Alt and in the Way* in the category of German-Style Brown Ale/Düsseldorf-Style Altbier (to be released sometime this fall).

With multiple awards and a future television program ([www.talleyontap.com](http://www.talleyontap.com)) on her resume, Talley is striving to achieve more. Her latest projected accomplishment is a new brew, *Fifth Element*. Although this beer will not be released until late-July 2008, the excitement for it is already apparent in the brewing community. The four basic ingredients of beer inspired *Fifth Element's* recipe: water, hops, barley and yeast. However, Talley decided she wanted to add a fifth element to this beer—oak. This new beer, as Talley explains is, "Oak aged, multi-yeast strains and bottle conditioned. It is an artisan Farmhouse Ale."

A farmhouse ale falls into the basic classification of a Belgian beer. This beer is unique because of the brewing process; it is not something just thrown together in a matter of weeks, instead it takes months of labor and skilled artisanship. Broken down into a series of fermentations that require a re-pitching of multiple yeast strains, the traditional farmhouse begins its brewing process in the winter months, and is ready to be consumed by the following summer. A very complex beer in aromatics and taste, this Belgian-style beer gives off a light tartness with some spice and touches of bitterness. They have quite a dry taste, due to the yeast used in the final stages of brewing.

Talley began the initial brewing process in December of 2007 when she brought in a yeast strain for propagation. This specialty saison yeast (similar to wine yeast) was, according to Talley, "The most difficult yeast I have used in my life." By selecting this particular yeast strain, Talley hoped to achieve the certain saison characteristics that will act as a base layer for *Fifth Element*.

Once the initial fermentation was completed earlier this winter, Talley pitched a lager yeast and fermented the rest of the brew at colder temperatures hoping to make the conversion of sugars to alcohol easier. After this cold temperature fermentation was completed, Talley transferred the brew to oak barrels.

"I brought in the oak around January. It came from *Firestone Walker*; it was used to ferment double barrel ale," Talley says. *Firestone Walker*, a brewing company out of California, is well-known for its oak aging of beers. "I added a growler of *New Belgium La Terrior* to the fourth barrel before I put the beer in. *La Terrior* carries lactobacillus, pediococcus, and brettanomyces," she says. The addition of these microflora and wild yeast strains will sour the farmhouse ale to achieve certain potent characteristics that keep it true to its style. It was added into just one oak barrel, in a process known as "souring a barrel," while the other three barrels were left untouched with the hope that these wild yeast strains will latch onto the other barrels, giving them a more natural fermentation. When this fermentation is complete, and the correct amount of sugars has been converted to alcohol, it is time to bottle. At that point, they will once again add a calculated amount of yeast.

"I will pitch some dextrose [corn sugar], and some champagne yeast," Talley says, "Champagne is flavor neutral, and knows what to do in a bottle." With this yeast strain becoming active in the bottle, it will give her the super high carbonation characteristic she wishes to achieve.

As the brew is still in the process of being bottled and released to *Squatters Pub* and *The Bayou*, it ought to have enough time to age in the bottle. This brew will be hard to miss as it is poured out of a brown champagne bottle and is projected to cost around \$12 due to the long process of production.

With the release of *Fifth Element*, Talley says: "Our goal is to develop Belgian palates [locally]. If we don't develop them, we won't be able to sell our specialty Belgian beers; and if we can't sell our beers, we cannot make them. So it behooves the Belgian beer drinkers around here to drink up."

As to not discredit those that spent many hours laboring over this brew, Talley wanted to mention, "The entire *Utah Brewers Cooperative* team have been, and continue to be, an amazing help every step of the way." With that respectful attitude, *Squatters* is, and always will be, one of Utah's frontrunners in the brewing industry. And the release of their *Fifth Element*, will only launch them to a new level of popularity

with the public and brew lovers statewide. Without the public embarking upon these newer brews, they may cease to be made.

### Jenny Tally Pictured in Brew Room



Photo: Mitch Allen

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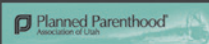


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# PRODUCT REVIEW

## Vacu Vin Rapid Ice Beer Cooler [www.vacuvin.com](http://www.vacuvin.com)

The problem with Salt Lake in the summertime is the ridiculous, unforgiving heat that we are forced to deal with. Unfortunately, the lukewarm beers from the liquor store just don't have what it takes to cool me to the core. But thanks to our ever-ingenious Scandinavian designer friends, that dilemma has been solved. The Rapid Ice Beer Cooler is like a frozen coozy that around your beer to chill it out after being kept in the uptight Utah State Liquor Store. The package says it can cool your beer in less than five minutes, and I will say that at four minutes and twenty-seven seconds, they were right. The biggest downsides to this product are that it only cools one beer at a time and it won't fit my 40 oz. OEs. Other than that, The Rapid Ice Beer Cooler's minimal size and convenience make this a dandy addition to anyone's freezer. —Mike Reff

## Spitfire "Lifers" Beer Coozie [www.dlxf.com](http://www.dlxf.com)

Whenever I drink beer, I have the problem of the beer cooling my hand and my hand warming my beer, but no longer do I have to suffer through this thanks to a sweet coozie from Spitfire wheels. The word "Lifers" in Old English adorns the outside of the tall can coozie (who drinks 12oz. beers anymore anyways?) and makes consumption that much friendlier and stylish during a backyard barbeque or while hiding your drinking habit from the people at the skatepark. It's a great find for anyone who loves to skate, loves to drink and loves to intertwine the two. —Adam Dorobiala

## Official Beer Gloves Beer Gloves and T-Shirts [www.officialbeergloves.com](http://www.officialbeergloves.com)

In celebration of *SLUG*'s beer issue, I had the privilege of reviewing a

few products consisting of his and her drinking shirts and beer gloves. Now instead of doing an average review, I've decided to spice things up a bit. Seeing as one of my good buddies was leaving Utah for good, I thought it'd be wise if I designated him as a test subject. Now, since we had a girls' tee as well, I thought maybe he could get some farewell companionship through free product. Needless to say, my plan completely backfired as my friend went home alone and I didn't get the feedback I expected. Regardless, the men's tee withstood numerous

champs and served as a good spit dartboard. As far as the gloves went, I had an extra pair and fumbled several beverages due to the lack of grip (think trying to handle a snake with your hands covered in KY). Overall, my experiment was a bust, but damn did we look cool (or at least thought we did). Actually, I'm full of shit and sat on my couch in an oversized t-shirt with some pink gloves on 'til my girlfriend came home, pulled my face off the cushions and told me how big of a loser I really was. —Shawn Mayer

## Ring Bottle Opener Ring Thing [www.theringthing.biz](http://www.theringthing.biz)

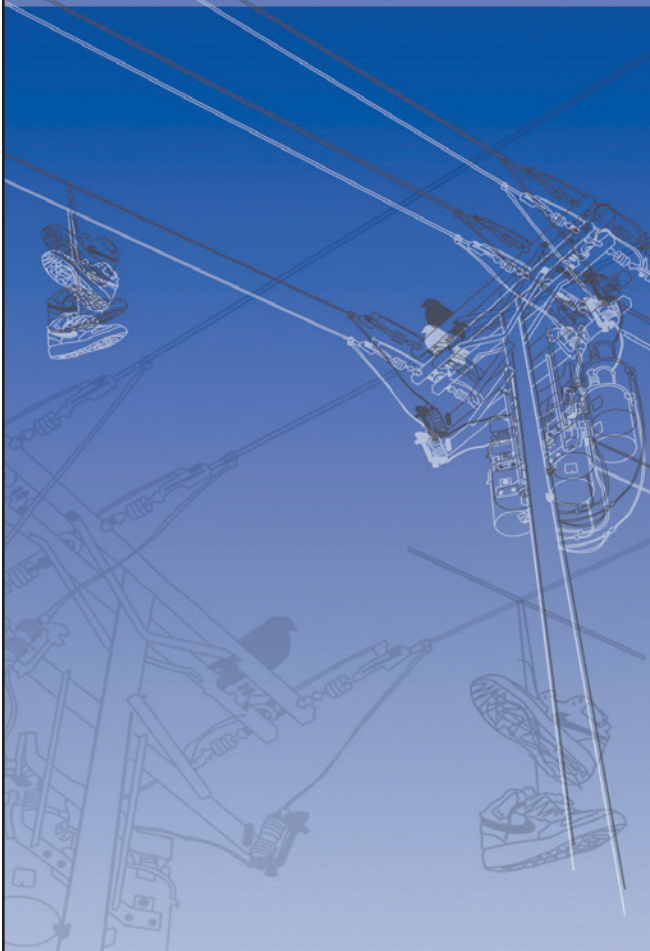
Ever find yourself in a pickle without a bottle opener? Well, Ring Thing has offered up its answer to that problem. No more trying to pry open a bottle of your favorite brew on the edge of a hotel bathroom counter (yes, I'm speaking from experience). The manufacturer states, "For best use, wear the Ring Thing Bottle Opener on a ring finger on whichever hand you prefer." Obviously, if you're married and you wear a wedding ring, it would be your right hand. I tried the ring thing

on both index fingers, but the fit was loose. Regardless, with the bottle opener side facing down, you simply insert the bottle cap in the opener, pull down on the bottle, and off goes the cap. It's that simple. The key is to get the perfect fit, and then the opener will be the most effective. The ring is even fashionable. I compared the version I got to a platinum ring I have and the color is distinctly similar. The manufacturer also offers up different colors, styles and, most importantly, all ring sizes. The ring thing is a cinch to use and, in a pinch, it could make you the savior of your next party. —Bryer Wharton



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

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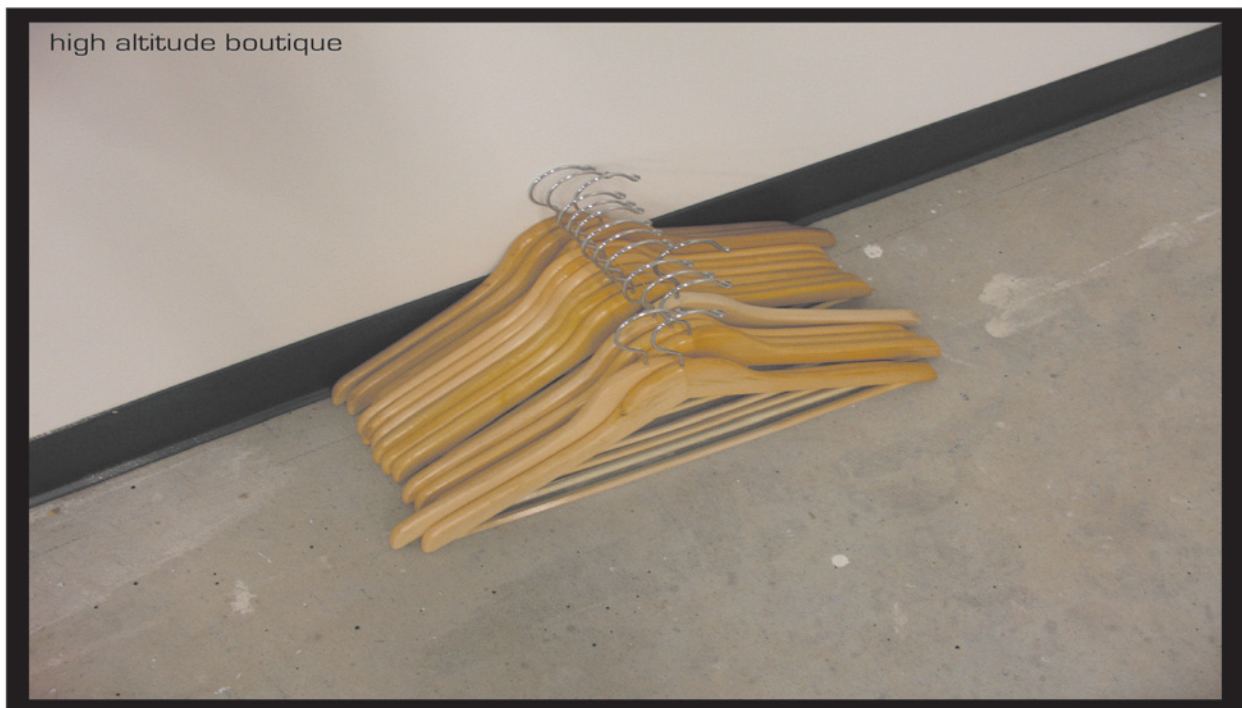
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# The Story of Aus.



Words and Photos by Chris Swainston  
[chris@slugmag.com](mailto:chris@slugmag.com)

It was Wednesday, December 5, 2007 when I stood dazed and confused, staring wide-eyed like a newborn child at a whole new world. I couldn't believe that after thousands of hours pinching pennies and serving pompous idiots at fancy Salt Lake restaurants, I had finally made it to Melbourne, Australia. However, getting there was all that I had planned. I knew a couple people there, **Rick Baker** and **Mark Catsburg**. Rick was supposed to pick me up from the airport and I was supposed to be staying at Catsburg's house for a few days, but I hadn't talked to either of them in over a week nor did I think to get contact info from them. All I had was an address in a pocket book that read "11 Mount St. Prahran"—as if I had any idea where that was. With everything I owned strapped to my back, a box of skateboards tucked under my arm and a camera slung around my neck, I had no other choice but to post up outside the airport and play the waiting game. Thirty minutes went by, then an hour, and I started to get a little nervous. Fuck, did my plane land late and I missed my ride? Did something happen and Rick couldn't pick me up? Should I take a cab, jump on a bus or try and hitch a ride? My mind was racing as I paced between pick up zones; perhaps I was in the wrong spot, where do I go? What should I do? I gave it 15 more minutes before making any rash decisions and to my relief Rick pulled up in his blue Volvo wagon, driving on the right-hand side of the car. I tossed my shit in the back and plopped down in the front. For the time being I had everything I could possibly need.



The first month in Melbourne was one crazy party after another. What was winter in Utah was summer in Aus; the sun was shining and spirits were high. During the day we went to the beach for a swim and then to the streets for a skate. At night there were house parties and there were video premieres every other week, always stocked with free beer. *Vice Magazine* threw a massive Christmas party headlining the **Black Lips** with even more free beer. I'm not even sure how I made it into that party, because I clearly wasn't on the guest list. My friends knew all the good shows and they played in a band themselves, the **Last Gypsies**. On Fridays at the *Prahran Skate Park*, all the local skateboarders came down for the unofficial *International Good Dude Day*

(or *IGDD* for short). Basically everyone comes to the park for a skate, some frosty beers and BBQ. It was crazy chaotic and most of the time I didn't even skate. I would just kick it with my mates, watching everyone rip up the park and vert-ramp. Big guns like **Lewis Marnell**, **Dustin Dollin**, **Andrew Brophy** and **Renton Miller** would regularly be in the mix. I loved it; never before had I experienced such a good family vibe at a skate park. Once it got too dark to see, everyone moved on to the *Yellow Bird Café* to continue sipping down the grog. From there it was into the city for late-nights-turned-early-mornings.

Before I found a place to live I spent my first week sleeping in the front hallway of

Catsburg, Theo and **Tim**'s house on 21A Chapel Street, AKA *Chaps* or the *Tight Pants Mansion*. That house quickly became my main stomping ground. It was the heart of everything; my first home before finding an apartment, the connection to all my friends, the daytime hangout, pre-party and after-party spot, as well as the hangover spot. Everyone spent countless hours there—lounging in the backyard, sipping cold beer and listening to rock n' roll bellow from the speakers inside. We cooked up massive feasts on a dime, kissed girls ... we even shut the power off one night and threw a

party entirely by candlelight. That house was as much a part of the crew as any one single person. There were always new people coming and going and friends from other countries crashing in the hallway. Everything we did revolved around that house in some way. Even though there were three primary residences, in a sense everyone in our crew was a resident: **Chris, Bryan, Kelly, Sam, Will, Jessie, Jon** and me. We all ate, drank and slept there; our days more or less started there and ended there.

The apartment I lived in, nicknamed the *Crack Den*, wasn't even an apartment; it was a house with a bunch of add-ons converted into a shared living space. The place was... well dicey and nothing worked right. There was one washing machine and one dry line that everyone shared, along with one kitchen and bathroom that about five people shared. I lived out back apart from the main house with my friend Will, who I met one night at *Yellow Bird* after *IGDD*. He was looking for a place to live and I told him he could live with me. He took me up on the offer and from then on we shared that shit-ass one-bedroom studio apartment with a deteriorating concrete floor and newspaper on the walls for decoration.



Our next-door neighbor was a crazy hooker named **Kim** who called the cops regularly thinking someone was trying to break in and kill her through the skylight above her shower. My good friends Sam and Jessie lived inside the main house with the shared bathroom and kitchen. Their next-door neighbors were a crack-head couple, **Rachael** and **Ben**, who constantly stole food from the fridge.

Eventually Ben and Rachael got evicted, but like a bad case of herpes you really can't get rid of a crack head. Even when the landlord boarded up all the doors and windows, it wasn't enough to keep **Ben** out. A few days would go by with no sign of him, but as soon as you let your guard down you would hear him scurry past in the shadows or pop up to tend his pathetic little marijuana plant hidden amongst some tall weeds. He even kicked in the boards to his old room and started squatting there.



6

We eventually bolted up the back door to keep him out, but Ben just took the boards off the window and started climbing in and out. Crafty little bastards, those crack heads.

I mostly stayed in Melbourne during my six-month stay. This wasn't your quintessential Australia adventure filled with kangaroos, koala bears, Uluru, the Twelve Apostles and Bondi Beach. I was living in Melbourne, planting my roots, paying rent, working, learning the back roads and short cuts and making a name for myself besides the traveling American. I knew where the good bars and cafes were, where to get a good deal and never stood in line at the door. I was a temporary local, so to speak. This adventure was about meeting people, making everlasting friendships and falling in love. After the first month went by things really started fitting together with greatness. My friend **Fisher** hooked me up with a job at the local swimming pool, selling sandwiches and flirting with babes in bikinis. I started running into acquaintances in the street. People stopped asking me where I was from and what I was doing in Australia and started asking me how I'd been and what I'd been up to. The more I thought about it, Melbourne wasn't some place I was visiting, it was a home; my close friends were my family. It isn't a blood relation that links people as family, but respect and enjoyment in each other's lives. Every day was a good day in Australia; we were just stoked to be in Melbourne, living amazing lives and taking things as they came.

The few short trips I took were mostly in the state of Victoria. I stayed in Somers at Rick Baker's parents' house. Rick, Mike and I were on the hunt for some koala bears, kangaroos and surf. Christmas with the Catsburgs was the next adventure. The whole lot of our friends (Mark, Kelly, Sam, **Theo**, Tim and me) spent a week in Sorrento with the Catsburg family; no worries or thoughts, just beach eats, drinks and



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skate. Over Easter weekend **Age, Jake, Fisher** and I went camping in the Gippsland Lakes on a narrow strip of land with a surf beach to one side and a lake on the other. At night you could hear the waves crash onshore while you watched the moonlight glisten off the glassy lake. I went to New Zealand and spent four days relaxing with Theo and his family in Auckland before taking off by myself to Cape Reinga. With only three days and very little cash, jumping on a tour bus filled with sheep was the best bet to see the most in the least amount of time.

Life never slowed down and my days started blurring together. Before I knew it three months had gone by and then four; my time in Melbourne was running thin. I had the option of extending my Visa another month, but I decided against it. All signs pointed towards the exit. Summer was gone, fall was fading and winter was on the horizon. Days were cold and wet, work ran out for me at the pool and my friends were swamped with work and school. My apartment was scheduled for demolition in mid-May. As much as I didn't want to leave it was time for me to go. By my last week I had slowed down, living quiet days and trying to hold on to and absorb everything around me.



My flight was scheduled for departure on May 7 at 11:15 A.M., so Tuesday night would be the last dance. We started off at the *Coyote Café* for \$2.50 taco night. Sixteen of my friends came out to wolf down more than 50 tacos, numerous jugs of sangria and bottles of beer. Afterwards it was off to our local hangout, the *Carlton Club*, for the last round. Another four or five friends showed up to wish me off and the place was ours. We stayed there drinking and laughing until the place shut and they kicked us out. I wasn't about to quit; a small group of us took a cab back to *Chaps* making a quick pit-stop at the 24-hour bottle shop. As I crossed through an intersection I once again stared at the world, dazed and confused, only this time I wasn't lost and unsure of what to do; I was stuck in a phantasmagorical mind state. How could have 156 days flown by so quickly? Then a car swerved at me in an effort to scare me. Instinctively I yelled out "fuck you!" and tossed the ice cream I was eating at the back of his car. The guy made a u-turn, got out of his car and started swinging at me like a gorilla. He caught me three times





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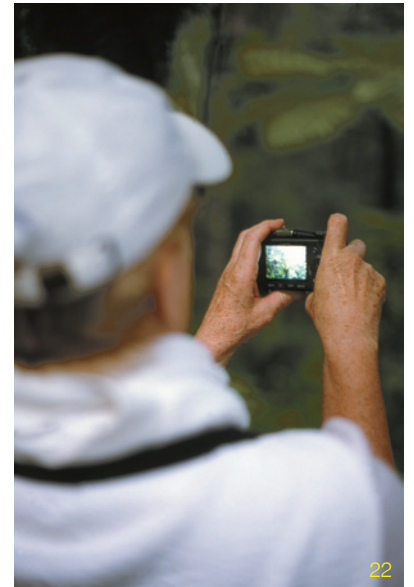
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right in the face before my friends stepped in to break it up. There's nothing like getting your ass kicked to snap you back into reality. With a bloody lip and swollen face we finished up the night laughing about what had just happened. Around six in the morning I said good night to my remaining friends and climbed into bed. There wasn't any point in a long-winded, goodbye though. I knew that it was impossible to grow, change, love and live with people like this and never see them again.

- 1) Matto and Libby back ally boozing
- 2) Renton Miller, kickflip varial Praharan vert-ramp
- 3) IGDD BBQ
- 4) Tim, blunt fakie between the knobs
- 5) Last IGDD of the summer season
- 6) Chaps front gate
- 7) Backyard breakfast, from right to left; Catsburg, Mike, Chris, Tim, Theo,
- 8) Sammy poaching free internet at the Crack Den
- 9) Sunni Hart
- 10) Good Morning Matto
- 11) Digitally mastered Catsburg
- 12) Last Gypsies first recording session
- 13) Christmas cliff climb, from left to right; Theo, Tim, Sam
- 14) Sorrento rock pool
- 15) Prahara swimming pool
- 16) Fisher
- 17) Lazy beach day, from left to right; Libby, Matto, Catsburg, Sam, Mike
- 18) lines
- 19) Gippsland Lakes
- 20) Allan and Age, Gippsland Lakes
- 21) Collecting fire wood
- 22) New Zealand tourist
- 23) Fucking sheep...baaaaaah
- 24) Push to the city, Theo
- 25) Will
- 26) St. Kilda Beach
- 27) Chris
- 28) Tim and Sammy
- 29) Catsburg, fakie nose grind, St. Kilda Beach
- 30) Love birds Sam and Jessi



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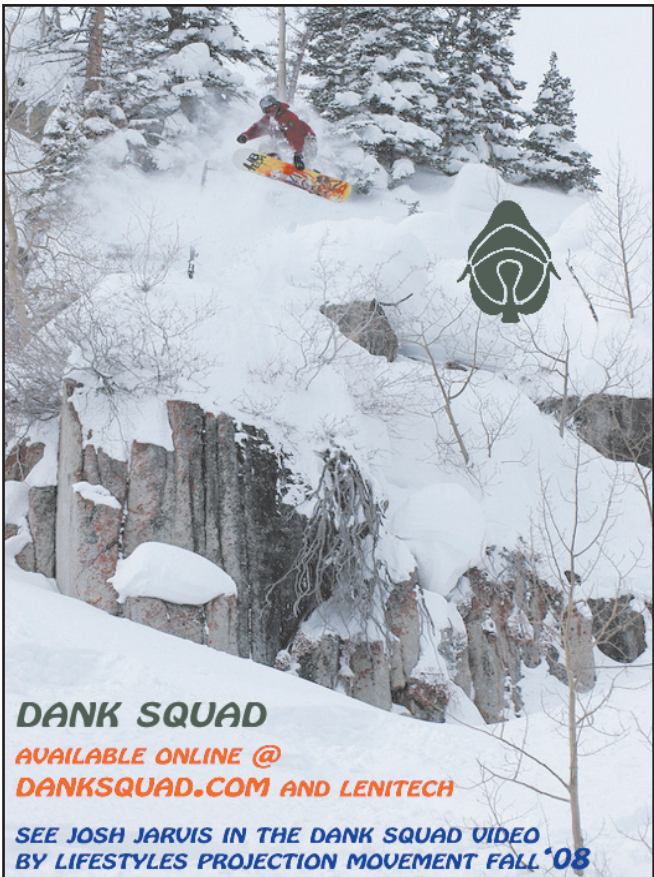





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Dreams for Schmidty: Homage

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Palmetto Pale, oil on canvas, 36"x24" by Penelope Moore

### Art is Like Beer and Beer is Like Art by Mariah Mann Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

"Beer is the inexpensive luxury," was a statement I heard on the evening news, referring to the future economy, but it got me thinking ... *Gallery Stroll* is the beer of the art world. A luxury yes, but one everyone can afford because it's free! Obtainable? More so than beer in our lovely state. Some say an acquired taste; at times it can be sophisticated or amateur, skunky or smooth, but more often than not—it's enjoyable. I dare be so bold as to say that life is always better with both of them, and in a perfect world you would always be able to enjoy them together. This month's *Gallery Stroll* will be held on June 20 with open studios and new exhibits on display from 6-9 P.M.

**Penelope Moore** has mastered blending art and beer like a perfectly brewed pale ale. It's said that artists paint what they know and have to know what they paint. I'd love to "study" with her sometime! Moore takes an object that often plays a supporting role and examines and showcases the piece, portraying it in its ideal form. The glistening beer glass just as it begins to condensate, the swirls of a Shiraz or the legs of a good pinot noir. It's not that Penelope's an alcoholic, at least that she's admitted, but after years spent bartending she has a close personal relationship with the spirit of spirits. While attending the *Academy of Art* in San Francisco she began her bartending career catering to the fine diners at *Pac Bell Stadium* during Giants games. The light coming in through the windows and the reflections bouncing off the glass were almost poetic. I find it incredible that she can capture these moments and invoke the same euphoric feeling in the viewer that you would have experiencing it first-hand.

After graduation, she moved to Savannah, Georgia, where she refined her taste and skills bartending at *Avida*, an upscale restaurant and wine bar. Bartenders had to be knowledgeable about their wines, meaning frequent trips to Napa Valley. With a jet-setting life full of drinking and painting, a natural addition to the beer and wine series are her martini glasses, decadent desserts and high-heeled shoes series. The queen of romance herself, **Danielle Steele**, was captivated by Moore's work and purchased one of the high-heel paintings for her personal collection. It's a beautiful life seen through the eyes of Penelope Moore! Like to have a beer with Penelope? Come down to the 2008 *Utah Arts Festival* held June 26th-29th. Cheers!

If you have a show you'd like us to consider for the *Gallery Stroll* column, email me at [mariah@slugmag.com](mailto:mariah@slugmag.com)

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## Some Stuff I Wrote About Beer.

By Mike Brown  
mikebrown@slugmag.com

Very rarely does *SLUG* give me a writing assignment. In case you were wondering about my whole *SLUG* article process, the recipe is as follows: *SLUG* asks me what I want to write about. I tell them. Then they have someone draw a cool picture that correlates with my soapbox, or I use a shitty picture that I have lying around.

But seeing how this is the beer issue, *SLUG* asked me to write about beer. I'm having a surprisingly hard time with it. I think it's hard because I drink a large amount of beer on a daily basis. It's like trying to write 1000 words on how to tie my shoes.

I was explaining my beer writer's-block to a good friend of mine and she told me that I just wasn't inspired enough. She couldn't have been more right. I was inadvertently writing this article without drinking so I took her advice and went across the street to the gas station, got 12 of my best silver, shining, union-made liquid friends and the ideas were flowing faster than that river that freshly brews Coors kegs.

So this article might not have much of a story to it; it's just random things I think about when it comes to beer.

Two of my favorite things in this world are *Pabst Blue Ribbon* and writing. Beer is an essential part of my creative process. I can honestly say the best shit I've ever written was done when I was hung over. All you A.A. nerds might think I'm using writing to justify my drinking habit, but so the fuck what if I am? It's true. My *PBR* penmanship is just something that works for me.

I'm pretty sure that all great writers in this world had drinking or drug problems. **Hemingway** hit the sauce and **Bill Burroughs** (my favorite author ever) had his heroin. If shooting up could make me write like Burroughs, I'd spike it faster than a phlebotomist on speed at a hepatitis convention.

I'd even request that *SLUG* make July's issue the heroin issue, where we celebrate everything that's great about opiates.

Now I know that technically alcohol is a depressant, meaning that it is somewhat of a Debbie downer. This is why severe alcoholics shake when they don't have any Indian-killers in their system.

This might mean that I'm depressed from drinking so much booze all the time. But I can equate it like this: The more Irish water I drink the more depressed I get, but my writing is better, which makes me not depressed. So I break even. I'll take it!

Another weird thing about beer is that it's a diarrhea-etic. Which is why bulimics like it. Which is also why beer shits are so greasy and gross.

Last weekend I took a trip to Denver with my Mormon mother to take in some culture at their art museum and enjoy a Rockies game. I don't really like baseball, but I like hanging out with my mom even though she doesn't drink, and out of respect for her culture, I don't drink in front of her. Plus I don't want to jeopardize anything that would take me out of my mom's will; she's very kind and generous.

Now I haven't been to a baseball game since I was a kid, and I must say, even though I'm not a huge fan of our most treasured American pastime, a baseball stadium is one of the most appealing beer-drinking atmospheres a lush could ask for. Especially a stadium named *Coors Field*. My mom and I were the only people



over 21 who didn't have drafts in front of us.

Man, I wanted a beer so bad! You know when you need to pee really bad, but your stuck in traffic or something? It was that same mental frustration with a different tinge of physical discomfort.

So I told myself, "Fuck it! I'm a grown-ass man! I can drink a beer in front of my mom if I want!" Right as I was about to go grab a cold one, my mom leans over to me and says, "Geez! With all these people drinking beer I sure am glad we decided to walk instead of drive!"

The Rockies lost and the yearning for reverse

alcohol urination still remained. (Sometimes I think drinking is just peeing backwards). We walked back to the hotel and watched the LA Fakers take advantage of the Jazz by the fact that the NBA is rigged. Paralyzed by the loss, I needed to shotgun a tall boy, bad.

I told my mom I was going to make a personal phone call and stepped outside into the depressing Denver night and headed towards the gas station, planning on brown-bagging it bum-style behind said gas station. But no! They don't sell beer in gas stations in Denver, or at least the one by my hotel.

Needless to say it was a long night. Sobriety is nothing but a lumpy pillow and a starched sheet when it comes to my beauty rest.

I stayed awake thinking about that stupid, stupid gas station that didn't sell beer. How dare they! Then I started thinking about all my informal relationships I've developed with gas stations since I've lived downtown.

Gas stations have their own personalities; some are charming and some annoying. I will gladly walk an extra block-and-a-half to hit the Korean mart for a pleasant, no-bullshit beer transaction than have to go to the *Maverick* by my house.

Why is this? Well, when I want to buy beer (which is pretty much the only reason I go to a gas station in the first place), I don't want to have an in-depth conversation with the gas station clerk. I hate that.

Like why do *Maverick* clerks think I'm going to care about how they fucked up their lives so bad that now they work at a *Maverick*? Can't they realize I'm buying beer to avoid my own problems and the last thing I want to do is talk to

them about theirs? And yes, it's kind of a *Maverick* thing.

7-11s, on the other hand, are usually a lot better. The clerks don't seem to want to talk to you as much. And every 7-11 has the same comforting smell that always seems to trigger my need for a 40-ounce and a Slurpee.

My favorite gas stations are the weird Indian ones that sell all sorts of weird foods I can't pronounce and they keep porn behind the counter. The porn alone shows that these guys know how to put the convenience in convenience store. And I respect that. It's also probably a local business.

So yeah, I hope this article makes you want to drink beer. And before I end this article, I met some dude at the *Urban Lounge* on my birthday. His name is **Chase** and he kindly bought me a shot and said that if I mentioned his name, Chase, in my next *SLUG* article, he would get my name tattooed on him somewhere. I'm requesting the lower back, and this has to do with beer because we were both drinking it when this bad decision of Chase's was made.



Photo: Mike Brown

The aftermath of Mike Brown's "Creative Process."

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# RED ROCK

## Kevin Templin

### Red Rock: Utah's Heavy Hitter

By: Tyler Makmell  
tyler@slugmag.com

With craft beer sales at an all-time high, micro-breweries are finally being recognized nationwide, but one would never think Utah would be "The Place" to find a proper pub. Although Utah may rank lowest in beer consumption in the United States, the *Red Rock Brewing Co.* team hasn't had a problem gaining national acclaim for their brews.

The head brewer behind *Red Rock's* accomplishments is **Kevin Templin**. Brewing with *Red Rock* for almost nine out of the pubs 13 years, Templin started out in exactly the same place as most craft brewers: "I learned how to brew in my kitchen," Templin states. With no prior education in the field of brewing, Templin paid his dues. "I volunteered [at *Red Rock*] for a couple months, and then one day they told me to clock in."

For the past two years, Templin has worked with a solid brewing team comprised of **Matt Davis**, **Joe Welsh** and **Chris Harlin**. "These are a great bunch of guys," Templin says. When asked about the direction that Utah's brewing industry is headed, Joe Welsh, the "Irish backbone" of the *Red Rock Brewing Company* responded, "We're only going up and up now."

With over 40 awards won on behalf of *Red Rock* since 1996, there are currently no signs of slowing down for Templin and his team. At the 2008 *World Beer Cup* this past April, Templin was awarded another silver medal, this time for his *Red Rock Nut Brown Ale*. This "All-around good beer," as Templin modestly calls it, competed against over 30 entries from breweries nationwide. Another *Red Rock* achievement left unnoticed by the local mainstream media—the results from last year's *Great American Beer Festival*. *Red Rock* took home five medals total for their beers along with one of the most prestigious awards to be given out, *Large Brewpub and Large Brewpub Brewer of the Year*; beating out the other 472 national breweries entered.

The *Great American Beer Festival* is an annual gathering of 45,000+ beer enthusiasts at Colorado's Convention Center in a celebration of brewing and the hard work that has gone into perfecting the art. With multiple booths lined up, typically headed by the brewers themselves, the consumer is able to sample some of the nation's best beer. Further, the *GABF* is host to one of the largest brew competitions in the world. Over 100 certified beer judges gather to evaluate over 2,500 beers crafted by more than 450 different breweries.

When asked about the results of *GABF*, Templin says: "We got really lucky. You gotta have luck to win five medals there."

Bringing Utahans good beers time and time again, this brewing team wants the public to keep an eye out for the pub's rotating releases (they have over 30 recipes to choose to brew from) as well as *Red Rock's* bestsellers. Their *Nut Brown*, *Amber* and *American Wheat* are the most consumed brews by the locals. Their *Bavarian*



Photo: Chris Swainston

Kevin Templin in the (what room?)

*Weiss* will be released this month, and Templin describes it as "A traditional hefeweizen-styled beer." As much as Templin would love to talk this up, he wanted to make sure we didn't forget to mention their *Organic Zwickelbier*, a gold medal winner at *GABF*. "The *Zwickelbier* is my favorite beer that we make," proclaims Templin. Like most of *Red Rock's* beer, when you hear this one's on tap, hurry down before they run out. *The Rêve*, another beer that should be watched for, is still gaining recognition by Salt Lake City's beer scene since its initial release in November of 2007. This beer is the result of years and years of fine-tuning. "You gotta understand, we didn't release the tripel [*Rêve*] for the better part of three years," and in that time, it has taken medals at a brewing competition in Idaho Falls three years in a row in a category averaging 58 entries.

The *Rêve* is a Belgian Tripel, which essentially means that the brewer used three times the amount of malt as a standard Belgian beer. Belgian Tripels are generally golden in color with a nice creamy head. The aromatics and flavor of it vary with a mixture of spices alongside fruity/sweet complexes and a unique yeast attribute. They can alcoholically range anywhere from 8.0 to 12.0% ABV. What makes *Red Rock's Rêve* different from most is the oak aging it has undergone. "We used white wine barrels from Sonoma, Calif.," Templin says. This is what gives the *Rêve* its unique flavor. For around \$12 per 750ml bottle, this beer can be yours for enjoying late this summer or early fall.

If you are planning on trying this brew when you finish reading this, you are shit out of luck. "It probably won't be until the late summer before it is ready," says Templin in regard to the release of the newest batch of the *Rêve*. "The last batch we did was around 800 bottles, and when that was released, it lasted only two weeks."

Utah is a breeding ground for new brewers on the rise. With the craft beer industry slowly making a dent in major brewing corporations, it's the perfect time for consumers to leap into drinking quality, locally made brews. With Templin and his crew consistently rotating a stellar lineup of top-notch brews, *Red Rock Brewing Co.* is assuring that there is always something on tap at for every beer drinker to enjoy.

#### 2007 GABF medals included:

**Large Brewpub and Large Brewpub Brewer of the Year**  
**Gold Medal: Organic Zwickelbier in the category of Cellar of Unfiltered Beer**  
**Silver Medal: Red Rock Rêve in the category of Belgian Style Strong Specialty Ale**  
**Silver Medal: Red Rock Nut Brown Ale in the category of American Style Brown Ale**  
**Silver Medal: Red Rock Black Bier in the category of German Style Schwarzbier**  
**Bronze Medal: Munich Dunkel in the category of European Style Dark/ Munchner Dunkel**

# Local Previews

## Cavedoll

**Black Ground, Blindfolded Patron, Drugs, Everyone Loves the Sun, Map One, No Vertigo, So Tiny Is We, Stream, Sweetest Liar, They Used to Be**

Street: 02.28

### Kitefishing Family

**Cavedoll = multi-genre incest**

Lead by multi-instrumentalist **Camden Chamberlain**, Cavedoll carelessly litter genres new wave, post punk, IDM, industrial, 70s glam, ethereal, darkwave, indie, trip-hop and avant-garde pop throughout their music without claiming allegiance to anything beyond their own musings. They're a writer's nightmare in their refusal to sit still long enough to be described; a detail further emphasized when the band decides to unleash its complete collection of unreleased material all at once. Comprised of 159 songs dispersed over 10 albums, it's nearly impossible to get your head around it and formulate any perspective. In the weeks spent listening to the songs, both as albums and as individual tracks, I've been impressed by the consistent quality of the material. Regardless of genre, Chamberlain and friends prove they're up to the challenge. The problem is that none of the musical tangents truly shine. You're teased into expecting a payoff that only arrives once you reach the cover songs. While it is refreshing to find someone able to re-arrange a few classics without mangling them, I can't imagine that's what Cavedoll want to be remembered for. I believe the best is still to come, but it will come. —Ryan Michael Painter

## Dacho

**Below The Belt  
Chlorine Dream Records  
Street: 06.03**

**Dacho = The Super Twins**

I have much love for Dacho. **Chief** and **Doc** are probably the two nicest, most chill individuals you will ever meet. This seven-song album marks a proper studio release from the band and, although the production quality lacks a little, the two wonder twins straight-up do work on the music on this album. The musicianship here is exceptional. Chief has bass overdrive tone that reminds me of recent **Les Claypool** bass tones while his voice is a mix between **Tom Waits** and **Jesus Christ** himself. Doc drops the beat in her own virtuosic way. This band's soul-flavored funk blues dominate my life. Dacho is a good time all around. Get into their music as soon as you get a chance. It's pimp. —Jon Robertson

## Danger Hailstorm

**One  
Pop Sweatshop  
Street: 09.16**

**Danger Hailstorm = Motorhead + Magstatic**

I wish I could say that all local bands suck and that Utah doesn't have any



talent (you know, for national "street cred"), but when bands like Danger Hailstorm drop in my lap I can't pretend anymore. This three-piece can gnash its teeth. **Terrance D.H.** of Magstatic (among other local groups), certainly shows his range and depth on this release. The songs evoke a primal instinct to bang your head and concisely crafted structure without extraneous filler scores additional points. Refreshing lyrics and balls-to-the-floor beats make it basically a straight-up party. Check this album the fuck out if you want something to think devious thoughts to (overthrowing the government, for example). The song "We Shoot Idiots" is an example of one of the great anti-social ideas you can come up with. However, the album could use three or four more songs to round it out. —Jon "JP" Paxton

## Erratic Erotica

**The Masochist at the Masquerade Ball**

**Self-Released  
Street: 06.28.06**

**Erratic Erotica = Arcade Fire + The Decemberists + The Ponys**

This album is like the opening of a dimly lit film reel, starring one fine-tuned band that could morph into two separate performances, much like the theatrics in *Xanadu*. Playing is melodically haunting vaudeville like the **Dresden Dolls**, yet more emotionally frantic and energetic like **Gogol Bordello**. As the album photos illuminate, a femme fatale plays violin across from her madman counterpart who is pounding away on piano keys; turn the page to see a regular indie rock band—the men behind the curtain, so

to say. The sound they produce together isn't regular at all—it's brilliant. Vocals of mad genius **S. Rimington DeVilbiss** are always on key, emphatic and soft or strong and angry like on the song "Now You Know." My favorite song is the violent "Masochist," a great mesh of piano, violin, cymbals and rock. I'm entranced by Erratic Erotica like the original **Grimm Brothers'** fairy tales: morals fraught with pain and blood. I promise their live show is just as entertaining. —Jennifer Nielsen

## The Furs

**I Taste Blue  
Self-Released  
Street: 04.18**

**The Furs = Dead Meadow + The Warlocks**

No need to worry *PETA*, The Furs aren't out to collect helpless animals, but they could be turning Salt Lake into the next Haight-Ashbury. Although our hippies reside mainly at the Sunday drum circle, we have been getting a healthy dose of local psychedelic music. *I Taste Blue* brings out a mysterious vibe that The Furs have been holding onto for quite some time. Hell, they could be our very own **Velvet Underground**, seducing the listeners with distorted guitar and tambourines. The album captures life in our strange desert with tracks about local parties, girls and even "Tumbleweeds." The music is upbeat and entrancing with noticeable inspiration from artists like **Brian Jonestown Massacre** and **The Black Angels**. Hopefully this album sparks more acid rock albums to come out of Salt Lake. You know who you are. (*Mojo's*, 06.10) —Lyuba Basin

## Gripp

**As Knowledge Kills Beauty  
Self-Released  
Street: 02.11**

**Gripp = Del tha Funkee Homosapien + Early Blackalicious (minus a DJ) + weird electronic shit**

Gripp does his own production. If he had some quality producers and an actual DJ backing him, his future rhymes could find a place in my album rotation. If I were a big fan of computer-produced rap, then this album would already be there. The 20-year-old's release displays potential, but unfortunately, Gripp's album could easily be written off as semi-bullshit. Thirty seconds in, he raps about loving "hip-hop" over a synthesizer. I searched for a vinyl scratch or obvious sample on *As Knowledge Kills Beauty* and there were none. I believe at least two elements of the hip-hop four (MCs, DJs, B-boys and graffiti) need to be present to call it that. In this case, it's just a rap album trading in on the name of the institution. —Jon "JP" Paxton

## Patches

**S/T  
Self-Released  
Street: 06.24**

**Patches = Acoustic action**

This is what **Tenacious D** would sound like if they had a pinch of emo in them and listened to **Brand New** all day long. Patches is good in an acoustic death metal kind of way. This music is really pretty cool for just a couple of guys rocking out on acoustic guitars. I have respect for it. Most of the vocal lines and lead guitar lines are pretty catchy as well. Each song on the album is different enough from the last to keep your attention. I wonder how much cooler this would be if backed by a full band and given some electrification to the guitars. Power up your sound, patches, and good things might come. —Jon Robertson

## Rapid Development

**S/T  
Self-Released  
Street: 04.08  
Rapid Development = Common + Wu-Tang Clan – the hype**



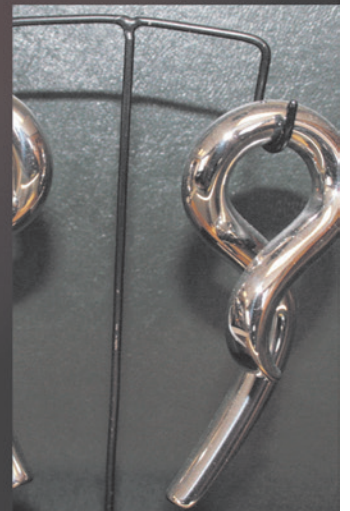
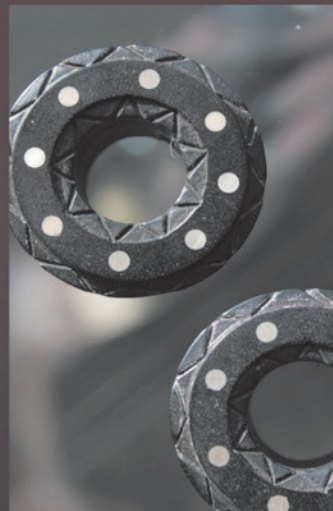
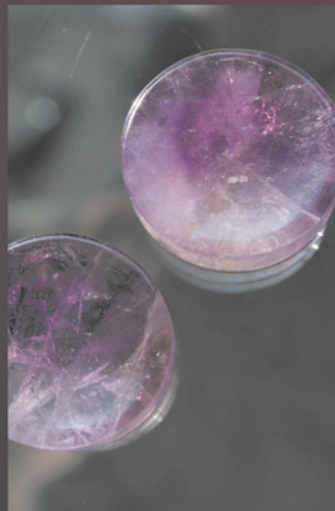
This album took me by complete surprise. Everything about it made me wonder why Rapid Development isn't already a super national hip-hop force with every show sold out across the states. The beats are quite well made and then on top of all that, the lyrics complement the music so perfectly you get lost in the sounds. Seriously, you pop this baby in your player and before you know it, it's already over and you're left wanting more of the lyrical genius spit by Rapid. Mastered and recorded in the basement of **Definit'** mom's house, you can tell his mother had a part in the "made with love" home-cooked goodness that resonates throughout the beats on this record. Local hip-hop lovers definitely need to check this new cut by Rapid Development. Believe me. —Adam Dorobiala



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# Game Reviews

By Jesse Kennedy [slsuby@gmail.com](mailto:slsuby@gmail.com)

## Diablo II Blizzard North PC

06.29.00  
Action/rpg

Fans of the *Diablo* series may be wondering why, almost eight years after its launch, I'm finally getting around to writing a review for this mega-classic video game. The reason I thought to include this review this month is my worry that some readers may have never had the pleasure of battling through the unique and treacherous world of *Diablo II*. Since this game will run on almost any Windows PC on the planet (no \$400 video card needed!) and can be bought for a measly \$20 while providing dozens of hours of hacking and slashing, I feel it is my duty to urge any SLUG readers who have yet to try *Diablo II* to pick up a copy and enjoy a slice of gaming perfection.

The game is a surprisingly complex character and battle system wrapped in an incredibly simple game play mechanism. Depending on the type of character you choose, you have a variety of 'special' attacks you can develop and utilize as your character gains experience by disposing of the evil residents of *Diablo II*. Although the fighting is all in real-time, attacking and defending work just like a dice rolling game where a myriad of statistics are crunched with each swing of the sword. As your character develops, so do strength, endurance, magic and all of the other good stuff you expect from your wandering warrior poet type. The

view is overhead and most movements and attacks are performed with a simple point and click of the mouse.

The next installment of the *Diablo* series is one of the most anticipated events in PC gaming today. However, since *Blizzard* is also the force behind a little game known as *World of Warcraft*, which keeps them busy counting their billions of dollars, they have little time to fret about dumb stuff like making new games. *Diablo II*, however, remains extremely popular after all of these years and for good reason. It is still one of the most entertaining games available for your PC, period.

5 out of 5 mutant porcupines

## Grand Theft Auto IV Rockstar North Xbox 360/PS3 04.29.2008

Action

With the arrival of *Grand Theft Auto IV* (*GTA4*), there really isn't much to look forward to as a gamer anymore. The feeling is reminiscent of, as a child, going to sleep on Christmas night and knowing that there wouldn't be as long to wait for next Christmas until this moment. In fact I'm not even sure what the next big event is, but right now that hardly matters, *GTA4* is here at last.

First things first, *GTA4* does deliver that magical

experience that has made the series such a classic. The feeling of being free inside of a video game is an ironic sensation, but once again, *Rockstar* has delivered that with an incredible virtual New York for you to roam and harass as you see fit. After getting my feet wet a bit in Liberty City, I began to notice some subtle differences with this new installment. First of all, the action is more realistic. In fact, the entire game has a grittier feeling and delivers kidney punches of harsh reality in both the story and the game's physics. These improvements make the game a little bit tougher than the last few in the series, but by making the world more realistic the illusion of living in the game is that much more convincing, and thus *GTA4* is easily the most compelling installment since *GTAIII* changed gaming history way back in 2001.

Another new and much touted part of the game is the addition of an online multiplayer. There's a ton of game types and I have high expectations that as the community evolves the games will become more enjoyable. However, at the time of this writing, the game is only a week old and from what I've seen, many of the game's action feels sloppy and more luck driven than skill rewarding. However, this is a game built upon the single player story, and here *GTA4* fires on all cylinders. With classic characters and top notch writing, this is a game that will not only be a hit today, but a classic of tomorrow.

5 out of 5 immigrants who drive like Niko

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Photo by Robert Hirsch

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what moves you

# CD Reviews

## 36 Crazyfists *The Tide and its Takers*

Ferret Records

Street: 05.27

36 Crazyfists = From Autumn to Ashes + Killswitch Engage + Underoath



Normally when bands release albums, they gain experience and knowledge, know where they made mistakes and where to grow and progress. Apparently, 36 Crazyfists aren't the norm. *The Tide and its Takers* might just kill what career the band has; at least their past albums were listenable. There is not one redeeming quality on this album; even fans of the screamo genre are smart enough to know when something is horrible. Sometimes with this style of music I can say, well, at least the music is OK and it is just the vocals ruining the album; well, we have a multi-faceted crapper here—the music just runs in circles repeating the same structure and form with plenty of recycled, uninspired riffs. Then the vocals ... don't get me started. The screaming is piss-poor; the guy's attempt at sounding pissed off just comes off as whiny and wussy. Then the clean singing is out of key and just grating, it sounds like he has a cold and needs to blow his nose. Perhaps the worst of the worst is the song "Only a Year Or So ..." where there is spoken word moments that try to sound heartfelt and serious about a couple separated by the war, but the spoken word from both the female and male sound like they're reading something; the girl sounds like a spoiled cow and the guy sounds like he doesn't give a crap, then there is the actual music, which is just pointless. This is absolutely horrid for the band's fans or fans of screamo or melodic metal in general. —Byrer Wharton

**Al Green**  
*Lay It Down*  
Blue Note

Street 05.27

Al Green = Marvin Gaye + Otis Redding + L-O-V-E

God bless Al Green. R&B was one of the few early 70s music trends to make a real imprint, and Green was a legend in the field. But a pot of hot grits, a suicidal friend and Green's subsequent religious conversion pulled him out of the spotlight. When he started recording again, his newer material left much to be desired. That is why this new disc hits so hard. It is fantastic. Recorded with minimal overdubs in the old-school live-studio style, the Reverend Green has set a whole new R&B standard. Joined by **Roots** drummer **?uestlove** (who also produced the album) and a host of several other mid-30-year-old soul players, Green lays out a vintage love-themed record. And while it is peppered with moments of Memphis-style soul and early Southern blues, the disc is, more than anything, a record about making love work even when the chips are stacked against you—about refusing to be held back. As an artist, despite years of ho-hum recordings, Green refuses to be held back. Lay it down, brother. Lay it down. —James Bennett

## Animal Collective

*Water Curses*

Domino Records

Street: 05.06

Animal Collective = Atlas Sound + Panda Bear + Topless Dancing + STDs

In the years I've known of and heard Animal Collective, I've never really cared much for their bombastic brand of folk-core. They have sounded to me like they were trying to out-60s anyone and everything, and they were definitely succeeding. That all seemed to change last summer when I heard Panda Bear's *Person Pitch*, a brilliant mini-album of haunting, **Beach Boy**-esque dark summer hits. Now, as I listen to Animal Collective and I hear Panda's seminal role in crafting their sound, I am listening with recalcitrant receptivity. I'm beginning to sense somewhat of a new psychedelic movement of indie bands like Animal Collective, Atlas Sound, and **Deerhunter**, to name the most prolific, which is redefining the uses and limits of psychedelia. I'm hoping that this movement will lead to an outbreak of jiggly topless dancing in front of "art" galleries and to crusty STD infections of epidemic proportions. —Megavore

**Anla Curtis/Seichi**  
**Yamamoto/Yoshimi**  
*Live at Kanadia*  
Public Eysore

Street: 05.09

*Live at Kanadia* = KK Null + Steve Vai

The avant-garde noise scene has often been associated with pure nihilism and destruction of music as we know it. Japan has the richest tradition of noise artists, and unlike American noise, is consumed with reverence rather than violence. What ultimately is interesting about this release are the players involved and the situation in which they performed. Yamamoto and Yoshimi of **Boredoms** fame are the substrate, and Curtis of Argentinian lineage is the enzyme. They got together at a restaurant in Osaka and masturbated the night away. The result is unexpected as a mixture of feedback, spazzy guitar, modulated vocals and various percussion instruments that are chemically different than the substance they were formed from. There is no nihilism here, but a mutual respect of each other's ability to produce unmusic that is surprisingly listenable. —Andrew Glassett

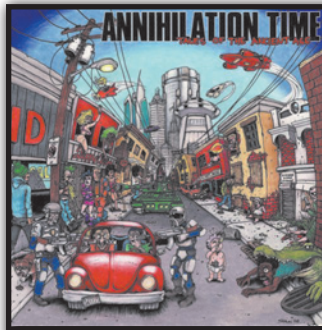
## Annihilation Time

*Annihilation Time III: The Tales of The Ancient Age*

Tee Pee

Street: 06.10

Annihilation Time = A dirty diaper



First of all, Annihilation Time has to have the stupidest band name of all time. Their name should be more like **Lame-o** time or something. These dudes are weak. Their brand of Southern-tinged bluesy bar punk rock makes me want to jump headfirst into the deep end of an empty pool. I if I was forced to listen to their music on a regular basis, I would probably just start wetting my pants because I would be so depressed and bummed about things in general that my will to live would go right out the window. This band makes life hard and that's bogus. —Jon Robertson

## At the Soundawn

## Red Square: We Come in Waves

Lifeforce

Street: 06.10

At the Soundawn = Cave In + Isis + Red Sparowes

At the Soundawn may seem like Lifeforce Records' answer to the post-hardcore scene; however, while the band definitely goes into that broad realm, they offer up tidbits of something different as well. The band has the spaced-out vibe that Cave In has portrayed on their last few records and then the organic moments from Isis' later albums. With *Red Square*, the album's seven tracks all seem to be about building upon each other and creating a momentum to come to a climax then slowly winding down, with the process repeating itself. That said, the songs aren't redundant at all; each carry their own weight and are worth listening to again and again. There are some whisper-quiet moments that make those climaxes seem that much more heavy than they actually are. Fans of the post-hardcore genre should find a new excursion in melodies, beautiful tranquility mixed with a pulsating, heavy drive unique to At the Soundawn. —Byrer Wharton

## Au

*Verbs*

Aagoo Records

Street: 06.26

Au = Efterklang + Panda Bear + Grizzly Bear

2008 is destined to be the year of orchestral pop and Au is going to be one of those cited as promulgating such a newly perfected medium. They are a band that has grown into their own boots while still maintaining the core of their previous personae. Their music has become much more focused, ethereal, expansive, episodic and collaborative. I can't stress enough how much more heart this has than **Animal Collective**, and how much more musicianship it has than **The Cinematic Orchestra**. The subtleties are what set this release apart from most orchestral releases; it has classical music form while maintaining an edge of experimentalism. There are serious minds at work here surrounded by emancipated spirits. —Andrew Glassett

## Awesome Color

*Electric Aborigines*

*Ecstatic Peacine*

Street: 06.17

Awesome Color = Overrated

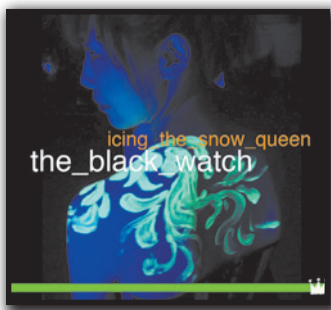
If you cloned the **White Stripes**, but forgot to add a few chromosomes, you would have the overrated power



trio of Awesome Color. These dudes have been on tour with **Dinosaur Jr.** and **Sonic Youth** recently, and either this bands just really don't care who opens up for them or they have both gotten old and senile. It seems that everybody is so caught up in naming this band "the band of the future," yet all I'm hearing is some cheap-ass **Jimi Hendrix** garage-rock rip-off business. I don't see how this band is bringing anything to the future of music; they are only ruining the future of music by distracting everybody with a new flavor of vanilla. These dudes are wimpy. —Jon Robertson

## The Black Watch Icing the Snow Queen

The Eskimo Record Label  
Street: 06.10  
The Black Watch = Kenna + The Cure – the 80s



Some people get real turned on by British accents, but don't want to deal with the British teeth. If you have found yourself in this predicament, then The Black Watch is most definitely for you! Although from Los Angeles, TBW are able to produce angelic British vocals. Maybe they were in England for the last decade or so and haven't gotten the memo that the 90s alt-rock phase has long been completed. Aside from watching *Friends*, TBW isn't really experimenting. It would be great if they tried a little harder to find a sound for our generation. Once they get a little more risky, I'm sure they could be neck-in-neck on the racing track with bands like Kenna or the **Kaiser Chiefs**. Repeating classic sounds doesn't have to be a bad thing; you just have to know how to do it right. —Lyuba Basin

## The Boy Bathing A Fire to Make Preparations

Unsigned  
Street: 06.15  
A Boy Bathing = Wheatus + Bright Eyes

A Boy Bathing in puke, my puke, all over the keyboard. Maybe I'm hung over again, but I think not. This album is one to bring up some day-old dinner. There is a reason "Teenage Dirtbag" was a one-hit wonder, and that's because you can only stand to listen to an androgynous, whiny voice for so long. When you add lyrics like "What are you doing? I'm writing a song. I'm going to a movie; would you like to come?" along with the lullaby melody, then you've found yourself sitting in Sunday school again wishing you could drink a beer and listen to real rock n' roll. It's not that I have something against cute

bunnies and rainbows, it's just that I am a little distraught about a band saying their sound is "cuddle core." That means a heart in between every X. —Lyuba Basin

## Blue Skies for Black Hearts Serenades and Hand Grenades

King of Hearts Records  
Street: 05.20  
Blue Skies for Black Hearts = John Cusack in Say Anything + The Strokes

The blue skies definitely overpower the black hearts when it comes to this album. It's hard to imagine anything close to the dark side went into putting this record together. *Serenades and Hand Grenades* brings back the once ideal mop-top band, fully equipped with harmonized vocals. Like before, the serenades seem to over-weigh the hand grenades or any tool that could be used in violent acts. (Is the darkness and weaponry supposed to add an edge?) The album is jam-packed with modest love songs. Let's just say if **The Strokes** had a secret lollipop twin that had just come out of years of hiding, Blue Skies for Black Hearts would be it. They have created a sweet, safe and yet still surprisingly catchy record, just in time for the horny youth that blooms in spring. Here's to the new age of holding your boom box outside your lover's window. —Lyuba Basin

## Colin Meloy Colin Meloy Sings Live!

Kill Rock Stars  
Street: 04.08  
Colin Meloy = The Decemberists with an acoustic guitar - all the other band's members (duh)

*Colin Meloy Sings Live!* is every bit as impressive, and even more so in many instances, than Meloy's work with his mainstay The Decemberists. Recorded back in 2006, *Sings Live!* contains mostly Decemberists tracks, but also a track from his first band **Tarkio**, a cover of British folksinger **Shirley Collins'** "Barbara Allen" and even his self-proclaimed worst song ever written, "Dracula's Daughter." Meloy's great stage presence can be both felt and nearly visualized through his great banter and interaction with the crowd throughout the set, encouraging the crowd to sing along and explaining to the crowd that the setting of the show was intended to be like friends sitting around a campfire. By the end of the last track, it's easy to be a fan of Meloy (as if you weren't already) and his singing and songwriting, and even easier to feel like you know him personally. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Dead Man Euphoria

Meteor City  
Street: 06.10  
Dead Man = My Morning Jacket + Witchcraft + Cat Stevens

I will be playing this album a lot this summer. I'm very impressed with this sophomore release by a band who endures the cold of Sweden. Released in Europe by **Crusher Records**, the

cover image is a stylized dandelion blowin' apart in the wind. Perfect music for warm weather when you just want to relax with a drink in your hand. Maybe a green smoke in the other. Psychedelic folk-pop by a stoner metal band is the exact theme for this summer's playlist. They are not so much pop, but more bluesy. Dead Man is still rooted in heavy rocker psychedelic, with **Sabbath**-esque guitar riffs ("The Wheel") and **Led Zeppelin**-like vocals/guitar ("Rest In Peace") played by musicians with experience: former members of **The Strollers** and **Norrskan**. Song messages may be darker (squeezing livers til they ooze and being possessed by ghosts of your lurid pas,) but they're *Euphoric*, too. "I've had my share of hardships, but I've seen some good times." Well, let the good times roll! —Jennifer Nielsen

## Ellen Allien Sool

BPitch Control  
Street: 05.26  
Ellen Allien = Twerk + Oval + Tujiko Noriko

The High Priestess of techno returns with an album of introspection. Born after a "hot and crazy summer and autumn," Ellen Allien retreated to her studio where "I push buttons and sing" went on all winter. The result is a deconstruction from the last decade of Allien works: "beats" are formed from anything *but* drum sounds; so-corny-they're-cool synthetic swirls flesh out melodies ("Sprung"); jumbo-jet cabin ambience couples with restaurant conversations and chiming drones ("Einsteigen"); bursts of air occupy the bass frequencies while digitized flutes float overhead ("Ondu"). The few danceable tracks, "Its" and "MM," would have a hard time garnering more than a few head nods, as Allien prefers to work your senses, choosing subdued electronics and field recordings (I think I hear the sound of water pipes as heard from another flat on this one) instead of driving 808 thumps and screaming acid. Screw the club: *Sool* is a headphone delight! —Dave Madden

## Farlung A Wound in Eternity

Meteor City  
Street: 05.06  
Farlung = Black Sabbath + Pink Floyd + et al

What a fantastic surprise this was. I'm not very familiar with space rock in general, but I can tell you right now that this band is wonderful. The songs here are between four and seven minutes long and cut out much of the progressive wank that sometimes plagues bands that play similar styles. Each song has a distinct sound to it, and they all gave me a reason to return to them repeatedly. This is a rare thing for me when I listen to albums, but something that I immediately noticed after a few days of listening. The first half of the album is a bit more aggressive and rock-based, while the last four tracks are a bit more atmospheric, psychedelic and even eerie in certain respects. The only thing that I can say about **Farlung** at this point is I'm very impressed and I want more ... much more. —Conor Dow

## Four Tet Ringer

Domino  
Four Tet = The Books + Oval  
It's been three years since we last heard from **Kieran Hebden's** Four Tet side-project, but in his downtime we've seen Hebden get his old band **Fridge** back together, release a two-volume set of improvisations with **Steve Reid**, an additional non-improvised album with Steve Reid, a **DJ-Kicks** compilation and God knows how many remixes. Perhaps that's why *Ringer* sounds so modest: a half-hour mini-album spread across four tracks, marking the next logical step in his "I hate live instruments" phase, moving from the live-drum flavor of *Everything Ecstatic* into full-on laptop rock territory. With layers of keyboard blips colliding and interlocking, this album could have easily been a pretentious mess, but instead it turns out to be a surprisingly danceable affair, proving to be both funky and minor-key at the same time. The harp samples on "Ribbons" will make some hip-hop producer exclaim "daym!", the title track will sound like the greatest thing ever when stoned, and the sheer minimalism of "Wing Body Wing" is enough for a polite round of applause. It doesn't have the same moments of sheer melodic beauty as his previous discs, but when the tracks are this funky, you'll be hard-pressed to care. —Evan Sawdey

## Hatchet Awaiting Evil

Metal Blade  
Street: 05.27  
Hatchet = Metallica + Testament



With thrash metal seeing a resurgence in all facets and styles, the creations of new bands that worship the old-school style—in Hatchet's case, Bay Area thrash metal—is only natural. There is quite a few of these next-generation thrash bands popping up, but while some of them sound like a novelty act, Hatchet sounds pure and true. As any great thrash metal should be, the music is fast with tons of snappy leads and guitar solos. This record reminds me a great deal of early Testament; not a bad thing at all. Hatchet definitely isn't out to create some new style or form of the genre, it just sounds like they love that 80s sound and are more than happy to create it and play it, wearing their influences proudly on their sleeves.

Not needing further analysis; enjoy Hatchet for what it is—fun thrash metal inspired by the greats (though not surpassing them by any means). —Bryer Wharton

## Ihsahn

**Angl  
Candlelight  
Street: 05.27**

**Ihsahn = Emperor + a progressive touch + Cradle of Filth**

Everybody that listens to black metal knows who the hell Ihsahn is, only the founder of Emperor, a band that in its beginnings was touted as one of the greatest from the Norwegian scene. However, the band adapted their sound throughout the years and many of the "true" black metal fans abandoned them. This is Ihsahn's follow-up album to his first solo album and when the progressive style guitars and clean vocals are going, the album surpasses Ihsahn's first offering as a solo artist. But much to my heart's discontent, for some strange reason there are crappy Cradle of Filth moments in the music itself and in Ihsahn's vocal approach; yeah, there are times when he sounds almost exactly like **Dani Filth**, who personally I think sounds like an elf that got punched in the nuts. So take those tracks out of the album's equation and you have a brilliant record; it's a damn good thing those moments aren't horribly frequent. Overall, the album is well played in every instrumental aspect; it's diverse, keeping interest, and surely won't disappoint longtime fans of the artist. —Bryer Wharton

## Joan of Arc

**Boo! Human  
Polyvinyl Record Co.  
Street: 05.20**

**Joan of Arc = American Football + Cap'n Jazz + Owls**

**Tim Kinsella** is no stranger to the world of experimentation and noise-making. *Boo! Human*, Kinsella's 12th full-length under the Joan of Arc moniker, continues his trend of ambient, acoustically delicious tunes that creep up my spine in a way that nobody else does. The album was put together in an interesting fashion: Kinsella took a week in the studio and invited musicians to come in and sign up on a sheet and lend their helping hands on the songs. The result is an album full of surprises with no two tracks sounding alike. I'd say *Boo! Human* is Joan of Arc's most cohesive and accessible album to date. Kinsella's knack for humorous and smart songwriting doesn't stop on this album, evident in "A Tell Tale Penis," a song laced with piano riffs and a post-rock vibe. Whether you're a longtime Kinsella fan or someone who hasn't ever heard him before, pick up this album immediately. —Tom Carbone Jr.

## Kataklysm

**Prevail  
Nuclear Blast  
Street: 05.27**

**Kataklysm = the Northern Hyperblast**

*Prevail* is a culmination of Kataklysm's last record, *In the Arms of Devastation*, and what they did on previous records

*Serenity in Fire* and *Shadows and Dust*.

Thus it is the very essence of what the band has done in the last six years. If there is one constant in those last albums with Kataklysm, it is the fact that the band's production is pristine, making their self-dubbed death metal style "the Northern hyperblast" all that much more heavy, especially in the all-out blastbeat drumming assaults. *In the Arms of Devastation* added a bit more melodic moments to Kataklysm's sound whereas the previous two albums were pretty straightforward, heavy in grooving guitar moments, without lots of soloing or leads. This bringing together of those styles is highly cohesive and works well for Kataklysm because where records like *Serenity in Fire* got tiresome after awhile, the newer style of more leads and more focus on the actual guitar-playing makes the songs more interesting and actually keeps the pacing and songwriting interesting. There is no question here that this is Kataklysm's best and most diverse album yet. —Bryer Wharton

## Made Out of Babies

**The Ruiner**

**The End  
Street: 06.24**

**Made out of Babies = a female-fronted Neurosis + Jesus Lizard**

From the amazing opening riffs of *The Ruiner*'s first track, "Cooker," there is no doubt that this record is different from the pack. If you want to give it a technical tag as to what genre the band would fit in, it would be post-hardcore. But screw the technicalities; this is something in its own world, blurring the lines, yet not so out there that it's a chore to listen to. The guitar tone and riff structuring is something that needs to be heard; it is beyond explanation other than there are big pounding moments and melodic ones. The whole thing has this subtle dread to it, be it in the fuzzy distortions or the stellar vocal female vocal performance that will leave any fan of experimental-type rock/metal reeling for more. Ultimately, music is all about feelings and there are plenty of them being stirred up, sifted around or screamed in your face on *The Ruiner*. Simply put, this album needs to be experienced firsthand to begin to remotely understand its power. —Bryer Wharton

## Mass Solo Revolt

**Easy Mark**

**Self-released  
Street: 06.01**

**Mass Solo Revolt = The Shins + The Pixies + vocals from any band on**



**the radio**

As a fan of the bass, I really dig production that utilizes this often-buried asset. Mass Solo Revolt, in Pixie-esque style, features the bass guitar in a great way on a few songs. The rest of the instrumentation is on point: tracks do a nice job spotlighting keys and other odd, expansive noises. The album is also not limiting in terms of song length. These guys don't give a shit about keeping a track at the "ideal" 3:33 song length that make hits radio "playable." That's nice to see; and being raised on enough punk rock makes me nostalgic for a song that's two minutes long. *Easy Mark* has them. It would have been interesting to see them build on the bigger sound they created on the second track, "All Bark" (a Shins-like orchestration), on the rest of the album. It dissolves into mostly uninspiring rock after that. —Jon "JP" Paxton

## Microtia

**Distance Is Oval**

**Exigent**

**Street: 06.03**

**Microtia = A blues band on speed and acid**

Microtia is most definitely the coolest band on Exigent Records by far. These dudes are cool as hell. I was hoping and wishing secretly with all my heart that I would get the opportunity to review their album. Finally, my wildest dreams have come true. Every song is the coolest song of all time. Their music is what **Queens of the Stone Age** should sound like, but don't have the sweet action to pull it off. The vocals sound like **Kirk Kirkwood** from the **Meat Puppets** if Kirk actually had the motivation to step up and get some pipes to belt out the sultry vocal lines heard on these six songs. If I had the power to be impregnated, I would totally have Microtia's babies. —Jon Robertson

## Night Stalkers

**Toxic Cesspool**

**Kaiser**

**Street: 05.13**

**Night Stalkers = Demented Are Go + Phantom Rockers + Satan's Teardrops**

Starting out with the creaking of what I can only assume is the lid of a coffin, this record then launches into sheer psychotic boogie via "Tombstone Hop." The Nightstalkers must have somehow heard what I've been saying for years, that you can still hit hard as hell with your psycho-side, but if you don't bring along the 'billy' of psychobilly, you're really nothing all that exciting. These Canadian boys don't pull back on the attack, but songs like "Bound and Gagged" still make you wanna bop 'till you drop ... dead, that is. Honestly, if they could get their recording quality just a little more crisp, especially around the stand-up bass, which at time sounds muddy, the Night Stalkers could be sitting at the top of the psychobilly pile. Creepy, energized, mean-as-hell rock n' roll. Now that's a grave I can't help but dig! —James Orme

## Odd Nosdam

**Pretty Swell Explode**

**Anticon**

**Street: 05.28**

**Odd Nosdam = Alias + Jel + Headset**

Despite numerous petitions, no one has ever been able to properly explain to me what "backpacker" hip-hop means. However, the name **cLOUDEAD**—or at least one of the band members—comes up whenever I hear a conversation about the genre. Judging from this collection of remixes and B-sides featuring **Black Moth Super Rainbow**, **Jessica Bailiff**, **Tarsier**, **Bracken** of cD's beatmaker Odd Nosdam a.k.a. **David Madson**, I think I finally have it: you put your drugs in that backpack, and lots of them. Madson's music is the sound of drugs, glorious drugs that never turn wrong, allowing the listener to peer through into another dimension; I'm not talking about chill-out sushi lounge grooves, but a **Boards of Canada** (coincidentally, Madson remixes BoC here) style, "I-don't-feel-so-hot-but-if-I-just-lie-here-nothing-bad-will-happen" psychedelics created from overly compressed production, psychoacoustic rhythm tracks and otherwise deft studio wizardry. —Dave Madden

## Opeth

**Watershed**

**Roadrunner Records**

**Street: 06.03**

**Opeth = Porcupine Tree + Camel + Katatonia (old)**

Wow, Opeth finally puts out the first record in many years that I'm not bored to tears listening to. *Watershed* tends to remind me of the greatness the band achieved with their *Blackwater Park* record. With past albums, Opeth seemed to be just jamming and not putting a whole lot of thought into their songwriting, mainly because they really didn't alienate many of their fans with that formula, so I can't argue with doing something when it is easy. *Watershed* has easily renewed my interest in Opeth, though they are still one of the most remarkably boring live bands in existence. The formula, which has defined the past many Opeth records remains the same; mellow parts and then heavy parts. But as mentioned before, with this new offering, the band put some effort into making the songs interesting. They're still trademark-Opeth long, but they don't get old after 30 seconds, with the rehash factor very low. There is plenty of great guitar work to listen to on *Watershed*. Vocalist **Mikael Akerfeldt** still sounds the same as ever, with clean singing and growls. There is a small amount of female vocals on the album opener, which the band should have utilized more of, just for diversity's sake. The main thing that stands out on this record is that the keyboard use is more prevalent and definitely more of a factor in the complexity of the songs. Thanks, Opeth, for not putting me to sleep when listening to one of your records for five minutes. —Bryer Wharton

## Ours

**Mercy...**

**American**

**Street: 06.03**

**Ours = Vast + Placebo**

From first listen, the new Ours album seems like it is going to be bad ass, but as you get listening through the rest of the tunes you start to realize that this album is pretty much just a one-trick pony...if that pony was ferocious and had rabies, but no teeth. So this ferocious freaked-out pony keeps trying to test-bite you, but the only thing the non-intimidating pony can do is try and gum you to death. This album has absolutely no teeth or drive in any way. It seems that **Jimmy Grecco** and producer **Rick Rubin** are just going through the motions and not putting any power or emotion into this anthemic gothic-tinged alternative rock, which is a shame, because the possibility for Grecco's voice to own some heavier, more powerful music is there. —*Jon Robertson*

**Parlor Mob**  
**And You Were a Crow**  
**Road Runner**  
**Street: 06.24**

**Parlor Mob = Posing as Black Oak Arkansas**  
I think this New Jersey band listened to **Led Zeppelin's I & II** a little too much. Parlor Mob seems to be trying to remake these albums into one album. Singer **Mark Melicia** does his best to impersonate **Robert Plant**, but doesn't seem to have the savage fury to shout out the vocals like Mr. Plant could. But, being a fun-loving Led Zeppelin fan like myself, you can't hate on these guys for doing what they do. They are playing a tight version of some metalead-up blues riffs and I want to be down on this, but I can't do it. This shit is boss!! And I'm into it in a big way. I just hope no one finds out because I'm worried that I'm going to get made fun of. —*Jon Robertson*

**Pattern Is Movement**  
**All Together**  
**Hometapes**  
**Street: 05.06**

**PIM = Three More Shallows + Trans**



**Am + Christopher Guest**  
I keep waiting for the punchline, but I don't think it will ever come. *All Together*, Pattern Is Movement's third proper release, is their most accomplished and dynamic. It was recorded in band member **Scott Solter**'s studio, and is superior sonically to their previous release, *Stowaway*, which was recorded at the infamous *Tiny Telephone* studio in San Francisco. The songs are dramatic and engaging with the band's signature use of odd time signatures and uncommon harmonies. There is an

eeriness to songs like "Tragedy" and "Peach Trees" that are at the same time comforting. PIM's music is distinctly theatrical, like you have experienced watching some type of personage pass through a series of ritualistic rites. —*Andrew Glassett*

**P.O.D.**  
**When Angels & Serpents**  
**Dance**  
**Columbia**  
**Street: 06.03**

**P.O.D. = Nü-metal band not evolving**  
I'm not going to lie; I am kind of a closet P.O.D. fan and I feel like a douche for being so weak and giving into this contrived music. There's just something about how tight the band and **Sonny**'s voice is. But here is the deal—most of their songs really do suck and are cheap rip-offs of nü-metal bands that weren't even good in the first place. Apparently this marks the return of original guitar player **Marcos**, which is not a good thing. It means two things. First, the music is going to start to suck again (because **Truby** the guitar player that replaced him actually brought some prog elements to the band and made the music less doofy) and second, the band is just trying to recreate their old popularity by re-churning the same corn-dawg songs out again. So the real stone skinny is that five of these songs are tightly composed guilty-pleasure songs and the rest of the album is cheese dick for sure. —*Jon Robertson*

**Psychobilly on My**  
**Hardcore Split**  
**Split 7 Records**  
**Street: 06.03**

**The Slanderin' = The Meteors + The Batfinks. Difference of Opinion = We've got alot to say but you'll never know' cause you can't fucking understand us.**  
I put this on my turntable, **Slanderin'** side up and put the needle down on the record. I thought, "Jeez, this sounds terrible." Then, I noticed that it's not a 45 RPM 7", so I switched it back to 33. This helped out an awful lot. The **Slanderin'** are obviously very influenced by **The Meteors**, which is cool, 'cause **The Meteors** are the best band in the world. "Little Black Hole in the Sun" is the better of the two tracks on their side. Both are decent hopped-up psychobilly numbers, though. The **Difference of Opinion** side, however, is a different story. Hardcore past about 1995 is lost on me. One of the prerequisites for hardcore seems to be that you have to make your voice sound exactly like every other hardcore singer's voice. **Difference of Opinion** obliges this request. To be fair, "Complicated" is bearable, even by me. I would say that overall, this split is worth the \$4 for admission. —*Aaron Day*

**Sonic Devastation**  
**Imago Mortis Demo**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 06.10**

**Sonic Devastation = Deicide + Darkthrone + Death**  
There is no doubt about it; **Sonic Devastation** is off to a great start. Relative

neighbors to Utah, the band hails from Idaho Falls, getting their start in roughly 2006. This two-track demo shows a massive progression from the band's self-released debut album, *The Proliferation*, released last summer. Playing a death/black metal mix, the style infused in these tunes is captivating, sinister and carries that evil atmosphere that many bands try to capture. The vocals are visceral, taking some strange middle ground between a death growl and a black-metal shrill. While there is a foundation in the band's blastbeats and the main structure of the songs, the band excels to astounding territory in their leads and solo work. There is a somber melody to them and a showcase of some great technical prowess going on. The songwriting here is fantastic; listening to these two tracks will undoubtedly leave listeners ready for more. The music truly is **Sonic Devastation**. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Steinski**  
**What Does it All Mean?:**  
**1983-2006 Retrospective**  
**Illegal Art**  
**Street: 05.27**

**Steinski = DJ Shadow + The Furious Five**  
Long before labelmate **Girl Talk** became known as the King of Mashup, hell, even before **M/A/R/R/S** sliced together the inimitable "Pump Up The Volume," two advertising dudes named **Steve "Steinski" Stein** and **Douglas "Double Dee" Di Franco** put together a mix of the most used hip-hop breaks for a contest, one judged by the likes of **Afrika Bambaataa**. They won, and thus was born... the first in their series of "The Lessons" (**Cut Chemist** and DJ Shadow would later recreate these live using the original vinyl). This two-disc release explores every genre, dropping beats over everything from **Humphrey Bogart**, **Looney Toones**, **Clint Eastwood** and **The Zapruder Film** samples, the myriad **James Brown** breaks, **Led Zeppelin**'s "The Crunge" and a whole ton of stuff you have to Google to figure out. Simply put, this collection is what mix-tape dreams are made of; an equal blend of humor, cool and certifiable badass collage-work by the master. —*Dave Madden*

**Unleashed**  
**Hammer Battalion**  
**SPV**  
**Street: 06.10**

**Unleashed = Grave + Dismember + Amon Amarth**  
Well, it's been almost two decades since **Unleashed** started wrecking the scene and helped establish Sweden as having a distinct brand of its own death metal... no, not melodic death metal; this is straight-up death metal, brutal as brutal can be. With *Hammer Battalion*, not much has changed in the realm of **Unleashed**. No big surprises: They've been successful at what they do for years, so why change? I'm not saying every record is the same or boring, they all have their distinct flair and this new effort is extremely war-metal oriented and as always, brings a Viking touch to the battle. The record is heavy on the groove and less rooted in blastbeats like much of American death metal. The

thing that really makes this behemoth pound in a creative way is the wealth of great guitar solos, howling and howling to Valhalla. If you never liked **Unleashed** or Swedish death metal, is this going to change your mind? No, but do **Unleashed** care? No. For a band that's been around the block, they know what they are doing and have a clear direction in the sound that they created for *Hammer Battalion*. I'll keep spinning this CD along with the rest of my **Unleashed** collection. Records like these make you forget the trends and just enjoy some good old-fashioned death metal. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Volbeat**  
**Rock the Rebel/Metal the Devil**  
**Mascot Records**  
**Street: 06.10**

**Volbeat = Metallica + The Misfits + a country/psychobilly edge**  
Denmark's **Volbeat** are taking metal to a whole new realm with *Rock the Rebel/Metal the Devil*. This groove-heavy beast is a blast to listen to and has an upbeat feel to it that most metal lacks. Vocalist **Michael Poulsen**, formerly of a more death-metal-oriented Denmark band **Dominus**, uses a unique vocal approach with **Volbeat**. Think a heavy-metal **Elvis**. There are songs that make use of some country-style acoustic guitars, then there are some completely either thrashing or grooving moments. "Sad Man's Tongue" has made its way into my music-listening rotation daily. The whole record is ultra-catchy and mostly heavy as all hell without giving you a headache, just full of plentiful head-bobbing grooves, unique vocals and catchy lyrics. Overall, it's the really great guitar moments and its psychobilly edge that make this album fantastic. I dare you to just try and listen to this record once. —*Bryer Wharton*

**We Versus the Shark**  
**Dirty Versions**  
**Hello Sir Records**  
**Street: 06.01**

**We Versus the Shark = Fugazi + Drive Like Jehu + something else entirely**  
"Keep it simple stupid." I want to yell at **We Versus the Shark** during hectic moments on their latest CD. Sometimes a band needs to have a lot of noise drowning out parts of their songs, I guess. I imagine an anonymous 5th member of this group randomly enters during the recording process just to fuck with distortion levels on odd sound machines. However, a good portion of this disc is salvageable from extinction and at its worst is very technically challenging math rock. Common ideas about "what" sounds good "where" in songs are ignored on some tracks in place of squealing screeches, hyper drums and distorted braying. The worst thing about this disc is the under-use of lone female **Samantha Paulsen**'s vocals. Her earnest voice shines in stark contrast to the males' distortion-heavy vox. Track 11, "Mountaineering" is a great example of this. The quality lyrics are also of note. —*Jon "JP" Paxton*



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*Books Aloud*

**Fermenting Revolution:  
How to Drink Beer and  
Save the World**

*Christopher Mark O'Brien*  
New Society Publishers  
Street: 11.01.06

The mere title of this book is enticing. Saving the world while drinking beer—I mean, what is better than that? This book shows the reader how to combat the corporate beer brewing industry through fair trade and local brewers. It takes a deep and quite humorous look into the world of beer and what effects it has had on cultures and places around the world. It also tells how these places have been affected previously, but also what is going to happen in the future if the corporate brewers continue their mass production of shitty beer. The book is filled with inspirational quotes from great beer drinkers like **Homer J. Simpson** and **William Shakespeare**. If nothing more, this book will definitely want to make you drink another tasty brew. —*Mike Reff*

hip-hop vibe mixed in with a little early Disney cartoonage. The book starts out in similar drawing fashion to *Drawsquare* one with line drawings of peculiar figures in eccentric poses. The next selection is a mélange of cartoon and real life faces crammed together and defying any type of continuum. The detail is amazing, but still in rough pencil sketch style. The final section is the most comical as the figures interact with photographs in unusual ways; in and out of windows, sitting atop houses and climbing over fences. The spectrum of the book is attention-grabbing as Call moves from line drawings to a mixed photography medium and is a must have for any local art lover. —*Andrew Glassett*

**Skateboarding Skills:  
The Rider's Guide**

*Ben Powell*  
Firefly Books  
Street: 03.18

This book is another glimpse into the multi million dollar industry that everybody is trying to get a piece of. It's hard to say if this is really what we need—one more instructional book on how to be a skateboarder. Don't get me wrong, any learning is good learning, but at the same time there is joy in the struggle of learning new tricks by trial and error. *The Rider's Guide* has explanations for many beginner maneuvers as well as some more advanced tricks near the end of the book. It has a whole section explaining competition etiquette and the different stages of sponsorship as you get more comfortable on your seven-ply freedom device. Overall, this might be good for your nephew/niece, but it's hardly practical when you can go out and learn all the things mentioned the old fashioned way. —*Adam Dorobiala*

**Milk and Honey**

*Trent Call*  
Swinj Production  
Street: 2008

Trent Call draws again! His influence seems to be everywhere around Salt Lake and is well respected by the collective graffiti art movement that is happening on the east coast. *Milk and Honey* is the second installment of his *Drawsquare* series, which could be considered his solo project from well-established zine *Swinj*. The first in the series was a collection of stickers in the same drawing style as *Milk and Honey*, which rides the line of comic book, anime, graffiti and avant garde. Some of the caricatures are reminiscent of scenes from *Paprika* or *Tokyo Godfathers*, while the photograph series have the indie



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## Gang Of Souls : A Generation Of Beat Poets

MVD Visual / BLEU

Street: 04.15

*Gang Of Souls* presents interviews with some legendary and classic beat poets that overtook a generation of artistic expression and freedom, speaking at open mics and writing books that would turn the reader's view upside down. Some of the coolest poets of this generation, such as **William S. Burroughs**, **Henry Rollins**, **Richard Hell**, **Allen Ginsberg** and **Marianne Faithful** talk about their experiences and influences from the era of beat. Along with these geniuses are some of the most annoying and obnoxious people I've ever seen. Poets like **Lydia Lunch**, **Anne Waldman** and **Ed Sanders** literally plays a piano necktie. This documentary was made in 1989 and just doesn't bring anything new to the table. It has some weird, random editing and is only interviews—nothing else. I would have loved to have seen some photography of the generation—old videos, venues, anything that takes you back to this period in literary history—no such luck. I guarantee there are a lot cooler documentaries out there about this same thing. —Adam Palcher

## Irene Williams: Queen of Lincoln Road

Wolfe Video

Street 04.01

The fascinating aspect that I love about filmmaking is that you don't need the latest and greatest technology in order to capture an appealing story. For example, while vacationing in Miami, director **Eric Smith** noticed an endearing and chic local senior citizen walking down Lincoln Road by the name of **Irene Williams**. He grabbed his handheld camera, and documented a heartfelt relationship in his film, *Irene Williams: Queen of Lincoln Road*. Paying the bills as a stenographer for college students and career hopefuls, Irene spends her free time evading high-end fashion designers' outrageous price tags (think *Versace* and *Louis Vuitton*) by creating her own stylish attire from scratch...everything from the hats to her watchbands. She is the epitome of creativity. From their first energetic encounter to the touching account of Irene's declining health, the film captures the purest form of kindness and affability in human nature. Smith has achieved a noble feat in presenting a 23-minute piece of art that will no doubt linger in the viewers' minds for a much

longer period of time. —Jimmy Martin [*Pride Film Festival*: 6.13-15]

## Korn: Live at Montreux

Kayos Productions

Street: 05.13

By now, pretty much everyone knows that Korn released their first album in late 1994 and took the world by storm. Often credited with making nu metal popular, Korn's first album probably was listened to by just about everyone I went to junior high with, including me. Now, nearly 14 years later, the band is still cranking out the albums. They've had some lineup changes, including long-time guitarist **Brian Welch** becoming a Christian and getting a totally sweet Jesus tattoo on his hand to keep him from masturbating (no, seriously). This DVD is mostly full of stuff from their past four albums, but still has a few of the older gems you may have listened to while brooding quietly in your room, avoiding your English homework. It's not a bad release for diehard Korn fans, and it might be something special since it's one of the last performances Welch was a part of. —Conor Dow

## Most High

Dokument Films

Street: 05.27

**Marty Sader's** debut as director/actor/writer is everything you can ask for in a debut. This sad, depressing story shows the quick fall of a man whose life went down the tubes and into the haunting world of crystal meth. Losing his adopted father, his job and his lover within in the same week is only the beginning of his downfall. He finds love in **Laura Keys'** character (co-writer of the screenplay), who is also following the same path with drugs and sex. The most impressive part of the film isn't the cool, time-lapse photography or the frantic, quick-paced editing, it's Sader's transformation into the druggie who graces us with his presence through most of the movie. He loses close to 100 pounds to show his frail, overtaken body to the audience. His performance is award-winning and this film deserves a place next to *Trainspotting* and *The Basketball Diaries* as must-see addiction movies. I have a feeling that we will be seeing more of Marty Sader, so keep an eye out. This one is highly recommended. —Adam Palcher

## She's a Boy I Knew

Shapeshifter Films

Street: 2007

**Gwen Haworth** has put her heart and soul into *She's a Boy I Knew*, a self-re-

flecting documentary that captures her lifelong struggle with a gender identity crisis. As the director, writer, producer, editor and main focal point of the film, Gwen (born Steven Haworth) intertwines home videos, family photographs, personal interviews, emotional narrations, and witty animations to exhibit the highs and lows of proceeding with a transgender lifestyle. The most appealing attribute of the film is the intimate confessions with Gwen's family members due to the fact that no one withholds their true emotions. Whether it's the recollections of "breast implants" made with bags of birdseed or a discouraged father proclaiming disapproval of his son's decision to change his birth name, each reflection draws the audience deeper into the distinctive web that is Gwen's life. *She's a Boy I Knew* is a respectable addition to a topic that has already been covered successfully in other films including **Kate Davis'** *Southern Comfort*, **Melissa Regan's** *No Dumb Questions* and **Travis Reeves'** *Funny Kinda Guy*. [*Pride Film Festival*: 6.13-15] —Jimmy Martin

## Sissy Frenchfry

Wolfe Video

Street 01.30

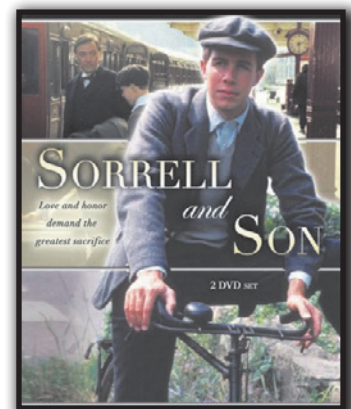
Remember in the late-1980s when ABC ran an array of sitcoms on Friday nights that included *Perfect Strangers*, *Mr. Belvedere*, *Just the Ten of Us* and *Full House* called TGIF? These shows were the epitome of chesse...but it was accepted. They encompassed a textbook balance of tackiness and storytelling, and that's exactly what **J.C. Oliva** has created with his short film *Sissy Frenchfry*. Set at West Beach High, a school of tolerance and diversity, *Sissy Frenchfry* (played by local actor **Steven Mayhew**) is the Student Body President and practices a life of creating joy among the school's hallways. However, when the stereotypical hateful meathead transfer student, **Bodey McDodey** (**Ross Thomas**), makes the home of the Frenchfries (yeah, that's their mascot), his new stomping grounds, *Sissy's* paradise begins to deteriorate swiftly. If you modified the strong language (not that swearing ever bothered this asshole), this film could easily be adapted into a network television series made for tweens and teenagers. Now for the uphill struggle...are network stations or kid-friendly cable channels like *Disney* and *Nickelodeon* ready for an entire program dedicated to preaching individual rights among gay adolescence? It may be a complex battle to get this project on the air, but the statement intertwined within this 30-minute short and the future messages it could present needs to be heard. —Jimmy Martin [*Pride Film Festival*: 6.13-15]

## Sorrell and Son

Koch Vision

Street 08.14

At first glance, **Derek Bennett's** mini-series adaptation of **Warwick Deeping's** best-selling novel feels eerily similar to those horrific educational videos we were forced to watch in elementary school...remember *The Voyage of the*



*Mimi*? But, instead of having to watch a crew of nitwits with a 12-year-old **Ben Affleck** who already sucked at acting before puberty, *Sorrell and Son* exhibits an engaging tale of a father's unconditional love for his son, and not in the Megan's Law (requiring sex offender registries) sort of way. Beginning in the 1920s and spanning two decades, the six-part series follows Captain Stephen Sorrell (**Richard Pasco**), a single father and decorated soldier, as he surrenders himself to degrading and mediocre occupations in order to pave the way for his son's future. Packed with sincere moments and touching upon controversial subjects such as euthanasia, this *Masterpiece Theatre* selection is as entertaining and relevant as it was 24 years ago. —Jimmy Martin

## The Walker

THINKFilm

Street 05.27

**Paul Schrader** (*American Gigolo*, *Auto Focus*) returns to the silver screen with his sixteenth feature, *The Walker*. Packed with an elite cast including **Kristin Scott Thomas**, **Lily Tomlin**, **William Dafoe** and topped with an unforgettable performance by the always-gifted **Woody Harrelson** (ok, we'll let *Money Train* slip by), the film follows Carter Page III (Harrelson) as he caters to the wealthy female socialites of Washington, D.C. as their "walker" (a.k.a. "gay best friend"). But when a grisly murder involves one of Carter's acquaintances (Scott Thomas), the wife of a politician, he must determine how sturdy his relationships are and who is out to only save themselves, especially when he becomes the prime suspect. Even though the story's captivating premise treads water for the first half, there's no doubt this ensemble cast has succeeded in creating an authentic performance that rallies in the home stretch. Moreover, **Chris Seager's** cinematography and **David Hindle's** art direction turns each shot and set into a mesmerizing portrait bursting with color and a life of its own. The most interesting tidbit extracted from the movie? Salt Lake City is considered to be one of the last two remaining cities where homosexuality is grounds for extortion from the hypocritical "good American family man". Something tells me they don't put that in the Utah visitor's brochure. —Jimmy Martin [*Pride Film Festival*: 6.13-15]

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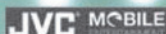
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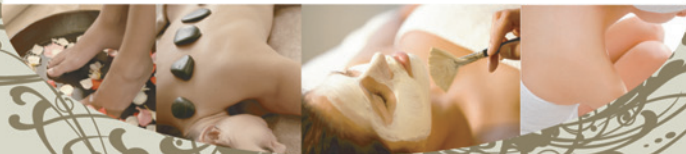
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# Daily Calendar

## Friday, June 6

Calico CD release – *Slowtrain*  
 Thunderfist 10 year anniversary show – *Burt's*  
 The Street, Scavenger Poet, Mad Max – *Liquid Joe's*  
 Emerson Hart – *Hard Rock Cafe*  
 Midnight Mass – *Gallivan Center*  
 Dance Jaxx w/ Rod Carillo and Peter Presta – *The Hotel*  
 Ryan Shupe & The Rubberband – *Sandy Amphitheatre*  
 Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel Café*  
 Salty Rootz – *Woodshed*  
 Butoh Workshop – *Red Lotus*  
 In:Aviate, Freeman Social, Gina Go Faster, White Lines – *Kilby*  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
**Dark Arts Festival – Area 51**  
 Ras Benjamin – *Artopia*  
 Eric Steffensen – *Alchemy*  
 Skaficionados, Vanzatti Crime, Talking Bombs, Krush, Klamath, Play Dead Movement – *Outer Rim*  
 Jeff Lawrence Group – *Vegas*  
 Junta DeVille, Riddle of Steel – *Broken Record*  
 Mesa Drive, Trevor & Eileen Price, Ben Johnson – *Solid Ground*

## Saturday, June 7

Russian Circles, Daughters, Cherubin, Gaza – *Burt's*  
 Beyond The Blues – *Tony's*  
 Spazmatics – *Liquid Joes*  
 SCDG vs. Angel City Derby Girls – *Olympic Oval*  
 Anadale CD Release, Jusnta Deville, Pink Lightnin' – *Urban*  
 Showbread, Tyler Read, The Ember Days, Ascend In Silence – *Solid Ground*  
 Times New Viking, Palace of Buddies, Navigator – *Kilby*  
 Aphrodisiac, George Acosta – *In The Venue*  
 DJ Leemont – *Paladium*  
 The Vapor Trails – *Tin Angel Café*  
 Boomsticks – *Pat's BBQ*  
 Wendover Ride for a Cure – *Harley Davidson Dealership*  
 Kris Zeman – *Alchemy*  
 Mean Molly's Trio, The Naked Eyes, Labcoat – *Kamikaze's*  
 Darryl Thory and the Bergs – *Johnny's on Second*  
 Melody and Tyler Forsberg – *Addicted*  
 My Last Breath, Locke n' Load – *Vegas*  
 Heathen Ass Worship – *Woodshed*

Alkali Flats – *Bar Deluxe*  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
**Dark Arts Festival – Area 51**  
**Robin Brown's B-Day**

## Sunday, June 8

**Dark Arts Festival – Area 51**  
 El Ten Eleven, Steady Machete – *Urban*  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
 Blue's Jam – *Wine Cellar*  
 Dance Discovery – *Monk's*  
**Gay Pride Parade – Library Square**  
**Emily Allen's B-day**

## Monday, June 9

Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band, Kate Mann, Kate Ledeuze – *Burt's*  
 The Almost, Emery, Envy on the Coast, Army of Me – *In The Venue*  
 Dosh, Anathallo, Stag Hare – *Kilby*  
 Justice League, Clint Moris, Jhny Daily, Mike Elliot, Randy Beck – *Outer Rim*  
 I am the Ocean, Fear Before the March of Flames – *Urban*  
**Ryan Michael Painter's B-Day**

## Tuesday, June 10

Something Fierce, Fuck the Informer, Motif Onyx, Captain Daneo – *Burt's*  
 Young At Heart – *Capitol Theatre*  
 Kalai, Joshua James, Dave Kreitzer – *Staheli Farm*  
 Matt Hopper, Furs, Cub Country, Team Mom – *Kilby*  
 Gutter Butter w/ Justin Strange – *Broken Record*  
 Calico Horse, Oh Wild Birds – *Urban*  
 Burning Brides, Year Long Disaster – *The Playground*

## Wednesday, June 11

Elysia, C.U.N.T., Knights of the Abyss, The Banner, A Girl A Gun A Ghost – *The Ritz*  
 Old 97's – *The Paladium*  
 Finn Riggins, Poetry for the Masses, The Suggestives – *Kilby*  
 Neal Burton, Wren Kennedy – *Urban*  
 Big John Bates – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Nihilist – *Broken Record*  
 Adjacent to Nothing, Mandatory Mania, Downfall – *Liquid Joe's*  
 La Dispute, Vinyl Williams, Cherubin, The New Nervous – *Outer Rim*  
 First Annual One World Café  
 Everybody Eats Fundraiser – *Gallivan*

## Thursday, June 12

Black Camaro, My First Rodeo, Theta Naught, The Blare – *Burt's*  
 Chain Gang of 1974's Official After Party – *The Trapp Door*  
 Beyond the Blues – *Tin Angel Café*  
 Inspiration for Insanity, Throwing Randy, Alicia Brown, Seamus – *Kilby*  
 Know UR Roots – *Piper Down*  
 Dead Horse Pointe – *Urban*  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
 Reggae Under the Stars: Soul Redemption, Insatiable, 2 ½ White Guys, Salty Rootz, DJ RockSolid – *Murray Amphitheater*  
 Cholulu – *Johnny's on Second*

## Friday, June 13

Diesto, Accidente, The Grimmway – *Burt's*  
 Cathexes – *Monk's*  
 Butoh Workshop – *Red Lotus*  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
 A Kid's Guitar Recital – *Alchemy*  
 Drop Dead Julio – *Brewskis*  
 I am the Ocean, Cherubin, Let Live – *Broken Record*  
 Ras Benjamin – *Artopia*  
 The Dreaming – *The Grail*  
 Gypsy Dave – *Pat's BBQ*  
 TJ Petracca CD Release, Cub Country, Taloolah, Ruru – *Solid Ground*  
 Ramona Cordova, Francois Viro, Libby Linton, Kid Medusa – *Kilby*  
 Bueno Avenue Stringband – *Big Ed's*  
 The Black Angels, The Warlocks – *Urban*  
 Jack Jones, Downright Blue, Opal Hill Drive, Numbered Days – *Liquid Joe's*  
 DJ Scotty Boy, DJ Juggy, Jake Williams – *The Hotel*  
 Spooktacular, Domania – *The Trapp Door*  
 Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel Café*  
 Damn These Heels Film Festival: The Walker – *Brewwies*  
 Balance of Power – *Vegas*

## Saturday, June 14

Murder Junkies, Skint, Repeat Offender, Los Bandoleros – *Burt's*  
 Cubworld, Kimo Watanabe, Cory Mon – *Why Sound*  
 Belanova – *Depot*  
 Shades of Gray, Synthesis, Feel Good Patrol – *Tony's*  
 Salt Town Greasers – *Bar Deluxe*  
 Salt City Derby Girls: Hotcakes &

Hot Dates – *Sugarhouse Garden Center*  
 Love Meets Lust – *Studio 600*  
 Ascend, Ample Fire Within – *Graywhale in SLC*  
 Swagger – *Piper Down*  
 Damn These Heels Film Festival: She's a Boy I Knew, Love My Life, Semper Fi: One Marine's Journey – *Tower*  
 Mean Molly's Trio, The Blood Blisters – *Mojos*  
 Farmers Market Opening Day – *Pioneer Park*  
 Damn These Heels Film Festival: Edge of Heaven, Kiss the Bride, XXY – *Brewwies*  
 Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel Café*  
**Female Empowerment Movement Presents: Murder Mystery/Casino Fundraiser – Alpine Ballroom in Hilton Salt Lake City Center**  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
 The Salty Cricket Composers Collective – *Pickle Factory*  
 The Rocky Horror Show – *Mo Diggitys*  
**SLUG Localized: Minerva, Invaders, Danny Vespa – Urban Lounge**  
 The Future of the Ghost, The Devil Whale, Vile Blue Shades, Red Caps – *Kilby*  
 Black n' Blue, Shadow, Dirty Loveguns – *Vegas*  
**Kat Kellermeyer's B-Day**

## Sunday, June 15

RZA – *The Paladium*  
 The Tricky Part – *The Rose*  
 People's Market Opening Day – *1000 S 900 W*  
 Damn These Heels Film Festival: Queen of Lincoln Road, Sissy French Fry, A Jihad for Love – *Downtown Library*  
 Dance Discovery – *Monk's*  
**Jesse Kennedy's B-Day**

## Monday, June 16

Rosco – *Burt's*  
 Railroad Earth, Greensky Blue Grass – *Paladium*  
 Bad Flirt, The Lionelle, Tolchock Trio, Lord Mandrake – *Kilby*  
**Jello Biafra's 50<sup>th</sup> Birthday – Great American Music Hall**  
**Ricky Vigil's B-Day**

## Tuesday, June 17

The Booze, The Naked Eyes – *Burt's*

Fiest – *Deer Valley Amphitheater*  
Carnifex w/ Arsonists Get All the  
Girls, Embrace the End, Conducting  
the Grave – *The Ritz*  
Gutter Butter w/ Justin Strange  
– *Broken Record*  
Girl Cave – *Urban*  
The Bowmans – *Addicted*  
Milosport Contest #2 – *Rose Park  
Skatepark*

### Wednesday, June 18

Summer Studio – *Art Institute*  
The Mother Truckers, The U.C.  
Swillers, Mean Molly's Trio – *Burt's*  
Singer, Accidente, I Hear Sirens –  
*Urban*  
H.R. – *Bar Deluxe*  
Riots of the Eight Crime Rate in  
Iowa, Vinyl Williams – *Broken Record*  
Battle Trax – *Rallie's Pub*  
(*Albuquerque NM*)  
PO-OHMS: Iris Moulton, Kildem  
Soto, Shae Svenieker, Flora Bernard,  
Repo – *Ken Sanders's*  
**Style Wars, Boutique Party and  
Bicycle Trick Comp – W Lounge**  
PMR – *Johnny's On Second*

### Thursday, June 19

Summer Studio – *Art Institute*  
Monte Negro, Luna Halo, I Hate  
Kate – *Kilby*  
The Mighty Kane and his sidekick  
Jameson's Birthday Bash  
Extraordinaire featuring The Hell  
Camino's, Fail To Follow, Spooky  
Deville, Anything That Moves – *Burt's*  
Mad Caddies, The Supervillians –  
*Urban*  
No Quarter – *Harry O's*  
Wayne the Train Hancock – *Bar  
Deluxe*  
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*  
Blues Dart – *Monk's*  
Buliamiatron – *The Trapp Door*  
Steve Lyman – *Tin Angel Cafe*  
**Conor Dow's B-Day**

### Friday, June 20

Summer Studio – *Art Institute*  
Sarge, Massacre at the Wake,  
Scripted Apology – *Burt's*  
Remembering Joe – *Sam Weller's*  
Destroy Everything – *Bar Deluxe*  
Triggers and Slits – *Alchemy*  
Mathew Naylor – *FICE*  
Ras Benjamin – *Artopia*  
Butoh Salon – *Red Lotus*  
Ask the Dust, Mean Molly's Trio, All  
Time Ending – *Broken Record*  
The Average, Autamary, MC  
Dangermouth, Spondee – *Kilby*  
Ascend – *Ken Sanders*  
DJ Irene No. 9 Party w/ DJ Juggy,  
Jake Williams – *The Hotel*  
"A La Carte" Art Show – *Signed &  
Numbered*  
Help Lawrence Get to Nairobi Show  
– *Solid Ground*  
Starmy, The Furs, Purrbats – *Urban*  
Destroy Everything – *Outer Rim*  
Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel Cafe*  
**Gallery Stroll/ Fashion Stroll**

### – Downtown SLC

Marion Meadows – *Ogden City  
Amphitheatre*  
Pink Lightnin' – *Monk's*  
Reverend Horton Heat – *Depot*  
Royal Bliss, Broke City,  
Melogramus – *Vegas*

### Saturday, June 21

The Front, The Antentacles,  
Hasbeens, Lost By Reason – *Burt's*  
Hell Within, Forever in Terror – *The  
Ritz*  
Utah Metal Fest – *Vegas*  
Rock Plaza Central, Cub Country  
– *Kilby*  
Drop Dead Julio – *Tony's*  
Blues 66 – *Pat's BBQ*

### Heavy Metal Shop's 21<sup>st</sup> Anniversary – Heavy Metal Shop

De La Soul – *Harry O's*  
Ani Difranco – *Library Square*  
Del McCoury – *Paladium*  
Lerain Horstmanshoff – *Alchemy*  
Rock Plaza Central, Cub Country,  
Go Figure – *Urban*  
Michael Dean Damon and Piss Piss  
Heron – *Bar Deluxe*  
Ryan Shupe & The Rubberband –  
*Saratoga Splash*  
Derek Wright – *Tin Angel Cafe*  
Them Changes – *Johnny's on  
Second*

### Sunday, June 22

Hell Within, Forever in Terror – *X  
Room*  
Weinland – *Urban*  
Dance Discovery – *Monk's*  
**Kealan Shilling's B-Day**

### Monday, June 23

Nightbirds, Purrbats, The Devil  
Makes Three, The Alligators – *Burt's*  
Flowers Forever, Oh! Wild Birds,  
Buffalo Milk – *Kilby*  
Wolf Eyes, I Hate Bees, The Tenants  
of Bathazar's Castle – *Urban*  
**Eric Granato's B-Day**

### Tuesday, June 24

Before... There Was Roselyn,  
Cherubin, Cornered By Zombies –  
*Burt's*  
RTX, Imaad Wasif with Two Part  
Beast – *Urban*  
Butch When the Sundanced  
– *Monk's*  
Gutter Butter w/ Justin Strange  
– *Broken Record*  
**Hard Boiled Bookclub: The  
Braindead Megaphones – Sam  
Weller's**  
Bob Weir & Rat Dog, Gov't Mule  
– *Depot*

### Wednesday, June 25

The Dewayn Brothers, Lionfish,  
Trace Wiren, Parleys Drifters – *Burt's*  
Ocho – *Kilby*  
Dommm, Lapsed, Non Non – *Urban*  
Vile Blue Shades, Glinting Gems,  
The Short Cuts – *Broken Record*  
**Mariah Mellus' B-Day**

### Thursday, June 26

Citizen Fish, INTRO5PECT,  
Henchmen, Dubbed – *Burt's*  
Fawn Fables, Purr Bats, Chaz  
Prymek – *Kilby*  
DJ DC's Evolution Exposed Volume  
16 CD release party, Ask The Dust  
CD release party – *The Trapp Door*  
Bueno Avenue String Band – *Tin  
Angel Cafe*  
The Weather Underground – *Urban*  
Dedwall Revery – *Monk's*  
AM Bump, The Campbell Bros  
– *Piper Down*  
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*  
"Pop Plastiques" by Jann Haworth –



### Po-ohms by Repo Wednesday June 18th, Ken Sanders 7pm

*Library Square*  
Hillbilly Hellcats – *Bar Deluxe*

### Friday, June 27

The Runts, Peaceable Jones, Racist  
Kramer, Fews and Twos – *Burt's*  
Pigeon John, Lucky I Am (of Living  
Legends) – *Paladium*  
Ask The Dust CD release party –  
*W Lounge*  
Red Bennies CD Release, Ether  
– *Urban*  
Drop Dead Julio – *Liquid Joe's*  
Beyond the Blues – *Tin Angel Cafe*  
Ras Benjamin – *Artopia*  
Troll 2 Celebration – *Nilbog*  
Karen Bayard – *Alchemy*  
Critical Mass – *Gallivan Center*  
Broken Silence, Dusk of Mindstate  
– *Broken Record*  
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*  
Band of Annuals, The Devil Whale  
– *Kilby*  
Too Slim and the Taildraggers – *Bar*

### Deluxe

Hav Addix – *Monk's*  
18 Wheels of Justice – *Pat's BBQ*  
Nancy Drew Book Club – *Beehive  
Tearoom*  
Seperation of Self, 2 Headed Chang,  
Maim Corps – *Vegas*  
Snuffalufagus, Asher on the Rye  
– *Solid Ground*  
**Dave Brewer's B-Day**

### Saturday, June 28

Broke City, Poetica, Dear Stranger  
– *Burt's*  
Mad Max and the Wild Ones – *Pat's  
BBQ*  
Ingrid Michaelson – *The Avalon*  
Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel Cafe*  
Troll 2 Celebration – *Nilbog*  
The Earl Brothers, Nowhere Man  
and Whiskey Girl – *Urban*  
Independents Fair – *Slowtrain*  
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*  
Going Second – *Johnny's on  
Second*  
La Farsa CD Release, Mushman,  
Will Sartain – *Kilby*  
Isreal Vibration – *Paladium*  
Leave it to Cleavers vs. Sisters of  
Mercy – *Olympic Oval*  
Vans Warped Tour – *Utah State  
Fairpark*

### Sunday, June 29

The Chop Tops, Kate Leduece, Slim  
Chance and His Playboys – *Burt's*  
Dance Discovery – *Monk's*  
Utah Arts Festival – *Library Square*  
Troll 2 Celebration – *Nilbog*  
A Sky Eats Airplane, A Skylit Drive,  
Breath Carolina, Millionaires – *Ritz*  
**Mariah Mann Mellus' Birthday  
Party – Busy Bee Patio**

### Monday, June 30

The Beautiful Girls, Hans Monument  
– *Burt's*  
The Faint – *In The Venue*  
Stepsonday, Ask for the Future  
– *Kilby*  
Snoop Dogg – *Usana*  
Marie` Digby, Eric Hutchinson – *In  
The Venue*  
El Olio Wolf, The Black Hens, Dead  
Horse Point – *Urban*

### Tuesday, July 1

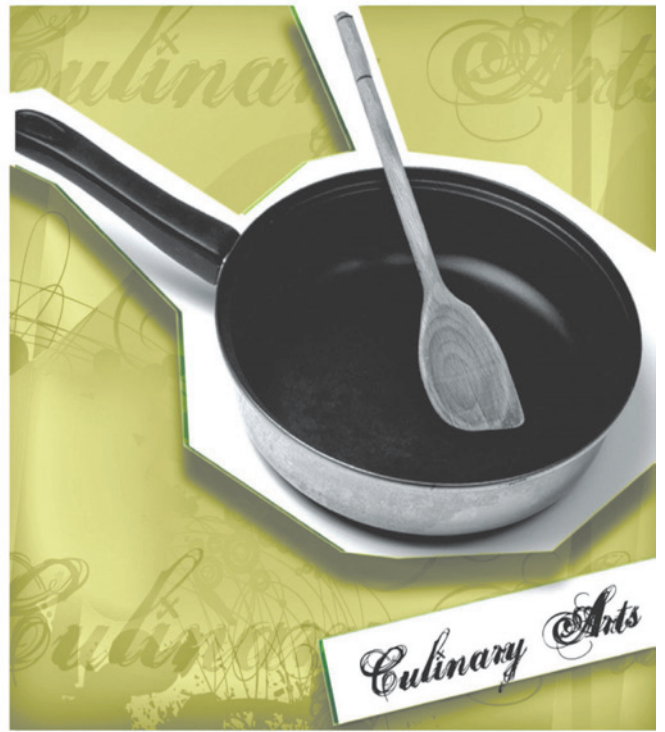
Frank White, Locke-N-Load – *Burt's*  
Gutter Butter w/ Justin Strange  
– *Broken Record*  
The Veronicas – *Kilby*

### Wednesday, July 2

Johnny and the Pachecos – *Burt's*  
Legendary Shack Shakers – *Bar  
Deluxe*  
Tilly and the Wall – *In the Venue*

### Thursday, July 3

Outclassed, Loom, Accidente,  
God's Revolver – *Burt's*  
Maria Taylor, Johnathan Rice, Nik  
Freitas – *Kilby*  
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**AREA 51**  
 a private club for members

**Tuesday**  
**Upstairs:** "80s Time Tunnel" 80s Flashback  
**Downstairs:** Old-school industrial and Gothic \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free until 11pm \$2 pints, \$6 pitchers, \$3 sex on the beach

**Wednesday**  
**Upstairs:** All request Indie, electroclash, danceparty.  
**Downstairs:** "Klub Karaoke" \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free until 11pm \$2 pints, \$6 pitchers, \$4.50 Jager bombs

**Thursday**  
 This is the biggest 80's night in the US!  
**Upstairs:** 80s New Wave Flashback  
**Downstairs:** "Sanctuary" Gothic and Darkwave \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies free until 11pm \$4 Rockstar vodka

**Friday**  
**Upstairs:** "Klub Kulture" Alternative and Techno  
**Downstairs:** "Das Maschine" Industrial and EBM \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

**Saturday**  
**Upstairs:** "In the Mix" Alternative, Techno & Dance  
**Downstairs:** "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic & 80's \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Sex on the Beach

**JUNE 6,7,8**  
**DARK ARTS FESTIVAL**

We are happy to announce the 2008 headliner, **London After Midnight!**

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**FETISH NIGHT!**

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# Kilby Court. June Calendar

- 2- Cathexes That Wrecks Us, Attractive and Popular, Agape \$8
- 3- Neva Dinova, Dead Horse Point, The Apple Miner Colony \$8
- 4- Percy Miner
- 5- The Dead Science, Dane & The Death Machine, Silt Labels The Yaks \$7
- 6- In:Aviate, Freeman Social, Gina Go Faster, White Lines \$6
- 7- Times New Viking, Navigator, Palace of Buddies \$8
- 9- Dosh, Anathallo, Stag Hare \$8
- 10- Matt Hopper, Furs, Cub Country, Team Mom \$6
- 11- Finn Riggins, Poetry For the Masses, The Suggestives \$6
- 12- Inspiration for Insanity, Throwing Randy, Alicia Brown, Seamus \$6
- 13- Ramona Cordova, Francois Virot, Libbie Linton, Kid Madusa \$7
- 14- The Future of the Ghost, The Devil Whale, Vile Blue Shades, Red Caps
- 16- Bad Flirt, The Lionelle, Tolchock Trio, Lord Mandrake \$6
- 17- Fail to Follow, Deadlip, The Market \$6
- 19- Monte Negro, Luna Halo, I Hate Kate \$8/10
- 20- The Average, Autumary, MC Dangermouth, Spondee \$6
- 21- Rock Plaza Central, Cub Country \$6
- 23- Flowers Forever, Oh! Wild Birds, Buffalo Milk \$8
- 25- Ocho \$6
- 26- Faun Fables, Purr Bats, Chaz Prymek \$10
- 27- Band of Annuals, The Devil Whale
- 28- La Farsa CD release, Mushman, Will Sartain \$6
- 30- Stepsonday, Ask For The Future \$7

All Kilby Court shows at 7:00pm unless otherwise noted  
[www.kilbycourt.com](http://www.kilbycourt.com)

**In The Venue:**

- 2- Ladytron, Datarock \$17/20 7pm

**The Urban Lounge:** (a private club for members, 21+)

- 8- El Ten Eleven, Our Dark Horse, Steady Machete \$6
- 11- Neal Burton, Wren Kennedy \$5
- 13- The Black Angels, The Warlocks \$10/12
- 18- Singer, Accidente, I Hear Sirens \$7/8
- 19- Mad Caddies, The Supervillians \$13/15
- 22- Weinland
- 23- Wolf Eyes, I Hate Bees, The Tenants Of Balthazar's Castle
- 24- RTX, Imaad Wasif with Two Part Beast \$8
- 27- Red Bennies CD release \$6
- 30- El Olio Wolf, The Black Hens, Dead Horse Point \$6

All Urban Lounge shows start at 9:00pm

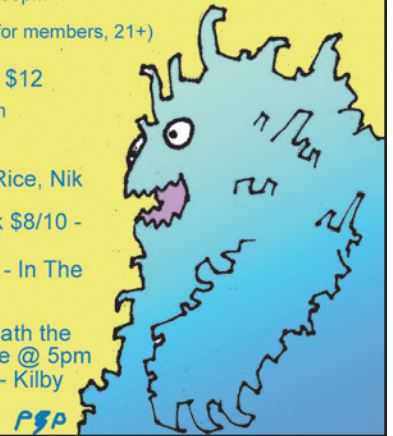
**The Paladium:** (a private club for members, 21+)

- 15- RZA, Stone Mecca \$25
- 27- Pigeon John, Lucky I am \$12

All Paladium shows start at 9:00pm

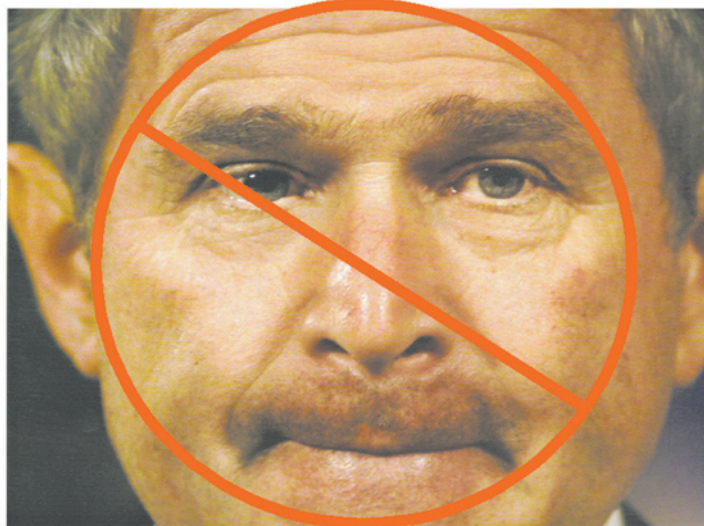
**Upcoming Shows:**

- 7/3- Maria Taylor, Jonathan Rice, Nik Freitas \$10 - Kilby
- 7/6- Constantines, Ladyhawk \$8/10 - Urban Lounge
- 7/15- Low, TaughtMe \$13/15 - In The Venue
- 7/23- Fleet Foxes \$8
- 7/26- Harry & The Potters, Math the Band, Uncle Monsterface @ 5pm  
 Jason Anderson @9pm - Kilby



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