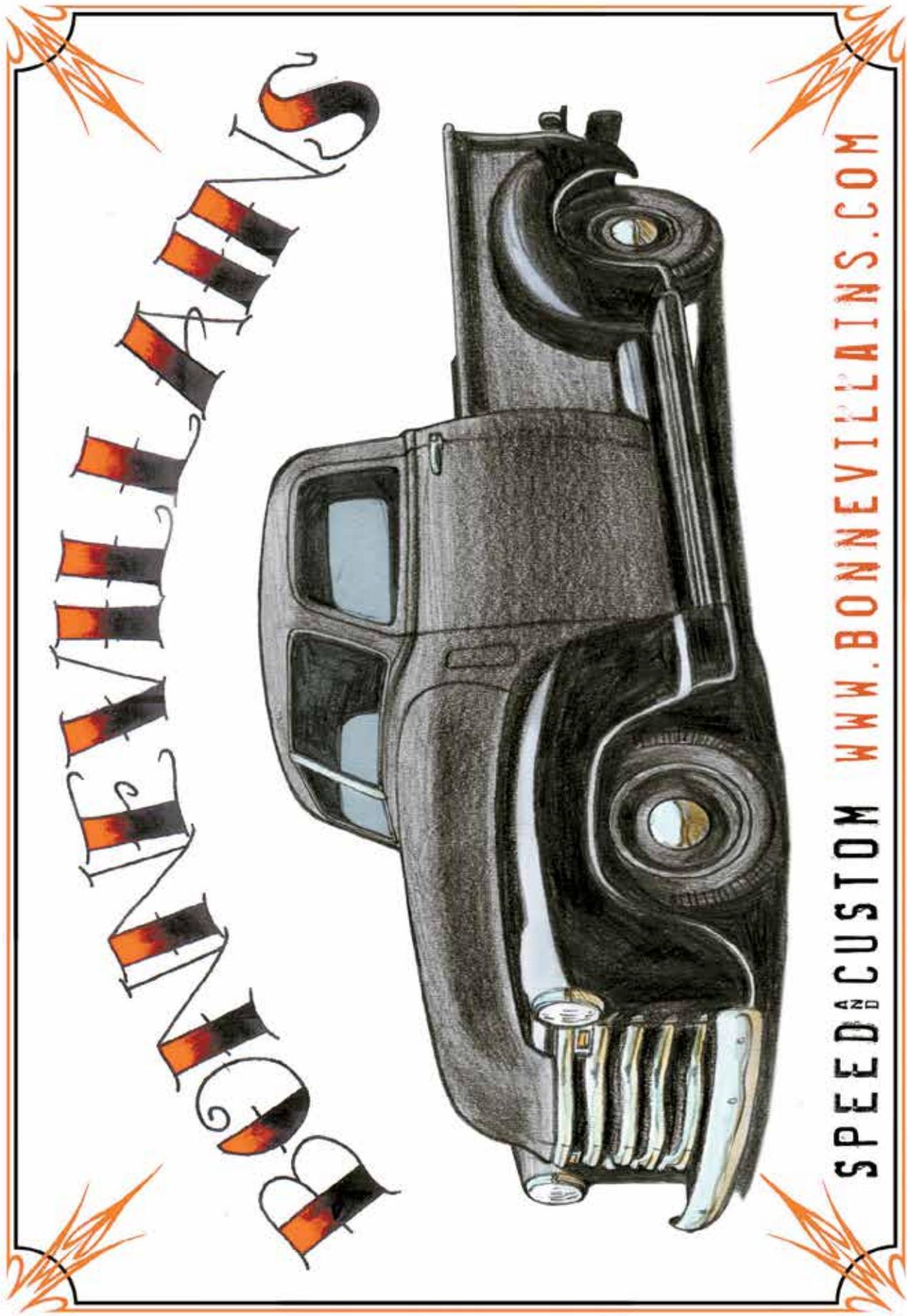


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SLUG Magazine's Official Podcast: Soundwaves From The Underground

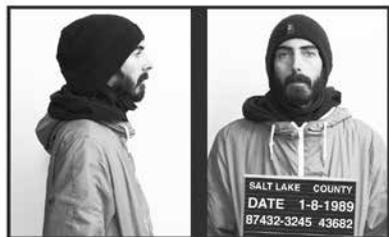
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Jake Vivori is the kind of guy everyone needs as a friend. As one of our skilled photographers, he's saved us in many a last-minute pinch, contributed countless solid ideas for our action sports content, and produced quality work that we're proud to print in our pages. Jake moved to Salt Lake in August 2007 from the East Coast without knowing a soul, but his positive attitude and resourcefulness led him to success in our city, and he quickly became a sought after team member for SLUG Games. Now, Jake serves as one of our Action Sports Sponsorship Sales Reps and sits on the planning committee for SLUG

Games and Summer of Death, along with his photography responsibilities. Outside of SLUG, Jake is an intern for the SLC Photo Collective Photobooth, recently graduated from SLCC with an Associates Degree in Photography, and is an avid snowboarder and a dedicated cyclist. If you see this awesome dude on the slopes or the streets, don't miss your chance to meet him!

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Hey Gurrll,

I go to shows at Urban Lounge pretty frequently. It's a relatively clean, intimate venue where I know the sound quality is gonna be consistent, I'm not gonna break the bank buying a ticket, and I can grab a drink while I listen to my favorite bands. However, the drink part of the Urban Lounge experience is starting to become a problem for myself and other music lovers, and someone's gotta bring attention to it. I went to a couple of shows during a two-week span in September—the first being Baths and the second SLUG's September cover story: Chelsea Wolfe and True Widow. During Baths, the people drinking at the bar and on the outskirts of the "dance" floor were talking to each other so loudly that Will Wiesenfeld literally "Sssshhhh"ed into the mic. During Chelsea Wolfe, it got so bad (shout-out to the big-mouthed, big-haired, bleach-blonde cosmetology school types in the back—wtf were they doing there anyway, amiright?) that she quietly thanked everyone who wasn't talking. I get it, these people take advantage of the cheap ticket price, knowing Urban Lounge is a cool place for cool people, have a few drinks too many, and since they're only there to be seen, end up talking loudly through the whole show. What's a true music fan supposed to do? At this point, I'm getting ready to ask those S&S guys to double their prices—I'd much rather pay \$20 to watch Chelsea Wolfe with a group of people who are going to appreciate the opportunity than with a bunch of dumb airheads having girls night at "da club." Oh yeah, and that ONE super-drunk guy who thinks he has to yell something between every song—maybe we could build a sound-proof cage for them in the back?

Talk about #firstworldproblems, huh? So lemme get this straight: You think that the answer to shutting up those shithead loudmouths at Urban Lounge is to double the ticket price? Are you sure you're not one of those bleached blonde hairstylists who's huffed too much aerosol? Reading your letter with a grain of salt knowing it was written by a butane 'tard, I can now respond accordingly. Maybe your rich, trend-seeking ass can afford to pay \$20 every couple of weeks for a ticket to the latest indie darlings playing at Urban, but, as hipsters who eat, sleep and breathe music, we sure as hell can't fork over that much. I can think of a better way to get the job done, and it's called good ole communication. I've seen a lot of people clack their teeth about Urban's noise problem, such as yourself, but I've never seen any of you whiney babies actually approach the drunk bastards to let them know your fuzzy feelings face to face. So, next time you're standing in the back trying to look intimidating with your arms crossed, squinting your ears to hear over the din of #girlsnight ... Get your buddies together and let the bachelorette party know they're disrupting your musical experience. Shame goes a long way—especially in this town.

XOXO,
SLUG

Thanks for listening—quietly, THAT Girl.

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AH, LIL GUY FOX. I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS...

NOW I FINALLY GET TO WIPE THE SMIRK OFF OF THAT SMUG LITTLE-

FACE!

GULP...

KA-BOOM

LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT OUT-FOXED AGAIN. **

THE END!

HISTORICAL NOTES * GUY FAWKES WAS NOT TRICKED INTO GUARDING GUNPOWDER, BUT WAS PART OF A PLOT BY CATHOLICS TO ASSASSINATE THE PROTESTANT KING JAMES I ** FAWKES DID NOT LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, BUT WAS HUNG + DISMEMBERED FOR HIS CRIMES. GUY FAWKES DAY WAS INSTITUTED TO CELEBRATE THE FAILURE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

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JAWWZZ!



(L-R) Chris Copelin, Chaz Costello and Madison Donnelly make surf punk to party to in JAWWZZ!

Localized
By Cody Kirkland
codykirkland@slugmag.com
Photos: Russel Daniels

This month's Localized is a cross-section of SLC punk: the visceral, dissonant hardcore punk of **Foster Body**, the surf-soaked party punk of JAWWZZ!! and the acerbic, bittersweet pop punk of Problem Daughter. These bands have shared bills over the last few years—Foster Body and JAWWZZ!! even share a drummer. They all name each other among the best modern punk bands in Salt Lake, and for good reason—they are. Problem Daughter have established themselves as punk stalwarts, JAWWZZ!! are tearing up the West with their mobile party, and opens Foster Body are building notoriety for their charged and unnerving live shows. The convergence of punk dexterity happens Nov. 8 at the *Urban Lounge* at 9 p.m., emceed by **Ischa B.** and sponsored by Bohemian Brewery. It's \$5 to get in if you're 21+. If you're not, watch it online at gigviz.com.

Madison Donnelly's cymbals crash like breaking whitecaps, smashing nonstop above a circling dark mass that cuts single-mindedly through the sea, following **Chris Copelin's** bass rhythm. Manic guitar hooks filter through the seething roil beneath the restless surf, with **Chaz Costello's** drowning croon echoing in the barrel of the passing wave. His cry can be heard with each rush of foam lapping at the tide's edge: "... party ... PARTY ... PARRTTY!!!"

When I meet up with JAWWZZ!! at a sidewalk café table, the band is talking about *Degrassi*. Costello, the guitarist and singer, is saying how weird it is that at least two characters in *Degrassi* contracted gonorrhea. Donnelly is distracted by her tea, which she insists tastes like

a metal pipe. We indulge in more '90s nostalgia—me binge-reading *Goosebumps* books as a kid, Costello's *Goosebumps* book collection acquired in part by teenage dumpster diving. The conversation touches on *Full House*, of course, and we eventually start talking about the band.

Donnelly and Costello played together in the now-defunct band **Broken Spells**, a local garage rock n' roll outfit. The two formed JAWWZZ!! in March of 2012 as a fast, raw, heavily effected party-punk two-piece, hell bent on noise and good times. After releasing a full-length album on cassette (*Chummzz*), touring the West Coast and recording a 7" (*Party Problems EP*), JAWWZZ!! added Copelin to the band in March of this year and embarked on another West Coast tour. To say that Costello (who also plays in **Bears on Parade** and **Fossil Arms**) and Donnelly (who plays alongside **Robin Banks**, **Dyana Durfee** and **Korey Martin** in Foster Body) have had a busy couple of years would be an understatement. This February alone, Donnelly counted a total of eight shows and Costello tallied nine, in each of their respective bands, including JAWWZZ!!

I ask Costello if the band will add another member in March 2014, since JAWWZZ!! was started in March 2012 and Copelin joined in March 2013. "The only other person we're gonna add is **John Stamos**. Oh, and **Andrew W.K.**," he says. "And then we'll just tour with **Jesse Knife** and **the Rippers** for the rest of our days." Apparently, the band's '90s nostalgia runs deep. I ask everyone where they get off using so much beach imagery—from their name and album covers to their surf-inspired sound—in the middle of a damn desert. "I'm from Southern California, born and raised, so suck it sideways," says Costello. "I don't think we planned on it sounding like anything." Their only two goals were to be productive and to put on killer live shows—the beach-party tinge to their pop punk just seeped in naturally. "I've grown up surfing—I've

just got that waterlogged brain," Costello says. Their *Party Problems EP*, released digitally this last July, is in the process of a rerelease. They're making an actual 7" of *Party Problems*, pressed by **Graboid Records** in a run of 200 copies, and JAWWZZ!! are all anxious to record another full-length now that Copelin has joined on bass. The cassette tape seems to be their preferred format, though. "It's cheap and you can get it super fast, and you still get a digital download for it. I think it looks a lot nicer than a CD," says Costello, who self-released their *Chummzz* tape, "and you can record over it if you don't like it," says Copelin. I ask them what they would say to people (like me) who claim that tapes are an obsolete format. Costello says, "They're right, but it doesn't make it any less cool. It's like people saying books are obsolete. Just because you can get it on a Kindle doesn't make it cooler." I retract my opinion about tapes.

Tapes, records and CDs are important to the band, but the essence of JAWWZZ!! is best experienced firsthand at one of their raucous shows. "We bring the party," says Copelin. "But we always clean up afterward," adds Donnelly. Costello says that they don't have a band vacuum, but they're thinking about it. He tells me what they do have, though: "a laser light, a fog machine. We have CO2-compressed confetti cannons, streamers, balloons. We have a multicolored disco ball thing, a strobe light. We have piñatas from time to time," says Costello. "We wanna get sponsored by *Zurchers* so we can stop spending all the band money there. Plus, 'Zurchers' fits across your knucks," he says. Despite their aspirations of party rock prominence, JAWWZZ!! are partying just fine without Andrew W.K.—and they're probably having more fun, too. Check them out at jawwzz.bandcamp.com.



(L-R) Shane Augustus, Regan Ashton, Tyler Sisson and Trey Bird of Problem Daughter play a brand of pop punk cross-bred with poetic bitching and fun, upbeat rhythms.

Problem Daughter are a peculiar creature. They embody the upbeat pop punk energy of early-2000s **Fat Wreck** and **Asian Man** bands, but at their core, they contain a ferocious desperation, spat out in scratchy harmonies and gravelly screams like mid-career **Tom Gabel** (now known as **Laura Jane Grace** of **Against Me!**). They are working-class punk martyrs, but they're not a bunch of sad sacks—they give everything they have to the band, for good or ill.

In South Salt Lake, amid warehouses, a witchcraft supply store and a couple bowling alleys, sits the Problem Daughter house. The front door is wide open. I walk in, and I'm greeted by **Trey Bird**, Problem Daughter's drummer. He's a gracious host—he offers me a glass of water. Bird leads me into the basement practice space where the rest of the band is waiting on big couches—guitarists **Tyler Sisson** and **Shane Augustus** and bassist **Regan Ashton**. Everyone is drinking water except for Ashton, who has a very large glass of brown liquid in front of him (a teaspoon in it, no ice). I don't ask what it is.

Problem Daughter have been a band since early 2008. They began as a three-piece with Bird, Ashton and Augustus. Within two years, Problem Daughter released two **Andy Paterson**-recorded albums: *American Heroine* and *With Open Hearts And Empty Hands*. Sometime during all this, the three of them moved into a house together. This, and inviting Sisson into the band (and the house) as second guitarist in 2011, were the biggest steps forward for them. "Everything changed when Tyler joined the band," says Bird. Their

constant proximity, their experience in various bands—**The 12th Street Stagers**, **The Hung-Ups**, **Vanzetti Crime**, **Never Say Never**—and their eclectic music taste formed into a collective punk brain and catalyzed their creative output. Next came *Cordelia Sessions*, a self-recorded EP, and 2012's self-titled full-length, recorded by *Rigby Road Studios' Joel Pack*.

Ashton downs half of his tepid brown liquid and excuses himself. He looks like a 1980s coke dealer—hair slicked back, plaid bell-bottom pants, black-leather pointy shoes and a wily demeanor. While he's upstairs in the bathroom—"elbow[ing] an Adderall into powder," as he later explains—I ask Ashton's bandmates about the brown liquid. They allude to grain alcohol. Ashton returns, and we discuss the progression or stagnation of various veteran punk bands. "Like **Gaslight Anthem**—when their first [album] came out, you were like, 'This is so good!' and then you realized that they're not going anywhere ... Like, come on! Do something!" Ashton says. He shares most vocal and songwriting duties with Augustus and rants passionately about pushing themselves as a band by writing songs that are too hard for them to play. He also refuses to be one of those lyricists who write cryptic, meaningless songs, instead favoring a roundabout way of complaining about everything. "It's mostly bitching in a poetic way," Ashton says. He inexplicably changes the subject to fashion. He likes my style, implying that my layers of faded black denim covered in white cat hair is a style. "I don't have a style," Ashton says. "I have these disguises."

Problem Daughter have a history of donning disguises as part of their live show once a year.

As part of Salt Lake's annual *Punk Rock Halloween*, they have impersonated a handful of seminal punk bands. The most infamous show was in 2011 when they played as the **Germs**. It wasn't just a cover set or a tribute—the band became possessed by the Germs and mimicked them down to every last detail. The performance climaxed during "We Must Bleed" as Ashton sliced up his chest with a razorblade and writhed around screaming and bleeding on the asphalt, just like the late **Darby Crash**. This year, with Ashton dressed as Dr. Gonzo, Problem Daughter wandered drunkenly through Las Vegas and hit the stage as part of *Punk Rock Bowling*, sharing a bill with the likes of **Devo**, **Flag**, **Bad Religion** and **D.R.I.** They're the first band from Utah to play the event in many years, but Problem Daughter have also opened for acts like **The Queers**, **Teenage Bottlerocket**, **Shai Hulud** and **Kevin Seconds**, to name a few.

As the brown liquid (and whatever happened in the bathroom upstairs) kicks in, the conversation switches from the band's national recognition by the likes of **Mark Stern** from **Youth Brigade** and **BYO Records** back to the subject of fashion. "That suit looks like you turned Tony Montana on us," Bird says to Ashton. Ashton counters Bird to say, "You should see my fuckin' Hawaiian shirt collection!" I accompany the guys to the backyard, littered with cigarette butts. We smoke and talk about *Punk Rock Halloween* some more, and Ashton tells me for the third time that he just wants to wear a dress while he plays. "I look good in a dress," he says. Aside from their Halloween dress-up antics, Problem Daughter are a serious band—serious about progression, serious about playing their hearts out and serious about screaming until they're coughing up blood. Though they still get recognized for it on the street, as Augustus says, "We're not just the Germs band."

You can check out Problem Daughter on Facebook at facebook.com/problemdaughter and on Bandcamp at problemdaughter.bandcamp.com.



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Barbecue has always played by its own rules, which don't usually coincide with those of most restaurants. It takes no shame in its finger-licking messiness, its closely guarded recipe secrets or its proclivity for gigantic portions. Be that as it may, I was present at **KUER's Savory Salt Lake** event last June when *R&R Barbecue* took home both the Celebrity Judge and the People's Choice awards—beating out representatives from legit Utah restaurants like *Frida Bistro* and *Tin Angel Café* with their smoked brisket tacos. It was a moment that made me stop and take notice.

If you're on 600 South, it's not too difficult to find *R&R Barbecue*. Just roll down the window and let the tantalizing aroma of smoked meats lure you right into the parking lot. It was founded by **Rod and Roger Livingston**, twins from Huntington Beach, Calif. who have been crushing it on the competitive barbecue circuit. The brothers Livingston have served as Utah's representatives in several international barbecue competitions, including the *Jack Daniels Invitational* and the *American Royal*.

Based on the information that I dug up, I was eager to see what nationally acclaimed barbecue tasted like. I figured that it had something to do with low and slow smoking, and possibly something to do with a sauce that was brewed from a recipe unique to its owners. However, there are things that the folks at *R&R* have done with their barbecue that I didn't know were possible. The best way to experience *R&R* is to sample one of their combination plates. I decided to go for the Three-Meat Plate (\$14.99), choosing pork spare ribs, pulled pork and smoked chicken as my personal meat trinity. I faltered a bit as I hefted the generous helping

from the counter to my table—the smokiness that rose from my plate was making me slightly weak in the knees. Each table comes equipped with three types of *R&R* barbecue sauce: original, sweet and hot. After divvying out all three sauce options among my many smoked meats, I started with the pulled pork. My past experience with pulled pork has always been positive—I'd go as far as saying that pulled pork is one of my favorite things to put in a sandwich or a burrito. *R&R's* pulled pork has officially ruined me for other varieties. It's incredibly juicy, and the smoked bark on the outside lacked the charred taste that I've had elsewhere. The pork yields perfectly to each bite, and the smoking process brings out the meat's natural sweetness.

After a few bites of pulled pork, it was time to move on to the ribs. As I was expecting the meat to slide effortlessly off of the bone, I was surprised to find that these ribs had retained the texture of a perfectly cooked pork roast. The meat was toothsome and sweet, and I appreciated the extra effort that I had to put in to eat these bad boys.

Having sampled two of my three meat options, it was time to try the chicken, which is a dish that has disappointed me time and time again. It's either too dry or it's too tough—it has never been quite what I was hoping for. Now that I've tried *R&R's* smoked chicken, I think it's safe to say that I was right to criticize the ghosts of smoked chickens past. This stuff retained its juiciness, and it shared the silkiness of the pulled pork. Again, the slow smoking process had transformed what is typically a very one-note meat into something very special. Though I was extremely satisfied with this meal,

I still needed to revisit the smoked brisket that brought *R&R* such high praises at *Savory Salt Lake*. I opted for the sliced Brisket Sandwich (\$8.99), which consists of a nice stack of brisket on a bun. Now, I fully endorse this sandwich as is—the brisket is tender, juicy and an overall excellent specimen of smoked beef. When I ordered it, I was given the option to add toppings. It costs a few bucks more, but I got my brisket sandwich topped with coleslaw and pickles. Though this decision was inspired by a slight twinge of guilt that I felt for eating a huge pile of meat without any vegetables, it made for one of the most spectacular sandwich experiences that I've ever had—and I have had many phenomenal sandwich experiences. The sweet crunchiness of the pickles, along with the creaminess of the coleslaw, just exploded when paired with that miraculous brisket.

Among the side dishes that I had, there were some definite hits and misses. The Baked Beans (\$2.75) tasted suspiciously canned, and the Red Beans with Rice (\$2.75) were a bit on the bland side. However, Aunt Libby's Hush Puppies (\$2.99) were delicious, dense and sweet—my favorite side with one of the combination plates. The side dish to end all side dishes was the Onion Rings (\$3.75). *R&R's* onion rings are beautiful. I think it was the onions that truly made this side dish great. They're thick—almost too thick, but they taste incredibly clean and sweet.

Based on my dining experience with *R&R Barbecue*, it's easy to see why their work has been so widely praised. They've effectively carved out their own piece of turf in the world of barbecue, and we're lucky that they chose to locate that piece of turf here in Utah.



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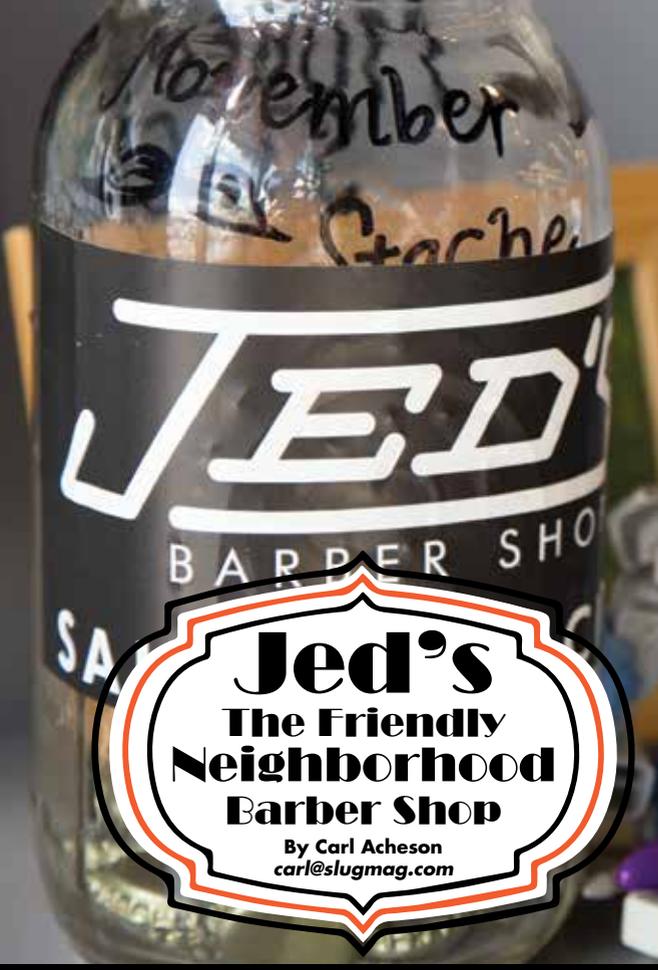
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From the beginning of barbershops in the early 1900s to their recent revival in the past decade, people have been going to the barber to keep up with their hygiene as well as to fraternize with their neighbors. The act of getting one's hair cut is so personal and intimate that it is not uncommon for a barber to become a person's confidant. The barber shop as a place for neighbors and camaraderie is an ideal that **Jed Beal** holds close to his heart. He opened his shop back in 2011, not only to start a business for himself, but to also give back to his community.

As you walk through the front doors of *Jed's Barber Shop*, you will notice the walls are lined with black-and-white pictures, all of which were donated by community members. On the wall above the black-and-whites hang paintings and pieces done by local artists, and if you happen to purchase one, the money will make its way back to the person who created it. The underwear bearing *Jed's* signature logo was hand-screened by a friend of Beal's who works out of his garage in Logan. "I pay a premium price instead of just ordering a whole box of underwear with the shop logo from China," says Beal, "but by not doing that, I'm able to give someone right here in my own neighborhood a job." *Jed's* also hosts live music and recently held an event for the **Best Friends Animal Society**, where all the proceeds went to finding homes for abandoned pets. "Business owners don't see the potential to give back to their community—they just take the easy way out. I would rather help and stimulate my local economy," he says.

Describing *Jed's*, Beal says, "The shop is modeled after the garage that I was cutting hair out of when I lived in LA." That space's floor was concrete, scuffed and worn from being worked upon. Art and prints were plastered to the wall. Scattered around were vintage men's fashion and health magazines. *Transformers* played on a television with the volume down while **Pink Floyd** played in the background, and there was a cooler chock-full of bottled soda. It was a hospitable place where Beal spent a lot of time, where good vibes poured from every crevice; and when you walk into his shop today, all of these elements have been incorporated into the décor. Along with the inviting interior, there is hospitality to match. Every time you go into *Jed's* for a haircut, you are greeted with a smile, along with a locally made, old-fashioned soda or homemade strawberry lemonade. The staff, made up

of people Beal can only describe as "individuals," offer a friendly smile and a hand-shake as they check you in or take you to the chair for your cut. "My hairdressers and barbers ... have stretched ears and tattoos, and sometimes they even have crazy hair," he says, "but I would say that they choose to work here because they get to listen to different music every day, because there is no dress code, because they're allowed to be who they are ... I think that our customers can tell we're happy and that we're here having a good time, and it helps them to realize that they can do the same."

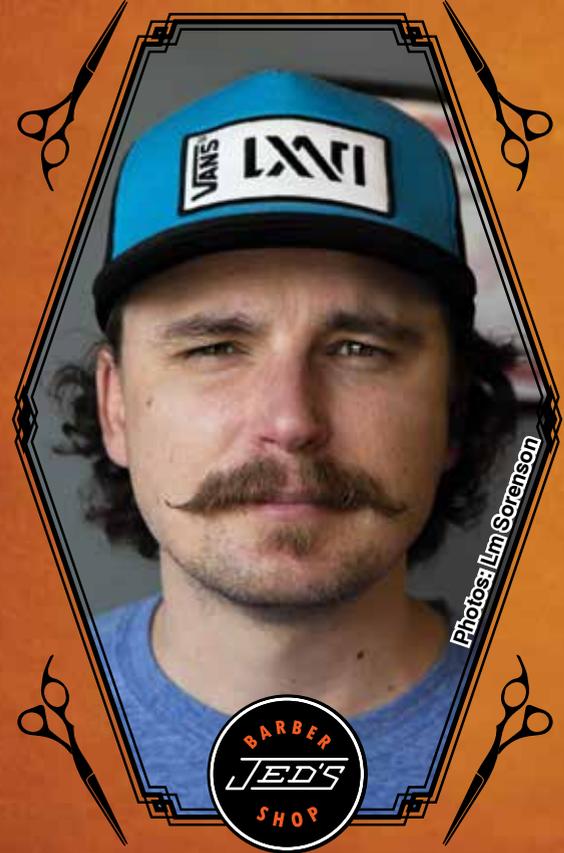
Jed's offers more than just haircuts. Since finishing barber and cosmetology school, Beal has traveled the world, learning more about his age-old craft. He has cut hair and trained in techniques in countries such as Ireland, Morocco and Italy. Bringing these techniques back with him, he is able to train his barbers and bring a little more panache to his shop. "We offer an international flair on traditional barbering," Beal says with pride. "I don't have any desire to be a traditional barber. If there's a guy in Thailand who can teach me how to do an awesome haircut with a sickle, I want to be able to learn that and bring it back here to teach to my barbers."

If you're looking to unwind and be taken care of, opt for the Long Haircut, \$35, which gets you a shampoo with a scalp massage, your cut along with a styling, a neck and shoulder massage and a hot lather trim with a straight razor around your hairline to top it all off. *Jed's* also offers classic straight-razor shaves by appointment, which should most definitely be considered by any man who is really looking to treat himself to something nice.

The shop was also a huge participant in last year's Movember, which helps raise awareness of testicular cancer and men's health not only in Salt Lake City, but around the world as well. This year, Beal hopes to have an even bigger impact by collaborating with local radio stations and sports teams. So start sportin' your mo' and keep your eyes peeled for the upcoming events and charities at *Jed's Barber Shop* this November.

At *Jed's*, all "Walkens" are welcome, so if you're interested in a cut, swing by the shop, located in the historical district at 212 S. 700 E., in the same shopping plaza as the *Sprouts Farmers Market*. If you're interested in a top-notch shave, be sure to call ahead at 801.532.5337 to set up an appointment. If you want to learn more about *Jed's* and the shop's involvement in Movember and other events, visit the website, jedsbarbershop.com.

Jed Beal has cultivated a shop environment where anyone can feel welcome, mustache or no-stache.



Photos: Lm Sorenson



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Somebody else's baby:

Understanding the Mechanics of Andy Farnsworth

By Ashlee Mason / smeedee9@gmail.com

"It's a thing you develop as a kid for whatever reason, and people compliment you throughout your whole life, but when people start asking you to be funny on demand, it goes away. It just disappears. You get self-conscious about it and don't understand why," Andy Farnsworth muses, eating grocery store sushi on a full-moon night. He signals to the window with his chopsticks. "I think the moon affects my ability to make words." This might be true, considering we had spent a good part of a confusing hour talking about baby overlords.

Andy has been doing stand-up comedy since 2004. He began in Chicago, where he'd commute two and a half hours from Milwaukee to perform at open mics, but stopped abruptly. He says, "I wasn't prepared for the footlights on the stage. I didn't realize that would kick in my flight response. I had nothing but premises. It was a mess." After moving to Salt Lake in 2009 to go to grad school, he picked it back up by performing at the now-relocated Mo's Bar & Grill on Sunday nights. "I miss that place, man. I hated it at first, but now I'm really nostalgic for it," Andy says pensively. "If you were at Mo's, you were probably there to get better."

Since his move to SLC, Andy has cemented himself as a glory boy on the comedy scene, earning respect and admiration from local veterans, and white-knuckled, voodoo-doll-kit-buying resentment from comics who just aren't that good. His jokes are painfully autobiographical, always posing a direct challenge to what topics human beings consider normal to mention in public. Few subjects are taboo for Andy, and his brutal honesty about himself, coupled with his undisputable intelligence, results in a feeling that is close to enlightenment. You want to hear more. You don't want him to leave the stage. You want the awkwardness of watching someone divulge their deepest secrets to NEVER GO AWAY.

In addition to being a stand-up comic, Andy is a writer and he teaches writing up at the U of U—composition/rhetoric and creative writing (a term he hates). When asked how teaching in front of students is different than performing in front of an audience, he sighs and says, "It's not even remotely the same. It's so weird! I'm figuring this out because I know they're not the same, but when there's silence [in the classroom]

for a long period of time, I start throwing myself under the bus and say things the students shouldn't really know about. ... My job as a stand-up is to be as honest as I can, but I don't necessarily feel that same freedom up there in front of students."

Andy spent the summer of 2012 in L.A., performing at local clubs and contemplating what just about every comic wonders about in the middle of the night: DO I MOVE OUT HERE OR NOT?! He decided to head back to Salt Lake to finish school, but didn't leave empty-handed. "One of the things I got to do in L.A. was go

Andy Farnsworth's Somebody Else's Baby show provides local comics the opportunity to exhibit their comedic prowess on the spot.



Photo: Russel Daniels

to this place called *Rafa's Lounge Art Gallery* and do stand-up for what was called a 'set list' show. There were five or six comics there, and you went up, and you had these premises onstage. You were supposed to get up there and think in front of people, and that was really a spiritual experience for me. It just relieved the pressure for me ... You're going up with nothing. I found that very freeing." Andy wanted to do a show here in SLC that granted comics the same opportunity. Since the idea is actually somebody else's baby, he named the show just that: *Somebody Else's Baby*—modeled after a setlist format tradition carried on by comics **Troy Conrad** and **Paul Provenza**.

"Each time, we feature a picture of a new baby on the screen. Sometimes I steal the pictures from the photography studio on South Temple, the giant babies with the hoods. I always like to picture this [show's] future with a baby leader," says Farnsworth. "So there's kind of a magic to this show, like this baby is overseeing our show, I think. It's just the beginning now, but I'd like to see it grow up and be somebody else's teenager."

The monthly show is wildly popular with the local comics. Andy thinks it's probably because the improvisational spontaneity of the show not only allows stand-ups the freedom to go onstage unarmed and challenge themselves, but also breaks up the mind-numbing monotony that open mic shows are notorious for. You can check out *Somebody Else's Baby* at *The Complex* usually on Tuesdays every month. The next one is on Friday, Nov. 8 for \$5 in advance and \$8 at the door. While you're at it, be sure to check out his website (andyfarnsworth.net) and maybe check out his Twitter account (@[@andy_farnsworth](https://twitter.com/andy_farnsworth)) because that would be good. Also peep the *Somebody Else's Baby* site (somebodyelses-baby.com). Hell, check out Andy's underwear drawer, filled with Baby Overlord by Hanes® in all colors! The idea here is to check this guy out because you'd be a goddamn lunatic not to.

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Keeping the spirit of punk alive and well, the Pyrate Punx are a force to be reckoned with. Fed up with a lack of decent, underground gigs coming through Utah, local punk rockers saw the potential to start the Salt Lake Pyrate Punx chapter. The SLK chapter formed, drawing from a wealth of experience and influences from other Pyrate Punx chapters around the globe, and has gained quite a reputation. Currently numbering about 12 members, this interview attracted **Steve "Captain Rotgut" (Year of the Wolf), Frank Carroll, Codi Aragon "Sergeant at arms," Ballz (Ballz Out Records), Marky Terror, Ferro (Drunk as Shit) and Adam Passwaters.** "We are all people that are tired of the same status quo bullshit. We are a minority, a vocal minority," says Carroll.

The Salt Lake Pyrate Punx seek to foster the scene by putting on acts that are otherwise largely ignored. According to the Pyrate Punx, this is due to a number of reasons, which include sketchy promoters who pull pay-to-play deals with bands. "We don't agree with pay-to-play, which is, 'We are going to give you 50 tickets, and you need to sell them.' That's a sign of a weak promoter because he's covered his guarantee by forcing presale. You know some bands don't make the presales, and he kicks them off," says Carroll.

Other obstacles highlighted by the Pyrate Punx include a lack of all-ages venues which, according to them, are always getting shut down due to fights and drunk kids, but also are prejudiced against the subculture. "There's a lot of prejudice, especially in Salt Lake, against the brand of music we like. You know, none of us are out shooting dope or heroin. We all have jobs. We are productive members of society. We just want a place to play our music," says Carroll. Despite such prejudice,

the Pyrate Punx are determined to help the scene grow by supporting local and national acts, treating them properly and with the same level of respect. To the Pyrate Punx, this means providing home-cooked meals and a place to crash.

The energy exercised by the Pyrate Punx is an attempt to preserve and revitalize the scene, out of love for the music. This is partially expressed by the preference for booking all-ages venues for their gigs. To the Pyrate Punx, all-ages venues also allow for better exposure to music for the youth. "Bars are fun. Bars are great. You get to have drinks, whatever, but it's about the youth—that's what continues on after us," says Ferro. "That's where the subculture has mostly grown and evolved—from the youth."

Rather than booking bands based on projected ticket sales, the Pyrate Punx's motivation to bring national bands to Salt Lake is based purely on their musical tastes and dedication to the local scene. According to them, as a not-for-profit group, any money that is made goes to the bands. Notable acts promoted by the Pyrate Punx include **The Generators, D.I., Negative Approach** and **The Casualties**. "We all have booked shows at one point in time," Carroll says. "They know us, and we've got a name. A band may contact Ferro, and we say we are going to sit down and talk about it." After deciding on a course of action, they turn out in force for their gigs, and every volunteer crew member is assigned a task for the day of the event, providing everything from their own PA system to their own security. Everything is done in-house, just the way they like it.

The Pyrate Punx are fairly welcoming of those wishing to join their ranks to participate. Considering themselves

anarchists, their organization is fairly informal. All one has to do is show their willingness to put their part into it. Certain members act as role models for the others—these members are distinguished by their silver Pyrate Punx patches. Those wishing to learn are given a green patch to signify that they are still learning the trade. To participate in/as a Pyrate Punk, individuals must operate from three simple, universal rules (as does every chapter): They do not allow any racism, xenophobia or homophobia. Otherwise, they are pretty tolerant of personal freedom, as long as it doesn't negatively affect a Pyrate Punx production. If it does and cannot be resolved, the offender will be asked to leave.

The Pyrate Punx's methods seem to work out well, as their reputation appears solid. They booked **The Casualties** back in May 2013—the only other Pyrate Punx chapter to do so was in Indonesia. They have managed to book them again and will be presenting an impressive lineup of **The Casualties, Negative Approach** and **MDC**, with local acts **Cool Your Jets** and **Never Say Never** (first reunion show) on Nov. 21 at *Club Manhattan*.

The Pyrate Punx are truly an impressive group who exercise the punk ethics of DIY and being proactive in a manner that few still do. Their dedication to their community is genuine and is something that many other groups can learn from. Even if one is not crazy about the music that they put on, it just gives that person the nudge to get involved. As Rotgut said, "Get out and do something—make the scene better."

For more information or to get in contact, check out facebook.com/slcpyratepunx.



DARK PASSENGERS

RIDING THE VOID WITH HOLY GRAIL

By Henry Glasheen • henryglasheen@msn.com

Touring almost nonstop since the release of *Ride the Void* in January, Holy Grail are working hard to keep their name on the minds of metalheads nationwide. Even though the band is comparatively new to the national stage, they're determined to keep people excited and to build on their success. "It's great to see that hard work actually pays off," says guitarist **Eli Santana**. "It's hard to gauge how far we've come since we've started touring, but we're getting real, actual fans, which is awesome." Touring is a valuable creative asset for Santana as well, who says that he has learned many lessons about refining his sound on the road. "When we started touring with bands like **3 Inches of Blood** and **Saviours**, I realized that their raw tone is what makes them sound so good live," he says. "That made me re-evaluate myself as a guitar player, and I started wanting to play cleaner, to take everything slower and play to slower tempos."

When they started touring with **Orange Goblin** and **Lazer/Wulf** in late September for their current tour, Holy Grail played a show at *One Eyed Jack's* in New Orleans, which gave the band their first chance to play in one of the great musical capitals of the United States. "We had never played in the French Quarter before, and it was a weekend, so it got really exciting. That was the first show we played with all the other bands," Santana says. Later in the tour, the band got a chance to tour through their home territory in California, playing a string of shows along the coast.

However, as they reach the latter half of their tour, the band has started planning their schedule for when they get back home. "We'd like to focus on

getting a couple of videos out, but we'd also like to get a head start on writing for the next record," says Santana. "We've got some ideas we've been throwing around. We get a lot more joke ideas than anything. We're joking about making a concept album, but nothing is set in stone." Even over the long tours of 2013, Santana says the band has been keeping up with songwriting, and, while they haven't finished any new songs, they plan to approach the next album with a good stock of already-established ideas. "Me and [vocalist] **James-Paul Luna** are always recording melody ideas and writing down song titles. We've been trying to be good about having a well to pull from for song ideas," says Santana. "Being an arrogant shredder, you kind of want to show off all your goods, but I'm definitely trying to focus on being a songwriter first and foremost. That's definitely been a learning process." Santana says one of his favorite parts of playing for Holy Grail is getting a chance to work with Luna and the interaction between their vocal and guitar melodies. With the addition of a new guitarist, **Alex Lee**, in 2011, the dynamic of the band changed in an exciting and unexpected way. "He has a different style and approach than I do, so it creates a really nice contrast in our guitar playing," says Santana. "It was fun writing chord progressions with open parts, knowing that it was going to be his solo, and to see what he would come up with."

Many fans have commented on the shift of theme between their debut full-length *Crisis in Utopia* and *Ride the Void*, noting that the newer album seemed much darker and less fantasy themed. "A lot of our favorite bands write the sort of fantasy, sword-wielding lyrics. We might go back to that," says Santana. "We

(L-R) **Alex Lee, Blake Mount, James-Paul Luna, Tyler Meahl and Eli Santana** make up the raw intensity of Holy Grail.



weren't going to write about a wizard or something when the song was emotionally heavy." Holy Grail was in a different creative space when writing *Ride the Void*, and the shift of theme felt more appropriate to the new material the band started writing. "It was easier to sink in and write something that was close to us. As scary as it is to put yourself out there like that, it was definitely more rewarding to get some of that stuff out," says Santana. "Maybe next record, we'll pick up the swords again—who knows?"

Holy Grail plan to finish up their tour with a string of smaller shows around the Los Angeles area. While there are many ideas the band has considered as a next step, it's clear they plan to continue the momentum they've built up over the last year. Their goals for the future remain broad for the time being. "I wouldn't want us to be the richest guys on the block—though I certainly wouldn't turn that down—but I would like to not have to worry about money when we get home," says Santana. "Even if that doesn't come up, we want to be the best metal band we can be. We want to carve our own niche in the metal world." Santana hopes that Holy Grail will develop its own unique style, and looks forward to the day when fans recognize them for a distinct "Holy Grail Sound." Check them out live on the last stop of their tour at *Urban Lounge* on Nov. 15 with Merlin's Beard and Mister Richter. Find them online at holylgrailofficial.com.

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Growing UP Kennedy

By Princess Kennedy • theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

Here's the story, of a lovely Kennedy...

I love my mother. She did a great job raising us, but she comes from an old-school era bound by religious duty that forces her to glaze any imperfection with denial. If you ask her, we're the idealistic "Brady" type family. I'm being faced with the challenge of asking her how she knew I was different from other little boys, a question that will make her extremely uncomfortable, but I have to find the answer, as it will be an important part of the book I start writing in 2014.

I'm the youngest of seven children, and Brady we're not. I thought I'd share a little insight into a prominent Mormon family that has all the real-life problems of "less important, non-title holding members." I'm thanking god, at this point, that none of them read my column, cuz honey, I'm about to get real on you bitches! All the same, I will replace names for obvious reasons.

Let's start with Mike and Carol, my Mom and Dad. Both from immigrant families (Italian/Swedish), they met at an East High vs. South High football game in 1945. They have now been married for 60 years. Mom has owned high-end clothing stores and Dad has designed almost every freeway you drive on in Utah. My father has a high position in the LDS church, but I will never tell you what, or his name, so don't ask. My father had affairs, which sparked my mother to scream suicide threats from the bathroom window while my sister and I tanned on the trampoline.

Greg, my oldest brother, still lives on the Navajo reservation where he served his mission 40 years ago. He married a native, had three children and lives the lifestyle, including speaking in the specific native dialect of the region. He's blonder and more blue-eyed than I, making him the "ghost" of the Navajo Nation. My mother kept quiet about her pregnancy with me, and my brother was 16 years old when I

was born, spawning rumors among both family and neighbors alike that I was his love child that my parents had taken in. I look just like him.

My brother Greg 2, born a year to the day after Greg 1, is still extremely active in the church, lives in the Bay Area and was my biggest supporter in my family, never missing a drag or band performance. He's a little on the "Martial Law" side, gun-obsessed and owns the largest shooting range in NoCal. He has four children, two of which are local SL celebs, making our family the punk rock **Osmonds**.

Marsha is a special Kennedy case. Her mother (my mother's best friend's sister) dropped her off for Mom to babysit and never came back—my parents raised her. Her favorite teenage pastimes were LSD and running away. When I was 10-ish, she reformed and went back to "The Church." Her meth-addicted son kidnapped his daughter and shot himself in front of Marsha after a stand-off with the police at a casino in a Nevada border town near where she lives.

Peter is the all-American football, track and field star, now a stake president—"Why can't we all be like Peter?" He told his children at the age of 3 that I was gay, and that meant I was a child molester. He was pretty much banned from my life by my mother and me. We didn't speak for years until he was hit by a car and almost died. I wasn't going to let it go out like that, so I reconciled and he now tries to make up with me every day for his past misgivings—I love him. His 26-year-old son is terrified of me.

Bobby: wild child, runaway, **Motörhead** and hard rocker were some of the adjectives I would have used to describe him. He once traded a 1964 GTO convertible—white, opal glaze—for an eight-ball. Sad, frustrated and slow are words

I'd use after an accident he was in where he and a friend were fucking around drunk on their motorcycles, speeding down Millcreek Canyon, resulting in a horrendous traumatic brain injury.

Jan was a beauty queen (Miss Days of '47) and has a sassy streak and a temper. She raised me, was my protector, defender and is now kinda of the stereotypical housewife from Happy Valley adjacent. Her oldest wanted to study abroad in France like her aunt. After getting engaged to the first guy that asked her within the first few months at BYU ID, I asked my sister, "Wish you had sent her to France?" thinking my sister was freaked out at the impending nuptials. "Oh no!" she replied, "This way I know she'll never have premarital sex."

That makes me Cindy. To Mother and Daddy (as I call them), I can do no wrong since I was the youngest child, and if you said otherwise, mother would have you executed. I am their perfect baby, something that drives the other Kennedys crazy. Here's my dilemma: Do I go off the fiction of what they believe about me, or demand the facts?

This is my family and moreover, this is my life and history—I have the right to write it. I would never intentionally hurt my family, but when it comes to my personal life, I haven't been 100-percent honest with them either, and I guess my fear comes from not what they think of what I say about them, but of what they will think of me.

Growing up Kennedy is by no means a new story, but it will be my story, and I hope that when it comes out, you will pick it up and see how my fears and questions played out.

Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Jazz Nation Predictions

By Mike Brown

Instagram: @Fagatron

If you know me at all, you know it's safe to say I'm somewhat of a narcissist and only truly care about three things in life: my cat **Jet Pack**, free drinks and the **Utah Jazz**. Well, four if you count *Grand Theft Auto V*—I'm a sucker for any video game that lets you bang a hooker, kill her and then take your money back. But this article isn't about strangling cyber-hookers—it's about the Jazz and what we can expect from our state's only professional sporting organization. (Sorry, all you bandwagon soccer jocks: **RSL** doesn't count as a pro sports team, in my opinion.)

Prediction #1: The Jazz will suck massively this year and you just have to deal with it. When people ask me what I'm most excited about seeing out of our hot, new, young team, the answer is quite simple: It's the new Jumbotron installed in the *Delta Center* (I will never refer to the house that **John** and **Karl** built by its new, shitty name). It's about fucking time we caught up with the rest of the league and got some decent scoreboards, though the scoreboard is going to be painful to watch this year. But the Kiss-Cam will finally be in hi def, and should be more entertaining than what's going to be happening on the court. People keep talking to me about the team tanking to take advantage of next year's supposedly awesome draft. Here's the good news: The Jazz aren't going to tank—they will just be plain shitty. Even gooder news: The Lakers are going to suck this year, too! Don't be surprised if **Kobe Bryant** sits out the whole year and starts raping people again.

Prediction #2: I predict a massive rookie sex scandal. If this team can't entertain us on the court, let's at least hope for some off-the-court shenanigans. If there ever was a year for the Jazz to be engulfed in a media frenzy of sex scandals, it's this year. Why? A third of our team are European and a third of our team are rookies. Combine those factors with Salt Lake's ample supply of white women and bam! Someone on the team is bound to get caught getting a handjob behind *Takashi*.

Prediction #3: Dennis Lindsey will be exposed as an actual KKK Grand Wizard. If you don't know who Dennis Lindsey is, he's the new general manager that **Greg Miller** hired to put this shitty team together. If you've ever heard him talk, you know what I

mean. His demeanor is creepy as fuck, and I suspect that he is actually a KKK Grand Wizard. As the "once awesome rapper turned supershit actor" **Ice Cube** once said, "The KKK wears three-piece suits." Lindsey is currently getting a ton of accolades for essentially getting lucky on draft night to nab a micro-sized point guard who is going to have a terrible year. He is probably motivating all the rookies by telling them that if they don't perform and make him look good, burning crosses are going to start showing up on their front lawns.

Prediction #4: Tyrone Corbin finally stops being such a pussy of a coach and shoves a ref. This is one prediction I'm really hoping will come through. With **Jerry Sloan** back in the organization mentoring Tyrone, hopefully he will stop being such a pussy. I'm really hoping Sloan's going over important in-game details with

Ty, like how to call a ref a motherfucking cunt without getting a technical, and how to make fun of **Jerry Stackhouse**. I don't necessarily think Ty is a bad coach—it's not his fault the team sucks and he had dog shit to work with last year, but he does need to toughen up on the sidelines. If anyone can do that, it's Jerry. Hopefully, Ty will start smoking Winstons and pound some Miller High Lifes like Jerry used to do. That kind of off-court behavior can only make you tougher.

Prediction #4: Team Captain Gordon Hayward gets suspended for smoking meth and starts getting shitty tattoos. The new face of the franchise, Elder Hayward, finally gets sick of his missionary-looking image and just snaps. G-Money, as I like to call him, takes advantage of our state's ample crystal meth supply and shitty walk-in tattoo shops on State Street and uses his pale white skin as a canvas for garbage. The last player to do this was **Chris Andersen**, and now he has a championship ring—and an apparent problem with child porn, but let's hope Elder Hayward can stay away from that.

Prediction #5: Larry Miller announces that he's not actually dead, but faked his death because he was sick of being the most important Utahn since Brigham Young. Sick and tired of being an icon in our great Beehive State, Larry Miller faked his death. Anyone as rich as him has access to the secret government cures for diabetes and AIDS. Tired of seeing his son turn a once-stable franchise into a farm team for Miami, L.A. and Brooklyn (which is where our core four hopes for the future will be playing when their contracts are up), Larry's coming back to life to ground Greg and turn things around. I really hope this one happens, or Jazz Nation is totally fucked in a few years.



Photo: Talyn Sherer

We predict Mike Brown will add more Jazz memorabilia to his collection whether they win a game this season or not.

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Smang Lake City Vol. 2:

TURQUOISE JEEP

IS RIDIN' THROUGH

By Alexander Ortega
alexander@slugmag.com



(L-R) Pretty Raheem, Whatchyamacallit, Yung Humma and Flynt Flossy are four Turquoise Jeep members ridin' through SLC to boogie down on Nov. 17.

"Lemme smang it, girl, smash it and bang": If you don't automatically know where these lyrics come from, you were either born into an anti-technology polygamist family or have parents that solely bought their kids educational toys for Christmas. Founded by **Flynt Flossy** and **Whatchyamacallit** in 2009, record label and musical performance group Turquoise Jeep hit YouTube hard with the music video for "Lemme Smang it" in 2010, and they've been keeping the jeep ridin' ever since, brandishing diverse conerstones on their roster à la **Yung Humma**, **Pretty Raheem** and **Slick Mahony**. With a music video for each song off of their debut album, *Keep the Jeep Ridin'*, the Jeep have been pushing the pedal to the metal, as the subsequent videos for their singles have increased in quality, and the production of their tracks has become more crisp with sharper club vibes, the latest being "Taste You Like Yogurt" (featuring **Flula Borg**) and "Naughty Farmer." All but Mahony rolled through to SLC at *Kilby* last May—Floss says, "It was our first time there. There was a lot of energy. It was cool, man—we really liked it!" It took TJ manager **Leon Imperial** only one call-and-response exchange of "Turquoise" for "Jeep!" to know that Salt Lake was packed with Jeep riders—and they're coming back Nov. 17 to *Kilby* AND *Urban*.

To fully understand the Turquoise Jeep experience, one must see their music videos. Where almost each song expresses the artists' sexual appetite for and relationships with attractive women, their zany vids feature off-the-wall yet stylistic dance moves (rife with pelvic thrusts) and mega-babes with lo-fi videography that play out hilariously for many. Though their music certainly stands on its own, the videos add an extra dimension—Humma's frying-pan arm dance in "Fried or

Fertilized," coupled with his visceral gaze into his video-girl's eyes, gives the audience a visual of how to dance to the song live and the sentiment that comes along with it. "I think it helps people get a taste of what we see in our world," says Whatchya. "All our Jeep riders, of course they know what we're about, and they get to see what we're thinking about, see how we are—how we interact with people." What's more is that this crew takes their music seriously, joking reactions notwithstanding. Humma ponders the matter, saying, "I feel like, with the videos, it's not [that] we're trying to make it funny or trying to make it comical or anything like that. What makes it funny is that everyone else can relate to the subject matter." It's true: As with the "Shuyamouf" video, I, too, would want to calm down my girl and let her know everything's gonna be OK with a soaring dolphin arcing through the air and back into the ocean (... because I cheated on her).

Turquoise Jeep exhibit truly amazing rapping and singing skills on their tracks—Floss and Humma spit sharp and smooth rap styles, respectively, and Whatchya and Raheem croon with panty-melting R&B singing, which they execute live while dancing, usually in, on or around the laps of adult-female audience volunteers. Each artist brings something different to the table: "[It's] just a group of guys who just wanted to put together music that they love and music that they would enjoy listening to," says Humma. They're continuing this momentum—at the time of this interview, the Jeep were recording their second full-length, *Keep the Jeep Ridin' Vol. 2*, which they hoped to have completed by this month and to release in December. Turquoise Jeep eschew well-established genre associations and opt to call their music something that they feel encompasses

their diverse musical talents: Existing Musical Beings. "Really, for this album, what we're trying to do is make it ... [have] a worldly sound, and trying to show our fans what we're really all about," says Whatchya. "The cool thing about it is we're experimenting more with different types of sounds or different types of music—that's why EMB (Existing Musical Beings) is such a better genre for us than straight-up hip hop."

Their live shows round out the Turquoise Jeep dynamic. Raheem says, "We have to give props to **Lady Frostbite**, who is our choreographer for some of the routines that go down onstage when we're on tour." Holding true to his grooves in "Did I Mention I Like to Dance," Floss busted out pop and lock-influenced moves on the small *Kilby* stage, and the whole crew also executed synchronized routines. Pound for pound, Turquoise Jeep generate a show atmosphere that pulls from the fun, energetic ethos of their videos that relay the casual American dude's game in getting dat azz. "It's an experience—we can't really call it just a show," Floss says. "We have a following where they understand the art, and they feel it—they sense it, and we vibe with it." They're unafraid to inject themselves into what they create, regardless of whether it's risqué—Raheem says, "Of course, you probably paid attention, also, to the food—we have food fetishes: cavities, eggs ..."

Come get loose at the Turquoise Jeep parties at *Kilby* and *Urban* rockin' your #ktjr gear from *turquoisejeep.com* on Nov. 17, and follow them at *@TurquoisejeepMusic* on Instagram, *@Turquoisejeep* on Twitter, and subscribe to them on YouTube. Flynt Flossy says, "Stay posted 'cause it's going down, baby."

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TYCHO

Visual Articulation of Musical Ideas

By Karamea Puriri • karamea@slugmag.com



"Sometimes, you have these ideas, and it's hard to make them real and get them from your head and out into the real world," says **Scott Hansen**, aka Tycho, in an interview with *SLUG*.

The ability to create something—a painting, a song, a piece of clothing, jewelry, whatever it might be—to communicate an idea because it's the only way that you know how to get it out of your head and into the world, is powerful. The way Tycho expresses his ideas and feelings resonates deeply with a wide audience, which is telling of his intuitive talent as a musician.

Tycho's music reminds me of a soundtrack to a movie I've never seen. Watching a car driving down the Oregon coast, windows down, going nowhere fast. Each track is full of a certain softness contrasted by an overwhelmingly emotional sound. The airy notes are created with an array of synths, keyboards, drum machines and compressors. If I could see Tycho's music every time I listened to it, it would look like a slow-motion show of sunbeams dancing through the trees, exploding stars and bioluminescent fish swimming through the sea.

There is something to be said about a song, or an entire album of songs, that makes you feel like your heart might explode. I tend to lump the sounds of Tycho, and how they make me feel, into the same emotional realm as **Sigur Rós**, **Explosions in the Sky** or **Múm**. If you have never listened to Tycho's first album, *Past is Prologue* (in headphones), I would suggest doing so.

I was introduced to Tycho by my design teacher in college. He was showing us examples of "good design" and had pulled up a few of the works found on Hansen's blog, *ISO50.com*, which mainly included ethereal posters promoting these gigs that someone named Tycho would be performing at. While perusing through his blog later that day, "The Disconnect" came on in my headphones via the embedded music player and I was hooked. One thing led to another, and I realized that these two creators were one and the same.

Hansen has always been visually oriented and had always wanted to make music, but had no instrument training and wasn't quite sure where to start. Things changed when he turned 21 and got his first computer. "When I got my first computer was when I really started making music and doing computer-generated design instead of just illustrations," he says. He started doing graphic design to create covers for the mix-tapes he was making for his friends, and designing posters for the Tycho shows. "I gave design a good decade of my life, and I accomplished a lot of things visually as far as articulating the ideas that I have been working towards for a long time. So, I decided that it was time to do the same thing with music, and I quit doing all freelance work about three years ago just to focus solely on Tycho," says Hansen, though he continues to create his own album covers, show posters and video graphics. "The project is still audio-visual at the end of the day, so I want the imagery associated with it to be very similar," he says.

Tycho's third studio album will be released late March 2014. "There's a lot of stuff that could've sat on the outside of the past record [*Dive*], but there's a subtle evolution in the new songs. The album is a lot more driven—it's a lot more heavy," says Hansen. Tycho's touring drummer, **Rory O'Conner**, plays drums on the album, and Hansen and **Zac Brown** (Tycho's touring guitarist), wrote and recorded everything together. "[Zac] has a rock background and is purely a guitarist. With him writing now, it changes the flow. There's something different going on," says Hansen.

The two met a few years ago, through fellow musician, and Brown's cousin, **Dusty Brown**. Hansen invited Zac to a few shows and they would spend the night freestyling through songs. "I always heard guitars in my music, and I had always wanted to add something like that," says Hansen. Zac came in later on in the recording process for *Dive*, and created the track "Ascension" together with Hansen. Zac also played guitar on the title track. "Now I really enjoy performing and having other people up there and being able to create the music in a more live way than with just one person," says Hansen.

Tycho will be playing at *Urban Lounge* on Sunday, Nov. 3. I had the opportunity to see them perform last summer and 10 seconds in, it became one of my favorite shows of 2012. From the video graphics designed by Hansen to the music, it was an experience in and of itself. "This will be the last chance to see us play any of the old material the way we did last year. The new material is a lot more complex on the live instrumentation side, so it will be an interesting experiment to see how we'll pull that off live," says Hansen. Discover more Tycho at tychomusic.com.

Indulge in the visual and musical soundscapes of Tycho at *Urban Lounge* on Nov. 3.

Photo: Tim Navis

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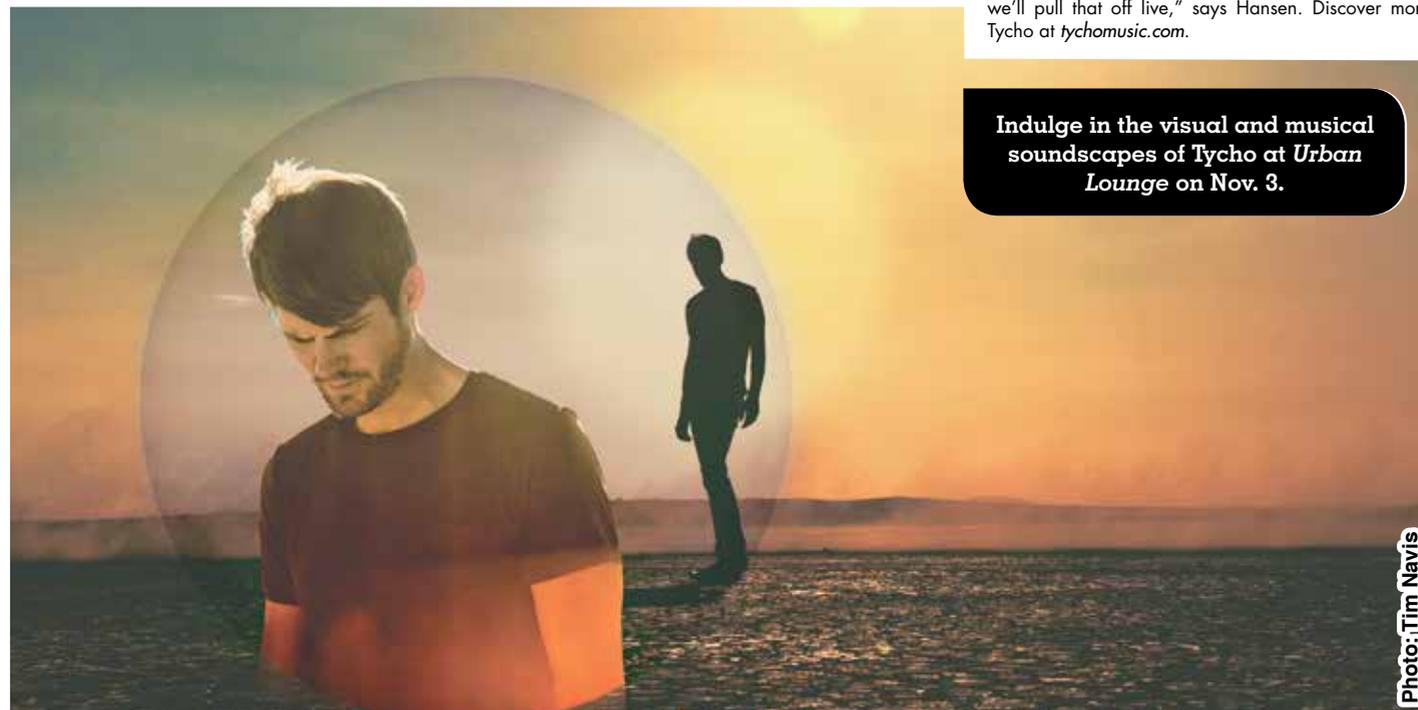


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UNDER THE ROSE: THINKING ABOUT DEATH WITH

SUBROSA

By Henry Glasheen • henryglasheen@msn.com

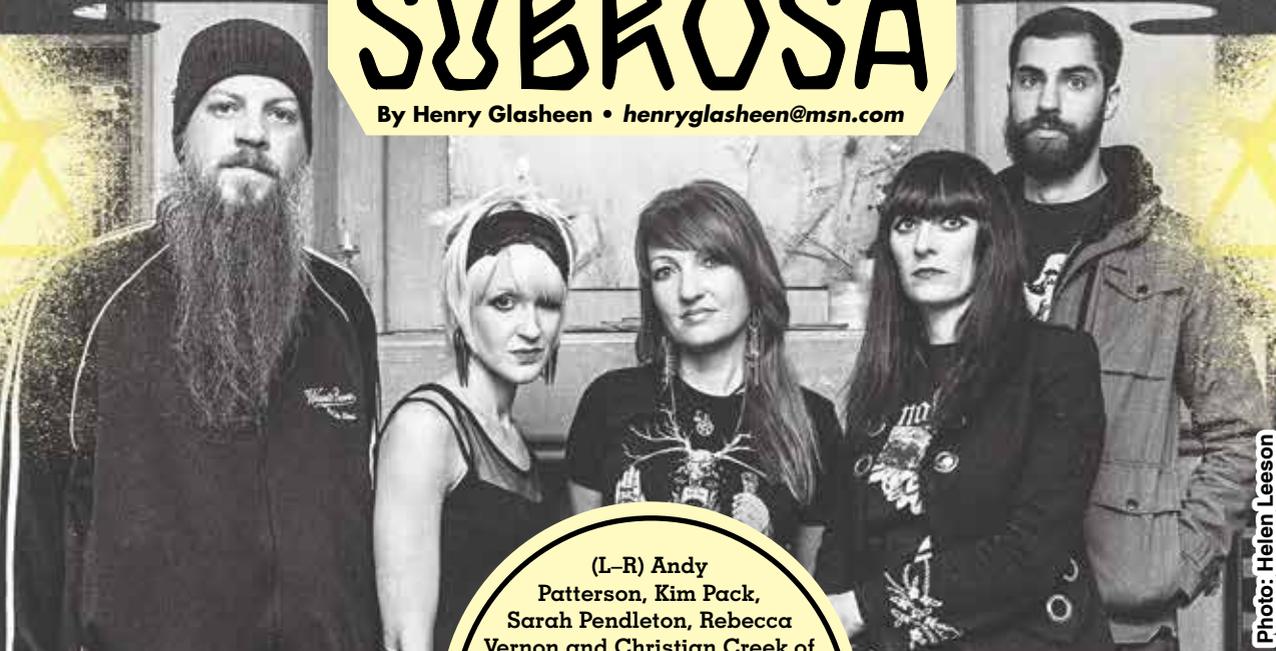


Photo: Helen Leeson

(L-R) Andy Patterson, Kim Pack, Sarah Pendleton, Rebecca Vernon and Christian Creek of SubRosa address death's mercy and the human need for ritual in *More Constant Than The Gods*.

Over the last five years, SubRosa has grown into one of Salt Lake City's better-known metal bands, and with the release of *More Constant Than The Gods* on **Profound Lore** Sept. 17, the band has shown that their high profile is well-earned. This third full-length release shows a startling amount of growth in lyrical and musical quality from *No Help For The Mighty Ones*. Guitarist **Rebecca Vernon** calls it, "By far, the most grueling album I've ever put together," adding that "it was a lot of hard work, but it was worth it." The rest of the band heartily agreed with her, seeming content to relax in the wake of its release. Violinist **Kim Pack** reflected on the early stages of songwriting: "It was so hard for me. We were going through all these phases where our stuff just sounded awful. I felt personally challenged to push myself and get over my personal fears," she says.

In a sense, this difficulty in songwriting also arose from the personal nature of the album's theme. Vernon's mother passed away prior to the songwriting stage of the album, and she decided to make this album a reflection on the nature of death itself. "I started seeing death in a new way. I saw how horrible life would be without it, how absolutely unbearable life would be without death," she says. "Death really is this noble thing, this pure thing. Part of the reason it tastes so sweet is because you really have to hit rock bottom to truly appreciate it." The other members of the band expressed that part of the difficulty of writing this album came from trying to "let go" of a style they had played for the last five years. Violinist **Sarah Pendleton** felt that part of letting go was making room for new creative avenues to grow. She says, "I wanted to remain free and away from *No Help For The Mighty Ones*. I didn't want to repeat myself and wanted to make sure that I was growing musically."

Another theme the band brought to this album is one that's quite familiar—an analysis of spirituality and religion. Bassist **Christian Creek** observed that our culture values ritual and assertiveness over genuine spirituality. "People go through the motions without thinking about what it actually means because they've been told to," he says. "They might get a sense of fullness and worth, but they're close with their tongues and not with their hearts." The album isn't anti-religion in any way, but it takes a much-needed moment to consider the social impact of fundamentalist religious views on our culture. "We live in a world where there are always powers greater than us, and we feel so small," says Pack. "I think it's about being empowered, having a voice and resisting the patterns that have been set into motion."

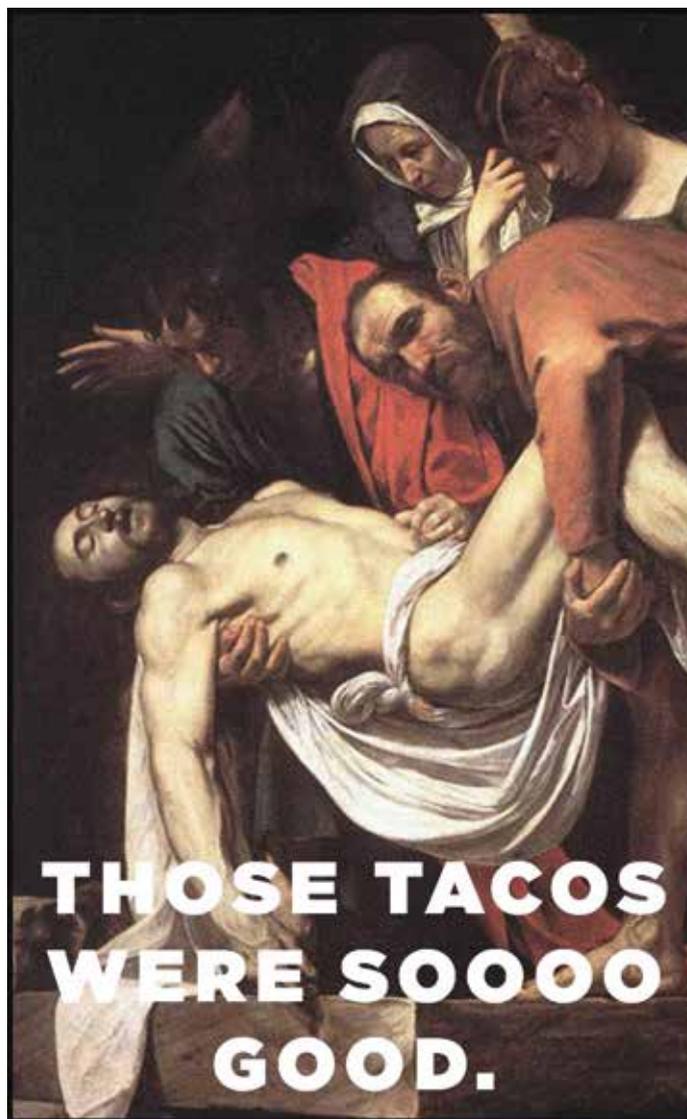
Metal bands have always existed at the margins of popular culture, and the genre has often served as a counterpoint and criticism of dominant social power structures. Having a strong metal scene has been a positive influence in Salt Lake City in particular. "We have an incredible metal scene. I think it rivals just about anywhere else in the world," says drummer **Andy Patterson**, who has been heavily involved with the scene for a number of years. He says that we have avoided the stereotype of an archetypal "Salt Lake City sound" and instead embraced a more varied and eclectic profusion of genres. "We really

do have the most vibrant group of people playing music," says Pendleton with a smile. "They're all really good, too."

Patterson's involvement with SubRosa started when he filled in for *Crucialfest 2012* and culminated with his current status as a permanent member of the band. He's known for his recording prowess and fantastic beard. He stepped up to the task of writing and recording with an altogether different approach. "I feel a little bad because my experience with writing the record was easy," he says with a hearty chuckle. "They did a lot of the work at home. My job is to be, y'know, a tasty drummer. So I wasn't involved in most of the legwork." Yet, the rest of the band disagreed, saying his professional input on the songwriting process was invaluable, helping *More Constant Than The Gods* to realize its full potential.

The band plans to set up a series of short tours through the States, kicking off with a one-week tour with **Samothrace** through California. They have also entered their names into consideration for *Roadburn* and *Maryland Deathfest*, hoping to get involved in a larger national-scale metal festival. "We just want to keep people excited about the new album, and keep touring to support it," says Patterson. Vernon has also expressed an interest in filming a music video for the new album. "It's something I've always thought would be cool to do because I always see images when I hear our music," she says.

Ultimately, SubRosa's plans are to keep writing new albums and pushing the boundaries of their creativity. As *More Constant Than The Gods* has shown, the band is willing to reinvent itself—to try new approaches to songwriting and to continue the legacy of incredible musical variety found in Salt Lake City.



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DAX RIGGS' SOLO-MUSICAL CANON CAN PLAY OUT LIKE "SUICIDAL ACID TRIPS TRANSCRIBED BY GRAVEDIGGERS."



Photo: Danin Drahos

THROUGH SMOKE AND MUSIC THE SPIRITUAL RECKONING OF DAX RIGGS

By Megan Kennedy • iamnightsky@gmail.com

"It doesn't matter if the song is a thousand years old or 50 years old: If it touches me spiritually, then I have to sing it. I want to play it."

Dax Riggs is a different breed. When you meet a musician who starts making music early in life, and is able to maintain that passion through all the industry's dark points—including some uncommon losses—you know you've found someone following a very deep song in his heart. While the song itself may have evolved through the decades, Riggs is proud of every inch of his catalogue. His most recent years have introduced fans to a raw and toned-down brand of folksy swamp-rock blues that is powerful in its minimalist and stark expressions of primeval darkness from Riggs' deep, crooning voice. His original works are punctuated with meaningful covers of folk and jazz standards. It's a place he feels he belongs. "I like what I'm doing now. I really enjoy playing all of these songs. It's not like I'm doing something and wishing I was doing something else," he says. But it's been a long and singular journey to here from there.

His early years belonged to the church of heavy metal—acts of thrash and sludge that survive only as a footnote to what would become a seminal act in the genre, **Acid Bath**. Mixing elements of sludge, doom, grindcore, black metal and psychedelic, the group gained a heavy cult following for its unique interpretation of metal and the unrelenting darkness expressed by both Riggs' powerful lyrics and his signature vocals. He can sing like an old blues man, and then move into primal, guttural, harsh lows and banshee highs. It's a

combination that is practically unheard of, especially with most of today's metal vocalists' clean timbre sounding closer to pop or radio rock. The band dissolved after the death of bassist **Audie Pitre**, who was killed along with his parents by a drunk driver in 1997. This, Riggs says, coupled with the realization that he wanted to expand into different musical areas while the rest of the band did not, shook the band past the point of recovery.

Losing Acid Bath didn't slow Riggs' stride, not as a man on a musical mission. He and guitarist **Mike Sanchez** gathered to record a single album under the name **Agents of Oblivion**. The band didn't last, but it planted the seeds for what would become Riggs' next mountain to climb. As Agents was stripped down from Acid Bath's harshest moments, so, too, would he further soften his next band, **Deadboy & the Elephantman**. *We Are Night Sky* is far more on the folk end of the spectrum and rare for Riggs in that it contained the **White Stripes**-esque setup of Riggs on guitar/vocals and **Tessie Brunet** providing primal drum lines and backup vocals for the raw but bouncy blues sound. They toured a bit in support, and had a label feud over their debut record *If This Is Hell, Then I'm Lucky*, which has since been re-released by **Fat Possum Records** under Riggs' name. In 2007, Brunet left the band, and Riggs headed out on his own, releasing his first solo record, *We Sing Of Only Blood Or Love*, a sweet mix of psychedelic and blues rock. Genre boundaries are nothing to Riggs—he treats them like sidewalk chalk drawings he can wash away and rebuild to fit his needs, a musical philosophy not unlike the jazz pioneers he draws from.

Photo: Nathaniel Shannon



The seemingly bottomless swamp that Riggs pulls his passion from is fed by a unique spring: a responsibility, he feels, that musicians have to their predecessors. He is attracted to songs with deep history, like jazz standard "St. James Infirmary." Covering the songs that came before is part of his job, Riggs says, to interpret popular music from the past and make it accessible for modern ears. Like a musical anthropologist huddled in some haunted archive, Riggs has gone looking for the histories behind songs he feels drawn to perform. He says, "There's a website that is nothing but people trying to piece together the history of ["St. James Infirmary"], and where it came from, and all the different versions that have occurred. That one we're used to hearing by **Louis Armstrong** is not even close to the first version of it." Riggs became "obsessed" with English ballads and the folk rock of the '70s, and was fascinated when he discovered many of the songs he enjoyed travelled through the ages with no credit to their songwriters, and how the songs evolved through generations. He says, "I thought it was such a beautiful idea, and something that people who play music don't think about as much as we should—that is a very noble aspect of what we do. It's like carrying down the message of your ancestors. To me, it's a lot like any native people ... having spiritual reckonings with their ancestors through smoke and music, so it becomes something more like a magical thing than just a normal song. I feel like there's some really deep things that go on when you take that."

Riggs says he is drawn to deepness and darkness, something not uncommon for artists hailing from the bayou ensconced in Louisiana, and New Orleans in particular. Every band he has contributed to has carried the echoes of Southern blues, which means that even when he changes style, there is still a familiar story coming through the speakers. Both lyrically and sonically, Riggs feels the inspiration of this unique landscape. He says, "I've always been fascinated with [New Orleans] and always felt like it was the most special place I'd ever been. There's definitely an incredible spirit there that goes through all the music, from the preservation jazz hall people to the sludgecore metallers. All of them have some amount of that ... certain darkness, it seems like. All the music and history of it helps inspire you." Riggs has never shied away from that darkness. Though his imagery was far more bloody and twisted during the days with Acid Bath, even his mellower projects are built upon what feels like a primordial appreciation for the dark. Also, like many "dark artists," his music allows him to dance with his demons rather than be consumed by them. "I'm not the person you might think I am from just hearing the music. Not to

say I'm not plagued by darkness like anybody is, but for the most part, I'm thinking about positive things. Music is really getting stuff out of your system. I guess it's like going to church for some people," says Riggs. There's a pagan aspect to the darkness Riggs draws, and while his imagery isn't particularly subtle, it is used with full honesty and intent. Ballads like "Dressed In Smoke" and "Evil Friend" feel like hymns of long-dead swamp specters in floating white dresses; "Strange Television" and "Song With No Name" aim for the psychedelic world: suicidal acid trips transcribed by gravediggers. It's goth for grownups who grew out of the melodrama but still know death is waiting patiently for them.

It's been three years since his last record, *Say Goodnight To The World*, but Riggs says fans can expect a new album in 2014. He has been working on songs for a while, and says it will still be under his name, but will be different, musically. "It's hard to say until it's over, but, at the moment, there's a very rootsy, swamp kind of vibe to everything we're doing," Riggs says. "Right now, we're playing with no drums, basically just an acoustic guitar and bass, and that's the way this tour will be. I hope it will retain the roots side of it in the recording." True to his signature, his live audience can expect a handful of fantastic covers, though which covers he's selected for this tour are being kept under wraps as a surprise for the audience. Aside from album work and the tour, Riggs continues expressing his responsibility as a musical curator by exploring the sounds of every corner of the globe. In particular, he has a great affinity for Turkish and other Middle Eastern pop music from the '70s, which he loves for the fact that it's so foreign to Western ears, we've reconstituted it as our psychedelic movement. He also just learned his first song from another country—specifically, a rock song from Zambia. His tastes take him through many countries and many genres, which, of course, end up bleeding into his own original songs, arguably giving his listeners a world music introduction every time they pop one of his records in.

This is all part of what makes Riggs so different. He's never satisfied with what he knows, and only wants to find more.

He may tour a lot, but he doesn't make it to Salt Lake often, so make sure you catch him at *Urban Lounge* on Nov. 6.

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BRANDON: ZEE BURNING

HOBUSH

By Tim Kronenberg • tim@slugmag.com • Photos: Bob Plumb

The best memory I have about Brandon Hobush was my first day on the job digging in rails for Brighton Resort's Park Crew. He was the first person to show me how to build and ice over a snowboard lip out of nothing more than some shitty November dust and my ass. That was Brandon's last winter working for the resort because, pretty quickly after that, he became a big-time movie star out there in the industry. Well, those years have passed, and the dude is still the same guy. We recently sat down to talk about the war and foreign policy, but all I got was this stupid interview—enjoy.

SLUG: No beating around the bush. How was Bear Mountain's *Hot Dawgs and Hand Rails* competition a few months ago? What's it like to snowboard in an ice rink?

Hobush: FAAAHK [as he crashed his airplane on *GTA 5*] *Hot Dawgs and Handrails* was sweet. I've done three now, and this one for sure had the best set up. It was definitely ice-

rinky snow. Not being on your snowboard for a month or two and then stepping in your snowboard and onto pure ice ... At least I was on my snowboard—it was a good time.

SLUG: How has *HDHR* changed over the years, and what was your favorite feature this year?



Brandon Hobush, one footer.

Hobush: Oh, Bear always kills that contest for sure, especially this year. First of all, they don't do a scaffolding setup. So they spend a month going in with huge tractors, full-on digging out the mountain and building this stuff—they put in a whole bunch of work. The setup was insane—it had a lot more rails than two years ago. I guess my favorite thing was hitting a line. It was this flat rail over a closeout—you ride down for a bit and then you either hit a wall ride or a down rail.

SLUG: Which contest were you at before that?

Hobush: Colorado that weekend before. A couple of my friends and I did a rail jam in Denver for the *Snowboard on the Block* competition. It was their first year putting it on.

SLUG: What would be the ultimate place to do a contest?

Hobush: Unrealistically, if there was a contest held at the Temple in Salt Lake. There's no possible way anyone will ever hit a rail there, but there's some of the most insane rails there for sure. Nike did one at the *Delta Center* a few years back. That contest was fun how it was, but it would be so sick if they did it again.

SLUG: Philosophers have long argued that it's either all about the size of the feature or its technique—thoughts?

Hobush: I like keeping my stuff to style and technical instead of hitting a flat rail for a few feet and then just dropping for 20 feet. I don't really hit the biggest stuff, but I'd like to. The dudes like **Bode [Merrill]** and **[Dan] Brisse**—those guys are like animals on snowboards. I don't even know how they still walk.

SLUG: You went from bussing tables at the *Alpine Rose* (cafeteria) at Brighton, to Brighton Park Crew, to taking Japan or Sweden trips when you feel like snowboarding in less than five years.

Hobush: It definitely started all from Brighton. **Jared Winkler, Mouse** and the Park Crew dudes helped me out so much. I started at Brighton when I was 18, working kitchen. I got to

Brandon Hobush, stalefish lipslide.

know everybody on Park Crew and got a job with those dudes the next year. Winkler introduced me to **Brian Cook**, the team manager for ThirtyTwo, and I ended up winning the first *ThirtyTwo Day Contest* in 2009—it just went from there.

SLUG: What's it like seeing the world for the first time, with a travel budget no less? Where did you go, and what's the funniest, weirdest or most fucked up story from your travels?

Hobush: Watching snowboard videos when I was a little kid, you see where they go all over the world and you're like, "Someday I hope I get to go there" ... So when it ended up happening, I was trippin'. I got a couple anxiety attacks in Japan walking home from the bar at four in the morning. Everywhere you look it's just Asians—it's awesome; they love snowboarding. Something sick that happened when we were in Finland: We were hitting this kinked rail and the cops rolled up. Our friend, **Toni Karkela** (he lives there), goes over and talks to them. He comes back with the cops and we're like, "Great, now we have to break the lip down and peace out." So Toni's translating for us, and one of the cops ended up saying, "If I had my snowboard here, I'd be doing the same thing with you guys!" On that whole trip, out of the 12 or 15 spots we went to, we legitimately only got kicked out of one spot because the guy was cleaning snow off the stairs. Snowboarding over there ... people freak out when they find out. They're like, "What? You're here to snowboard?" They look at you like you're crazy and take pictures—it's so funny.

SLUG: Are you really going to buy a trailer for the summertime? Where do you want to go?

Hobush: I want to go up to *Mt. Hood*, camp, do summer stuff and venture all over the U.S. I have a girlfriend and two dogs, so just go travel with them, have a good summer and hopefully [get] a motorcycle.

SLUG: Who's sponsoring Brandon Hobush?

Hobush: Nitro, ThirtyTwo, Etnies, Milosport, Anon Goggles, Monster, Bear Mountain, Crab Grab, Cobra Dogs, Celtek Gloves, Goddamn ... that's everything I think.

SLUG: *Grand Theft Auto 5* or *Fifa*?

Hobush: Both. Soccer's the sickest sport, and *Grand Theft Auto*'s sick as shit because you can do whatever the fuck you want.

SLUG: Can you talk about your pro-model coming out in 2014/15?

Hobush: Nitro hooked me up with my own snowboard. I got to design it with **Dave Doman**, so that was obviously what I've been going for my whole life. I don't really know what to say. I guess when I get it, it'll really set in, but until then ...

SLUG: Your brother **Christian** joined you in the *HDHR '13* comp. How does having him around help you, and where do you think he's headed?

Hobush: Having my brother around is the best thing ever. I wish he could travel with me because he's insane at snowboarding. He's definitely getting helped out by ThirtyTwo and Nitro, so now all he's gotta



Brandon Hobush, switch backlip.

do is go snowboard and have fun—hopefully it all works out for him.

SLUG: Who's one of your favorite people to ride with?

Hobush: Me and **Dylan Alito** just put our money together and got us a winch, so we're gonna be going real fast this winter—ready to send some big shit. That's why I like riding with Dylan so much. Me and him just love hitting rails and we mesh well together. He hits the same stuff I do, but then at the same time, he goes crazy and hits big stuff—he knows how to build that stuff super proper and legit. I just trust Dylan a lot when I snowboard with him. It helps.

SLUG: Top 3 favorite snowboard movies.

Hobush: *True Life*, all *Robot Food* movies, *Resistance*.

SLUG: Shout outs.

Hobush: Mom, Dad and family, all my friends, Zee Spleef Crue, Lick The Cat, Fuck Yeah.

As we slip further into winter, Hobush tells *SLUG* that he just wants to get back onto snow and film his projects for the New Year. With Europe trips already in preparation, top secret plans for his new video part, and with Dylan Alito there to keep morale high, this season guarantees an interesting return from Hobush. Those too eager to wait for his Bear Mountain edits coming out of California in coming months can find his current hammers in *Keep the Change's Roll Call* movie released this fall. Find it at your local snow video dealer, or get the realest scoop following the man on his Instagram *@bush_party*. Get at it!

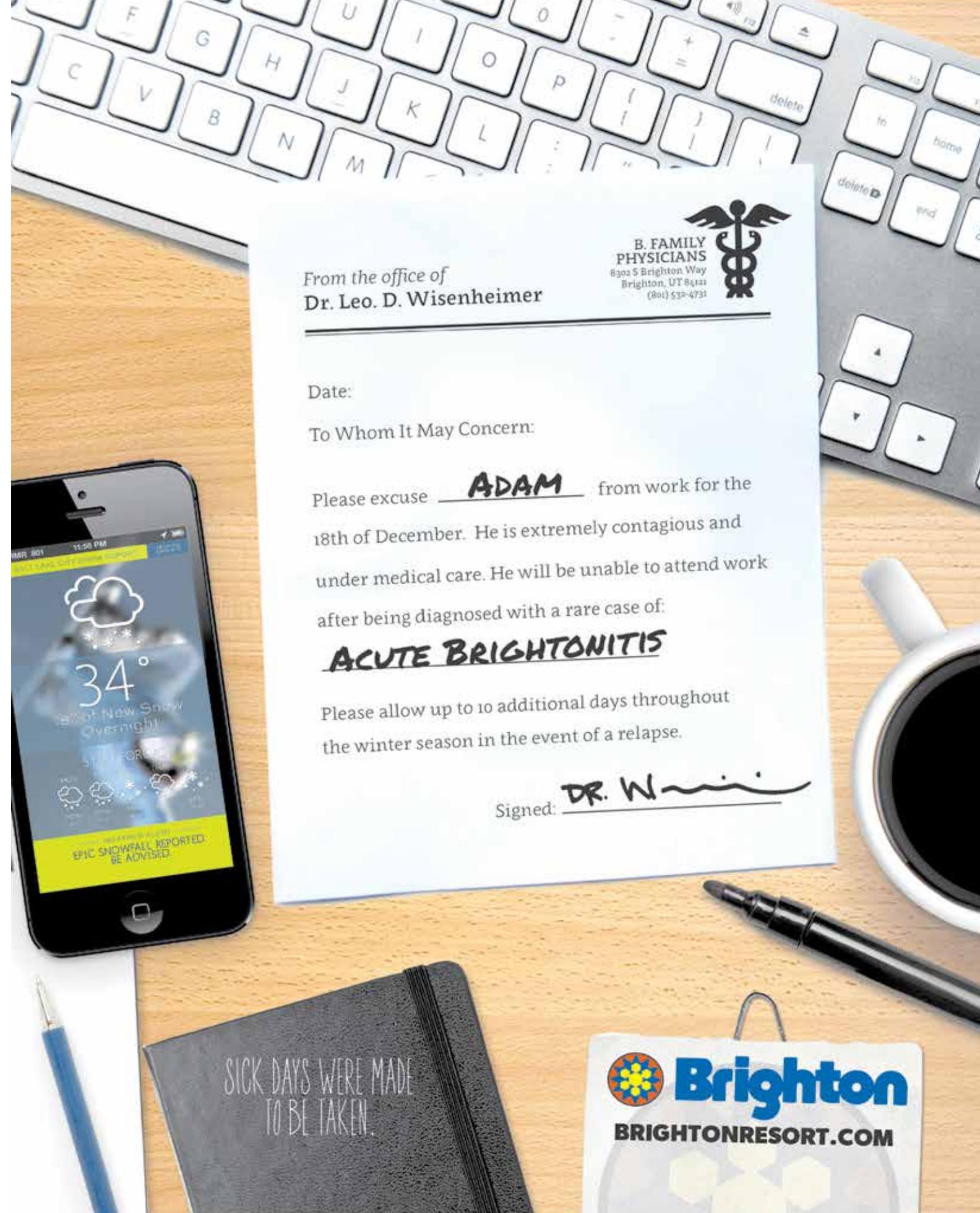


PHOTO
FEATURE
BY ANDY WRIGHT
ANDYWRIGHTPHOTO.COM



"When in doubt, lay it out." Not sure how many times over the years I've heard this tired cliché, but it's usually ... ahem, backed up with a giant backflip. Personally, when I've been in positions where there's a giant, scary jump in front of me with heavy consequence, the last thing I think

about is laying one out upside down. Some guys say it makes it less scary to get over a giant gap when you're not staring directly at it the whole time you are in the air. Looking at that sky, apparently, keeps you calm and helps avoid panic. Brandon Coccard finds his inner peace

while traveling neck first over Pyramid Gap. This classic do-or-die feature is in Grizzly Gulch at the top of Little Cottonwood Canyon.
Brandon Coccard—Blackflip—SLC

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Photo: Austin Boyd

Greg Ingersoll, massive table off a DIY jump on an Outlaw Union BMXS.

By Lauren Slaughter
lauren paul81@gmail.com

"Ski bike ... It's what you think it is," says **Cameron Wood**, local BMX pro (S & M, Lotek, Shitluck), as he explains his new product. "Literally, a ski (or skis) on a BMX bike." My jaw drops while my brows furrow, and the questions begin ...

Skis on bikes first came about in the 1920s when some joe schmoe decided to get creative with his road bike and a set of skis. You might remember seeing a ski bike in **John Cusack's** 1985 cult classic, *Better off Dead*, as a persistent newspaper boy chases him down the slope screaming, "Two dollars!" Shredders weren't content with standing sideways on just one type of terrain, which has resulted in skateboarding, surfing and snowboarding. Wood and his friend, longtime local BMX rider **Greg Ingersoll**, felt the same way about BMX. The pair got their first taste of ski biking when local BMX lord **Matt Beringer** mounted a few of his bikes with skis and would just mess around. "We've been playing with skis on bikes for about eight years," says Ingersoll.

Waves of backlash surfaced from the local BMX community about how BMX skis would "never work," but Wood and Ingersoll believed in the project. "I think it's never taken off because there hasn't been the right market or the right time for it. Also, a lot of parts makers think it's too expensive because a ski mount means more manufacturing time and material cost. For me, making a BMXS [big mountain cross ski] mount is a relative cost to time versus material/labor cost, as anything else in the business," says Wood. He is the owner of *The Wood Shop*, a BMX store/woodworking shop where he provides all the BMX fixings and needs, including woodworking objects that he has crafted himself (all of his displays are made from pallet boards by hand).

The mechanics of a ski bike are simple: Instead of the two wheels on a BMX bike, you have two skis. Last year, the duo made their first prototype of what is now called the BMXS mount, which attached the skis to the bike. The ski mount that Ingersoll and Wood have created is a bit revolutionary for the ski biking genre, which is one reason why they believe the time is right to market this now. "Instead of having a compartmentalized mount alongside shocks, we've made a simple one-piece mount and omitted shocks altogether. That setup provides the stability needed to ride on snow according to the conditions of the day, and all you need to change is the type of ski," says Ingersoll.

Wood and Ingersoll decided that ski biking was way too cool to stay quiet, and, this year, started creating a line of ski bikes under the moniker Outlaw Union. "Riding a ski bike is like being a kid again," they say. "Every feature, every trick, even the downhill is inexperienced. It makes BMX new again," says Ingersoll. Ingersoll and Wood are building the Outlaw Union BMXS line slowly and organically. Last year, they took their bikes up to *Brighton Resort* and, like any other rider on the hill, varied their day with riding tree lines, hitting the park or just bombing the groomers. "Every time we took our bikes to *Brighton*, a crowd swarmed us, asked us questions and were curious about what the hell we were doing," says Wood. The reaction at the resorts is also what gave Wood and Ingersoll the confidence to make ski biking something legitimate. When asked about tricks and riding techniques, both responded with, "We ride boxes, have hit rails, but ski biking is so new that we are just learning what we can do, which is what makes the sport so much fun." Wood says that the best trick that he's done is a smith grind on a half-moon monkey bar.

Wood and Ingersoll are great business partners, and approach marketing the BMXS line step by step with no outside financial help. "Because we see the potential of ski biking and have already used so much of our time and resources to begin building Outlaw Union, we don't just want to hand it over to someone else to make decisions because they have contributed more money. We want to grow this [and] want to market this—we are still way too invested," says Wood. To help get ski biking off the ground this season, they will have a booth at *Brighton Resort* where they will offer ski bike rentals and lessons to anyone interested. FYI, because the discipline is so new, they recommend anyone who tries it wears a helmet and pads. Next year, they hope to have a solid BMXS team in place, videos available and advancement in their unique line of Outlaw Union ski bikes. Right now, ski bikes are available for purchase at *The Wood Shop* (2212 S. West Temple) without the benefit of instruction on the hill. As for where they think ski biking could go in the future, the sky is the limit. Wood says, "Ski biking could be really big. It would not be surprising to see it become a serious winter sport with solid competitions or maybe even Olympic participation."

Follow the development of Outlaw Union BMXS online at outlawunion.com, and don't forget to catch these guys at *Brighton Resort* this winter.

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PHOTO FEATURE

By Weston Colton
westoncolton.com

The IBM staircase is one of the iconic SLC skate spots for me. I remember seeing them for the first time in real life, and being in awe of Mark White's kickflip down the smaller side and me on grab down

the big side—both of which I had seen in Dirty Hession videos. These stairs are big. I have wanted to shoot with someone here for a long time, and who better to skate these stairs than Oliver?



Oliver Buchanan—Frontside Flip—SLC

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PRODUCT REVIEWS

FBC Street Imprint Skate Deck follettboardingco.com

Follett Boarding Company is a local company that has been producing snowboards since June 2012. The "Imprint" deck is their first venture into the skateboarding world. Follett uses the same USA-based manufacturer as many other larger companies. The board is pretty solid—I have been skating it for about a month without any major concerns for its strength. A basic popsicle shape and seven layers of maple make for a quality canvas for a sub-par graphic. This is my only gripe: It seems like ideas for a graphic were sparse when it came time to release a board. The deck is what is replaced the most, so I expect something appealing to look at. Their snowboards have set themes and great use of space, but the board I have been riding uses neither. Check-erboard with a logo in each block as a graphic will not attract people to buy your product. The price is slightly more than what you would pay for a shop board, and less than what the larger companies would charge. I would love to support a native business, but they need something to set them apart from other companies. The Imprint deck is average in all aspects. —Michael Sanchez

Instafire Charcoal Starter instafire.com

I had my doubts, but after seeing the Instafire do work, I'm a believer. This stuff resembles a chunkier version of kitty litter, and it'll burn till hell freezes over. As the packaging says, this product releases no harmful chemicals into the air, which eased my mind when I went to test it in my grill for dinner one night. Starting this interesting mixture of wood, volcanic materials and paraffin was the easiest part, as I lit the pile underneath my pile of charcoal. To my surprise, about one cup of it burned steadily for about 20 minutes and ignited every coal. The downside to this product is that it's designed for a survival situation, so trying to keep kitty litter from falling

through grill grates kind of sucks—all it took me was a bit of jimmy rigging. The safety is another highlight. When watching the owner of the company physically attest to this at the *Outdoor Retailers Expo*, I was intrigued by his confidence. The man scooped up a pile in his hand, lit it on fire and stood there like a monk. When he was done with the demonstration, all he had to do was drop the handful and it was out. P.S. It's local, too. —Tim Kronenberg

Powerocks Rose Stone powerocks.com

It's happened to all of us: You're at a party where you only know one person—your ride. You've tried to make conversation a few times, but nothing's really clicked, so you've found a spot in the corner to wait for your ride to finish socializing. You've had about five drinks at this point and two plates of pretzels, just to look like you're occupied. You reach into your pocket for your phone to look through Instagram, text absolutely anyone, play Tetris—anything to keep from looking like a loner—but a surge of panic rushes in when you see a "1%" in the corner. Noooooo!!!! Enter Powerocks Rose Stone. This colorful block will fully charge your smartphone three to four times over, so you don't have to experience the horror of low battery life ever again. Though there are definitely smaller and lighter portable chargers out there, this one boasts enough power to charge your phone and tablet at the same time—which is the biggest perk for me, not because I own a tablet, but because the two USB ports will draw friends at this lonely party of mine. I even use the Rose Stone when I'm too lazy to get out of bed and plug into the wall. The "Mysterious and cool LED indicators" were incredibly confusing to figure out at first ("mysterious" is not how you want to market any technological accessory to anyone other than James Bond), but after using it a couple of times, I figured out what the manual was trying to tell me. The charging capabilities also dwindle quite a bit if you're using your device while it

charges, so keep that in mind if you intend to share with your new party friend. —Esther Meroño

RedBubble Pop Culture T-Shirts redbubble.com

If you're an obsessed fan of anything pop culture, most likely, your eyes are glued to the 24-hour T-shirt websites, looking for the latest designs. Of course, there are occasions where you miss an awesome shirt and can't snag it again at most websites. Redbubble is one of the few places you can go online to locate hundreds of these designs going back as far as three years. Pick your favorite geeky show and you'll find something here in multiple sizes. *Breaking Bad*, *Back To The Future*, *Community*, *Sherlock*, *Game Of Thrones*, *Adventure Time*, *Futurama*—the list goes on and on. Some of the spiffy shirts I got were a gray *Doctor Who* shirt with the last 11 actors' silhouettes (perfect for any companion) and a red and purple *Donnie Darko* shirt that looks awesome no matter what point in time you're in. All shirts and hoodies are comfortably crafted by American Apparel (no sweatshop workers)—the only downside is the price, which ranges from \$18 to \$30 per shirt, depending on what you want. That's literally just the price you pay for being late to the game

or procrastinating on the short-term websites. —Gavin Sheehan

RibbedTee Black MicroModal V-Neck and White MicroModal Crew Neck ribbedtee.com



As advertised, the RibbedTee functions as it's supposed to—it's a great undershirt to accessorize with button-ups and the like, and the fit is tight enough for you not to look like a '90s teen-sitcom star, but comfortable enough to sleep in. Most notably, I wore my black V-neck underneath my mega-fresh wolf-print hoodie, and it complemented my ensemble steezily. I wore the (pictured) white crew neck with a blue button-up, and it worked out OK. There is something about these shirts, though, that threw me off: the way in which vertical texture of the fabric works against the contour of my torso. Now, I am not fat by any means—my metabolism will earn the envy of my peers well into my 40s. I do, however, have a paunch. It's one thing to rock a typical beater with a beer belly—it's a part of the American Dream—as those genetically dispositioned to have man tits have evolved, in the cultural eye, to carry a sort of grit when they wear that tight, white tank. With the T-shirt crew neck design, though, you pretty much have to look like the models that RibbedTee uses to market this product, which, from those pictures, becomes a mere accoutrement to washboard abs and bulging pecs. When I wear it alone, I look like I drive a PT Cruiser and am divorced, i.e. saggy. The shirt is well-made in the USA, but I'd sooner go with American Apparel for a few more dollars. —Alexander Ortega



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BEAUTIFUL
GODZILLA



Illustration: Ryan Perkins

**Cycling Behind-The-Scenes
with Debbie Larsen**
By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

There are a lot of over-the-top personalities in the cycling world—myself included. These people often get recognized because a) they lead a lot of group rides or have some kind of bike-related job; b) they are always out on their bike, rain or shine; c) they're incredibly loud and obnoxious cyclists. Then there are people like my friend, **Debbie Larsen**, who spends her 9–5 working as a social service worker, would rather be on a hike than on a bike, and will never be described as loud or obnoxious unless she develops late onset Tourette's Syndrome (highly unlikely). Most will know her as the wife of **Nathan Larsen**, owner and designer of Velo City Bags. Working with Nate on bike stuff has resulted in a life-long friendship with the duo, and Debbie has become an inspirational human being in my life. We're self-described "impostors" in the bike scene due to our love/hate relationship with the machine, but Debbie's role is a critical part of the backbone of Salt Lake's cycling society—more so than the guy poppin' wheelies at the front of the pack during *Critical Mass*—and one that few really know about. So, after a little convincing and some brunch at *Vertical Diner* (Debbie is 95-percent responsible for my decision to go veg), the following interview ensued:

BG: What is your first memory of riding a bicycle?

Debbie: I was learning how to ride and I was about 7 years old. I was riding on the sidewalk in front of our house and a tree jumped out in front of me and knocked my tooth sideways and killed it.

BG: I'm surprised you ever got on a bike again! Contrary to what I had assumed, the fact that Nate started Velo City Bags isn't what got you into cycling—you had a bike before Nate did?

Debbie: ... I wanted to start riding my bike to work, but I didn't have a bike. So, Nate and my brother, **Alan [Berg]**, went to the *Bike Collective* and put together an old mountain bike for me, and that was my Christmas present that year ... It was an easier option for me to commute than to take public transportation at the time, and I thought biking would be fun.

BG: You and I have a love/hate relationship with cycling. I can't seem to find a saddle that gels with my lady bits,

but what is it that you dislike?

Debbie: I always feel like I'm slowing people down—and I hate going up hills.

BG: That's a complaint I hear from a lot of women, actually. What would make it more enjoyable for you?

Debbie: If I'm riding with people who I know I'm not slowing them down too bad, or who already enjoy going slow, like me. I think it would make it more pleasant if I was going on more nature rides, like my rides around the Jordan River, with friends.

BG: Nate quit his day job and made Velo City Bags his full-time gig when the storefront opened, making you the main breadwinner in the family. You're also putting in the same hours at events like *Craft Sabbath* and *Craft Lake City* with VCB, you're at the shop after hours helping cut out material when it's busy, and you're an integral part of planning and executing events like *Velo Weekend*. Essentially, without your support, a lot of really cool aspects of the Salt Lake urban bike scene wouldn't exist. How does that feel?

Debbie: I don't really think I'm that big of a deal for the bike scene ... I know that it's such a big deal for Nate—it's what he loves to do. Velo City Bags is one of the most important parts of his life, and I want to support him in that even though it's really difficult for me at times. I try really hard so that he can live his dream.

BG: You also have some crafting skills, crocheting beanies and hip bike caps sold at Velo City. How did that hobby come about, and where do you hope it goes?

Debbie: I have been crocheting handmade beanies for probably about eight years—my coworkers taught me how to crochet. I would wear beanies every single day if I could, and I decided to make my own beanies because of that. I mostly crochet pretty simplistic ones that are more masculine looking, maybe because that's my style, and I'm trying to make a side business out of it now for some additional income to help with the bills. I'm thinking of calling it *Hooked On Beanies* ... They're currently sold at Velo City Bags, and I've decided I'm going to give away a beanie to the homeless for every one that's sold.

You can meet this awesome lady at any Velo City Bags event or out and about on leisurely, scenic bike rides—and don't forget to pick up a handmade beanie next time you're at the shop!

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Illustration: Steve Thueson

Dear Cop,

Working at a fast food restaurant, I've noticed a lot of rookie 'want-a-be cops' coming to get food just to check out one or more of my crew. Ok, ok, some are gang members and what not, but who the fuck works for minimum wage (plus a dollar/hr for graveyard) and is not trying to better them selfs? These fucking amateur, wan-a be cops are an embarrassment to our society and tax dollars!

I know because I have done under-cover work for a more honorable district than these fucking up-town, fuck ups, that couldn't restrain them-self's if they had any training at all.

They serious think they are getting information by eating at out fast-food restaurant? Give me a break, next time I see a fucking cop come to our store, he's gona get him some fucking real crime to solve!

Yours Truly,
PandyPants

p.s. (it's like the Sandy police doing radar at the bottom of a hill!, hell fucking lo?, are you that fucking petty or what? If they need help with REAL CRIME, please tell them to contact me!

Dear uh ... Pandy ... um ... Pants:

Evidenced by your formidable grasp of the written English language, I'm hoping my obsequious prosaicism effectuates your postulation ... but, I doubt it.

First of all, by "rookie," the inference is a new cop, correct? So, a young peace officer is checking out your "crew." I'm imagining that one or more of your "crew" is probably young, hot, and female. So, yes, young newbie cops will commonly check out hot young women, or "crew" as you like to infer. If that's your supposition as to what is occurring at your establishment, then you should advise those "want-to-be" (I think that's what you meant), but wait, they are cops, so no longer "want-to-be's." Ad-

vice those USED TO "want-to-be" but now ARE, cops that the badge will get them pussy, but the pussy will get their badge. Please, remind them rather loudly.

Pandy—I'm going to assume that's your snitch name, since in the next sentence you admit to working "under-cover"—let's go with your next diatribe that one of the rookie cops, who eats at your fast food joint, did not listen to "training" and did something naughty, unable to "restrain" himself (or herself, I'm not sexist). I'm thinking that your cop nemesis nailed her (obviously your girlfriend). Your vitriol is now explained (she said you'll have to search under "acriminousness" for that one).

I'm taking your last edict as a threat, Mr. Pants, and all I can say is your ire is misplaced. Just because your hot, fast food girlfriend took up with some cop (who, by the way, makes four times minimum wage) is no one's fault but your own. OK dude, gonna be honest—she took up with me ... and once or twice with Mike Brown. He makes six figs, and I make five times minimum wage, and she told me all the big words to write here ... so there.

All of that said, only "rookie" cops eat at fast food joints. Veteran cops know better. No rookie cop is in any fast food place checking out some gang member crew. That's ridiculous. They're only in there because they haven't learned yet that they're eating boogers, snot, piss, shit and other body fluids—yet.

I accept your offer to help with "real crime" from your fast food, extra dollar an hour, night shift job, but you're going to have to change your snitch name to something innocuous like "Candy Dance," or "Randy's Lance" or "Handy Chance" ... something like that.

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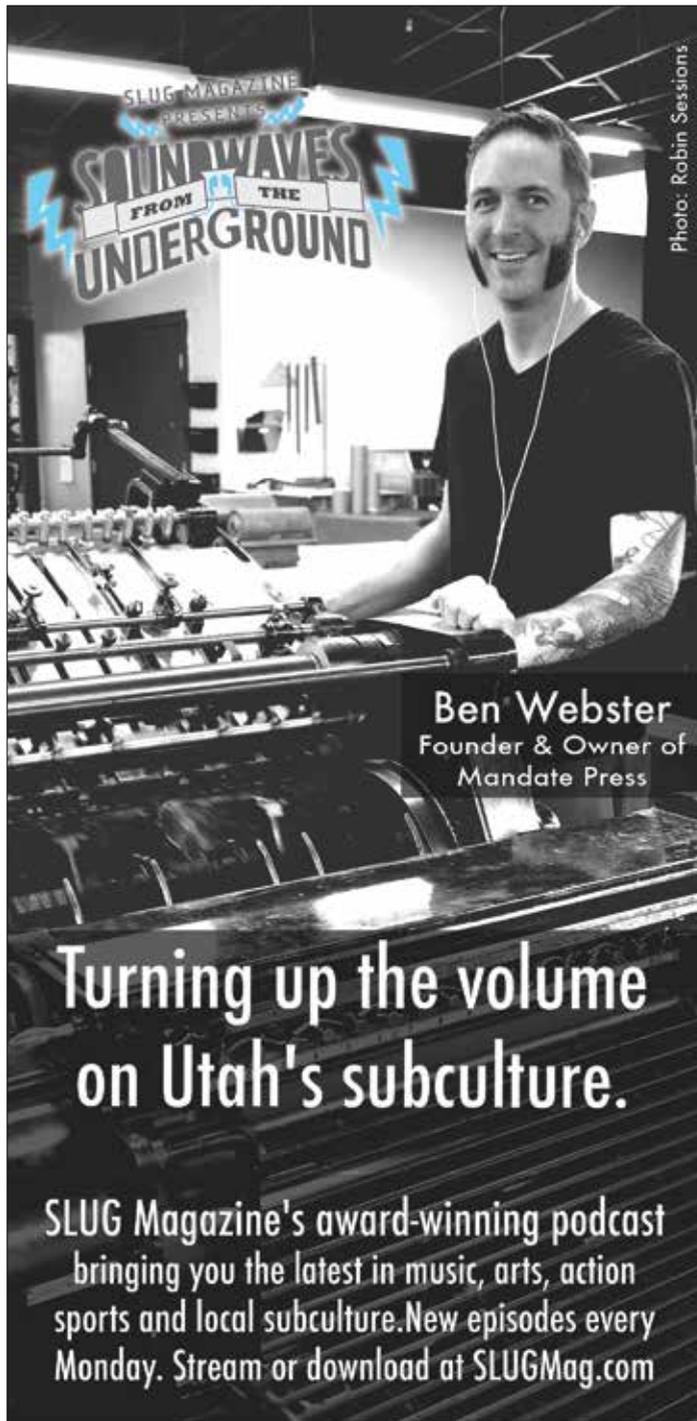
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GALLERY STROLL



"Girl in Pink" by local artist Josh Winegar, showing at UMOCA through Nov. 23.

My MOCA, UMOCA

By Mariah Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

The *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* takes place the third Friday of every month. Galleries use this occasion to celebrate local and national artists with incoming shows, special receptions, artist talks and tasty treats. This month's *Gallery Stroll* takes place on Nov. 15, offering a range of shows from group collaborations and retrospectives to avant-garde animations—and that's just the shows at UMOCA this month!

The *Utah Museum of Contemporary Art (UMOCA)* is a beautiful space nestled next to the *Salt Palace Convention Center* and *Abravanel Hall* at 20 S. West Temple, hosting a wealth of exhibits, art talks, films, installations and more. UMOCA strives to engage Utah's robust art community while expanding its presence in the global art scene by hosting international, award-winning artists and offering artists in residence an exceptional visiting curator program. It's no wonder my only stop scheduled for November's *Gallery Stroll* is UMOCA.

Breathtaking landscapes, scrapbooking and polygamy are just a few of Utah's colorful characteristics. It's refreshing to hear the words "history of contemporary art in Utah." In its inaugural year, *Utah Biennial: Mondo Utah*, on display May 10–Dec. 14 of this year, combines artifacts, collections, artist statements and collaborations to explore and celebrate Utah's contemporary art. The title, "Mondo" meaning "the world," is taken from a book of the same name about the folklore and eccentricities originating from our lovely state, written by Utah contemporary filmmaker **Trent Harris**. Look for more from Harris in January's UMOCA lineup. Collaborators for this exhibit include the *Church History Museum*, the *Central Utah Art Center*, *Sumnum*, *Wolf Productions* and the *Salt Lake Art Center Collection*. Many lines are drawn connecting contemporary movements with artists from around the

state and the world with varying cultural backgrounds, expertise and resources. The results are overwhelmingly positive and very enlightening.

In the *Locals Only Gallery*, in conjunction with *Utah Biennial: Mondo Utah*, Ogden-based collective **O-Town Arts** presents *Creating Absence*, featuring **Bruce Case**, **Holly Jarvis**, **Derek Rigby** and **Josh Winegar**, on display Aug. 16–Nov. 23. The show takes familiar situations and creates an absence. A good example is Winegar's "Folds" series, which takes common activities and adds a visual "bleep." Whether that bleep takes place in the beginning or the conclusion, a simple movement can become strange and alien to us when the expected steps and actions are missing.

Tala Madani, painter, illustrator and animator, has no words for her humorous and disturbing illustrations and animations. Born in Iran in 1981, Madani received her MFA from *Yale University School of Art* in 2006. She has said that words would minimize the universality of her work. Instead of using the typical thought or word bubbles found in most comics and animations, Madani creates a global connection using bold brush strokes, visual satire and flabby, middle-aged men in absurd situations. Madani is the recipient of the 2013 *Catherine Doctorow Prize for Contemporary Painting*, and a sample of her animated paintings will be on display Oct. 4 through Jan. 4, 2014.

In UMOCA's *New Genres Gallery*, Artists in Residence **Brian Patterson**, **Chris Purdie**, **Colour Maisch**, **Jared Lindsay Clark**, **Maddison Colvin** and **Mary Toscano** are ready to reveal what they've been working on over the last several months. Their collaboration, titled "Below," will be on display Oct. 4 through Nov. 23.

All that, and you didn't have to change parking spots. Take the opportunity to enjoy Utah's art offerings—*Gallery Stroll!*

BEER REVIEWS

By Mikey Riedel
mikey@slugmag.com

Finding a beer that will you keep satisfied while keeping you grounded is the most basic interaction between beer and beer lover. The first swig of that "go-to" brew exhilarates the tongue and mind like nothing else. I know I'm not alone in this regard, and if you're reading this, I'm sure you can sympathize. Given that we're on the cusp of the holidays and a shload of big, heavy, spicy beers will be invading our bottle shops and our lives, I thought it'd be helpful to remind us all that, though the seasons for beer may change, there are plenty of "go-to" beer styles that are timeless and will work for you any time of year. Drinkability knows no season, and November's reviews reflect diverse flavor profiles while keeping shit simple and down to the point.

Honey Wheat
Brewery/Brand: **Roosters Brewing Co.**
ABV: 6%

Serving Style: 500 ml Bottle
Description: Poured from its attractive 500 ml bottle, we have a bright-golden straw color with just a slight cap of foam on top—I would have liked to see a little more soapy head. Wheat beers are not normally hoppy, but this one has a fair amount of floral and citrus in the nose. The flavor starts with a bit of honey sweetness that's balanced nicely with dry wheat crackers. The end is slightly sweet, with notes of pale malt. The finish has a touch of banana and clove—crisp, clean and drinkable.

Overview: This is the fourth and newest bottled release of Roosters' relatively new "High Gravity" line of beers. It takes their standard 4% pub wheat beer, *Bee's Knees*, to a whole new level.

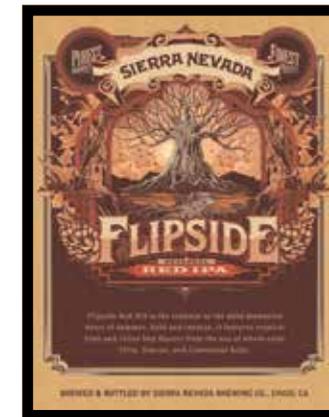
Emerson Avenue
Pale Ale
Brewery/Brand: **Squatters Beers**
ABV: 6%

Serving Style: 22 oz Bottle
Description: This seasonal pale ale pours a murky, deep amber color with a sturdy two-and-a-half fingers of beige foam. I would have liked to see a brighter/clearer beer. The hops in this beer really pop. The nose is floral with light citrus and berry notes—clean, toasty malts are also present. The taste

starts bitter with grapefruit/citrus, and flowery hops are also noticeable. The toasty malts crash through for just a bit, but then the bitterness comes back to linger in the end atop biscuity malts. The finish has a nice balance of toffee and hop resin.

Overview: This beer was made from the award-winning recipe of homebrewer **Tommy Lopresto**, and was brewed under the guidance of Squatters' head brewer **Jason Stock** for entry into the *Great American Beer Festival's Pro/Am Competition*. Local award winners at the GABF included a bronze for RedRock's *Paardebloem*, bronze for Uinta's *Sum'r*, silver for Wasatch's *White Label*, silver for Squatters *Fifth Element* and a gold medal for Hopper's *Helles Festbier*.

Flipside Red IPA



Brewery/Brand: Sierra Nevada Brewing Co.
ABV: 6.2%

Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle
Description: While visually similar to a pale ale, this red ale has a very different aromatic in its flavor profile. The nose is mostly tropical fruit with a little bit of pine. The flavor starts with caramel and berry flavors. There's no fruit in this beer—it's just a trick this particular style of malt plays on the tongue. Slight chocolate notes come next. They mingle quite well with berry flavors. The end is full of bittering hops, which round out the beer quite nicely. It finishes semi-dry.

Overview: Even though Sierra Nevada has become one of the largest craft brewers in the country, they've still managed to keep their "craft soul." This beer won't disappoint.

SLUG'S PICKS OF THE MONTH

Angela H. Brown Editor
WYMOND MILES CUT YOURSELF FREE

Esther Meroño Managing Editor
RUSSIAN CIRCLES MEMORIAL

Joshua Joye Lead Designer
RED FANG WHALES & LEECHES

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GAME REVIEWS



Diablo 3: "Even wizards agree: Laser beams are awesome."

Diablo 3
Blizzard
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, PC, OS X
Street: 05.15.12 (PC/OS X)
09.03 (Console)

Though I was excited to hear that Blizzard had planned to release a console version of *Diablo 3*, part of me remained skeptical about the transition. I've played console versions of PC games before, and it isn't rare to notice that something crucial about the gameplay has been lost in translation. After playing *Diablo 3* on Xbox 360, I have to say that I am impressed with the transition. Combat and dungeon-crawling is still fast and frenetic, and the character skill-mapping works surprisingly well on a controller. The single-player game is definitely satisfying, but for those who are looking for a cooperative adventure, it's easy to either jump into a public game or create your own and invite your buddies. My primary gripe with *Diablo 3* is that it eschews the exploration of a potentially rich storyline for plot tropes and characters from the first two installments. I loved bringing down the ghost of King Leoric and The Butcher in the first *Diablo*, but do we really need to do it again? Regardless, fans of mass monster murders and loot-grabbing will be right at home with *Diablo 3*.
 —Alex Springer

Grand Theft Auto V
Available on: Xbox 360/PS3
Street: 09.17

A game five years in the making, *Grand Theft Auto V* is already a success by every measure, with over \$1 billion in sales during its first 72 hours of release. But is it the revolutionary, generation-defining game many expected it to be? *GTA V* certainly is a great game—but the answer isn't that simple. Yes, *GTA V* redefines what an open-world game can look, function and sound like: Calling the game an "immersive experience" is an understatement. Yes, the heist missions at

the center of the game are some of the most entertaining set pieces I've ever played, especially when players have the freedom to switch between *GTA V*'s three protagonists: Franklin, Michael and Trevor. For all of its new gameplay mechanics, lots of *GTA V* feels a little too familiar. Michael and Franklin are characters we've played before, much of the game's cultural satire is too superficial to be effective, and the rampant misogyny can be downright disturbing. *GTA V* is still fun as hell to play, though—and with *GTA Online* on the way, it won't be leaving my 360 anytime soon.
 —Randy Dankievitch

Etrian Odyssey Untold: The Millennium Girl
Atlus
Reviewed on: 3DS
Street: 10.01

If you have memories of drawing dungeon maps on grid paper, then Atlus has something for you. This blend of first person RPG and JRPG allows gamers the chance to explore and map dungeons with a quest-driven story or as an independent adventurer. The story mode allows the player to lead a member of the Highlander Clan and his guild (which you get to name) to find the mystery behind a little girl found in ancient ruins. Combat is a standard menu-based system that integrates a class system, which, if used correctly, makes the game a lot easier. This is the first game in the series that has a story mode available, and the story is not simply an afterthought. The characters are well-developed, and dialogue is sharp and witty. The game does not suffer from an overabundance of cut scenes, but has enough to keep it interesting. Once you've played the story, you can carry your party into classic mode and vice versa, thus enhancing replay value for those wanting to explore the Ygdrasil labyrinth multiple times. This is a must play for the RPG crowd—casual gamers need not apply.
 —Thomas Winkley

ZINE REVIEWS

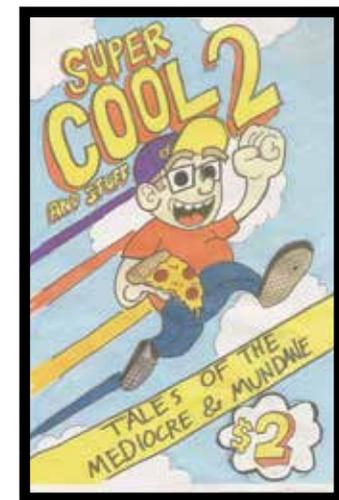
This month, *SLUG* is happy to feature three zines by three of our talented contributors. Enjoy!

The Adventures of Cactus Boy and Sluggo the Slug
Brother Timm Paxton
Self-Published
Street: 07.06

Sometimes, I wish I smoked weed. Not only would it explain the reggae phase I went through when I was 19, but it would transform this collection of Brother Timm's comics from great to transcendently hilarious. *The Adventures of Cactus Boy and Sluggo the Slug* are just that, with nearly every single page presenting a self-contained comic or one-image gag in which the duo try to procure beer, avoid being salted or are tricked by their frenemy, Punk Roach. There are hits and misses, and plenty of throw-up and marijuana references, as well as the occasional misspelled word, but that rawness is a big part of this comic's charm. My favorite of the sets tells the tale of Sluggo's appearance on a *Price Is Right*-like game show, during which he wins a new set of bondage gear. At the end of the book is a brief bio of Brother Timm, explaining that this comic helped him recuperate from a pretty gnarly Vespa accident that put him in a coma, which makes these adventures even more rad. You can contact Timm at brothertimm@yahoo.com to snag your own copy of the booklet, or send a PayPal donation to help him out with his medical costs.
 —Ricky Vigil

same guy, the zine is a relative wonder in this age, and though "Best Metal Zine in the Country" may sound hyperbolic (not to this guy), it's most certainly the best in the city and region. If you have even a semblance of passion for the glory days of music zines, you'll stop whatever it is you're doing and head on over to burningsalts.blogspot.com or snag one at Raunch Records or The Heavy Metal Shop. —Dylan Chadwick

Super Cool & Stuff 2
Ricky Vigil
Self-Published
Street: 02.15



Burning Salts #1
Bryer Wharton
Self-Published
Street: 09.01

Ever since *Slayer, Requiem* and the slew of other comprehensive metal fanzines keeping the genre alive in the pre-Internet era went tits up, metal zines have become a rare commodity. It'd be fair to give *Burning Salts* kudos for SIMPLY EXISTING in these times, but damn if this isn't the best, most in-depth metal zine I've read this decade. Full-color printing gives it a nice feel, but it's the content that makes it undeniable. Where most zines opt for a "firing line" approach of questioning, Wharton asks difficult questions that get beyond the surface, producing excellent conversational analyses of the life and work of luminaries like *Immolation*, *Aosoth*, *Bone Sicknes* and *NWOBHM* progenitors *Satan*. Best of all, it's chock-fulla extensive reviews which delve far beyond formulaic descriptions that are all too commonplace. With all written content and live photos handled by the

One of the most important tools a comedy writer can have is the ability to make fun of themselves. Ricky Vigil has the self-deprecating humor needed to understand that people are laughing with him instead of at him. *Super Cool & Stuff 2* is a series of mini-comics spread across a 16-page zine. By the time you're finished, it feels like you know all about this guy and his love for pizza, dogs, Jazz hats and hoodies. He's also got some great stories to tell. *Super Cool & Stuff* is the kind of thing I imagine **Bryan Lee O'Malley** drawing while he was still trying to find his voice and playing with styles. The majority of the stories are either newspaper strip cartoons or set-em-up, knock-em-down jokes. They're funny and charming, with the occasional shift to a more serious tone, but the end goal is always to make you smile. It'd be nice to see Vigil do a couple of longer stories because he has the chops to do it. If four-panel stories are the way Vigil wants to go, though, I'm happy to let *Super Cool & Stuff* take the place of the Sunday Funnies that are no longer very funny. —Trevor Hale

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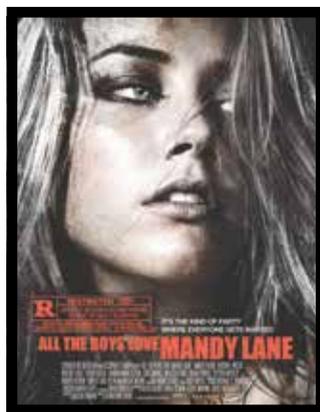
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MOVIE REVIEWS

All The Boys Love Mandy Lane
RADIUS-TWC
 In Theaters: 11.01



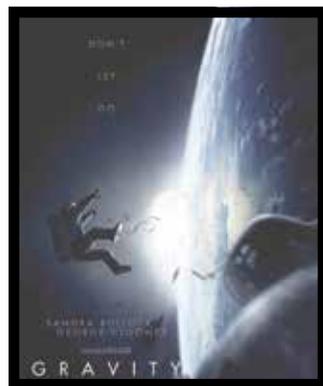
If the date on its IMDb page is correct, it's not surprising **Jonathan Levine's** slasher flick sat on a shelf for the past seven years. For some odd reason, Mandy Lane (**Amber Heard**) is the "it" girl every male peer wants to sleep with. Sure, she's the virgin who can run fast on the track team, but are guys really willing to kill themselves to get in her pants? The first 30 minutes follows a pack of rambunctious teenagers as they set off for a weekend at an isolated countryside farm with blaring pop music, montages filling most of the running time and every male character declaring "dibs" on Mandy. We are then given the privilege to watch uninteresting kids do uninteresting shenanigans for the next 30 minutes. The last portion of the film is the only period of time the kill count matters, but at that point, you just want everyone to die as quickly as possible, so you can go home wishing you could get your money back. From the clichéd finale twist to the tedious acting abilities, it's a shame **Darren Genet's** superb cinematography was wasted on such mediocrity. Levine has definitely improved his game since this venture with the releases of *The Wackness* and *50/50*, but sometimes your past comes back to haunt you, which, in the case, is certainly more terrifying than anything in this film. —*Jimmy Martin*

Escape From Tomorrow
Producers Distribution Agency
 In Theaters: 10.25

Every so often, a film comes along in the festival circuit that makes people stop, turn their heads and ponder its abnormality. Think the *The Blair Witch Project* as it did 14 years ago with the reinvested interest in the found footage genre. Now, director **Randy Moore** has attempted to gain awareness for the guerrilla-style art of filmmaking with the release of *Escape From Tomorrow*. Shot without any form of permission on the Disneyland and Disney World theme park properties, Moore's dark tale follows a recently unemployed father (**Roy Abramson**) on vacation with his family and tracks his spiral into insanity as he stalks two underage girls while neglecting his family. First, I'll give those involved a pat on the back for their crafty approach to develop something distinctive that would certainly get noticed among the masses. However, with that said, a simple, clever idea does not a movie make. As soon as the wonderment of the initial draw of the film wears off, you're left with 89 minutes of pitiful acting, asinine plot devices and undiluted discomfort. My hope is that Disney sues everyone involved—not because they filmed on their property without consent, but because they have wasted my life with absolute garbage. Moore's attempt to showcase Disney as a nightmarish spectacle fails on all sides since the only nightmare walking out is the thought of ever having to watch it again. Yikes! —*Jimmy Martin*

Gravity
Warner Bros.
 In Theaters: 10.04

From the advertisements, **Alfonso Cuarón's** sci-fi thriller appears to be about **Sandra Bullock** aimlessly floating around in space for 90 minutes, but such is not the case. While on a routine mission, medical engineer Ryan Stone (Bullock) and veteran astronaut Matt Kowalski (**George Clooney**) are forced to jump from space station to space station after debris from an exploding Russian satellite annihilates their shuttle, leaving them adrift in the cosmos. Cuarón opens the doors to this



year's award season by unleashing this heart-pounding nail-biter that advances filmmaking technology to the next level. Like **James Cameron's Avatar**, the 3D imagery actually enhances the zero-gravity environment and immerses the viewer into the film, rather than using the medium for hokey gimmicks purely to raise ticket prices. If a drinking game were made for every time Ryan or Kowalski wildly grasp for anything to keep them from floating off into absolute nothingness, you'd be dead before the credits roll. As the newbie to weightlessness, Bullock allows the viewers inside her spacesuit (literally with **Emmanuel Lubezki's** cinematography) while Cuarón utilizes elongated tracking shots to simulate the overwhelming sensation of being hundreds of miles above the Earth's surface. —*Jimmy Martin*

Prince Avalanche
Magnolia
 Street: 11.12

One of the worst feelings while sitting through a movie is witnessing your favorite actors or actresses crash and burn in a film that is neither what you expected nor wanted. Such is the case with director **David Gordon Green's** remake of the Icelandic film *Either Way* about two road-maintenance workers, Alvin and Lance (**Paul Rudd** and **Emile Hirsch**), who spend the summer of 1988 painting yellow divider lines down the road in a recently scorched, isolated state park. Sounds riveting, right? As the days waste away with monotonous banter and bouts of silence between the two, so do the concentration levels of spectators. As Lance spews on about his desires to return to the exciting city life, he is

continuously asked by Alvin, "Can we just enjoy the silence?" If you ask me, there's enough silence in this film already. Say something! Say anything! It's quite possible the preconceived notion of Rudd's comedic abilities overshadow his attempt to be the dour, down-on-his-luck boyfriend, while Hirsch has nothing to work with as his sporadic moments of hilarity are met with unwelcoming arms. While some may see Green's vision of resurrection and maturity, the most prominent aspect of that notion comes from **Tim Orr's** splendid cinematography of the charred Texas landscape rather than the two gifted actors who are wasted away. —*Jimmy Martin*

Made of Stone
MVD Entertainment
 In Theaters: 11.06

Directed by *This Is England's* **Shane Meadows**, *Made of Stone* plays out like a combination platter of winning rock-doc formulas, including fly-on-the-wall style interviews and concert footage, mostly aimed at profiling the iconic **Stone Roses'** return to the stage after a lengthy breakup. At its best, the film aims right for the fan-boy pleasure center, rife with "on the street" fan interviews, new studio footage (the re-recordings of "Waterfall" are incredible) and the requisite dollop of news-y style clips and press releases related to their reformation. However, what's made many rock-docs shine (a "through the eyes of those who lived it" backstory, never-before-seen footage, etc.) seems largely absent here. No real "nuggets" for hardcore fans to dig into, an über-abridged history and, most tragically, an essential gloss-over of the circumstances surrounding their breakup, render the whole affair a little bit too saccharine-celebratory. Perhaps the film's ultimate goal was to lend fans a new vantage point, one which looks forward on the Roses instead of backward ... and the studio footage is undeniably great. However, in terms of documenting one of the '90s' most important and influential cultural forces, its lack of historicity brings it up quite a bit short, and it's a shame. —*Dylan Chadwick*

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Left | Barbara Kruger, *Untitled (We will no longer be seen and not heard)*, edition 25/50, 1985, lithograph. Collection of Jordan D. Schnitzer. © Barbara Kruger. Courtesy Mary Boone Gallery, New York.

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Abiogene
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 09.01
Abiogene = Vildhjarta + Veil of Maya



Add this group to the growing roster of prog-djent outfits who are really making the subgenre something to behold. Scattered throughout the familiar thick riffs and time changes are electronic accents and melodic breaks that make this album quite hypnotizing, including some piano interludes that sound like they belong on a **Guillermo del Toro** horror movie score. They cherry-pick elements from many of their peers and amalgamate their own creation—the electronics conjure **Between the Buried and Me** and **Tesseract**, while the brutal vocal lows and pig squeals pull the whole production into black and death metal territory. Its strength is not in presenting unheard material, but in constructing a very competent and interesting album from found objects. —Megan Kennedy

AODL
Arsenblotz 63
Red Light Sound
Street Date: 05.31
**AODL = Lockweld + Depri-
vation + Project: Void**

Before I go any further, let it be known that I am in no way the world's foremost expert on noise/power electronics/industrial. Quite the opposite, in fact. However, good music (noise?) is good music, and I like what I like ... and I like this release from AODL. Super-harsh, yet strangely entrancing, electronic noise is what pulses through your headphones when playing this

cassette. Far from what anyone would call "verse-chorus-verse" music, this release is somewhat of an endurance test for those unfamiliar with what is accurately described as "noise." This is the type of music that, live, would make the neighborhood dogs howl and those with epilepsy stop, drop and convulse. —Gavin Hoffman

The Beehive
Compilation
Volume 1
Self-Released
Street: 07.17
The Beehive Compilation = Coldplay + Green Day + Jason Mraz

The collection includes some local favorites that I am familiar with, like **King Niko**, and surprised me with quite a few that I was not. It's a great selection of indie and alternative styles, including pop rock, pop punk, folk, electronic, a bit of rap/hip hop and even a dash of female mojo (via **The Blue Aces**, **Kitfox**, **Ashlee Woo**, **Summer Lasts Forever**). The compilation includes 26 tracks, and has some fun variety, but there was more than a handful of pop-punk bands led by male vocals, and I think that could have been thinned out a bit in favor of some other genres. The material selected is generally of high-quality production, and so overall it fit together very nicely. It certainly is a fun way to check out some of our local musicians and their recent work. I'm looking forward to Volume 2 and beyond! —Ischa B.

Cavedoll
Late Nights/Bad Decisions
Self-Released
Street: 09.10
Cavedoll = King Niko + Icky Blossoms

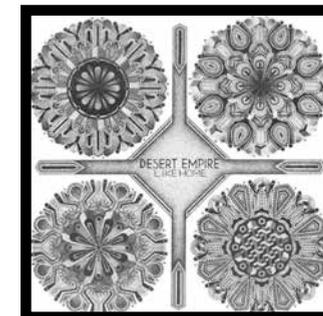
The truth is these guys make some very scrappy dance tunes—half of the songs pulsate with darkness and a little bit of raw romance, but in each case, dark or not, the song is dominated by lead singer **Ransom Wydner**'s vocals. Wydner has a talented voice, but it's too clean and strong, practically Broadway worthy. That's a compliment, but it's a bit too distinct and secretly joyful for the feel of Cavedoll's songs. If the band

decides to pursue an R&B to pop crossover sound as demonstrated on "Just Tonight," then everything's a perfect fit. In fact, that single tune is done well enough to receive national radio airplay (and hopefully it does). —Justin Gallegos

Contaminated
Intelligence
Tracks
Self-Released
Street: 12.15.12
Contaminated Intelligence = Skinny Puppy + Front Line Assembly + C-Lekktor

While I was listening to the album, I was delighted to hear the scratchy bath salt zombie sound that I so love to grind to, except there was only one problem—I had to wait for what seemed like eternity for the next track to start. The more I listened, the angrier I became. **Maggot**, I am going to throw you into slave training for the next week after the discomfort you have caused me. I am proud that Ogden has produced a talented, quality industrial musician. I just wish you would have had a bit better layout for your release, a nice press sheet with your file, or the actual CD with one of those beautiful stickers you have on it. While the music is what matters most—and this is great music—presentation is also important. Kisses! —Miss Nancy

Desert Empire
Like Home
Self-Released
Street: 07.13
Desert Empire = (Opeth - Gojira) + Explosions in the Sky



After seven interminable years of anticipation and a recent name change (originally **Velvet City**), Desert Empire have released a heavily progressive first album that veritably blew me away. Intricate, rolling drum patterns, matched with a mix of soft and sonorous upper-register piano riffs create an aquatic theme like a deep-ocean odyssey. Syncopated bass lines (such as on "Entry Grounds") and constantly metamorphosing guitar licks tie it all into a neat package. Each song crescendos in a unique way and brings the end full circle back to the beginning. "Harbinger" features progressive metal elements with heavier distortion and sections highlighting each instrument separately. Yawning, harmonic backing vocals supplement oft-wailing and always resonant lead vocals. If you skip over this project, you'll be sorely missing out. Snag a copy of their disc online (desertempire.bandcamp.com), or catch them at one of their upcoming shows and see them live in all their glory. —LeAundra Jeffs

Dethrone the Sovereign
Autocracy Dismantled
Self-Released
Street: 05.21
Dethrone the Sovereign = The Human Abstract - clean vox + bit o' Between the Buried and Me



This local prog-metal outfit is one to watch out for. They display maturity in every inch of their presentation, from songwriting and recording/producing to off-neglected areas such as packaging and art direction. I love the interesting instrumental accents, which are used sparingly and organically,

and so they don't become as much of a gimmick as they sometimes can. Songs travel the peaks and valleys of melody and progressive heaviness in well-formed, but not altogether groundbreaking structures. Screams are deep and thick and do well to drag heartfelt melody through the dark. What they may lack in overt originality is made up for in competency and confidence, and really, there's nowhere for them to go but up. —Megan Kennedy

Eli Whitney

We've Got Questions If You've Got Answers

Self-Released

Street: 08.09

Eli Whitney = Lostprophets + Brand New



Surprisingly dynamic, blending hard rock with a Lostprophets-esque post-hardcore sound, Eli Whitney's debut album rocks. Highlights include the instrumental "Questions," leading into the hard-rocking and intricate "Answers," and definitely "Take A Picture, It'll Last Longer" for its building intro and cathartic chorus. Occasionally, the vocals lose some of their power and the mastering clips in places, but play this album loud enough and you'll be too busy enjoying it to notice. —Matt Brunk

Gothen

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 09.28

Gothen = Beirut / Sufjan Stevens + Andrew Bird

What can you say about a local album that measures closely to established contemporary acts like Grizzly Bear? It's clear who Gothen's influences are, but it's also clear they understand how to develop fine music rather than mimic it. The heart behind each instrument played and each note from vocalist Evan Jolley is apparent in the grace that flows from this album. Try listening to "Mong York" and not getting carried away in a spirit of bliss. The last minute of the song is nearly angelic, and gives me

visions filled with light. Gothen could channel baroque pop greats **The Left Banke** if they utilized vocal harmonies and rock melodies, but slower and darker, fantastic tracks like "Night of Faith" take their cues from current talents like **James Blake**. Regardless, this album is one to be treasured. —Justin Gallegos

Mortigi Tempo

Bob Your Head Suzie

Self-Released

Street: 08.17

Mortigi Tempo = The Dandy Warhols + Radiohead + Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Bob Your Head Suzie begins heavy, with overdriven guitar bass and what sounds like pounded, low-end piano on a track called "Air Raid" that has vocals so buried it comes off as instrumental. This first song could be **Deadbolt's** take on a Halloween surf anthem, and I wouldn't mind a whole album of the same, but that's not what we get. "We The People" stays heavy with a riff that reminds me of decelerated **Led Zeppelin's** "Immigrant Song" with added fuzz, but the album lightens up after that. Clean guitar appears in the milder songs, with an overall tone similar to **The Brian Jonestown Massacre**. The head-bobbing flavor of the first tracks reappears throughout the album, but never lasts a whole song. Overall, I appreciate the unexpected trajectory of the album. —Steve Richardson

The Obliterate Plague

The Wrath of Cthulhu

Self-Released

Street: 07.13

The Obliterate Plague = Mortem + Morbid Angel + Unleashed

The Salt Lake City death metal band that's always persistent and consistently good has finally officially recorded some tunes for the masses. Founding members **Alexander Jorgenson** and **Alex Gomez** have picked a collection of tracks from the band's earlier era that never got any proper recording treatment and gave them the deluxe workup in an oh-so-good way. The production alone on the monumental seven tracks is beyond versatile, sharp and precise, without losing that live quality. It's a blast to have these tracks from a band that's made many infamous live incursions, including *SLUG Mag's Localized*, on proper recording. When "Summoning of the Dark Lords" bellowed from my CD player, it brought back so many great memories because it's a staple of the band's live show. Channeling straight-up classic death metal, the influences of the players are noted, but the album is its own death

entity. This seriously not only stands up against a hell of a lot of death metal records being released by the "big-metal" labels—it crushes them. —Bryer Wharton

Replica Mine

A Ghost In The Womb

(Part 1: Acceptance & Part

2: Devastation)

Self-Released

Street: 02.10.12 & 01.25

Replica Mine = Depeche Mode + Tool + NIN

Part 1: Acceptance begins softly and sweetly, with a simple guitar riff and some breathy vocals. Things quickly evolve with electronic details and effects that give a definite '80s synthpop kind of feel. The male vocal styling is low and unobtrusive, mixed in so it's almost more a part of the instrumentation than a lead. The five songs on *Part 1* are lovely and mellow, but have a hint of darkness that keeps the music leaning more toward industrial and less toward pop. *Part 2: Devastation* is much more energetic, with an assertive electric guitar, more present drums and screaming vocals. Truly, though, the most noticeable difference between *Part 1* and *Part 2* is the vocal style, which makes it a really interesting example of how vocals can change the whole feel of the music. There is a definite flow throughout each EP separately and together, and certainly a bit of a concept. It feels thought-out and polished, and shows that **Adam Harmon**, the mastermind behind this solo project, doesn't mess around. It's good stuff. —Ischa B.

SubRosa

More Constant Than the Gods

Profound Lore

Street: 09.17

SubRosa = Ludicra + Mares of Thrace + Eight Bells



Haunting in their beauty, SubRosa are simply one of the best bands in dark and heavy music. *More Constant Than the Gods* follows the highly celebrated *No Help For the Mighty Ones*, and carries on the same level of excellence found on that album.

"The Usher" opens the album with a moody, sparse, three-minute intro, as male and female vocals weave around one of the band's trademark, otherworldly violins before exploding into an all-out rocker. The genius of SubRosa is in their mastery of contrast, as they'll hypnotize you with the prettiness of their music before pummeling you with their heaviness. "Cosy Mo" (the album's shortest song at seven minutes) is a bit of a departure from the rest of the album's mood, featuring a straight-up stoner rock vibe. "No Safe Harbor" closes the album in a ghostly mood, as flutes and strings find their way over an ever-present layer of guitar fuzz and **Rebecca Vernon's** intermittent, delicate voice. Simply put, SubRosa is one of the most interesting bands making music in our city, and we're lucky to claim them as our own. —Ricky Vigil

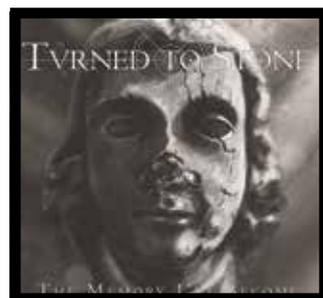
Turned to Stone

The Memory I've Become

Self-Released

Street: 10.11

Turned to Stone = Opeth + Immortal



This is a beautiful EP by one of the valley's most exciting melodic death metal acts, in the opinion of this humble critic. Turned to Stone have spent time and energy writing concise tracks and pulling in not only local engineers (**Matt Winegar**), but even sending it to **Jens Bogren**, famed engineer of Opeth and **Katania**, to ensure this debut knocks your socks off. The album is full of such gorgeous, doomy melody that rides along with the heaviness. The two-toned vocals remind me of **Amon Amarth** in both style and rhythm until you hit "This Failure," in which vocalist **Paul Black** brings out the big guns with his emotional singing against the slower doom tradition. If this is at all your kind of sound, *The Memory I've Become* will not disappoint. —Megan Kennedy

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THURSDAY /// NOV. 14 @ 7PM

SEARCHING FOR SUGAR MAN

In the late '60s, a musician was discovered by two producers who recorded an album they believed was going to make him one of the greats of his generation, but it bombed and the singer disappeared into obscurity. Two fans set out to find out what really happened to the musician... leading them to the artist known as Rodriguez.

Directed by Malik Boudjeloul
PG13 / 85 min / 2012 / Sweden/UK/USA

VIRIDIAN EVENT CENTER
8030 S. 1825 W.



THE ECONOMY

TUESDAY /// NOV. 5 @ 7PM

WE'RE NOT BROKE

We're Not Broke is the story of how U.S. corporations have been able to hide over a trillion dollars from Uncle Sam, and how seven fed-up Americans from across the country take their frustration to the streets... and vow to make the corporations pay their fair share.

Directed by Karin Hayes + Victoria Bruce
Not Rated / 80 min / USA / 2012

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DESIGN MATTERS

TUESDAY /// NOV. 19 @ 7PM

COAST MODERN

This relaxed journey showcases the pioneers of West Coast Modernist Architecture and the homes that have become their legacies, all finding beauty in their own times, and all taking us back to the basics of true living—a sense of place, light, and a deep connection to the earth.

Directed by Gavin Frosome + Mike Bernard
Not Rated / 56 min / 2012 / Canada/USA

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THROUGH THE LENS - PEEK AWARD

WEDNESDAY /// NOV. 6 @ 7PM

LIFE ACCORDING TO SAM

Life According to Sam reveals the remarkable world of Sam Berns set against the backdrop of his parents' relentless pursuit of a treatment and cure for Progeria, including launching the first-ever clinical drug trial, while also making the most of their time together as a family.

Directed by Sean Fine + Andrea Miz Fine
Not Rated / 94 min / 2012 / USA

ROSE WAGNER CENTER
138 W. 300 S.



DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR-ROUND

THURSDAY /// NOV. 21 @ 7PM

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

This comedy of errors features a terrific ensemble cast featuring Holly Hunter, Robert Downey Jr., Dylan McDermott, Ann Bancroft, Steve Guttentberg, David Strathairn, and Claire Danes. The story centers around a single mom who has just been fired from her job that spends Thanksgiving at the home of her parents while her daughter stays home with her boyfriend.

Directed by Jodie Foster
Rated PG-13 / 103 min / 1995

BREWVIES
677 S. 200 W.



NHMU SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT

TUESDAY /// NOV. 12 @ 7PM

MOON

Astronaut Sam Bell has a quintessentially personal encounter toward the end of his three-year stint on the Moon, where he, working alongside his computer, GERTY, sends back to Earth parcels of a resource that has helped diminish our planet's power problems.

Directed by Duncan Jones
Rated R / 97 min / 2008

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LIVING UNBOUND

TUESDAY /// NOV. 26 @ 7PM

MAIDENTRIP

After a yearlong battle with Dutch authorities which garners unwanted media attention, 14-year-old Laura Dekker sets off on a two-year journey to become the youngest person to sail the globe — single-handedly she explores the world looking for adventure and seeking peace with herself and her family's past.

Directed by Jillian Schlesinger
Not Rated / 82 min / 2013 / USA

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MUSIC REVIEWS

the band in Heaven
Caught in a Summer Swell
Decades
Street: 09.17
the band in Heaven = Phantom Planet + The Cure

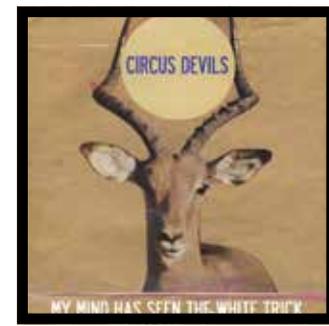
First off, why do you insist on making my life miserable by only capitalizing the last word in your name? My computer's ready to have a seizure from me constantly changing its corrections. Annoying name aside, the band in Heaven combine dream pop with California nostalgia. Straightforward lyrics about ocean swells and summer romanticize adolescence. Honestly, it's something I've heard a million times before, and the band's whole image is something I grew tired of, like, five years ago. It's not bad by any means—the musicians know what they're doing—but this whole surfer-living-in-the-summer-sun concept just doesn't do it for me anymore. They should've just written the entire soundtrack for *The O.C.*, made their millions and called it quits, because this "genre" has been overdone for years. But if you want an album full of summer anthems, this is the one for you. —Allison Shephard

Brianna Lea Pruett
Gypsy Bells
Canyon Records
Street: 10.01
Brianna Lea Pruett = Angel Olsson + Damien Jurado

The fall season upon us, this album couldn't arrive at a better time. My first listens were during a cold thunderstorm while drinking tea, and the weather couldn't complement the music with any more coziness. The sparse sounds of Pruett's voice with her acoustic guitar reflect the topography of the West, with her folk tales coming across as a lone traveler passing through those vast landscapes. "New Life" and "It's All Right" stood out to me most on the album as the inflections came across naturally, with a deep, passionate voice that has the same profound power as **Chan Marshall's** melancholic drawl. —Brialey Froelich

Circus Devils
My Mind Has Seen the White Trick
Happy Jack Rock Records
Street: 10.29
Circus Devils =

Pete Townshend + Jodorowsky soundtracks + Charlie Manson's solo album



Guided By Voices frontman **Robert Pollard** releases, oh, a half-dozen or so discs a year under various guises, including solo albums and GBV itself. Circus Devils are the experimental side project in which he conjures up visions, exorcises demons, and writes soundtracks for imaginary movies (and real ones, like indie film *Razor*). The twin CD releases don't seem to settle on a theme or style. "Bird Zone" is sleazy surrealist lounge music, and the video features **Steve Five** from *I Razor*. On "Stop Floating," Pollard intones "Just out of reach," and any meaning is elusive. What makes it all quintessentially Pollard is he doesn't forget the rock: Amid all the dream sequences, there's "Deliver Ice Cream (You Must)"—as if the 'Emperor' of **Wallace Stevens'** poem was trotting an ice cream truck that cranked out a wicked riff. —Stakerized!

Deltron 3030
Event II
Bulk
Street: 10.01
Deltron 3030 = Handsome Boy Modeling School + DJ Shadow + GZA

The return of Deltron Zero and **Automator** is finally here to continue the fight against the New World Order in *Event II*. Packed with an eclectic group of guests, the album opens with **Joseph Gordon-Levitt** setting the backdrop to what feels like a play as the album progresses. "Nobody Can" features **Aaron Bruno**, and despite its cheesy hook, serves as the duo's superhero anthem, whereas "Melding of the Minds" is a battle cry, featuring **Zach De La Rocha's** unmistakable

rebel yell. "The Agony" depicts the shattered landscape of the post-apocalyptic Earth through Automator's futuristic beat, featuring **Mary Elizabeth Winstead's** eerie vocals. **Damon Albarn** returns to the front in "What is this Loneliness," sending you on a journey through atoms on your way to the album's heartache closer, "Do You Remember," featuring **Jamie Cullum**. Put down your GMO freak food and join the resistance against the NWO—start with this album! —Darcy Russell

Funeral Circle
Self-Titled
Shadow Kingdom
Street: 11.19
Funeral Circle = Devil + Candlemass + Witchfinder General

These days, it's hard to be epic unless you release a quintuple-picture wooden box LP of your eight-hour album. Funeral Circle set out to be epic doom metal, but unlike Candlemass, Funeral Circle, for the most part, retain a crunchier groove-riff-burdening album featuring slower tunes with sparse guitar solos and leads. When those leads and solo licks do kick in, the impact is much harder. Funeral Circle's greatest achievement is a clever balancing act of being atmospheric and blatantly heavy with equal emphasis on creating memorable songs. The band's debut, here, reeks of an older time without getting that unfortunate label-slap of being a throwback artist. The production, especially for the vocals, has a chamber "echo" music feel that is all very important for doom fiends—if there is no sense of dread, it's not doom. —Bryer Wharton

Goblin
Tour EP
Death Waltz Recording Company
Street: 10.01
Goblin = Zombi + Fabio Frizzi

Goblin is known as the band responsible for music in several of **Dario Argento's** films, including his European edit of **George Romero's Dawn of the Dead (Zombi)**. Regarding the risk of disappointment inherent in hearing classic pieces revisited, fortunately, Death Waltz doesn't release anything mediocre, and those who like their music are treated to beautiful, occasionally unsettling, artwork. I predict that

giallo fans will be quite happy with *Tour EP*. Goblin occupy a strange musical space, leaning most heavily toward prog, but also referencing creature feature organ music, when fitting. *Profondo Rosso* has long been one of my favorite Goblin scores, particularly the title track. The version that appears on *Tour EP* is my favorite of the five pieces that make up the set. All performances stay true to the original compositions. So "Suspiria" still has the bells, but also the whispering that listeners will find either amusing or repellent. —T.H.

Heavenly Beat
Prominence
Captured Tracks
Street: 10.15
Heavenly Beat = Wild Nothing + Craft Spells

Here is **John Peña's** (former **Beach Fossils** bassist) second album as Heavenly Beat. Musically, it's similar to last year's *Talent*—both are intricate arrangements of classical guitar and Balearic indie pop. *Prominence* expands on the downtempo aesthetic of *Talent* by incorporating darker, introspective lyrics into the same exuberant sound. Peña's airy falsetto floats through the tracks here, cozying up with lush loops of nylon strings, steel drums, and **New Order**-styled harmonica. Have an Indian summer all winter long with this one—and don't fear—at the rate Peña's going, there's probably going to be more music by then. —Christian Schultz

His Clancyiness
Vicious
FatCat Records
Street: 10.08
His Clancyiness = Kurt Vile + Deerhunter + Midlake

His Clancyiness is a solo endeavor spawned by the lead singer of little-known Italian indie group, **A Classic Education**. Within the first 10 minutes of *Vicious*, **Jonathan Clancy** easily demonstrates more of a forte with American melancholic bedroom rock than the average college slacker. The first track, "Safe Around the Edges," serves as an appropriate executive summary for what to expect on the rest of the album: abstract yet snide lyrical imagery, weightless and warm vocals atop bare aesthetic textures that smack slightly of krautrock influences. There's a revolving door of pop synth underlays throughout the album, which adequately fill in the gaps

when the bittersweet paunchy guitar rhythms aren't lackadaisically turning out hook after hook. Clancy's blatant disregard for emotion has birthed really great music—making this another rare display of how apathy is incredibly honorable. —Gregory Gerulat

I'm In You

Trust
Mean Records
Street: 11.05
I'm In You = The Rapture + The Teenagers + Mother Mother

The straightforward drumbeats and the thick tone of the rapid bass dominate the sound palette of *Trust*. Ambient notes of synth keys lay behind the rhythm section, sometimes with a high-pitched, comforting sound of tinnitus ringing in your ears. I'm In You keep the guitars to a minimum, only using them for texture, giving the album a new wave feel like the darker songs of **New Order** filtered through **Metronomy**. For me, the album peaks in the middle with "Disclosure," a track that would easily fit on the *Drive* soundtrack. It exemplifies all my favorite details found throughout *Trust*, plus intriguing melodies through held-out lyrics like, "I owe you nothing. I owe myself to you." The ride to and from this album's high point, though, shouldn't be overlooked. —Steve Richardson

Loves It

All We Are
Team Austin
Street: 10.29
Loves It = She and Him + Chapin Sisters + Dave Edmunds

When the first track on a record is an a cappella duet and you actually don't get sick in the middle, you know you're in for something special. *Loves It* is the creation of Austinites **Vaughn Walters** and **Jenny Parrott**, who tread into folk, soul, rock and many other territories with what seems like effortless talent to adapt and bring out the best of each genre. "Western Swing Murder" is a jaunty little tune about a murder that masterfully pays homage to the genre referenced in the song's title. "Rocket ship" is a quick rocker that showcases Walters' **Springsteen**-like charisma. So often, we want to easily define an act with just a few words, but when the talent is of this caliber, I just throw my hands in the air and yell, "Who cares—it's damn good!" —James Orme

Ludovico Technique

We Came to Wreck Everything
Metropolis Records
Street: 11.12
Ludovico Technique = Skinny Puppy + God Module + Shiv-R

These are remixed tracks taken from their previous release, *Some Things Are Beyond Therapy*. I took a great interest in hearing how other artists translated these songs into their own creations. **Dym, Cryogen Sound, Vein Collector, The Anger Machine** and others contributed to this release. **Aesthetic Perfection** took "Dead Inside" and helped it transcend from industrial to synth-pop, leaving me in audio bliss. **E-Craft** let the vocals shine through in "Heal My Scars" and mixed in their own style of futuristic synth sound and a simplistic beat. "Potential" is a great track without being revamped, and the extra synthetic tweaks only add to the driving beat, screeches and seductive lyrics to secure its place as one of my all-time favorites. **Ben V's** style of vocals is incredible on this track, and I am longing to hear more of this on their next release. —Mistress Nancy

The Men

Campfire Songs
Sacred Bones
Street: 10.15
The Men = Velvet Underground + Sebadoh

All bands evolve, but it seems Brooklyn's **The Men** have been doing it exponentially since inception, from sprawling hardcore-influenced noise rock to standard rock/pop fare more recently. Hence the album title, the band has crafted a set of five acoustic-only tracks (three of which are re-recorded versions of existing and two are brand new) to astounding results. They've given *New Moon* tracks "I Saw Her Face" and "The Seeds" a haunting Appalachian forest makeover with ghostly howls and a lo-fi sheen, while "Turn Your Color" conjures the same effervescent sprawl of **The Men** at their most psychedelic. It enlists low-budget recording technology, a **Kim Thayil**-esque strings arrangement, vague folk conventions and a slowly undulating rhythm to bore its way into consciousness. Breathtaking and unique, it's a bold (albeit softer) testament to the band's staying power that should whet the appetites of noobs and longtime fans, stoking the fires of another phenomenal LP. —Dylan Chadwick

Odesza

My Friends Never Die EP
Self-Released
Street: 09.17
Odesza = Ratatat + Pantyraid
My Friends Never Die is a testament to this duo's growth as music makers. Hauntings of their first release, *Summer's Gone*, are definitely ringing in the background of this newest collection of songs, but these two producers have taken their own sound and put a completely new twist on it. Whereas *Summer's Gone* gave way to the more mellow side of things, *MFND* is supplemented with bouncier bass and trippier effects, but still manages to keep a solid grasp on Odesza's winning

formula of vocal samples layered over catchy, danceable beats. Once you have listened to the first and title track of this free EP, you will hear exactly what I'm talking about and the rest will remind you of exactly why you started (or should start) listening to these guys. —Carl Acheson

Richard X. Heyman

Turn-Up Records
Street: 09.17
Richard X. Heyman = Bob Dylan + Paul Weller + Elvis Costello

X is full of folksy, pop-rock uplifting songs that scream "Kumbaya!" Richard X. Heyman (**The Doughboys**) is very talented as he masterfully performs various instruments on his solo project. However, after I switched off the album, I had a hard time convincing myself that I had not spent 53 minutes listening to religious-inspired rock. Numbers like "When Denny Dropped Out of the Scene" and "Please Be Mindful" set the tone for the entire album. Every track has the same folksy, calming tone, with Heyman's bastardized mix of Bob Dylan's and Paul Weller's melodic vocals. One exception, "Compass," is made up of heavier guitar riffs, and Heyman provides harsher vocals that make for harder pop rock n' roll. Unfortunately, "Compass" is the only track that provides any edge to this sober-sounding album. That said, time to switch on something fast and loud to get my blood pumping again. —Nick Kuzmack

RJD2

More Is Than Isn't
Electrical Connections
Street: 10.08
RJD2 = Big Gigantic + DJ Shadow + Chemical Brothers

As far as funky, jazz-influenced electronic hip hop (I get that's a lot to ponder, but hear me out) goes, RJD2 delivers an album nothing short of amazing with *More Is Than Isn't*. The album starts with a hip hop track titled "Temperamental" that resembles something similar to music **John Legend** would make, with classic beats and strong male vocals. The album as a whole delivers an experimental electronic sound as demonstrated in tracks like "A Lot of Night Ahead of You" and "Milk Tooth," but also delivers some great hip hop songs like "Bathwater." My favorite song on the album was "Behold, Numbers!" a funky, jazz-like electronic instrumental track that is very well made. The album as a whole gives a good sample of what exactly RJD2 can do. —Julia Sachs

Two Cow Garage

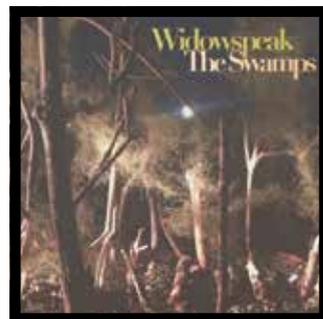
The Death of the Self
Preservation Society
Last Chance Records

Street: 09.10

TCG = Rancid + Mike McColligan-era Dropkick Murphys + The Mighty Mighty Boss-tones - ska
According to TCG bassist **Micah Schnabel**, recording their album in a barn-turned-studio in Eden, N.Y. was ideal, as they were isolated from everyday life, therefore putting all of their attention in their music. Ironically, they've managed to compile an album full of songs about everyday life. With songs like "My Friend Adam" and the title track, they give a disparaging view on modern life and how society is going to shit. The whole album's forte is their cynical yet often poetic lyrics. "Mantle in '56" is a slower, blues-based ballad in which Schnabel compares his life to that of the New York Yankees' most valuable player circa 1956, **Mickey Mantle**. "Hey Cinderella" is kind of a more positive song in a sea of cynicism, telling how the underdog eventually prevails. I enjoyed this album—it's very upbeat and has that classic '90s punk rock sound in it. —Eric U. Norris

Widowspeak

The Swamps EP
Captured Tracks
Street: 10.29
Widowspeak = Mazzy Star + Dark Dark Dark + Cat Power



It doesn't seem to be a coincidence that *The Swamps*' release date is just a few days before Halloween. Spider-webbed banjo layered with **Molly Hamilton**'s blustery, beautiful vocals and crisp, distant guitar riffs make this a quintessential fall release. Their self-titled first album was almost tangibly '90s, but *The Swamps* feels more '70s folk—woody and cinematic, like **Neil Young** or **Fleetwood Mac**. "Calico" trickles an intimate nostalgia, with slow, intuitive bass and lyrics that speak of an overgrown house and articles of worn clothing. "Brass Bed" is melodic and rosy, but asks, "Baby, can we play dead laying in our brass bed?" It's those touches of ghostliness and romanticism that make Widowspeak such an eerie treat—listen to the EP in full on their Bandcamp. —Kia McGinnis

MAT ZO
NOV 1ST

THE BOB & TOM COMEDY SHOW
NOV 2ND

GOV'T MULE
NOV 4TH

RJD2
NOV 15TH

GROUNDATION
NOV 22ND

ROYAL BLISS
NOV 27TH

REVEREND HORTON HEAD
JAN 3RD

TRIBAL SEEDS
JAN 24TH

TOAD THE WET SPROCKET
JAN 31ST

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THE SHRED SHED
NOVEMBER CALENDER

FRI NOV 1ST- FOR YOU MY LADY
SAT NOV 2ND- ADJACENT TO NOTHING, FOUNDERS OF RUIN
SUN NOV 3RD- MIKE DONOVAN (SIC APES)
MON NOV 4TH- OF FORTUNE AND FAME, THE TRADITIONAL, JIM FEAR
TUES NOV 5TH- INVDRS, BURN YOUR WORLD, NEKROFILTH
WED NOV 6TH- THE ENDLES ENDEAVOR, AS IN WE, ITS AWAKE, UNTHINKABLE THOUGHTS
FRI NOV 8TH- VISITORS, GRASS, WEARING THIN
SAT NOV 9TH- WINTERS IRIS, NARROWED, ALICE ONCE AGAIN, STILL HATED, REST MY SOUL

MON NOV 11TH- SCALE THE SUMMIT, JOLLY, THE REIGN OF KINDO
TUES NOV 12TH- BIBWIGWAN, PORTAL TO THE BLOOD DIMENSION, OLDTIMER
WED NOV 13TH- JRC PRESENTS
THUR NOV 14TH- TAVAPUTS, TBA
FRI NOV 15TH- HECTIC HOBBO, THE SOIL AND SUN, JESUS OR GENOME
SAT NOV 16- PAT MAINE
SUN NOV 17- THE NEW TRUST, ALBINO FATHER
MON NOV 18TH- THE MOMS, THE LAST GATSBY, SAVE THE WORLD GET THE GIRL

TUES NOV 19TH- FREE OPEN MIC NIGHT
WED NOV 20TH- KALEIDOSCOPE PRESENTS- ART SHOW
THURS NOV 21ST- CIRCLE THE STARS, ADVENT HORIZON
FRI NOV 22ND- TRAINDODGE, SELF EVIDENT, SWELLERS, TBA
SAT NOV 23RD- DETHRONE THE SOVEREIGN, STRANGER BESIDE ME, STORIES OF AMBITION, WE THE EQUINOX
SUN NOV 24TH- OUR LADY, AND I THE LION
TUES NOV 26TH- HELLO HIGHWAY
FRI NOV 29TH- STICKUP KID

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

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Friday, November 1
Happy Birthday, Phil Cannon!
 Brian Stokes Mitchell - *Abravanel*
 Nervous Curtains, The Saintanne, Mortigi
 Tempo - *Bar Deluxe*
 Mokie - *Brewskis*
 Mystery Ship, The 2:13's, 90s Television
 - *Burt's*

Mat Zo - *Depot*
 Scott Long, Charlene May - *Egyptian Theatre*
 Wooden Indian Burial Ground, Max Pain &
 The Groovies - *Garage*
 Gamma Rays - *Green Pig*
 Stonefed - *Hog Wallow*
 Periphery, Born Of Osiris, Dead Letter Circus,
 Twelve Foot Ninja - *In The Venue*
 Solarsuit, Blue Aces, Blue Wavers - *Kilby*
 The Firebird - *Kingsbury*
 D.M.C. World Champion Chris Karns
 - *Lumpys South*
 Sweet Tooth, Vicious Tampons - *Mojos*
 Caleb Blood, The Lovcapades, Eli Whitney,
 NED - *Muse*

Nightmare on 13th - *Nightmare on 13th*
 12 Dates Of Christmas - *Rose Wagner*
Plan-B: Nothing Personal
 - *Rose Wagner*
 For You My Lady - *Shred Shed*
 The Moondoggies, The Quick & Easy Boys
 - *State Room*
 "Day Of The Dead" Costume Ball
 - *The Other End*
 Dubwise - *Urban*
 Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
 Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll
 - *Various Galleries*
 Kris Kromple, Student Acoustic - *Why Sound*
 MiNX, Melody Pulsipher, Lady Murasaki
 - *Woodshed*

Saturday, November 2
Happy Birthday, Nancy Burkhart!
 Brian Stokes Mitchell - *Abravanel*
 The Sarah B Band, 2 & 1/2 White Guys,
 Bludgeon Muffin, Sturgeon General, Dubwise
 Selecta - *Bar Deluxe*
 Mullet Hatchet - *Brewskis*
 Emma Back, Pete Stein, Outrage, Pop Bottle
 Bombers - *Burt's*
 Penalty Of Treason, Amorous, the Delphic
 Quorum, Foreseen Exile - *City Limits*
 Monster Massive - *Club Sound*
 Ab-Soul, Joey Bad-A\$\$ & Pro Era, The Under-
 achievers, Chevy Woods - *Complex*
 The Bob & Tom Comedy Show - *Depot*
 DJ Loczi - *Downstairs*
 Scott Long, Charlene May - *Egyptian Theatre*
 Statik Selektah - *Elevate*
 Green River Blues, George Nelson - *Fat's*
 Juana Ghani, Barbaloot Suiiz - *Garage*
 River House - *Green Pig*
 Bipolar Bears - *Hog Wallow*
 Twenty One Pilots, Robert Delong, Sirah
 - *In The Venue*

The Fission Breakers, Fear Fiasco, Nostalgia,
 Anthony Pena - *Kilby*
 The Firebird - *Kingsbury*
 Annie Bombay, Raccoon Dog - *Mojos*
 Battle of the Bands FINALS! - Tri-Polar Bear
 - *Muse*
 Nightmare on 13th - *Nightmare on 13th*
Plan-B: Nothing Personal
 - *Rose Wagner*
 The DayLayes - *Sand Trap*
 Adjacent To Nothing, Founders Of Ruin
 - *Shred Shed*

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The Devil Whale, Desert Noises, The North
 Valley - *Urban*
 Kaiti Jensen, Brown Sugar, Colby Bair
 - *Why Sound*
 Giraffes Jam, My Fair Fien, The Visioneers
 - *Woodshed*
Soulville's Soul Stomp - Zest

Sunday, November 3
 Nightmare Alley Film Series - *Brewvies*
 Imago Theatre's "ZooZoo" - *Eccles Center*
 Kill Devil Hill, Eyes Set To Kill, Girl On Fire,
 Black Water Rising - *In The Venue*
Plan-B: Nothing Personal
 - *Rose Wagner*
 Mike Donovan - *Shred Shed*
 Tycho, Beacon - *Urban*

Monday, November 4
Happy Birthday, Kamryn Feigel!
 Mike Donovan - *Burt's*
 Gov't Mule, Vintage Trouble - *Depot*
 The Word Alive, I See Stars, Crown The
 Empire, Get Scared, Dayshell, Palisades
 - *In The Venue*
 Of Fortune And Fame, The Traditional, Jim
 Fear - *Shred Shed*
 Of Montreal, La Luz - *Urban*

Tuesday, November 5
Happy Birthday, Kristina Sandii!
 Malcolm Gladwell - *Abravanel*
 Bobaflex - *Burt's*
 Sean Price - *Elevate*
 Mayday Parade, Man Overboard, Cartel,
 Stages & Stereos - *In The Venue*
 The Story So Far, Stick To Your Guns, Such
 Gold, Rotting Out, Souvenirs - *Murray Theater*
 Officer Jenny, The Breaking Yard, Dream
 Eater, Cody Rigby - *Muse*
 INVDRS, Burn Your World, Nekrofilith
 - *Shred Shed*
 Latoryx, Lyrics Born, Lateef The Truthspeaker,
 Grits Green - *State Room*
 Jay Brannan, The Femme Medea - *Urban*

Wednesday, November 6
 The DayLates - *Cliff House*
 Cold War Kids - *Depot*
 Pray For Snow Industry Kickoff Night
 - *Downstairs*
 Miss Tess & The Talkbacks - *Garage*
 Freeway Revival - *Hog Wallow*
 Iron & Wine - *In The Venue*
 VanLadyLove, Silverheels, George Nelson
 - *Kilby*
 Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
 The Endles Endeavor, As In We, Its Awake,
 Unthinkable Thoughts - *Shred Shed*
 IW.A.R. - *UMFA*
 Dax Riggs, Red Telephone, Breakers - *Urban*
 Golden Era: 1952-1967 A Rock & Roll
 Party - *Zest*

Thursday, November 7
 The Watches - *Bar Deluxe*
 Black Rose Phantoms, Straight Shooter - *Burt's*
 A\$AP Ferg, A\$AP MOB, Joey Fatts, Aston
 Mathews, Overdos & 100s - *Complex*
 Elite Fight Night XX - *Complex*
 Junior & The Transportation - *Downstairs*
 Joe McQueen Quartet - *Garage*
 Freeway Revival Band - *Green Pig*
 Lonesome Shack Roadside Soul - *Hog Wallow*
 Crystal Antlers, Your Meteor - *Kilby*
Cricut Presents Paper Making with

Lars Love Letters - Mandate Press
 Rob Zombie, KoRn - *Maverik Center*
 PitchNic Premiere 2013 - *Rose Wagner*
 Twerk, Matty Mo, DJ Delmaggio - *Urban*
 The Wasatch Fault - *Why Sound*

Friday, November 8
 Buster Blue, Coastwest Unrest - *ABG's*
 Vivaldi's Four Seasons - *Abravanel*
 The Sirens Burlesque Presents: The Seven
 Deadly Sins Soiree - *Bar Deluxe*
 Endless Bummer, Baby Alive, Vulture Buddies,
 Satanic Panic, Steve Bucemi, Donner
 Partyhouse, All Systems Fail - *Boyz Haus*
 The Freeway Revival - *Brewskis*
 Sykosis - *Burt's*
 The Roadkingz - *Cheers To You - Midvale*
 The 2013 Beer Games - *Complex*
 DJ Dolph - *Downstairs*
 Rory Block - *Egyptian Theatre*
 R.A.T.S. - *Hog Wallow*
 Trivium, DevilDriver, After The Burial, Thy Will
 Be Done - *In The Venue*
 Jeni Pierce, Casey Jack Kristofferson, A-Rodge
 - *Kilby*
 The Firebird - *Kingsbury*
 Honor Code, Still Hated, Life Burier, Angry
 Xboys - *Mojos*
 My Fair Fiend, St. Charles - *Muse*
 Tierney Sutton - *Rose Wagner*
 Visitors, Grass, Wearing Thin - *Shred Shed*
 And...Go! Improv Comedy Show
 - *Sugar Space*

SLUG Localized: Problem Daughter, Jawwzz!!, Foster Body - Urban
 Sugar House Art Walk - *Various Galleries*
 Closing The Circle, Erasmus, Harbinger,
 Premiere Meltdown - *Why Sound*
 Cavedoll, J. Steve & The Shame - *Woodshed*

Saturday, November 9
 Vivaldi's Four Seasons - *Abravanel*
 Miss Omega - *Bar Deluxe*
 Nigel & The Metal Dogs - *Brewskis*
 Year Of The Wolf - *Burt's*
 Missing Method - *City Limits*
 Overkill, Kreator, Warbringer - *Club Sound*
 The DayLates - *Devil's Daughter*
 Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
 Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars
 Triggers & Slips, David Williams - *Garage*
 DJ Celly Cel - *Green Pig*
 Tracorun - *Hog Wallow*
 Aaron Carter - *In The Venue*
 Def Quo, Whiskey Blanket, Burnell
 Washburn, KDZ, Saner.One - *Kilby*
 The Clinks, Hot Peach, Advent Horizon,
 Outside Infinity - *Metro*
 Mermaid Baby, The Contrás, Ahoy Captains
 - *Mojos*
 Perish Lane, My Native Spell, The Last
 Wednesday, Downfall, In Ship Down - *Murray*
Theatre
 Static & The Sound, Ashtree, Carson Allen,
 The Statuettes - *Muse*
 Frankie Ballard, Drake White - *Outlaw Saloon*
 Mason Jennings - *Park City Live*
 Ring Around The Rose - *Rose Wagner*
 Winters Iris, Narrowed, Alice Once Again,
 Still Hated, Rest My Soul - *Shred Shed*
 A Silent Film - *State Room*
 Deerhoof, LXMP, Hang Time - *Urban*
 Matthew & The Hope - *Woodshed*
Soulville's Soul Stomp - Zest

Sunday, November 10
 Onward, etc. - *Kilby*
 The Latin Quarter and the French Quarter
 - *Libby Gardner*

Monday, November 11
The Paul Duane Show - Complex
 Tonight Alive, The Downtown Fiction, For The
 Foxes, Echosmith - *Murray Theatre*
 Scale The Summit, Jolly, The Reign Of Kindo
 - *Shred Shed*
 The Meditations, Afro Omega - *Urban*

Tuesday, November 12
 Caspia, 65daysofstatic, The World Is A
 Beautiful Place & I Am No Longer Afraid To
 Die, Darth Banger - *Bar Deluxe*
 The Bad Lovers - *Burt's*
 Tavaputs, Margaret's Lester, Bip Bip Bip
 - *Kilby*
 Ovid's Witherings, Dethrone The Sovereign
 - *Mojos*
 Biibwiigwan, Portal To The Blood Dimension,
 Huldra - *Shred Shed*
 Brett Dennen - *State Room*

Wednesday, November 13
 Luke Sweeney, Nick Cambell - *Burt's*
 Steve Aoki, Waka Flocka, Borgore - *Complex*
 Corey Smaller - *Hog Wallow*
 Jessie Ware - *In The Venue*
 Ezra Furman, Tristen - *Kilby*
 Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
 Anthony Green, Dave Davison, Brick &
 Mortar - *Murray Theatre*
 Morgan Page, Beltek, Topher Jones
 - *Park City Live*
 Guantanamo Baywatch, Jawwzz!!, Big Trub,
 Donner Partyhouse, Fossil Arms - *Salt Haus*
 Greensky Bluegrass, Fruition - *State Room*
 Evening for Educators: Modern and Contem-
 porary Women Artists - *UMFA*
 Jel DJ Abiliities, Serengetti, Tony Trimm - *Urban*

Thursday, November 14
 Leonhardi, Machine, Candy's River House
 - *Burt's*
 Tower of Power - *Egyptian Theatre*
 Selena Gomez - *Energy Solutions Arena*
 Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars
 - *Garage*
 Morgan Snow - *Hog Wallow*
 Yazzi, KDZ, Zigga, Bentley, ZZ - *Kilby*
 The Porch - *Storytelling - Muse*
 Kathleen Cahill's Fatal Song - *Rose Wagner*
 Sleeping With Sirens, Last Night, Issues,
 Breathe Carolina - *Saltair*
 Tavaputs - *Shred Shed*
 Carousel, MSTRSHRDDR, Klaye Birdz - *Urban*
 The Soil & The Sea, Aaron Puzey - *Velour*

Friday, November 15
 Riksha - *5 Monkeys*
 Utah County Swillers, Legendary Porch
 Pounders - *ABG's*
 Beethoven, Mozart & Nielsen - *Abravanel*
Leggy Meggy's Birthday Bash
 - *Bar Deluxe*
 One Way Johnny - *Brewskis*
 Bloodtypes - *Burt's*
 RJD2, Blockhead - *Depot*
 Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
 Tower of Power - *Egyptian Theatre*
 November Group Artist Show
 - *Evergreen Framing*
 The Roadkingz - *Filling Station*

The Hollering Pines, Jay William Henderson
 - *Garage*
 Jonni Lightfoot Band - *Gino's*
 The Chickens - *Green Pig*
 Marinade - *Hog Wallow*
 The Pillar, From The Sun - *Kamikazes*
 Brad Rizer, Josaleigh Pollett, Goose Chase,
 Nolan Alexander - *Mojos*
 The Last Gatsby, Eli Whitney, The Boy That
 Lives - *Muse*
 Kathleen Cahill's Fatal Song - *Rose Wagner*
 Hectic Hobo, The Soil & Sun, Jesus Or
 Genome - *Shred Shed*
 Holy Grail, Merlin's Beard, Mister Richter
 - *Urban*
 Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
 Cowboys & Indies 8 - *Velour*
 Bronze Museum, My New Mistress, The Romp
 Stompers - *Why Sound*

Saturday, November 16
 Beethoven, Mozart & Nielsen - *Abravanel*
 Null, The Landlords, Tiger Fang - *Bar Deluxe*
 The Cover Dogs - *Brewskis*
 Exmortus, Hatchet, Deathblow, Visigoth
 - *Burt's*
 Sugarbone, Stonecutter, Boris Lukowski, Jared
 Pierce - *City Limits*
 DJ Scooter - *Downstairs*
 Tower of Power - *Egyptian Theatre*
 The Roadkingz - *Filling Station*
 Ugly Valley Boys, McDougall - *Garage*
 Lady Murasaki - *Green Pig*
 Candy's River House - *Hog Wallow*
 The House Guest, Anthony Stafford, The
 Fence - *Kilby*
 Jason Allen Is A Jerk, Robbie Stewart, Under
 The Oak Tree - *Mojos*
 Kathleen Cahill's Fatal Song - *Rose Wagner*
 Kindle Creek - *Saltair*
 Pat Maine - *Shred Shed*
 Blitzen Trapper - *State Room*
 Third Saturday: Printmaking
 - *UMFA*
 Cornered By Zombies, Eagle Twin, OldTimer
 - *Urban*
 Cowboys & Indies 8 - *Velour*
 Red Light Commandos, September Say
 Goodbye, Racecar Racecar - *Why Sound*
Soulville's Soul Stomp - Zest

Sunday, November 17
 Laura Leigh - *Burt's*
 Tower of Power - *Egyptian Theatre*
 Bret Mosley - *Garage*
 Turquoise Jeep, Burnell Washburn, Athiest
 - *Kilby*
 Kathleen Cahill's Fatal Song - *Rose Wagner*
 The New Trust, Albino Father - *Shred Shed*
 Turquoise Jeep, Matty Mo - *Urban*

Monday, November 18
 Agrimonia, SubRosa, T.O.A.D. - *Bar Deluxe*
 Julianna Barwick, Silver Antlers, Grizzly
 Prospector - *Kilby*
 Mudson - *Masonic Temple*
 August Burns Red, Blessthefall, Defeater,
 Beartooth - *Murray Theatre*
 The Moms, The Last Gatsby, Save The World
 Get The Girl - *Shred Shed*
 Two Stories - *SLAC*

Tuesday, November 19
 Skylar Grey - *In The Venue*
 A Great Big World - *Kilby*
 The Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band
 - *Urban*

Wednesday, November 20
 Deer Tracks, Ice Choir, Float The Boat - *Bar*
Deluxe
 Trans-Siberian Orchestra - *Energy Solutions*
Arena
 Kevyn Dern - *Hog Wallow*
 Polar Bear Club, Citizen, Diamond Youth,
 Sainthood Reps - *Kilby*
 Future of Downtown: Make Your Mark Event
 - *Local First Utah*
 Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
 Alejandro Escovedo - *Park City Live*
 Kaleidoscope Art Show - *Shred Shed*

Portland Cello Project - *State Room*
 The Rugged & Raw Tour, RA The Rugged
 Man, Poiluck, Grow/Room Family - *The Project*
 Alfredo Jaar - *UMFA*
 Monster Magnet, Royal Thunder, Zodiac
 - *Urban*

Thursday, November 21
 The Casualties, Negative Approach, M.D.C.,
 Never Say Never, Cool Your Jets
 - *Club Manhattan*
 Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars
 - *Garage*
 Caveman Blvd - *Green Pig*
 Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*
 Wild Child, Strong Words - *Kilby*
 Thanksgiving Family Fun Night
 - *Neighborhood House*
 Circle The Stars, Advent Horizon - *Shred Shed*
DIY Workshop - West Elm Presents
Cross Stitching with Nicole Choules of
Elsa Bags - West Elm
 Little Barefoot - *Why Sound*

Friday, November 22
Happy Birthday, Robin Banks!
 Joe Buck Your Self, Viva Le Vox, Hectic Hobo
 - *ABG's*
 Natural Roots - *Bar Deluxe*
 Laurin Walker Madsen & The Hustlers
 - *Brewskis*



Black Joe Lewis @ Urban Lounge 11.26

Sturgeon General, Salt Lake Spiifires - *Burt's*
 Groundation, Paula Fuga, Mike Love - *Depot*
 Made Monster - *Downstairs*
 Spamalot! - *Egyptian Theatre*
 An American Forrest - *Garage*
 Trials & Tribulations - *Gardner Hall*
 Son Of Ian - *Green Pig*
 Andy Frasco - *Hog Wallow*
 In This Moment, Motionless In White, Kyng,
 All Hail The Yeti - *In The Venue*
 Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Army
 Navy - *Kilby*
 John Legend - *Kingsbury*
 Black Lodge, Natas Lived, The Creature From
 Jekyll Island - *Metro*
 Tyler Lunt, Kevin Seely, Matt Skala, Corbin
 Dillingham, Holy Davis & Carrie Myers, Matt
 King - *Mojos*
 RDT: Lively - *Rose Wagner*
 Traindodge, Self Evident, Swellers
 - *Shred Shed*
 Head For The Hills - *State Room*
 And...Go! Improv Comedy Show
 - *Sugar Space*
 Big Freedia, Jesse Walker, Mama Beatz
 - *Urban*

Wednesday, November 21
 Stranger, The Codi Jordan Band - *Brewskis*
 Coolio - *Elevate*
 Bipolar Bears - *Hog Wallow*
 Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
 Black Uhuru - *Park City Live*
 Built To Spill, Slam Dunk, Genders - *Urban*

Thursday, November 22
 Breakfast Klub - *Brewskis*
 Cadaver Dogs, Thunderfist, Muckraker - *Burt's*
 Temples, Donner Party House - *City Limits*
 Motion City Soundtrack, Relient K, Driver
 Friendly - *Complex*

Lupe Fiasco - *Depot*
 Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
 Spamalot! - *Egyptian Theatre*
 Lady Antebellum - *Energy Solutions Arena*
 The Roadkingz - *Fifth Amendment*
 Joe Buck Yourself, Viva Le Vox - *Garage*
 Trials & Tribulations - *Gardner Hall*
 Gedword, FSR, Big CC, Big Mic-E and Young
 Maëz - *Gino's*
 DJ Celly Cel - *Green Pig*
 Mokie - *Hog Wallow*
 Finntroll, Blackguard, Metsatoll - *In The Venue*
 The DayLates - *Pat's BBQ*
 Stickup Kid - *Shred Shed*
 Thy Art Is Murder, I Declare War, Fit For An
 Autopsy, The Last Ten Seconds of Life, Kublai
 Khan - *The Project*
 Park City's Last Friday Gallery Stroll
 - *Various Galleries*

Saturday, November 30
 Charles Ellsworth - *Bar Deluxe*
 The Cover Dogs - *Brewskis*
 Folk Hogan, The Delphic Quorum, Theta
 - *City Limits*
 The DayLates - *Cliff House*
 DJ Mom Jeans - *Downstairs*
 Dawes - *Eccles Center*
 Spamalot! - *Egyptian Theatre*
 We Are The Walrus - *Garage*
 DJ Celly Cel - *Green Pig*
 A Balance Of Power, Hooga Riksha, Dismiss
 The Silence, Deathead, Hallowed Screams
 - *Murray Theatre*
 Mortigi Tempo - *Shred Shed*
 Jed's November Gala - *SLC Photo Collective*
 Ted Dancin', Selma - *Urban*
 Merchant Royal - *Woodshed*
Soulville's Soul Stomp - Zest

Sunday, December 1
 A. Tom Collins - *Burt's*
 Spamalot! - *Egyptian Theatre*

Monday, December 2
 Bastille, Hellogoodbye - *Complex*
 Adestria, City In The Sea, This Romantic
 Tragedy, Death Of An Era, It's Awake
 - *Shred Shed*

Tuesday, December 3
Plan-B Theatre - Radio Hour Episode
8: Fairvana - Rose Wagner
 Lissie, Kopecky Family Band - *Urban*

Wednesday, December 4
Happy Birthday, Amanda Nurre!
 William Control, Davey Suicide, Fearless
 Vampire Killer - *In The Venue*
 American Authors, The Royal Concept,
 Misterwives - *Kilby*
 Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
 The Lone Bellow - *State Room*
 Muzzle Tung, The Watches, Wild War -
Urban

Thursday, December 5
 Josh Berwanger Band, Spirit Master - *Kilby*
 Bone Dance - *Salt Haus*
 Salt City Poetry Slam - *Weller Book Works*

Friday, December 6
Pick up the new issue of SLUG-Anyplace cool!
 Schubert & Tchaikovsky - *Abravanel*
 Genre Zero, La Madness - *Bar Deluxe*
 Cavedoll - *Brewskis*
 Jake Miller, Action Item, Air Dubai - *Complex*
 Stonefed - *Hog Wallow*
 Allred - *Kilby*
 Jeff Tweedy - *Kingsbury*
 Betty Hates Everything, Von Andeck, In Ship
 Down, The Last Wednesday, Amahlia
 - *LoFi Cafe*
 The Roadkingz - *Scorez*
 The Cat In The Hat - *SLAC*
 And...Go! Improv Comedy Show - *Sugar*
Space
 Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
 Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various*
Galleries
 Seve vs. Evan - *Velour*

Wednesday, November 27
 Stranger, The Codi Jordan Band - *Brewskis*
 Coolio - *Elevate*
 Bipolar Bears - *Hog Wallow*
 Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
 Black Uhuru - *Park City Live*
 Built To Spill, Slam Dunk, Genders - *Urban*

Thursday, November 28
 Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars
 - *Garage*

KILBY COURT

DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED

- 1: Solarsuit, Blue Aces, Blue Wavers
- 2: The Fission Breakers, Fear Fiasco, Nostalgia, Anthony Pena
- 3: Timmy The Teeth, TBA
- 5: Chris Bjornn, Witches, Math, Magic and More
- 6: VanLadyLove, Silverheels, George Nelson
- 7: Crystal Antlers, Your Meteor, The Dark Jive
- 8: Jeni Pierce, Casey Jack Kristofferson, A-Rodge
- 9: Def Quo (CD Release), Whiskey Blanket, Burnell Washburn, KDZ, SanerOne
- 10: Onward, Etc. TBA
- 12: Tavaputs, Margaret's Lister, Bip Bip Bip
- 13: Ezra Furman, Tristen
- 14: Yazzi, KDZ, Zigga, Bently, ZZ
- 15: The Foreign Resort, Nova Albion, Gravitational
- 16: The House Guests (EP Release), Anthony Stafford, The Fence
- 17: Turquoise Jeep, Burnell Washburn, Atheist (DOORS: 6:00 PM)
- 18: Julianna Barwick, Silver Antlers, Grizzly Prospector
- 19: A Great Big World, TBA
- 20: Polar Bear Club, Critzen, Diamond Youth, Sainthood
- 21: Wild Child, Strong Words
- 22: Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Army Navy
- 24: Swearin', The Glass Gentlemen
- 25: Josh Berwanger Band (Members of The Anniversary), Spirit Master

OTHER S&S SHOWS TO SEE IN NOVEMBER:

Nov 24: Less Than Jake, Anti-Flag, Masked Intruder, Get Dead @ The Complex

NOVEMBER
 741 S KILBY CT. (330 W) SLC
 | ALL AGES |

THE URBAN LOUNGE

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED

- Nov 1: Dubwise
- Nov 2: The Devil Whale, Desert Noises, The North Valley
- Nov 3: Tycho, Beacon
- Nov 4: of Montreal, La Luz
- Nov 5: Jay Brannan, The Femme Medea
- Nov 6: Dax Riggs, Red Telephone, Breakers
- Nov 7: TWERK with Matty Mo, Mama Beatz, DJ Delmaggio
- Nov 8: Problem Daughter, Jawwzz, Foster Body
- Nov 9: Deerhoof, LMXR Hang Time
- Nov 10: PRAY FOR SNOW
- Nov 11: The Meditations, Afro Omega
- Nov 13: Jel, DJ Abilities, Serengeti
- Nov 14: NightFreq Presents: Carousel, MSTRSHRDDR, Klave Birdz
- Nov 15: Holy Grail, Mister Richter, Merlins Beard
- Nov 16: Cornered By Zombies Album Release, Eagle Twin, Old Timer
- Nov 17: TURQUOISE JEEP, Matty Mo
- Nov 19: Rev Peyton's Big Damn Band
- Nov 20: Monster Magnet, Royal Thunder, Zodiac
- Nov 21: Soul Night
- Nov 22: BIG FREEDIA, Jesse Walker, Mama Beatz
- Nov 23: Sleepy Sun, MaxPain & The Groovies, Red Telephone, Green River Blues ONLY \$5!!!
- Nov 26: Black Joe Lewis, Radkey, Think No Think
- Nov 27: Built To Spill, Genders, Slam Dunk
- Nov 29: TBA
- Nov 30: Ted Dancin' & Selma

COMING SOON:

- Dec 3: Lissie
- Dec 10: Midlake
- Jan 17: Pickwick
- Dec 5: The Watches
- Dec 14: Bip Bip Bip CD Release
- Feb 23: Lord Huron
- Dec 6: Dubwise
- Dec 19: DAMN SON! Year End Party
- Mar 10: Leslie & The Lys
- Dec 7: The Coup
- Dec 21: Holiday Cocktail
- Mar 23: That I Guy

NOVEMBER
 241 S 500 E SLC | 21+



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13 TH & 9 TH SLC 463-7070



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