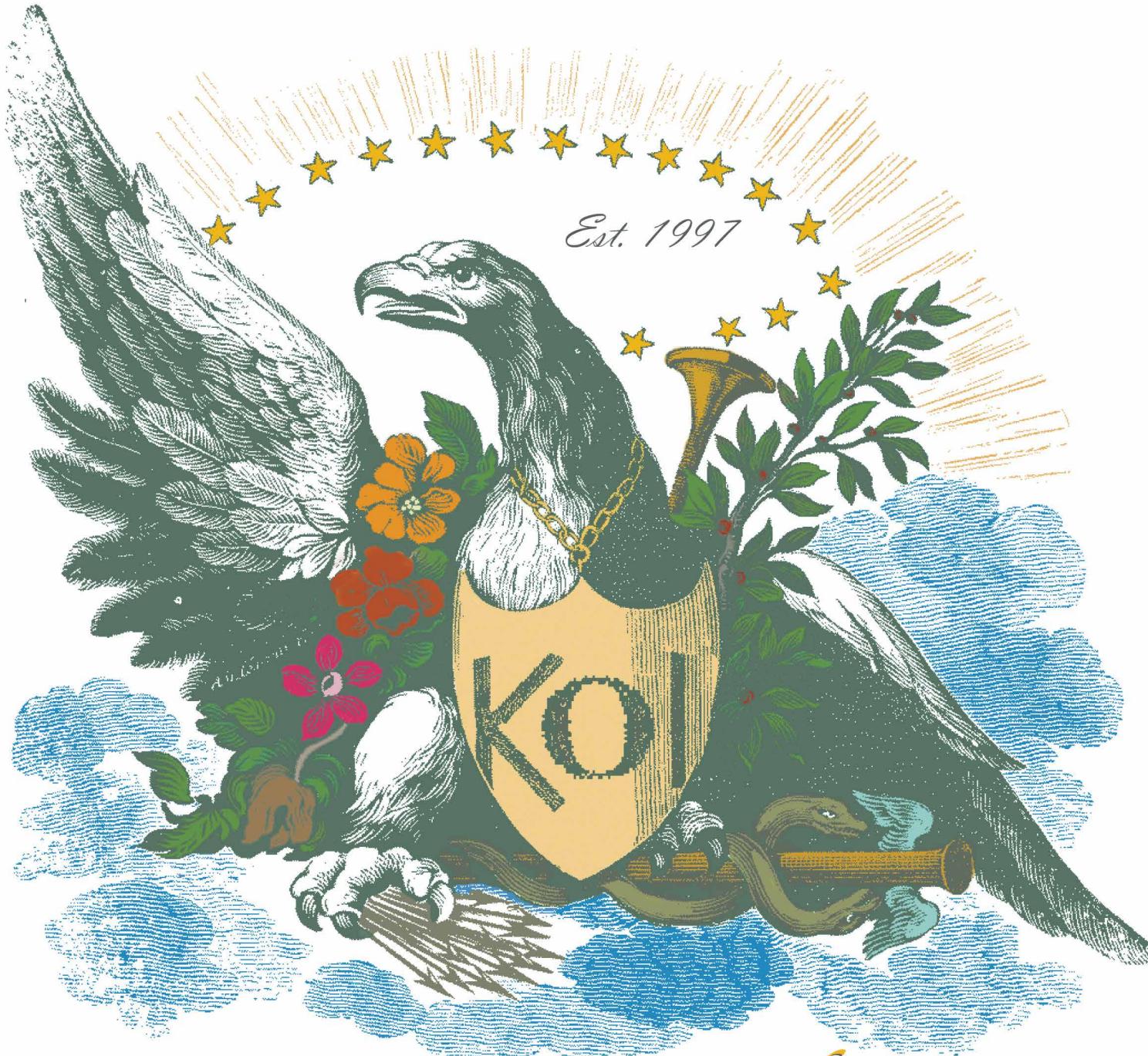


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CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT: Eric U. Norris – Senior Staff Writer

A bit over three years ago, Eric U. Norris came to SLUG Magazine as an eager writer with an appetite for punk, hardcore and metal. With each review and interview feature, Norris has earned his keep. He possesses an encyclopedic knowledge of his musical areas of expertise, and we at SLUG are proud to count him as one of our own! Norris cites covering Punk Rock Bowling 2015 in Las Vegas, Nevada, interviewing **Trinity West** about *The Speedway Project* and his *Localized* diptych feature about **Zombiecock** and **Goatsitter** as some of his favorite assignments. Particularly, Norris is passionate about covering local music and helping to fuel the success of musicians and artists in our community. He continues to do so in the October Issue with this installment of *Localized*, which features hardcore bands **Villain** and **Burn Your World** on pages 6 and 7.



ABOUT THE COVER: We all know that the month of October leads up to its scary climax, Halloween. Somebody who certainly understands this spooky spirit is **Mike M. Murdock**. Murdock has illustrated a scaredy cat in an iconic jack-o'-lantern to stir us into the appropriate spirit. See more of his work at the-lb-project.com.

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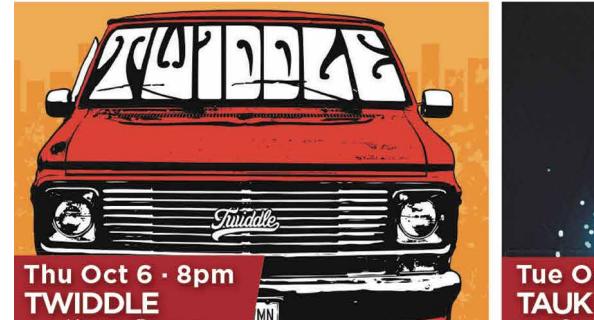
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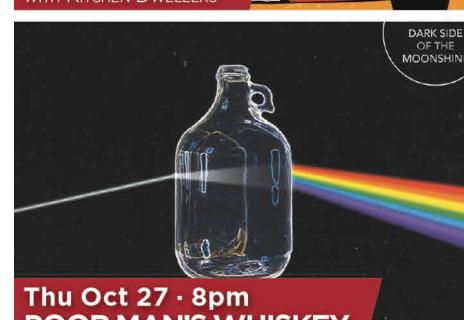
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VILLAIN

LOCALIZED

By Eric U. Norris
eubass5@gmail.com

If you're like me, you're probably finding ways to celebrate Halloween as early as possible. If you don't have enough money for decorations, or if you're too old to go trick-or-treating, or if you're bored with the selection of horror movies on Netflix, *Urban Lounge* invites you all (21-plus) to October's *SLUG Localized* showcase on Oct. 26. This month features some of the best straightforward hardcore by way of Villain and the grimacing, blackened grinding of Burn Your World, with The Wake of an Arsonist opening. As always, *SLUG Localized* is free and will be sponsored by Uinta Brewing Co., High West Distillery, KRCL 90.9 FM and Spilt Ink SLC.

Villain came together through a group of SLC hardcore veterans (the polite way of calling them old, according to drummer **Gavin Hoffman**) about a year and a half ago. Each member has years of band experience under his belt: Hoffman played in various doom metal bands, guitarists **Jay Wilkinson** and **Matty Jones** had stints in **March Hare** and **Prod Iron**, and vocalist **Trent Falcone**, guitarist **Justin Spencer** and bassist **Brad Butterfield** all played in the hardcore powerhouses **Suspension of Disbelief** and **Reality** in the 1990s. It was and still is a bunch of friends just playing music together, which accounts for their decision to include Jones as a third guitarist. "I just wanted to be part of the band," says Jones. "We've all been friends for a really long time, and while there was no vision for a third guitarist, the sonic possibilities are endless."

This kinship among band members stems from seeing regular guys play in bands like Reality or **Into Another**—suddenly the idea of being in a band wasn't that impractical at that time. It's also been threaded into what's known as the **Villain Mob**—a crew with an impermeable bond that keeps them linked in a *famiglia*-like fashion. "I've played in tons of bands, and I've had dear friends in them," says Butterfield. "For the first time in my life, I'm playing with my family." The Villain Mob includes the close friends and families of each band member, and with it comes the support that keeps the band going. "It's nice

because with everyone's wives, we actually have a crowd," says Jones with a laugh.

Villain permeate with an anti-bandwagon approach—Wilkinson went into how, in our youth, we gravitate toward genres that aren't "cool," which in turn makes them so. "I would play in bands because it was cool to listen to or because [it was] abstract or wasn't really accessible," says Wilkinson. "We don't write stuff because it's really hot right now or [for] how unlistenable it is."

Hoffman brought up how not many hardcore bands are starting up, but grindcore and doom bands are sprouting everywhere. "There are a few bands in those genres that are really good, but they are a dime a dozen," says Hoffman, "and hardcore music definitely is that way, too, [but] it's just that this is the type of music we want to play. We're not trying to ride someone's coattails." However, there is the pendulum effect possibility—that, due to hardcore being encrusted as a classic genre, it's about due for a revival.

Villain put out their first single, "Throat," on Halloween last year. This is a song with Falcone belting out his lyrics in a clear and intelligible delivery—a song that will have you banging your head until your neck is stiff. "Throat" became the fitting opening track for their four-song, self-titled EP—released later that year in December—laden with plenty of groove, metallic riffing, breakdowns and chant-heavy vocals. As the main lyricist, Falcone writes in the way that hardcore



Photo: JessicaBundyPhotography.com

(L-R) Trent Falcone, Gavin Hoffman, Matty Jones, Jay Wilkinson, Justin Spencer and Brad Butterfield will rampage the *Urban Lounge* stage with Villain's pure hardcore finesse.

songwriters have done for years. "The lyrics follow the form of how we sound," says Falcone. "It depends on what mood I'm in and how the music makes me feel, and it's not necessarily happy music. I try to be a little more direct with my lyrics than I can be in real life." Letting the lyrics flow has worked to Falcone's advantage. Whether an entire song is written in one take or just two lines every two weeks, Falcone's lyrics are anything but forced.

That same mindset continues to lead Villain into new material. With three guitarists, there is never a shortage of riffs, and humanity's constant deprivation is always at Falcone's disposal for lyrical enterprise. "As soon as you hear a new song at our show, we've got like four or five more coming at you," says Jones. Despite their combined back catalog of recordings, Falcone and Hoffman claim that the aforementioned EP is their greatest creation. "For some reason or another, it's all I listen to in my car," says Hoffman. "I know it front to back, all of its intricacies, and I still don't get sick of it."

With all the new ideas getting hurtled back and forth, a full-length from Villain is definitely on the horizon, along with quite a few shows coming up. "The local scene has been really good to us with this band," says Falcone. "Raunch, *SLUG*, *The Heavy Metal Shop* and *KBER* have all supported us; **Jordan Clements** books us shows a lot. Everyone has been very cool and welcoming." Villain will stir up a ruckus at *Urban Lounge* on Oct. 26, so prepare yourself for a flurry of some of the most bomb-proof hardcore this side of the Rockies. Give their EP a listen at villainhardcore.bandcamp.com.

Burn Your World are a peculiar entity—the band has thrived for six years with grinding guitar tones over simplistic riffs inspired by those of **Napalm Death**, but their sound is very much padded by the depths of hardcore with breakdowns and insatiable metallic riffing. They concoct a mixture of disturbingly grim lyrics provoked by primal rage, with almost indecipherable vocals, machine-gun drumming and a single-guitar assault. They are neither hardcore, crust punk, grindcore nor black metal, but you hear it all in their sound.

I traverse through the labyrinth that is *Downtown Music*, past the many practice spaces of my friends' bands. I almost stop in and say hello, but I must focus on the task at hand. Behind me, I'm greeted by vocalist **Rich Evans**, attired in torn, black skinny jeans adorned with patches. With his eyeliner and black undercut hair, he looks like a mix between a crust punk and a gothic hardcore kid. He leads me to the far east side of *DTM* to their practice space, clad in posters of hardcore bands and horror movies, where I'm greeted by the three other members of BYW. Before I even get a word in, they've already jumped into their brand new song "Fatalist"—it's nice because I feel like I'm being treated to a private hardcore show.

Burn Your World formed in late 2010 after Evans and drummer **Evan Dahl**'s attempted death-grind project **Splatter the Cadaver** proved to be as short-lived as any of the

50-plus songs they had written, the longest of which was just north of two minutes. "Get in, get out and say what you want to say," says guitarist **Kyle Smith**. "It's kind of our method here in Burn Your World." The hardcore ethos of succinct songwriting traverses well into the band's music. "We have a bare-minimum approach," says Smith. "We have one guitarist—two if you count bassist **Ross Hagen**. It's not like we're harmonizing or triple stacking guitars while recording." When creating music that is, as best stated by Dahl, "fast, heavy and pissed," there is not a lot of room or need for candescent musicality.

Burn Your World have been compared to the likes of Napalm Death, **Ringworm**, **Crowbar** and **Immortal**, and their sound has been most commonly referred to as "deathcrust." Evans says he draws a lot of inspiration from crust punk bands like **Amebix** when he's writing music. With such diversity among their musical aspects, Burn Your World are not easily pigeonholed into a single genre, having played bills with indie and goth bands to death metal and hardcore bands. "If you don't pigeonhole yourself to one genre, most people won't like you because they don't know where to put you," says Evans, "but those who give it a chance tend to like it, for the most part."

A lot of lyrical themes transcend from depression and anger to sci-fi and horror movies, and even as far out as a *Simpsons* joke that inspired the song "No Funeral." "It all falls in the

realm of hating stuff and of human extinction. I'm not a big fan of people—part of why my lyrics are so misanthropic is I've worked retail for so long," says Evans with a laugh. "One of our new songs is about how extinction is the next evolutionary step for humankind." Keeping in conjunction with his lyrical prowess, Evans does the occasional stage banter that gets as cynical and disdainful as the songs he writes. "I'm really good at bumming people out," says Evans. "Give me 20 minutes, and I'll ruin something you love."

While Evans holds the lyrical front for the most part, mostly basing his verse off song titles that Dahl pitches, the music-writing is more of a conglomeration between each member, with everyone constructing and deconstructing any given song and riff that's brought to the table. "Our songwriting is so ingrained with each other that it's gotten to the point that I've forgotten which riff I've written," says Smith. The cohesive songwriting approach has traversed well into their upcoming EP, *Full Dark*.

Along with Burn Your World, each member has one or two dozen other musical projects they keep up with. "You can get away with a lot of shit if you make it look like it's all you know how to do," says Evans, "and this is all I know how to do." Evans does bass and vocals for the band **Communist** and also plays with Dahl and Hagen in the electronically infused doom metal band **Curseworship**. Hagen has his own ambient black metal group called **Trialstein**. Dahl and Smith are in the speed metal band **Befowler** together, while Smith also plays in the punk band **The Politician**. "We're all linked in a strange way," says Hagen, "but we can't get enough. We love music so much."

Burn Your World are increasingly active with multiple shows coming up before and after the *Localized* showcase, which will double as *Full Dark*'s release show for the cassette tape. Since it's a "Halloween show," the band strongly encourages anyone attending to dress up. *SLUG Localized* will be held, as always, for free at *Urban Lounge* on Oct. 26 with co-headliners **Villain** and openers **The Wake of an Arsonist**.

(L-R) Together, Rich Evans, Kyle Smith, Evan Dahl and Ross Hagen of Burn Your World craft a grimacing, grinding and blackened deathcrust.



Photo: JessicaBundyPhotography.com

SONGS OF THE CROSS

By Alexander Ortega • alexander@slugmag.com

"It's in my nature to immerse myself into new territories, to cross borders," says Guillermo Galindo, a contemporary classical composer. Galindo creates and plays musical instruments that he makes from objects found on the U.S.-Mexico border. More than just sonic-semiotic experimentalism, he performs original work based in Mesoamerican healing rituals when he plays these border-found instruments—"sonic healing meets performance art," as Galindo puts it. These objects retain the essence of immigrants crossing the border and communicate the border's sense of place. By performing these instruments, Galindo seeks to cure the "wounds of immigration" and to transition our focus from the politics and numbers to the human beings therein: "What I'm trying to do here is to resonate with the viewer or listener, to give her a deeper understanding of the tragedy that is happening, every day, before our eyes," he says. "These are healing rituals, [and] I am making the wounds audible. I want people to feel them. The objects that I play are sacred. They send healing energy—not only to this border, but to all the borders in the world." Galindo will visit Salt Lake City on Thursday, Oct. 6, at the Utah Museum of Fine Art's (UMFA) Katherine W. and Ezekiel R. Dumke Jr. Auditorium to perform some of these instruments and to discuss this project, *Border Cantos*.

Galindo initially collected objects along the border in 2010, before he met photographer **Richard Misrach**. Galindo turned them into instruments for what became *Voces del desierto*, a performance in which he enmeshed some of these instruments with a classical wind quintet. Once he met Misrach in 2011, they began finding more objects to work into musical instruments together. As Galindo became busy with other projects and teaching, "Richard had the opportunity to stay there longer, and he managed to establish some relationships with people, with communities on the border," says Galindo. Misrach used this time to photograph a larger variety of objects and would ask Galindo whether he could transform them. The pair would eventually publish a *Border Cantos* book in February 2016, which includes Misrach's photos of the objects in their border-side forms, their landscape, their instrumental incarnations and Galindo's graphic musical scores based on Misrach's photographs.

Bordercantos.com hosts videos of Galindo performing instruments such as the *Piñata de cartuchos* | *Shell Piñata*, a metal piñata draped with a net of bullet shells with a core in the shape of a soccer ball. In his video *Limpia* | *Cleansing*, Galindo shakes the *Piñata de cartuchos* and spins the lever of an instrument called *Zapatello* to manipulate pulleys that stamp reclaimed boots onto a drum. Galindo maintains that instruments like these explore their owners' imaginary stories via their personal belongings. "The Mesoamerican people, such as the Mayans and the Aztecs and many American Indian communities, believe that the sound of the object is attached to the very essence of the object," he says. "Any object surrounding your life has a connection with your own reality—both its physical presence and the sound it makes. Through it,



we can connect with its previous owner and his/her journey." Galindo deems these instruments "cyber-totemic sonic objects"—their sheer presence "transmits sounds from and to other realities."

Through their histories, these objects become talismans "that connect us to other levels of understanding," he says. Galindo's performance of instruments that comprise objects like discarded packs of gum, soda bottles and soccer jerseys enacts Galindo's "humble, peaceful and spiritual attempt to set in motion a possible solution to a tragedy through the magic of art." This poetic, metaphysical healing process, through sound, treats the physical and spiritual wounds incurred in the process of immigration.

The act of playing these instruments is a cornerstone of *Border Cantos*. Galindo recognizes the parity of music and dance in many cultures, like that of the Seri Indians of Northern Mexico. When playing something such as a shaker, "even the way that the shaker is played suggests that you move in a certain way," he says. "You can get all the possibilities of the sound of that instrument basically by moving your body in a certain way. So, it becomes a dance, and the dance becomes a ritual, and the ritual becomes the healing."

Guillermo Galindo with Ángel Exterminador | Exterminating Angel, a musical instrument he forged from the "old wall" between the U.S. and Mexico.

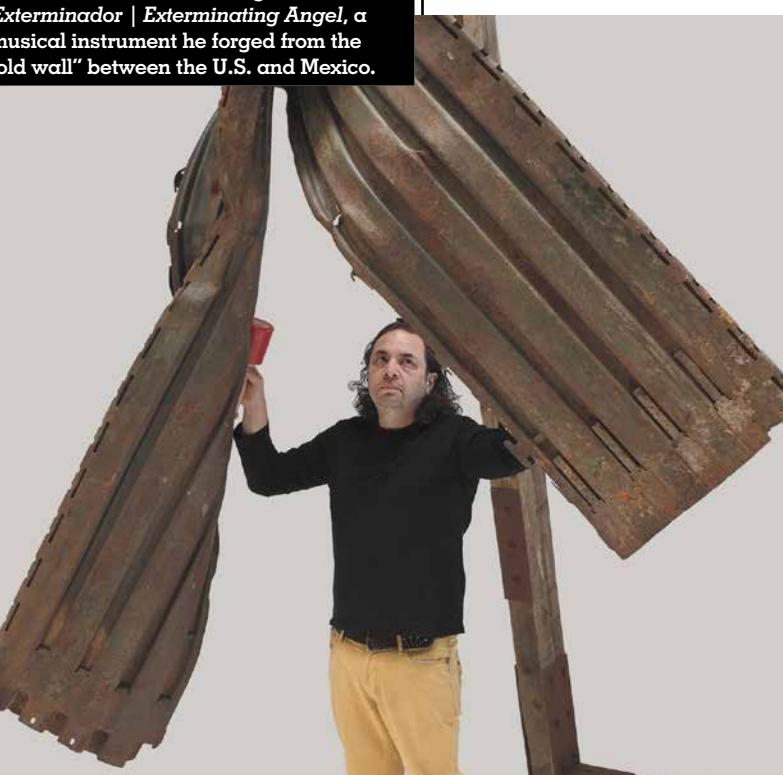


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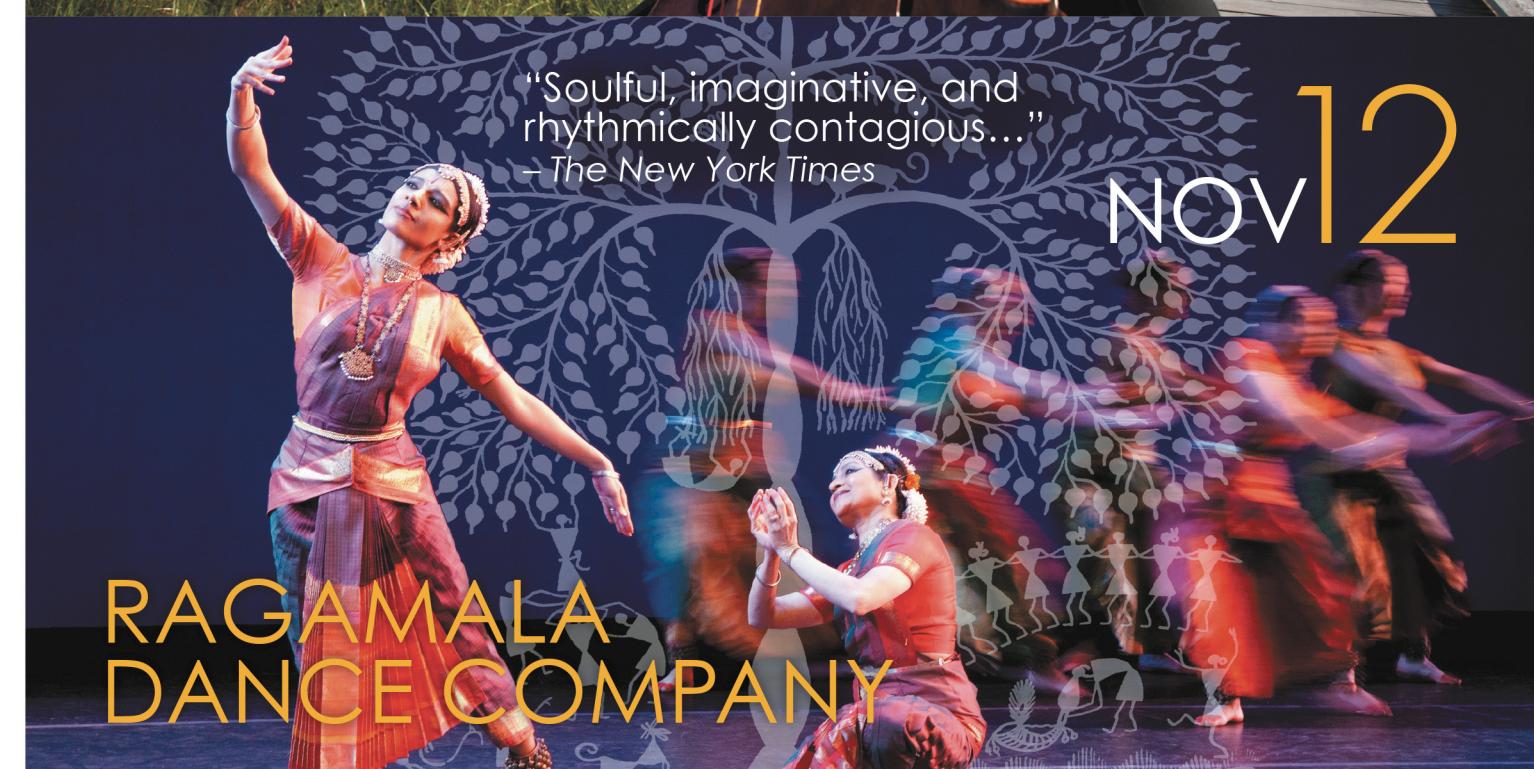
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By Alex Vermillion
alexandra.vermillion3@gmail.com

There is something both mystical and alluring about the craftsmanship of bone art. Even though bones and skulls have always had investments in home décor and jewelry, there are many who refuse to wear or display bones due to moral conflicts or an aversion to the entire concept. Local artist **Kelly Lublin**'s CitySalt is here to break that stigma and prove that everything, even after life, is beautiful and has a purpose. Combining the art of bone preservation with the craft of framework, CitySalt's ornate and one-of-a-kind pieces bring a new level to cruelty-free taxidermy art.

Lublin has always been more of a "creepy kid," but she didn't discover her love of taxidermy until she watched the TV show *Oddities*. "When I saw *Oddities*, I thought, 'This is what I need to be doing,'" she says. "I bought my very first bat at one of the [*Oddities*] stores in San Francisco. At that point, I got over the hump of being grossed out by dead things. I'm an animal activist and thought, 'I can't have this.' But then I realized—I can." About a year ago, Lublin started her project with a headlamp in her backyard, digging for owl pellets. Thinking small pellets would be easy, the much longer process it took to find and clean the bones surprised her. "You have to pick each pellet apart alone and separate the bones," she says. "You don't know which bone goes with what animal because there are so many different animal pieces. I would have different containers [filled with bones] and give each container five rounds of part water, part hydrogen peroxide, then a final rinse and then dry."

Most of CitySalt's work nowadays consists of larger skulls—foxes, deer, horses, you name it. Friends will bring found bones to CitySalt for future projects, and as a supporter of other local artists, Lublin orders many of her skulls from taxidermist and *SLUG* contributing writer **Andrea Silva**, who runs *Remnant Preservations*.

"Sometimes, [my partner] **Tori Loke** and I find bigger skulls, and we'll send them to Andrea for cleaning," says Lublin. "I also know that all of her bones are legit." Lublin might be new to the game, but she is aware of the safety measures of bone collecting, preserving and selling, and is making an effort to learn more as she continues to create new pieces—as well as play with different preservation mediums. "Right now, I'm interested in crystallizing skulls," Lublin says, "and I also have teeth—human teeth—that I was given by a dentist!"



Photo: Jo Savage Photography.com

Kelly Lublin of CitySalt coalesces the art of bone preservation into elegantly crafted, one-of-a-kind pieces, like those displayed on her walls.

CitySalt's main goal—next to creating gorgeous bone art—is to bring more appreciation to the creatures that have lived and died before us. "There's beauty in everything, from blooming flowers to critters that are alive—and when you see the bones, how can someone just throw that away?" says Lublin. "To me, I see something that once has lived and I want to pursue that beauty, keep it going for someone to look back on and appreciate. Each creature is so intricately put together, but too often, we don't want to see the 'underneath.' Even that is beautiful, and I think everything needs to be appreciated." For those who are morally opposed to animal bone décor, CitySalt's animal bones are cruelty free. "I won't take anything that has been killed," she says.

Despite the quality of her craft, Lublin was nervous to display CitySalt pieces at this year's *Craft Lake City DIY Fest*—but it turned out that the responses were far better than expected. "I'm still speechless about the love, the support and the positive feedback from *Craft Lake City*," she says. "People are usually freaked out by dead things, but portrayed in such a way, in a beautiful frame—it's easier, showing people that it's okay to appreciate it." Lublin expects to be back at *DIY Fest* next year and also has plans to visit festivals in

other states, such as Portland, Oregon.

CitySalt has a running Etsy shop ([etsy.com/shop/CitySalt](https://www.etsy.com/shop/CitySalt)), but Lublin is prepared to take custom orders. "I usually ask what kind of skull you want, the color you like and if you want it modern or ornate," she says. "Then I go from there. I want to start taking a bunch of requests so it can challenge me to actually go out and find what people want, rather than just me putting together what I like." She laughs about enjoying her art too much at times. "I call myself a collector, and what I collect fits together. My favorite piece was my ram skull with an antique frame that had flowers around it—if I hadn't sold it, I'd have it in my room," she says. "But I would rather have someone experience it in their own home than hoard my own art."

One of my favorite aspects about CitySalt is its name—Lublin supports not only local artists, but also Salt Lake City in general. "The name originally started as a hashtag I used," she says. "I was born and raised here. I love Salt Lake City. People usually want to get out—I don't. I love SLC and the underground scene and everything we have to offer. I wanted to incorporate that." Check out CitySalt on Etsy and Instagram (@CitySalt801) to keep up with Lublin's wicked yet elegant artworks.



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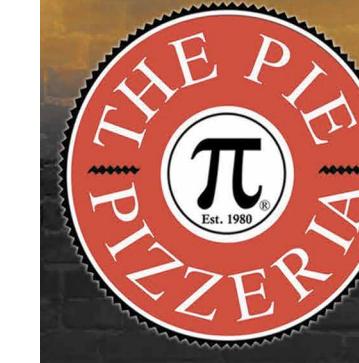
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The bright colors and bold flavors of Blue Poblano's Dang Quesadilla and Vegetarian Taco pair perfectly with a refreshing, ice-cold Tecate.

a smoky, not spicy, finish. Blue Poblano makes Mexican food that doesn't taste like Mexican food, but tastes like food that looks like Mexican food. It is uncanny. It is also good.

The Dang Quesadilla (\$5) is fun, fresh and warming: a healthy sprinkle of cilantro and onion on quarters of a grilled tortilla, cheddar jack cheese, grilled onion and fresh crema and a little pot of the excellent salsa to unite the flavors. This shareable table brightener is priced to please.

Ask about their best taco, the Fish Taco (\$4.75). It's a small fist of deep-fried swai in a flour tortilla, covered with a

mound of tomato, onion, cabbage and white cheese with a tread of avocado and radish orbiting the buried golden nugget. It only took four bites, but it left a mark. Schedule this fish taco for your foodie taco tour. The Vegetarian Taco (\$7.50) admirably defies expectation, with a lime-spiced white rice and generous avocado, crema, jack cheese and white queso fresco, crunchy cabbage and smoked-pepper red and green salsas. It is a new, more present veggie taco with more "yes" factor than the common black bean or guacamole versions.

The burritos are boxing gloves. They look safe, but they're big and they might knock you down. The Beef Brisket Burrito (\$11) is served in a foil wrapper, as big around as a forearm and covered in a rough and tough tortilla. The first brush is sweet smoked onions and the beans, which are light and satisfyingly umami. The crunch of radish and cabbage follows, which breaks like a wave on the generous and delicious marinated beef brisket. It is a Dr. Pepper and orange reduction that lubricates the machine that has filled my senses, and I love it. The Bean Burrito (\$7.50) arrives with its leather-thick tortilla—again, a hunk of pleasure. Smoky and rich, it tastes more intentional than some of the fresh-to-table items. There is a mind behind this bean burrito. Smoky peppers flavor the beans and cheddar jack cheese. These few simple flavors cover the whole of my palate. My mind returns to this item just now. I want it.

The Green Chili Chicken Enchiladas (\$14) is a loaded plate with beans and rice. Topped with green onion, cilantro and radish wheels, the two enchiladas, medium-sized and delicate, are doused in straight salsa verde. The chicken is abundant but dull—the enchiladas are not the success that is so much of Blue Poblano's menu. Actually, the rice and beans were each, on their own or together, far more fun and satisfying. This is true of Blue Poblano's chicken items—the Taco, Burrito and Enchiladas—all lacked the flavor interest of the beef, pork or especially, the great vegetarian dishes.

Get your coffee (\$2) here, or try one of the margaritas: House, Mango, Grapefruit (\$9) or Prickly Pear (\$10). If you prefer a special drink not offered here, there's a speakeasy-style ordering space inside Dick N' Dixie's full-service liquor bar. Me, I stuck with cheap beer in cans.

As local taquerías go, Blue Poblano is quiet, even reserved. It's a bit of a secret to all but its neighborhood, but it fills up with happy hipsters for its afternoon and evening meals, and it serves a truly unique plate of delicious.



The Blue Poblano space, just west of Dick N' Dixie's and east of its earlier tenant, The Other Place, is filled with the cool, blue faces of painted spirits, spar-varnished, brass-tattooed barrel-top tables and dark, alternative music playing quietly. The atmosphere is studied stillness. Even the kitchen, hard at work making orders from scratch, is muted, the voices of the cooks and servers as quiet as the dust that rises before rain.

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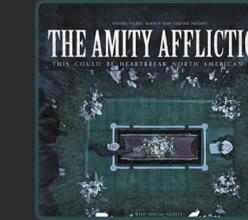
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DIZZY WRIGHT



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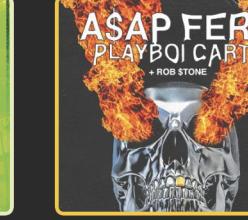
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TUES 11.1

A\$AP FERG



WED 11.2

NIYKEE HEATON



SAT 11.5

FOR TODAY



SUN 11.6

CROWN THE EMPIRE



TUES 11.8

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MAX PAIN and the GROOVIES
MOVING **the GREASE EAST**

By Alexandra Gruber
alexandra.e.gruber@gmail.com

Ancient Grease

Troy Coughlin, David Johnson, Kallan Campbell, Shane Preece and Dalton Smith will relocate Max Pain and the Groovies to the Big Apple after their release of *Ancient Grease* on Oct. 28 at Urban Lounge.

Max Pain and the Groovies have used Salt Lake City as a platform to catapult themselves into a realm of success that they had never envisioned for the band. The band met through skateboarding back in junior high and have been friends ever since. They bonded over their love of pushing wood, drinking cheap beer and getting into trouble whenever possible. Music wasn't always the driving force for the Groovies. It wasn't until 2010, many years after their pre-teen skate-rat days, that things with Max Pain began to develop into something deliberate. What once was their golden ticket to pick up chicks and to party evolved into something driven with passion, perseverance and a whole lot of raw talent. That quiet ambition that Max Pain possess has landed them a spot on **Lollipop Records**, two LPs—the second, titled *Ancient Grease*, to be released Oct. 28—and the opportunity to pack up and move across the country this fall to New York City.

Max Pain and the Groovies comprise five eclectic, raunchy best friends. **David Johnson** is the group's frontman, who bounces back and forth between singing centerstage and his keyboard. **Shane Preece** and **Dalton Smith** both shred guitar, often alternating who takes the role of lead. **Kallan Campbell**'s long, dark hair sways effortlessly as he plays bass. And **Troy "Troy" Coughlin** is the wildly curly-haired drummer. Coughlin remembers the start of the band and how Max Pain came into fruition—they first played music as an accompanying pastime to drinking and hanging together. Eventually, though, "We were like, 'How do we go on skate trips

and have more meaning and substance and reason?'" says Coughlin, "and it was like, 'Oh, fucking music.'" And with that, Max Pain and the Groovies launched.

Ancient Grease, Max Pain's newest LP, was recorded at *Man vs. Music Studios* in Salt Lake. The quirky album name came from Smith, but the word "grease" is used by the band often. Johnson says, "'Greasy' has always been a term that we've used when we kind of get into some weird situations." Campbell goes into more detail, explaining that it's "indulgence of the moment." More often than not, the songs on *Ancient Grease* are about their friends, partying and everyday "greasy" SLC life. Campbell says, "One song is called 'Quarter Sodas,' and that's how we all met, just meeting up at the local grocery store to buy quarter sodas and go skateboard after school." "Quarter Sodas" is an instrumental track directly in the middle of the album, and although there are no lyrics, the song is entrenched in their deep connections with their friends and one another. The band is rooted in heavy psych, punk and garage rock—the essence of what made *Electro Cosmic* such an underground success is certainly still there, but *Ancient Grease* shows a maturity in Max Pain. Touring extensively has led the boys to discover their greatest strengths, not only in their live performances, but also in the studio.

Max Pain spent about a month and a half on a national tour this summer. The band had been to New York a couple of times and felt something there lurking in the shadows of the high-rises luring them in, specifically this last time. "Especially now, having a pretty good idea of music scenes across the country, shit's really popping off over

there," says Coughlin. "People appreciate it, and there's a lot of good markets and more opportunity." Each of the band members felt a fire both for their music and personal growth. Max Pain are planning to move to New York this autumn, float around for a few months to get a feel of the city, and then leave for their Europe tour in January. When they return from tour, they plan on writing new material, playing as many shows as possible and building a foundation in a city where they will have to start over. The guys are undeniably ready to challenge themselves in the city that never sleeps.

No matter what New York brings, though, SLC will always be Max Pain's home. They are going to miss the friendships they've cultivated here the most, as well as the local music scene. The music community here in Salt Lake is so supportive, and Max Pain have created a fanbase that will not forget them. Campbell reflects on the city in which his music career got started, saying, "Largely, it's such a supportive community, which is really cool, but it will be good to get humbled out there [in NYC] and have to rebuild again."

Max Pain and the Groovies have been a Salt Lake staple since their infantile band days. In a way, it's shit to picture this city without their familiar faces roaming *Twilite* and *Urban Lounge*, but it's something we're going to have to get used to. Let's send Max Pain off with the goodbye they deserve and make *Ancient Grease*'s album release party on Oct. 28 at *Urban Lounge* their most memorable show to date. Shoutout to Max Pain for everything they have done for our music community—you will be missed.

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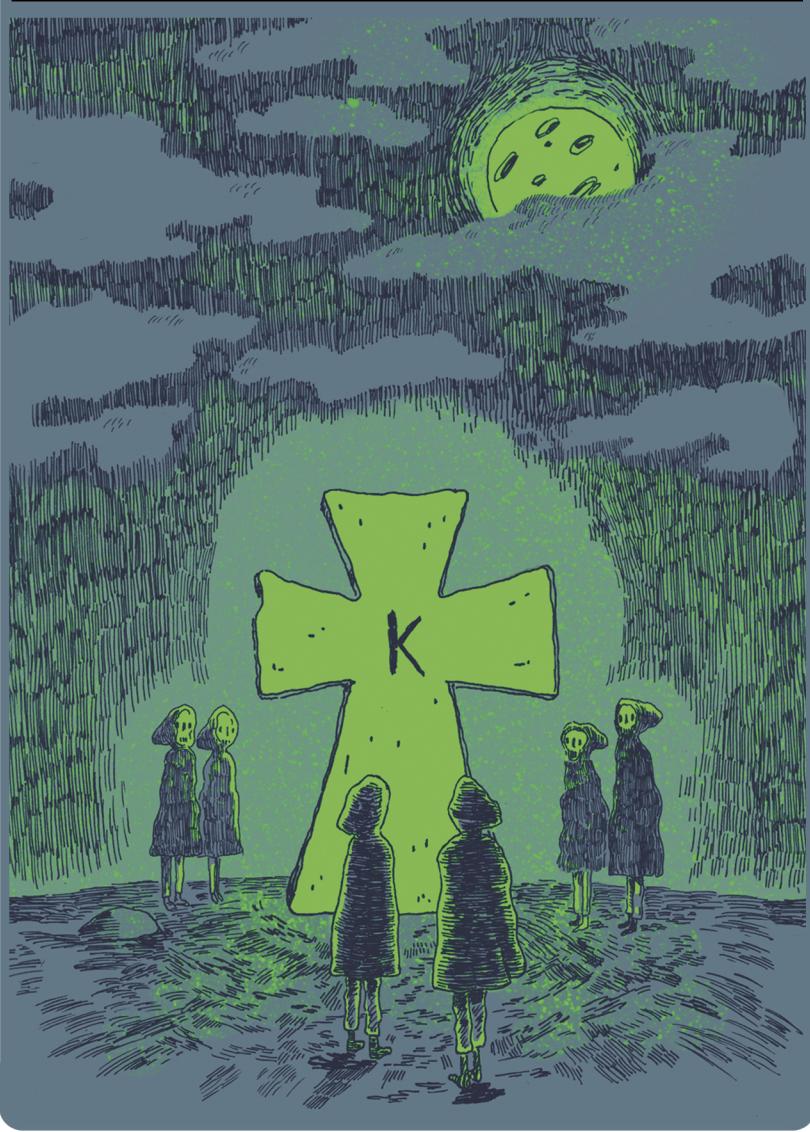
KAY'S CROSS

By Ben Tilton • tiltonbenjamin@gmail.com || Illustration: Drew Grella

I've spent most my life believing in things I can't see, and for the past 15 minutes, I've been telling myself that I don't believe in the things right in front of me. I don't believe in the animal remains, I don't believe in sacrifice and I don't believe in the 20-foot cement cross blown to bits all over the ground. I don't believe in the explosion heard for miles that created this rubble. I don't believe in spooky things of any kind. I believe in jolly winter elves and the idea that a man can live in a whale while travelling to Nineveh. That's easy for me to believe, but evil—real, paranormal nuisances that are documented and are

still being documented—that can't possibly be real. Scary things are something I pay to see. Evil is a fiction, as fake as social media and usually less scary. I tell myself there is nothing to any of these Kay's Cross happenings. These are just six ordinary gravestones circling a former cross that's been blown to bits. Hundreds of people, every year for the past 60 years, come out here because hiking in Kaysville is swell. This isn't unique. Just stay calm and move along there, Ben, and mind the crushed skull you're about to step on. Dead, pokey things leave deep marks, and we all know blood is a bitch to get out of skinny jeans.

From its fraught animal-sacrifice beginnings to an inexplicable explosion, the decades-old, chilling legend of Kay's Cross forges on.



In 1992, an explosion happened in Kaysville, Utah, which was supposed to be the end to the evil happenings of Kay's Cross. Kay's Cross was a 20-foot cement monstrosity that looked as if it was assembled by eager fifth-graders in a van driving through Moab—or my dad the night before Christmas without his bicycle-assembling instructions. This cross sits in the middle of a forest, so you have to imagine that the explosion was pretty big for so many people to have heard it. This explosion is important to the Kay's Cross lore, because it offers credibility to the hauntings. This wasn't a place that was rumored to be haunted or the punchline to the storytelling wanderings of old men. This was something so off that in 1992, someone—whose identity is still unknown—blew it up.

Kaysville locals speak of these events so casually that you'd think they were talking about a new diet or doing the laundry. They just yawn, stretch back and say things like, "I saw the dead dogs that were left sacrificed there," and then go back to their tea and chitchat about local sports. Some locals claim that the police or the land owners blew the cross up to stop the flow of traffic to the cross, but the Kaysville police deny this, and traffic to the cross has only increased as a result of the explosion. The reason for all the fuss: There have been witch sightings and werewolf sightings, and even now, the cross allegedly glows in the moonlight. The area exudes a tremendous sense of creepiness. Sounds of a non-forest nature are rampant, and animal sacrifices in an almost CostCo-like variety are all over. (Apparently, adding squirrel and raccoon to dog sacrifices really gives it that extra satanic kick.)

I put out a feeler to Kaysville folks via social media to see if any of these legends could be verified and received answers like these in response:

"The cross was in our backyard. The whole family has stories. Devil worship, drugs, ghosts."

"Only went there once. My brothers ran away and tried to leave me. It was terrifying! I do remember clearly the night it was blown up. That explosion was heard miles away! That place was creepy!"

"Kay's Cross might hold a Davis County record for distance covered while squealing, crying and running in fast motion, cartoon-roadrunner style, for at least a half mile."

One popular theory regarding where the evilness came from is that the cross was constructed with a dead polygamist's wife (or heart) inside, and that the graves were from six additional dead wives. Wife-killing in polygamist colonies has the potential for bulk deaths and could possibly be evil enough to haunt an entire forest. Another idea is that Kay's Cross was constructed by a man named **Krishna Venta** (formerly known as **Frances Pencovic**). Venta was a cult leader from California, but according to [familysearch.org](#), a genealogy website, Pencovic had a Utah military record in 1945. Another interesting fact about this idea is that Pencovic was blown up by one of his followers—the same way the cross was destroyed.

All of this adds to the lore of Kay's Cross, but my favorite detail from all of these tales is the amount of traffic that now leads to this haunt. There are even tours led by Haunted Kay's Cross (kayscross.com). The key to visiting haunted things is legitimacy, so arriving at a place that looks like the end of a horror movie is pretty convincing. In Utah, we run toward the danger, not away from it. So if there are werewolves, witches and bears (oh, my!), we face those bastards with grit, wit and gluten-free trail mix.

So, is Kay's Cross really haunted? I suggest you see for yourself.

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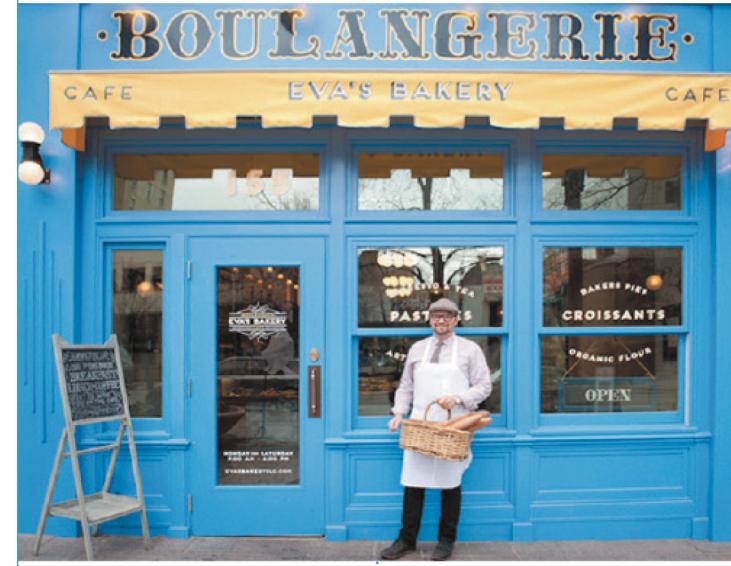


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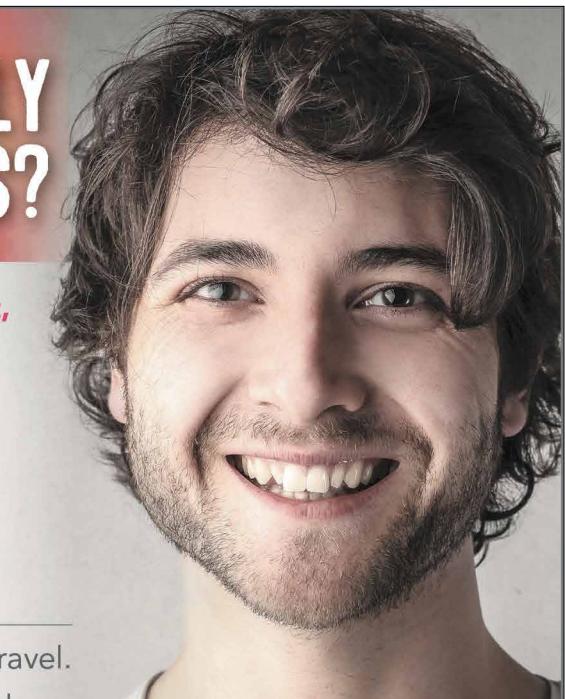
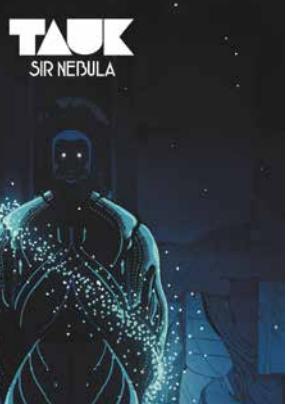




Photo: Dylan Langille

TAUKING WITH TAUK

By Alex Blackburn
alexblackburn32@gmail.com



TAUK hit *The State Room* on Oct. 18 with "frantic fusion" jams to incite dancing even in the oddest of time signatures.

and I like it specifically because it has an older sound bank and I haven't updated—so those sounds you don't really hear too many other keyboard players using ... It helps add to the uniqueness of our TAUK sound." By all my measurements, the band has a notably unique sound that combines my favorite elements of math rock and funky jazz into a sparkingly well-polished package.

As I spoke with Carter, it quickly became clear that TAUK are a band that emphasizes teamwork. "Everyone has a different perspective—as tight as we are—so we try to be respectful of each other's opinions as much as we can," he says. "My role in the band is to keep things glued together, if you will." Carter is quick to give praise to his bandmates and the rest of their production team. I can hear by listening to their music that the rest of the group shares that attitude. The drums and bass are flush

tight with one another, the guitar and keys expertly weave between each other, and there's a lot of "ear candy"—as Carter puts it—sprinkled on top. Listening to TAUK sounds like listening to a group of pals hanging out. Everyone plays so supportively that it creates an awesome atmosphere.

This tour lists TAUK alongside bands from totally different ends of the music spectrum. **Thievery Corporation** and Lettuce don't have much in common, but TAUK will star with both bands before the year is up. "We try to keep true to who we are and what our sound is," Carter says about playing with other bands. "With a band like Thievery Corporation, they have a DJ element and an electronic element, so maybe we'll play some songs in that ilk, but sometimes, it's nice to just do your own thing ... Sometimes that difference and being unique is what an audience is looking for."

The first thing that hooked me into TAUK's music was their ability to play odd time signatures with complex transitions while maintaining so solid a pulse that it all sounds normal. "There's no vocals in our band, so the interplay between the melodies and the instrumentation is very paramount," says Carter. "We're all music nerds at the end of the day ... Sometimes, prog bands can be very rigid, very angular, but we try to smooth it out a little bit so that you can dance in 5 and you can dance in 7."

Do yourself a favor and check out the madness that is TAUK. They seem to be having a lot of fun when they play, and it translates directly into how fun their music is to listen to. TAUK boast an impressive collection of nice live recordings, from which it's clear that they know how to throw a party. Check out their awesome website, taukband.com, upcoming *State Room* show on Oct. 18 with **Scenic Byway**, sick cover art, and of course, their newest album, *Sir Nebula*.

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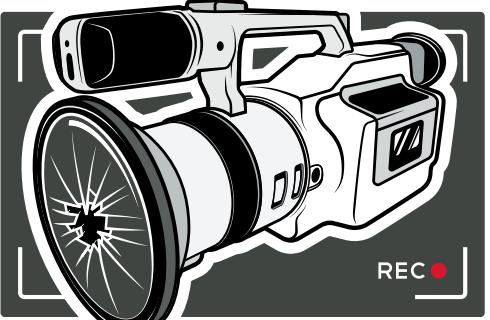
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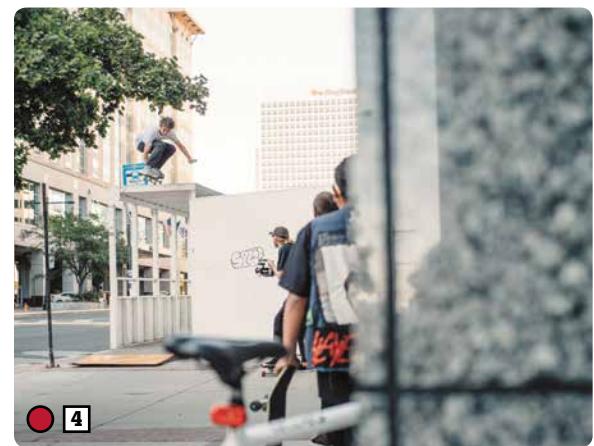
On Saturday, Sept. 10, SLUG Magazine put on Roughside of the Lens Presented By Monster Energy, Half and Half Skate Shop and Roughneck Hardware, Utah's first-ever video-footage skate contest. Fifteen teams dispersed throughout the Salt Lake Valley vying for the best footage. **Eric "Fergie" Ferguson** will edit the footage into a full-length film of the contest, which will present the winning footage for First, Second and Third Place, Best Trick and more. The video premiere will take place on Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7 p.m. at the Post Theater at the University of Utah and will unveil the winners of this year's Roughside.

For more photos of this year's *Roughside of the Lens*, visit SLUGMag.com.



Photos: ■ Samuel Milianta ■ Niels Jensen

■ 1 Jacob Peterson, blunt kickflip pivot fakie. ■ 2 Sean Hadley, switch 180 5-0 revert into the bank.



■ 3 Lee Roy, beanplant 180. ■ 4 Nick Hubble, pregrab melon roof drop. ■ 5 Isaiah Beh, dirt ride. ■ 6 Clark Thomas, 360 flip.

■ 7 Tully Flynn, backside 50-50 to Tully grind on a bench-to-bench spot.

A ONE-MAN RIOT BLOODSHOT BILL.

By James Orme | greaserjames@gmail.com

When it comes to modern rockabilly artists, many of them are far too precious with how they think about their music and are much more focused on looking and sounding '50s-era authentic. The too-often forgotten element is that the early rock n' roll guys were rebels, and that their music was full of rage and sex. Yet, with the exception of **The Cramps**, there are barely any artists out there pushing the envelope with vintage-sounding music. Enter the greasy, savage, traveling one-man band known as Bloodshot Bill.

Hailing from the great Montreal, Bill has been raging on the rockabilly scene since '98 and has survived with an uncanny ability to adapt. Whether he's filling in backup for another artist or is completely on his own, Bill can literally become a one-man band, playing guitar, bass drum and hi-hat simultaneously while singing, shouting, moaning and groaning.

"I started playing as a [one-man act] just for fun," Bill says. "Where I was living at the time, I had access to all these instruments and set them up just to try it out. I really liked it, so I played a local bar by myself. It worked great, and I still have a lot of fun doing it, but since I can't always get a band together or the guys can't just drop everything and head out on tour, it's been great to be able to just throw everything in the car and go. Just recently, I was doing a show with a full band, and the guys were late, and it was almost time to go on. I was fine to go on by myself if I had to—no sweat."

Bill's self-reliance affords him many different opportunities that full bands aren't able to take advantage of as easily. "Because it's just me, I can hook up with other musicians in the towns I visit," Bill says. "If I'm totally on my own, that's cool, too. I can do large festivals and small bars. I have enough friends, and I'm well-known enough in most places that wherever I am, that little scene comes out for me. I like that it's all on me, so at the end of the day, I either get all the credit or the blame. I just think of myself as the



Photo: Alexander Thompson

This October,
the imitable Bloodshot Bill will
roar onto the stage in Salt Lake
and Ogden.

human jukebox, just a noise maker, and hopefully, you like the noise I make."

Since not everyone is familiar with the kind of music Bill plays, selling himself as a rockabilly artist presents its own challenges. "Most people know what rockabilly is," says Bill, "but I have to say 'rockabilly.' If I say I play 'rock n' roll,' they have a completely different idea, just like if you say 'R&B,' most people think something like Beyoncé, not Ruth Brown."

Being a world-renowned rockabilly artist from Montreal isn't as strange as you might think. While Bill travels the world, he finds something comforting about his hometown. "There has always been a great scene in Montreal," says Bill. "It seems about every 10 years, it rejuvenates, and new people and bands come along. I've been everywhere, and in some of these small towns, things can get pretty sparse, so it's great to be able to come back home and play with friends and see things thriving."

It's interesting when an artist chooses the path less taken the way Bill has. Everything gets counted against a different measuring stick. He seems completely satisfied with his life on the road, and things like money and notoriety don't even register among what he counts as his successes.

"A lot of the records and artists I'm influenced by are not well known, so I kind of knew when I started [that] I'd have to go out and find my audience, and I feel like I have," says Bill. "For me to support myself and to be able to keep doing this is a success for me. I'm on this label, **Norton Records**, and before they signed me, I loved so many records that they did and the artists they worked with, so for them to put out my stuff is amazing. I've shared the stage with a ton of my musical heroes like **The Trashmen** and **The Sonics**, even original '50s rockabilly guys like **Sonny Burgess** and **Billy Lee Riley**. To have guys like that tell me they like what I'm doing means the world to me."

Bloodshot Bill might be the ultimate example of a DIY independent artist. He works with who he wants, tours where he wants and records what he wants. He's found the perfect way for himself to survive and thrive on his terms. You'll have two opportunities to see Bloodshot Bill on Oct. 28 at the Funk 'n Dive Bar in Ogden and on the 29th in Salt Lake at the Garage on Beck.

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DON'T GO DOWN BY THE WATER: THE DROWNINGS AT HOBBS RESERVOIR

By S. Thomas Altenburned • info@slugmag.com

Most people don't swim in Hobbs Reservoir often or for very long. At night, when the "No Swimming" signs are mute, the waters tell why. Reflecting the moon along the swell of Thurston Peak, some say they see, floating beneath, bodies hung down and still—or panicked faces trying to surface from the moonlit waters, calm then resigned, sinking out of sight. Over the distant hum of Layton and Hill Air Force Base, subdued moans and calls for help lie like fog around the water's edge. If you could see far into the water, only 30 feet deep, you probably wouldn't see the hands ready to pull you under, ready to roll your struggling body into the black loam like a wallet into a back pocket.

Ominously, a warning published in the *Ogden Standard Examiner* in 1943 from the Air Force urged soldiers not to approach the reservoir, calling it "polluted and unfit for swimming." The first of the pond's victims disappeared into the black waters on Aug. 6, 1944. A 19-year-old private, **William C. Opey**, and two other soldiers were swimming across the water at about 3 p.m. Opey cried out from behind the others—he was in trouble. Private **William Smith** swam back to Opey, ferried him some way across the length, but lost his strength with the sinking soldier's weight, and letting go, Private Opey slipped under and down. He didn't resurface. Now tired and mystified that his friend could slip out of sight of the world so easily, Smith continued on. The two remaining soldiers, now ashore, yelled and waited. Opey never surfaced.

Local authorities descended upon the reservoir with grappling hooks and drag lines in John boats. Some stood, plunging sticks into the loam. When this failed to bring up the lost

body, searchers regrouped and planned. On Aug. 9, 1944, the *Standard Examiner* says, "Thirty sticks of dynamite" were used to blast the area of the reservoir, hoping to dislodge the body, but to no avail. However, the body was missing only a while longer, surfacing later that day. It must have come into view suddenly and with a dismaying casualness, as though the water, done with its prize, was returning it.

Oddly, even though he had died while breaking orders, Private Opey was later buried in *Arlington National Cemetery*.

July 26, 1959, seven kids were swimming in the reservoir. Two were floating on a log across the pond from where the other five played in the water at the bank. The two on the log called to **Joe Junior Munoz** to join them. The 16-year-old Salt Lake City resident set out across the still, sunlit water. The boys on the shore watched Munoz cross almost all the way, but about 15 feet from the boys on the log, he went under. Maybe a hand cleared the surface as his head went under and he flailed downward. The round wave of his torso dropping down disappeared, and the water stilled. The kids watched in horror for a moment and swam to his previous spot, finding it unoccupied, dark and without evidence of their friend, with no bubble nor waving arm.

This time, it took investigators, including police and highway patrolmen, an hour of dragging the water to find the lifeless, skyward-staring body and bring it back to land.

Two more 16-year-olds drowned in Hobbs Reservoir during the '60s: **Andrew Nightengale** in July of 1965 and **Michael D. Holden** in 1968. Three years later, an 18-year-



Illustration: Brady Gamble

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Central 9th Market

By Alex Springer • alexjspringer@gmail.com

Photos: @clancycoop



Like many great adventure stories, the tale of Central 9th Market had humble beginnings. Almost everyone involved with the project met socially, either in passing while grabbing lunch at Jade Market or stopping for coffee at Blue Copper. The philosophical groundwork that got the Central 9th development off the ground was built upon a series of chance meetings, close calls and a little bit of luck—an alchemy that also happens to be a trademark of great adventures. I'm not typically one to get romantic about urban business developments, but after getting to know the people behind Central 9th's newest addition, it's hard to view the culmination of this project in any other way.

The Planners: Atlas Architects & Local First Utah

While there were many factors involved with the foundation of Central 9th Market, it's perhaps best to begin with **Jason Foster** and **Jesse Hulse**, two native Utahns who met while getting their architecture degrees at the University of Utah. After spending some time working at different architecture firms around the state, the pair decided to work together. Nine years ago, they formed **Atlas Architects**, their own firm that has allowed them to pursue creative projects all over the Wasatch Front. Seeing Central 9th as a metropolitan area with tons of potential, Foster and Hulse, along

with their development partners **Peter Corroon** and **Chris Corroon**, chose it as their base of operations. "We wanted to be in this neighborhood even before we started *Atlas*," Hulse says. "We just kept our eye on it."

As local businessmen themselves, Hulse and Foster made organic growth a priority when designing the location. "We wanted to have businesses that were complementary to each other," Hulse says. "It was really important to find this organic mix of small, local businesses that did something creative." Building a development like this tends to generate some red tape, and *Local First Utah* stepped in to

Atlas Architects has helped proprietors of Jade Market, Local First, Laziz Kitchen, Meditrina, Troubadour Salon and Water Witch to nest at Central 9th Market.



(L-R) *Atlas* architects Jesse Hulse and Jason Foster are at the helm of Central 9th Market's development.

Morrison says. "That's where we're all from, and that's what we want. I love Landis for that because they taught us a lot."

Morrison's involvement with Central 9th Market was a bit more serendipitous than some of the other business owners. "One of my clients who works with Jason and Jesse came in to get her hair done and put me in touch with them," she says. "They specifically wanted a salon because all of these businesses feed each other, and people want to go to places where there's cool stuff happening."

Night Spots: Meditrina & Water Witch

When the sun goes down, Central 9th will continue to be an SLC destination. **Jen Gilroy** has uprooted her popular small-plates restaurant *Meditrina* in order to relocate to Central 9th. "It's bittersweet," she says. "A lot of blood, sweat and tears went into the making of *Meditrina*." Though it's a difficult transition, Gilroy is looking forward to the new opportunities that Central 9th will create.

Original fans of *Meditrina* will be pleased to see that the restaurant will still offer its signature small plates, but a new location calls for some new menu items. "We're stepping up our game and pushing the envelope with the food that we're going to bring," Gilroy says.

For those looking for more of a local watering hole, **Scott Gardner**, **Sean Neves** and **Matt Pfohl** have you covered with *Water Witch*, their new, aptly named bar. For those unschooled in local folklore, early Utah settlers were known to use dowsing rods for the purpose of "water witching," or tapping into a supernatural influence to find wells of fresh water. "Sean is a local boy, and he loves the history of Utah," Gardner says. "Because of that, one of the things that we've always wanted to do is mine the culture and history of Salt Lake rather than poke fun at it."

In keeping with the neighborhood feel, *Water Witch* has made customer service a priority. "The most important element of a bar is to create community," Gardner says. "If guests want something unique, we'll provide that for them, but it's not going to be the kind of place where the bartender will look down on you for drinking what you want to drink."

According to **Lara Fritts**, Director of Salt Lake City's Department of Economic Development, "This project will transform the neighborhood and help make Central Ninth a unique destination with thriving local business." Everyone involved with the development views the area as a blank slate—a place where each of them can not only write new chapters to their own adventures, but also contribute to the overall story of the neighborhood. "I believe it will flourish because there is nothing else like it, not just in Utah, but, to the best of my knowledge, nothing like it in the country," says Lavelett. "It's entirely locally owned and developed—it's the definition of what *Local First* is in support of."



On Nov. 5 at Liberty Park, pray for snow with the Shred Fest team and some of Salt Lake's finest.

Arriving just in time to kick off the 2016–2017 ski and snowboarding season, Nov. 5 marks the day that Salt Lake City will host its first annual Shred Fest at Liberty Park. Shred Fest has brought together the action sports community, college kids, families and those who simply like to have a good time in Missoula, Montana, since 2010. Salt Lake is now lucky enough to host Shred Fest—the only festival in the country that celebrates winter sports on a local and chill level.

"Shred Fest is a 'pray for snow' party," says founder and head honcho, **James Fleege**, with a joking smile. It's true that Shred Fest may be the perfect place for the collective conscious to pray for a spectacular winter, but in reality, it's just a really cool festival. Taking place in the center of *Liberty Park* at the bottom of the north-facing hill (where the drum circle meets), the festival will host a variety of events, including a competitive rail/quarter pipe session, a sponsor village with big brands and local shops, a lumberjack contest, an electric forest to wander through and, of course, good food, music and beer. Any successful event takes a lot of planning and organizing to make it work, and *Shred Fest* is no different. What sets this festival apart from others is its homage to winter sports—both skiing and snowboarding—as well as its passion for providing the local community with an opportunity to celebrate the season and get involved.

Shred Fest began when Fleege, a budding entrepreneur in his senior year at the *University of Montana*, wanted to create something that stood out on his résumé in the hopes of landing an official job with Burton Snowboards. As a semi-professional snowboarder, Fleege was already a brand ambassador for Burton, had made some video pieces and had been sponsored by local shops, so it made sense for him to do something involving skiing and snowboarding. The idea for a festival hit him in the early fall of 2010, when Fleege decided that the small community of Missoula could benefit from an event that welcomed winter sports and brought people together.

Starting a festival is a giant undertaking, but Fleege, being the "grab the bull by the horns" type of guy that he is, saw the task as another item to cross off his bucket list. At first, Missoula was apprehensive about supporting *Shred Fest*—there was nothing to compare it to. However, when the city was trying to fundraise for a new pavilion that same year, Fleege saw a win-win opportunity and offered part of the proceeds from *Shred Fest* to assist in building the new pavilion. The city took the bait, and by October of 2010, *Shred Fest* launched in the college town of Missoula. Call it luck or entrepreneurial prowess, but Year One of *Shred Fest* earned the city \$1,200—Missoula would now always be on Fleege's side.

Salt Lake City Shred Fest

By Lauren Ashley • laurenlouashley@gmail.com



Though the festival started small, year after year Fleege and his team gained traction within the community, and now, it would be impossible to discontinue the event. Headlining artists like **Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros** and **Mumford & Sons** would be among the lineups to help make *Shred Fest* a hallmark Montana event.

After six years of continued success in Missoula, Fleege wanted to explore the possibility of taking the festival to other cities. "It just made sense to come to Salt Lake," says Fleege. "There is obviously a huge winter sports following here, and the city already supports summer festivals that unify the community. We really believe that *Shred Fest* can also be a positive addition for the locals." Salt Lake City agrees. Even though Fleege knows his way around pitching the event, the Salt Lake City Arts Council was more than helpful in providing the roadmap for *Shred Fest* in SLC. "From the beginning, the city supported the idea and gave me every tool possible to help me succeed," says Fleege.

Initially, there was talk about hosting the event at *Pioneer Park*, but the months of cleanup from the *Twilight Concert Series* would make the timing nearly impossible. Fleege then aimed for the *State Capitol*. "I thought the Capitol building would be a great backdrop for a winter festival, but it's illegal to have alcohol there, so that was immediately shut down," he says. Fi-

nally, *Shred Fest* decided on *Liberty Park*. "*Liberty Park* is actually perfect for *Shred Fest*," says Fleege. "It's located in a central spot downtown, and there will be enough room for all of the festival's events." The *Shred Fest* team also needed enough space to bring in the astounding 25 tons of ice shavings from local ice skating rinks to build the quarter pipe and ensure that there is enough "snow" for the rail jam. "SLC has always been a legendary spot in the ski and snowboard community," says *Shred Fest* Athlete Brand Ambassador **Will Wesson**. "It's events like this that keep that stoke alive."

Gear up for Nov. 5 at *Liberty Park* from 2 p.m.–10 p.m. for local food trucks and music from **Hot Vodka**, **DJ Matty Mo** and **Pixie and the Partygrass Boys**. Tix are \$10 at shredfestival.com and 24tix.com or \$15 at the door. See you there!

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Willy Nevins: Behind the Buds

By Dylan Evans
dylan.evans60@yahoo.com

From the photos he takes to the zines he makes, Willy Nevins does it all with an artistic approach and a unique touch. Having long moved on from his past hit, *Sofa King*, Nevins released the first issue of his newest venture, *Street Buds*, on July 1. Created with the helping hand of dear friend **Joey Sandoval**, *Street Buds* is Salt Lake's latest, greatest and possibly only skateboarding zine.

SLUG: So, you used to do *Sofa King*. What happened with that?

Nevins: It had a good run, and I felt like I said what I needed to say with it and let it end on a good note. Plenty of people were involved and interested in it by the end, and it just felt like it had its run.

SLUG: Your new zine, *Street Buds*—what's it all about? Who can submit, and what kind of stuff does it feature?

Nevins: I got a camera a ways back with the intention of filming skateboarding—then I just felt like there was already a lot of awesome people filming skateboarding. Joey's sitting here [motions], who films, and [there's] **Butters** and people like that. So I just started shooting photos for the hell of it and going out more with Joey and the whole *Call It Venting* crew. I had a huge stockpile of photos, and I had always made zines in the past, and it was like, "It'll be easy to put together, and I don't want to see these photos just disappear on the internet." I wanted to put them together in some sort of presentable way and have my own touch on it—my own artistic presentation of it.

SLUG: *Street Buds* is pretty skate-focused. Was that a conscious effort?

Nevins: Yeah, I just wanted to make a 100-percent-Salt Lake City skateboard zine. *Sofa King* always had skateboarding elements to it, but it was art and music and environmentalist stuff. With this, I just wanted a skateboard magazine for Salt Lake, because that doesn't exist here.

SLUG: Aside from wanting to make a skate magazine for SLC, is there anything else that motivates you to make *Street Buds*?

Nevins: I heard from a friend that our generation is going to be referred to as the "forgotten generation" or something, because all of our stuff is digital now. And one day, the Cloud might blow away, or your phone might drop in the toilet. If that's the only place you have your photos, that's a big loss. To put it in some sort of tangible, palpable, creative form that you can hold onto and look at years from now—or it sits at a skate house or on someone's toilet and they read it every time they sit down—it's not fleeting. There's so much media that gets pumped out these days, and it all gets seen once and is swiped and never seen again. Skateboarding—especially photography—is so based on the internet. There's a huge influx of images, but it's rarely in a palpable form. I guess it's just trying not to be a part of that forgotten genera-



(L-R) With the help of local skaters like Joey Sandoval with Issue #1, Willy Nevins has embarked on his new zine, *Street Buds*.

tion—trying to make something that's going to stick around.

SLUG: Do you have zines that you like for your own reading, or anything of the sort?

Nevins: A serious zine that inspired me was a **Tully Flynn** zine, *The Kidnapper*. That was a skate zine that came out 10 years ago or more. I still have that one, and I always like the stuff friends make: art, photos zines, whatever's circulating—shoutout to **Saucy!** Anything that **Sam Milianta** makes is always entertaining. I would definitely like to emphasize *Kidnapper*. That was definitely a punk rock skate zine. When I got that as a teenager, it blew my mind.

SLUG: Anything next? Is there another issue of *Street Buds* due?

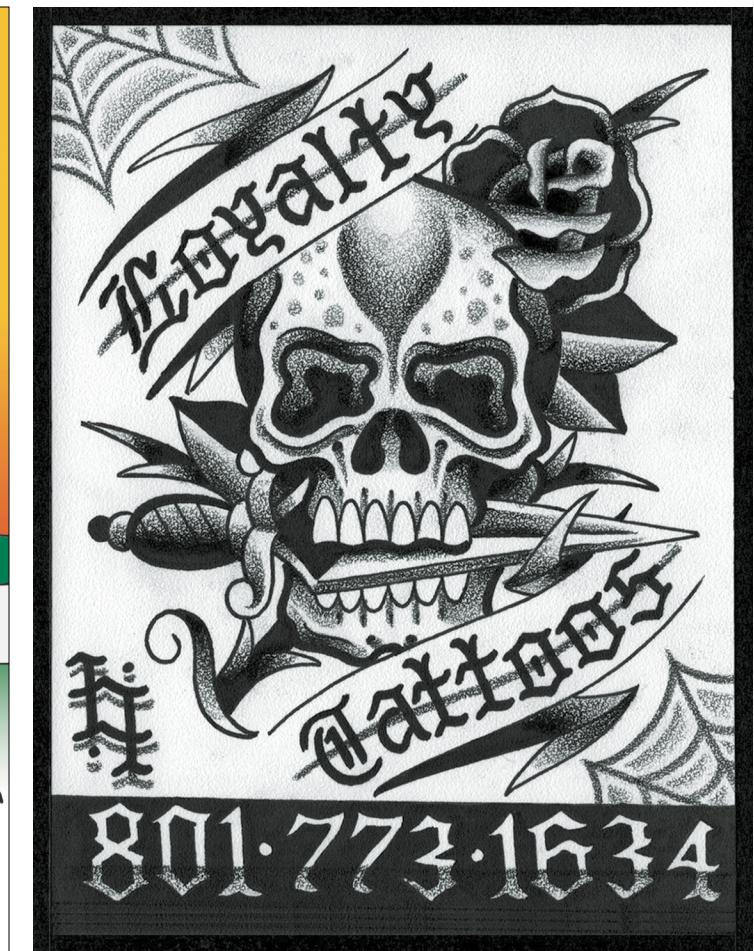
Nevins: Well, we're trying to get a couple hundred bucks together to go on a skate trip this fall and make a road-trip issue. So maybe this fall, we'll have some content and be able to put one together before the end of the year.

SLUG: Last words?

Nevins: If you want to get a copy, go visit our friend **Brad [Collins]** at *Raunch* and get one from him, or there are some down at *Half and Half*. Thanks to them for letting us sell zines on their counters. Shoutout to **Skeleley, Slade, Andy Cvar** and all the wild animals.

As you can probably tell from his insightful answers and artistic vision, Willy Nevins is an original. *Street Buds* is a piece of Salt Lake skateboarding to be read and revisited for years to come—even if it's while you're sitting atop the john six years from now. If you'd like to get your hands on said zine as well as Sandoval's *Call It Venting* 2, you can pick 'em up at the shops mentioned above.

For more details about *Street Buds* and a quick trip inside the mind of Willy Nevins, check out the extended interview at slugmag.com.



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DEVILS AMONG US

"I personally have received death threats, rape threats," says **Chalice Blythe**, chapter head of The Satanic Temple's (TST) Utah chapter. "There are people that take issue with the fact that I exist and am a Satanist." It's not easy being a Satanist anywhere, especially in the land of milk and honey, Utah.

In the dark, cool, brick-walled basement of *The Beehive*, I'm sitting with true Satanists: Blythe, **Aaron Shea** and **Autumn Rogers**. Yet, this isn't *Rosemary's Baby*: The grins aren't sinister, the laughter is kind and the horns are seemingly nowhere to be found. "I'm a software developer," Rogers, a TST council member, says. "I'm building a modular synthesizer and a customized MIDI controller, and I play in three bands," including Rogers' solo project, **80KV**. "I'm a former chef, now a line cook," Shea, also a TST council member, says. "I've been a professional DJ for 20 years, [spinning as] **DJ Reverend 23**." Though Blythe declines to state her profession, it is clear that she is an individual of vision and determination. This is a Satanism like I've never seen before: modern, receptive, down to earth.

The Satanic Temple is a non-theistic, non-supernatural religious organization founded by **Lucien Greaves** and **Malcolm Jarry**. According to Blythe, TST began its first demonic stirrings in 2012 and officially established itself by 2014. During this time, TST formed chapters throughout the United States and Europe, standing out as a unique Satanic institution both in philosophy and practice. "[The Church of Satan (COS)] comes up a lot, because that is what people think of when they think of Satanism," Blythe explains. But the differences between TST and COS, established in 1966, are striking. "The obvious difference is *The Satanic Bible* by **Anton LaVey** [COS's canonical text]," Shea says. "When you read it, it has a tendency to fade in and out of theism and atheism, while promoting and denying the supernatural."

Instead of basing their religious system on the works of a prophet-like figure like LaVey, TST aligns their guiding principles to the personal qualities of the literary Satan, featured in **Anatole France's** *Revolt of the Angels* and **John Milton's** *Paradise Lost*. This Satan is a character

**THE SATANIC TEMPLE
IN
THE BEEHIVE STATE**

that exudes self-worth, wisdom and an inalienable sense of justice, points that are furthered in Greaves and Jarry's Seven Tenets, which illustrate the importance of empathy, compassion and personal sovereignty, among other things. "To me, TST's definition of Satanism is fairness, treating everyone fairly," Shea says. And in this way, holding fairness as the ideal, "We feel like TST is the natural evolution or natural progression of LaVey Satanism," Blythe says.

Blythe's involvement with TST began in 2013, but soon after, "... TST put a moratorium on forming new chapters," Blythe says. With no chapter nearby, Blythe took to TST's online forums to meet other Satanists. There she began speaking with Greaves. "Through the forum, I made sure that he kept Utah in mind for when TST began forming new chapters," Blythe says. This persistence paid off when, in early 2016, after an interview process and waiting period, Blythe again heard from Greaves, who congratulated her on becoming head of TST's newest chapter. Thus, the devil found a home in Utah.

Blythe, Shea and Rogers now comprise the core of TST's Utah chapter, which features some dozens of members and innumerable allies. "We have members that come from very different backgrounds and lead very different lives," Blythe says. "I think the Satanic culture, in general, brings in a multitude of different personalities," locally including cosplayers, metalheads, housewives, politicians, hippies and heathens.



By Z. Smith | zacabbeyroad@gmail.com

Rogers suggests that, due to Utah's dominant religious culture, many non-Mormons feel marginalized or rejected, and to some, Satanism becomes a natural fit. "I was raised LDS, and for most of my childhood, I didn't even realize a person had religious options," Rogers says. "When I was 14, I left the Mormon Church and didn't think about religion much until I saw TST's reproductive rights campaign." This bit of social activism—activism that TST prides itself on—sparked Rogers' curiosity. "I went to the TST website, read the Seven Tenets and said, 'Well, shit ... I didn't know I was a Satanist!'" Rogers' story, so similar to Blythe's and Shea's, seems representative of many conversion stories.

To further this spiritual reclamation, Blythe, Shea and Rogers fashioned an unbaptism ceremony. "It was our first big public event. It was on Pioneer Day," Blythe says. Rogers explains that in the LDS Church, children as young as 8 can "choose" to be baptized, "but it is incredibly coercive," Rogers says. "The idea of the unbaptism is a reclamation of your personal sovereignty, a demonstration of your ability to decide what is and isn't moral." The ceremony featured lighting participants on fire using a non-threatening flammable mixture, reciting empowering phrases and having an inverted cross drawn on the forehead. Blythe beams, "Everyone in attendance came up for the unbaptism. It was incredible."

In the coming months, Blythe hopes to further the chapter's social activism and community involvement by starting an After School Satan Club at Vista Elementary School. The club aims to provide a safe environment for children to explore a scientific, altruistic and rational view of humanity and the world.

Leaving *The Beehive*, I thought, *If these are the devils among us, we've received angels indeed.*

For more about the Utah chapter of The Satanic Temple (thesatanictemple.com), email thesatanictempleutah@gmail.com or find them on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter.

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SKATE

By Weston Colton • weston5050@yahoo.com

Dakoda Osusky - Backside Disaster - Utah County
With nearly 65,000 college kids in Utah County, there has always been an influx of talented skaters coming from out of state. Dakoda Osusky was a bit of an anomaly, however, as he came here from the heat of Arizona to spend the summer working in our

more "temperate" climate. After work, he skated and racked up some good footage that will be in an upcoming video by Seth Haupt called Sol, including this backside disaster. Keep an eye out for the premiere in January.



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Ghost Hunting in the SLUG Office

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

Ah, October, one of my favorite months. The leaves change, the air gets colder and crispier, the days get shorter, and aside from Aug. 13, which is International Left-handers Day, Halloween is by far my favorite holiday. Although, any holiday that encourages drinking, not seeing your family or not buying a loved one a present is OK in my book. In order to celebrate everything spooky for Halloween, I decided to quit hunting Pokémons for a bit and try hunting ghosts around the SLUG office.

I was put in touch with a local ghost-hunting society aptly named **Badass Spirit Outlaws**, or **BSO** for short. I wanted to know just how haunted the *SLUG* office is. I arrived fashionably late to the office and BSO founders **Benee Quibell**, **Jennefer Welch** and **Eva Lietz** were there and had already identified a couple presences in the office. The identification of said spirits seemed to come easily to Jennefer, who is one of the team's psychic mediums.

Right off the bat, Jennefer let us know that there was a man haunting the old *SLUG* bathroom who doesn't like women for some reason. She explained to me that a lot of hauntings are due to these ghosts and spirits dying angry. They stay angry and go all poltergeist on your ass. That being said, remind me to die with a rock-hard boner in one hand and a nice scotch on the rocks in the other.

I spent a good amount of time interviewing the BSO ladies and swapping ghost stories, too many to fit in this article. There are so many notoriously haunted places in Salt Lake City, like the *Capitol Theatre*, the *Rio Grande Depot* train station and the *Shilo Inn* that just got remodeled, to name a few. And in my opinion, all of *Temple Square* is haunted as fuck.

But what about all the commercial haunted houses that open up this time of year? You know, the ones where we stand in line for hours and pay a bunch of money so we can be screamed at by high-school drama nerds? Well, Eva let me know that the *Fear Factory* on 666 W. and 800 S. is super-duper haunted, and that some very bad shit went down in the bowels of the factory—so bad, she doesn't want to go back. After doing a quick Google search, it appears that many a factory worker was ground up or met an untimely, grisly fate in the old concrete-making plant.

But enough of these ghost stories. What about the *SLUG* office? It was getting dark as we ended the interview, and the BSO ladies were ready to see just what was going on in our little chunk of Pierpont Avenue. Two more BSO psychics, **Mary Vasey** and **Anna Taylor**, joined our little adventure as the ladies busted out all of their ghost-hunting toys and equipment. It felt like the first half of the first *Ghostbusters* movie, like before Peter Venkman starts blasting Slimer with his proton pack. (Side note: To my surprise, none of the BSO ghost hunters have seen the new *Ghostbusters* movie yet, leaving no review of the movie from people who actually deal with ghosts all the time. Oh, well.)

The BSO ladies had standard devices like flashlights, voice recorders and high-end cameras, and they had a bunch of weird shit I'd never seen before, like devices that monitor static electricity, a pad that would change colors upon a spirit's request and some sort of phone app that would translate sounds from the other dimension. We were led to a corner of the office and set up the cameras and flashlights.



Illustration: Spencer Holt

Mike Brown thought that he'd go ghost hunting, but Badass Spirit Outlaws showed that spirits are actually a diverse bunch.

Jennefer took the lead in contacting the main spirit that was in there. Her psychic abilities helped us contact and locate **Roger**, a ghost who has mainly been living in the *SLUG* darkroom for quite some time now. We were able to ask Roger yes-or-no questions about his life as a ghost, and he would turn the flashlights we set up on and off in order to reply.

Unlike the angry ghost in our bathroom, whom we decided to leave alone—because leaving people alone in a bathroom is the right thing to do—Roger was happy and content roaming our office. Roger also let us know that he is gay and felt safe in our darkroom, which ironically doubles as a closet for the office. When I made the obvious joke to

Roger about him coming out of our closet, he quipped back about how much he likes my fur coats.

Roger had a sassy sense of humor about him that one might expect from a gay ghost. He also said that he liked our musical choices for the most part and is particularly fond of *SLUG* Executive Editor **Angela H. Brown**—he likes her hairdos. He also likes photography (hence living in our darkroom) and has no plans of leaving anytime soon. Seeing as he isn't interrupting any of the *SLUG* staff's work ethic, I say we let him hang out awhile. Besides, exorcisms sound like a lot of work, no matter how awesome of a follow-up article it might make.

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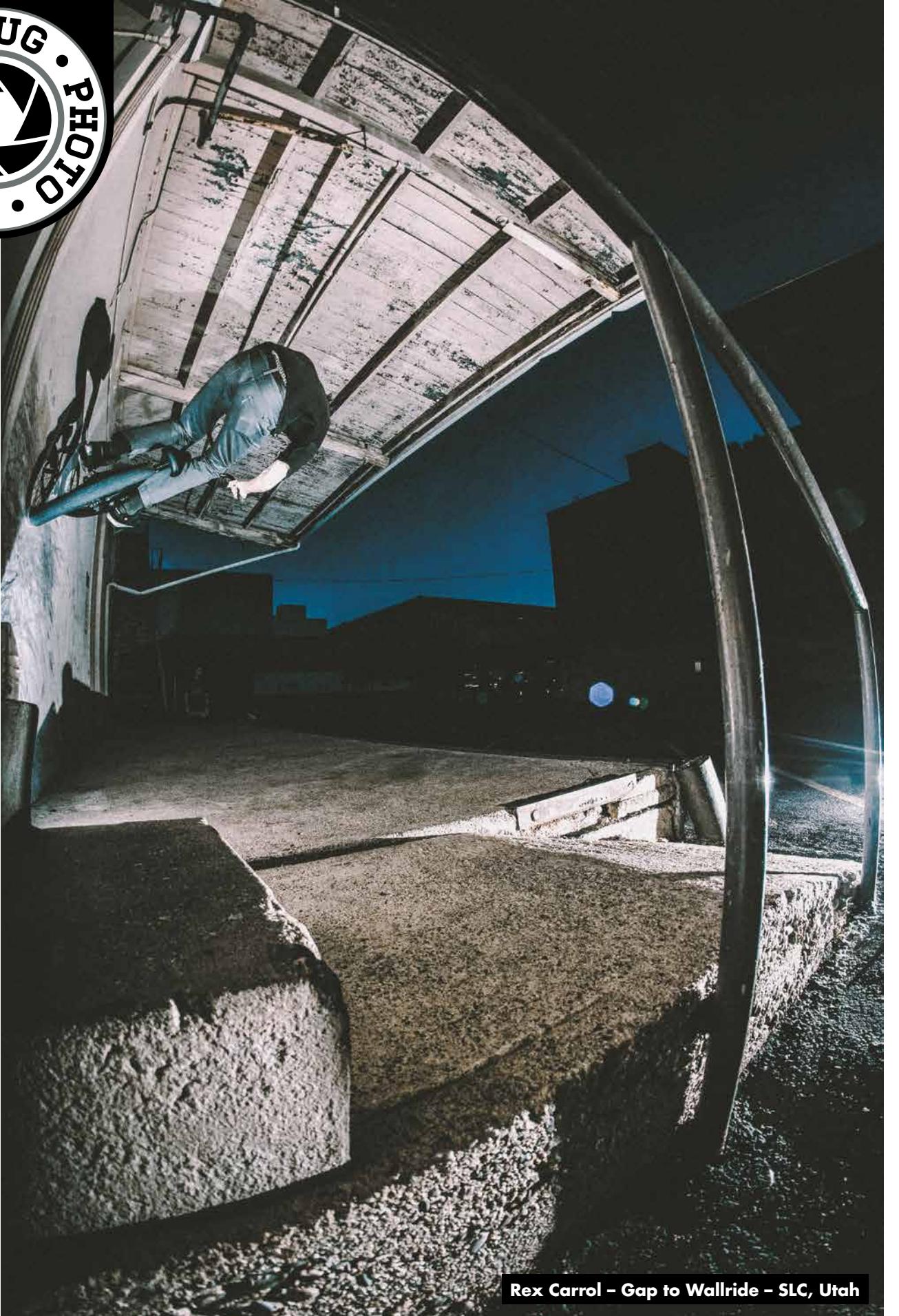
By Matthew Windsor • matthewxwindsor@gmail.com

IBMX

During the soul-melting heat of the summer of 2015, Rex Carroll and Jon Tinsley were out catching some final clips to wrap up Jon's full-length DVD, *Newlyweds and Nearlydeads*. Rex's way of looking at spots is a little different from most, which

makes him one of my favorite dudes to ride and shoot with. During a night stop at this heavily sessioned spot in downtown SLC, Rex came through with this hefty gap to waitline under the harsh lights of the rundown building next door.

Rex Carroll - Gap to Wallride - SLC, Utah



Local photographer Lynn Hoffman-Brouse will be one of the artists featured in Art Access' *The Dreamers Project*.

Art Will Bring Us Together

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mmellus@utahfilmcenter.org

Strolling the city streets in downtown Salt Lake has changed since I began writing this column 16 years ago. In 2000, the economy was on an upswing and the Gateway District had begun to gentrify west of the old 400 West railroad tracks. A slew of galleries lined West Pierpont, creating a street-fair feeling every third Friday of the month for *Gallery Stroll*. The pinnacle of this art euphoria was one hot July night when the suspended sidewalk buckled under the pressure of too many art patrons. Today, galleries are still thriving, but we don't have that same centralization of *Gallery Stroll* participants. Galleries are spread out, and those west of 400 West particularly struggle with foot traffic. One thing that the art community as a whole can pride themselves on is fortitude. Galleries and artists don't just move when the neighborhood struggles—they just dig in their heels. Art has a way of sprouting up where it's needed most: a mural under the overpass, the walls of a homeless shelter, a community in need of reconciliation.

This month, I've chosen three galleries to highlight that continue to bring light, beauty, inspiration and acceptance into our beloved Downtown area. Each gallery is equipped with ample parking, should you choose to drive between your stroll destinations.

Everyone has a story, and while we know that our own story twists and turns, it's easy to compartmentalize and make assumptions when it comes to others. Art Access recently launched an expansive multimedia program, *The Dreamers Project*, to engage Salt Lake's migrant community to tell their stories in the hopes of "expanding cultural knowledge, sensitivity and humility in the Salt Lake community," says Sheryl

Gillilan, Executive Director of Art Access. October's show will feature the work done during the *Dream in Pictures Family Art Studio* at Escalante Elementary, led by Megan Hallett. Students worked within their family to tell their stories and strengthen the generational bonds through visual storytelling. In the *Art Access II Gallery*, also located at 250 S. 500 W., you'll be treated to the *Third Annual Veterans Exhibit*. Veterans were invited to submit work either done during *Art Access' Veteran Art Workshops* or work done independently. For more information and for a complete list of Art Access services, please visit accessart.org.

Rio Gallery, located at 300 S. Rio Grande St., is housed in the beautiful and historic *Rio Grande Depot*, and is a place where tradition and new ideas converge. October's show features the best and the brightest designers Utah has to offer. The *DesignArts 16* show, juried by designer Jim Childress, features creations by 18 designers, whose work ranges from lighting concept and housewares to athletic equipment. For more information, visit heritage.utah.gov.

The *Urban Arts Gallery*, located in the Gateway shopping district at 137 Rio Grande St., thrives on the energy of the city. This contemporary space is fun and flexible, hosting playful exhibits with plenty of audience participation. In October, celebrate artificial intelligence and random freakiness with *Monsters and Robots*. The show will run Oct. 3–30, with a special *Gallery Stroll* costume contest party on Oct. 21. For more information, visit urbanartsgallery.org.

This month, I encourage you to look around and see the beauty, the possibilities and the commonalities, and to celebrate and respect our differences. Art is a great equalizer. Stand tall with an open heart and mind and go for a stroll.

UTAH FILM CENTER

FREE FILM SCREENINGS

<div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> SAT OCT 1 11AM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Additional screenings in Orem and West Jordan, visit website for details.</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> TUE OCT 18 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Post-film discussion with Producer Sara Dosa.</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> TUE OCT 20 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Official Selection: 2016 Outfest, 2016 Provincetown International Film Festival</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> TUE OCT 25 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Winner: Best Documentary 2016 Tribeca Film Festival</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> WED OCT 26 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Official Selection: 2015 International Documentary Film Festival Amsterdam</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> THUR OCT 13 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Utah Film Circuit BEST OF ENEMIES</i> </div>	<div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> The City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> TUE OCT 4 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Winner: Environmental Award—2016 Sheffield Doc/Fest, Grand Jury Prize—2016 Nashville Film Festival</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> WED OCT 5 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Post-film discussion with director.</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> TUE OCT 11 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Post-film discussion.</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> THUR OCT 13 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Official Selection: 2015 International Documentary Film Festival Amsterdam</i> </div>	<div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> Marmalade Library 280 W 500 N Salt Lake City </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> THUR OCT 20 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*This film documents the oldest Black-owned disco in America and establishes the legacy of Jewel Thais-Williams, who stood up against hate and discrimination for 42 years.</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> TUE OCT 25 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Do Not Resist is an urgent and powerful exploration of the rapid militarization of the police in the United States.</i> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> THE City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> WED OCT 26 7PM </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> <i>*Wander through the life and work of Mark Rothko and visualize his sources of inspiration in an attempt to find what lies behind the imposing colored planes in his paintings.</i> </div>
<div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> The Catalyst Foundation </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> ZIONS BANK </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> GEORGIA S. AND DONALD DODD EGLES FOUNDATION </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> ZAP! IS YOU! </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> UTAH FILM CENTER IS GENEROUSLY SUPPORTED BY </div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; padding-bottom: 5px;"> www.utahfilmcenter.org/donate </div>	<p>During the soul-melting heat of the summer of 2015, Rex Carroll and Jon Tinsley were out catching some final clips to wrap up Jon's full-length DVD, <i>Newlyweds and Nearlydeads</i>. Rex's way of looking at spots is a little different from most, which makes him one of my favorite dudes to ride and shoot with. During a night stop at this heavily sessioned spot in downtown SLC, Rex came through with this hefty gap to waitline under the harsh lights of the rundown building next door.</p> <p>Everyone has a story, and while we know that our own story twists and turns, it's easy to compartmentalize and make assumptions when it comes to others. Art Access recently launched an expansive multimedia program, <i>The Dreamers Project</i>, to engage Salt Lake's migrant community to tell their stories in the hopes of "expanding cultural knowledge, sensitivity and humility in the Salt Lake community," says Sheryl Gillilan, Executive Director of Art Access. October's show will feature the work done during the <i>Dream in Pictures Family Art Studio</i> at Escalante Elementary, led by Megan Hallett. Students worked within their family to tell their stories and strengthen the generational bonds through visual storytelling. In the <i>Art Access II Gallery</i>, also located at 250 S. 500 W., you'll be treated to the <i>Third Annual Veterans Exhibit</i>. Veterans were invited to submit work either done during <i>Art Access' Veteran Art Workshops</i> or work done independently. For more information and for a complete list of Art Access services, please visit accessart.org.</p> <p><i>Rio Gallery</i>, located at 300 S. Rio Grande St., is housed in the beautiful and historic <i>Rio Grande Depot</i>, and is a place where tradition and new ideas converge. October's show features the best and the brightest designers Utah has to offer. The <i>DesignArts 16</i> show, juried by designer Jim Childress, features creations by 18 designers, whose work ranges from lighting concept and housewares to athletic equipment. For more information, visit heritage.utah.gov.</p> <p>The <i>Urban Arts Gallery</i>, located in the Gateway shopping district at 137 Rio Grande St., thrives on the energy of the city. This contemporary space is fun and flexible, hosting playful exhibits with plenty of audience participation. In October, celebrate artificial intelligence and random freakiness with <i>Monsters and Robots</i>. The show will run Oct. 3–30, with a special <i>Gallery Stroll</i> costume contest party on Oct. 21. For more information, visit urbanartsgallery.org.</p> <p>This month, I encourage you to look around and see the beauty, the possibilities and the commonalities, and to celebrate and respect our differences. Art is a great equalizer. Stand tall with an open heart and mind and go for a stroll.</p> <p>Utah Film Center is able to provide free film screenings through the generosity of sponsors and members. You can become a member of Utah Film Center for only \$60 a year (\$5 a month) and help keep film free!</p> <p>www.utahfilmcenter.org/donate</p>	

UPCOMING EVENTS

DOWNTOWN SLC

TUESDAY FARMERS MARKET

TUESDAYS THROUGH OCT 18, 4PM - DUSK @ GALLIVAN CENTER

ROCK 'N' RIBS FESTIVAL

OCT 8 @ GALLIVAN CENTER

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OCT 21

DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET

SATURDAYS THROUGH OCT 22, 8AM - 2PM @ PIONEER PARK

SLAYER

OCT 11 @ THE COMPLEX

UTAH SYMPHONY PRESENTS RACHMANINOFF'S PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3

OCT 21 & 22 @ ABRAVANEL HALL

FOOD TRUCK THURSDAYS

THURSDAYS - 11AM - 2PM @ GALLIVAN CENTER

DWEZIL ZAPPA

OCT 6 @ THE DEPOT

WARREN MILLER'S HERE, THERE & EVERYWHERE

OCT 14 & 15 @ ABRAVANEL HALL

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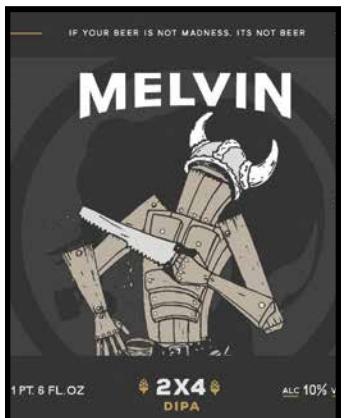
OCT 21

For a full listing of events visit
downtowndlc.org/events



BEER OF THE MONTH

By Mike Riedel
alegeek@gmail.com



2x4 Double IPA

Brewery/Brand: Thai Me Up/
Melvin Brewing

ABV: 9.9%

Serving Style: 12-oz. can

About five years ago while attending the *Great American Beer Festival* in Denver, Colorado, I came upon a small, unaffiliated beer competition that was all about IPAs—the hoppiest of all IPAs, to be exact. It was called the *Alpha King Challenge*. Its main purpose was to find and crown the biggest and baddest India Pale Ale in the country. The winner of this monster beer competition turned out to be from a tiny brewpub in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which also had a Thai kitchen attached to it called *Thai Me Up*. The DIPA was simply called 2x4, and after hearing of this incredible DIPA, I shuffled my ass over to the festival to seek out this beast. What I found was not beastly, but was in fact a miraculous blending of malt and hops. When I found out that this beer was making its way south to Utah, I had to snag a fresh can and write it up for y'all. By the way, *Thai Me Up*/Melvin Brewing retained their crown the following year.

Description: Melvin's 2x4 pours a somewhat hazy golden-amber color. Initially, there are about three fingers of frothy and sudsy off-white head. It slowly recedes to one finger over the course of a minute, leaving behind a thick, somewhat dense curtain of sticky foam that encircles the glass with a curtain of lace. As the head settles into a more permanent thin layer on top of the beer, you begin to get a sense of the beautiful aromatic nose. Off the top, there's

a pleasant mélange of tropical fruit and piney hops, full of juicy papaya, peach and mango. There is no fruit here, but the hops trick my nostrils with each sniff. Alongside the fruit are complementary notes of grapefruit, tangerine, lemon and dank pine resin, all resting upon a bed of mild caramelized sugar sweetness. When a beer has the ability to grip your attention like this without so much as a sip, you know you're in for a sensory ride.

The taste follows the nose. With the foundation already laid down, you can now get a sense of the beer's architecture. First, there is some doughy, bready malt, heavy with caramel sweetness. The fruit from the aroma makes itself known next—now, it's accompanied by a healthy dose of hop bitterness. I'm surprised to find a bit of pineapple and cantaloupe along with the papaya and grapefruit from the nose. As I get toward the end, peachy malt flavors round out the bitterness before the dank resinous pine reasserts itself, drying the back of the throat. The finish is earthy and has a very persistent drying effect, mingling with the slick fruit flavors that are left over from the tip of the tongue. It has a medium-to-full-body feel as it sits in the mouth. The moderate carbonation levels feel more creamy than prickly on the tongue, keeping the senses from being overwhelmed as the beer comfortably slides down the hatch.

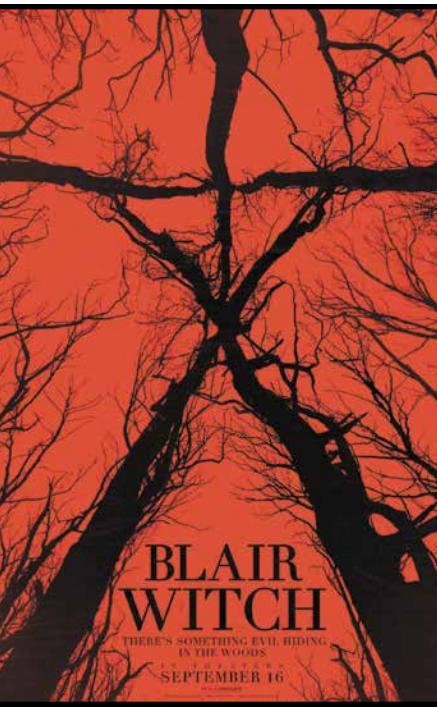
Overview: This DIPA is undeniably an impressive force of nature in a beer world that's dominated more and more by resinous hop bombs. It's a classic example of the West Coast IPA style. Though the tropical fruitiness can be somewhat overwhelming at times, I still find that the balance of super-drying hops complement the perceived slickness. This is one of those beers that reminds me of why I got into craft beer to begin with. To create such a symphony of flavors with just barley, hops, water and yeast must be the work of witches and wizards. The 2x4 DIPA is available at certain beer bars around the Wasatch Front, but it can only be purchased through special orders from DABC stores. I'm told this is being done so that these tasty beers don't end up dying on the warm shelves of many of our local liquor outlets. The order form can be found at abc.utah.gov.

Cheers!

MOVIE REVIEWS

Blair Witch

Director: Adam Wingard
Lionsgate/Vertigo Entertainment
In Theaters: 09.16

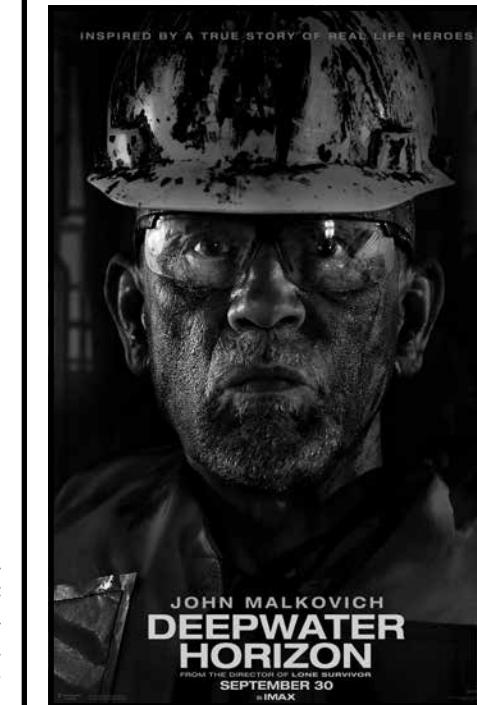


It's hard to believe that it's been 17 years since *The Blair Witch Project* freaked out audiences by revitalizing the found-footage horror genre. Knowing the film was doctored, it was a treat to watch my friends and brother walk out of the theater, horrified, thinking they had just witnessed a murder. Fast-forward to the present day, and that treat was non-existent, as my friends and I just walked out, horrified that we had witnessed a murder to the said genre. In this third installment (yes, there was a terrible sequel in 2000), the brother of Heather (from the original), James (James Allen McCune), wants to re-enter the woods after new footage is found, possibly of his sister. Along with his friends and the strangers who discovered the new tapes, the gang brings a plethora of film equipment and obviously endures the same encounters we saw almost two decades ago. The primary problem with this continuation is technology. The original felt like it could be found footage, but, in this venture, there are so many cameras, Go-Pros and drones that it feels just like a low-budget Hollywood movie. That lore is completely missing, which is what made the original so fun to experience. Also missing are the actual scares. There are huge patches where nothing really happens. Someone may stub a toe and scream, but that's about it. To make

matters even worse, director Adam Wingard introduces the audience to some form of a time vortex without ever explaining what is happening to the characters. As someone who is a devout aficionado of time-travel movies and their theories, this one simply does not make sense. He might as well have said, "A wizard did it." Do not waste your time, money or energy on this boring stroll through the forest and just rent the original. You'll be glad you did. —Jimmy Martin

Deepwater Horizon

Director: Peter Berg
Summit Entertainment
In Theaters: 09.30



Not since 2006's *Who Killed the Electric Car?* has a movie made me want to ditch my automobile and go purely eco-friendly. In April 2010, the largest oil disaster in the history of the United States occurred 40 miles off the coast of Louisiana in the Gulf of Mexico. Under the orders of BP officials, Mike Williams (Mark Wahlberg), "Mister Jimmy" (Kurt Russell) and the rest of their crew drilled into the ocean floor, which resulted in a massive explosion, killing 11 and dumping more than 250 million gallons of oil into the waters. Director Peter Berg must be challenging Michael Bay, because the number of explosions is astronomical. He takes the audience and puts them directly in the fire and showcases just how massive of a catastrophe it was that these workers had to endure. Wahlberg and Russell hold their own as they try to save as many lives as possible, but a small role from John Malkovich shows just how asinine

corporate money-grubbing jackasses can really be. It takes a little bit longer than normal to get to the grit of the film, but once Berg detonates the rig, he refuses to take his foot off the accelerator, and it's a nonstop escape sequence to the last five minutes. As the film comes to a close, certain moments seem a little over-the-top and like a *Lifetime* movie, but Berg closes everything with a sincere tribute to the individuals who were not so lucky that night. If anything, the film makes us think whether or not these mobile rigs are really worth the risk, or whether we look further into alternative resources. I think that I may be heading over to the Tesla dealership tomorrow. Does anyone have \$70,000 that I can borrow? —Jimmy Martin

Sully

Director: Clint Eastwood
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 09.09

As someone whose mother works at 30,000 feet in the air on a daily basis for an airline company, you can imagine the utmost respect I have for the pilots who have brought her home safely for more than 17 years. On Jan. 15, 2009, Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger (Tom Hanks) made the decision to land his aircraft on the Hudson River after a massive bird strike took out both engines only 2,000 feet above New York's LaGuardia Airport. His heroic feat saved the 155 souls on board, and the entire ordeal lasted only 208 seconds. When I heard about Clint Eastwood directing a feature-length film about this event, I wondered how he could fill the time. What I didn't know was the aftermath that Captain Sullenberger endured from the safety commission and insurance agency claiming that he could have returned safely without ditching the aircraft. As always, Hanks delivers an amazing yet purposefully subtle performance as an everyday man who, overnight, becomes a celebrity sensation who still remembers the disaster that could have happened. Eastwood takes the audience on the wild flight three times from three different perspectives (pedestrians, air traffic control and the cockpit), and each time, is absolutely terrifying. At points, the corniness of experiencing the passengers' trials and tribulations of getting to the flight take away from the true story at hand, but for the most part, Eastwood keeps to the heart and soul. Along with Hanks, Aaron Eckhart, who stars as co-pilot Jeff Skiles, is fantastic as a man who lightens the room when the reality becomes a little too dark. I actually brought my mother to the screening, and she was in absolute tears. I guess it hit a little too close to home, but I think that's a good thing, since the world should know what a true hero did for his passengers. —Jimmy Martin

LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

E.L.84

Volume 1

Self-Released

Street: 09.01

E.L.84 = Booker T. & the M.G.'s + Grateful Dead + Norman Greenbaum

E.L.84 are a suit-wearing, fedora-rocking band out of Provo, Utah. Genre-wise, the band is somewhat of an enigma. They do not seem to consistently fit into any one particular genre. At its core, the band is primarily rock. The four guys consider their music as a "musical evolution," meaning that their songs contain signature styles of popular music ranging from the '60s all the way through the '90s eras.

Volume 1 is clean and simple, though not devoid of entertainment. The band embodies elements from the early decades of rock by playing long songs, some nearly reaching eight minutes. Whether the song is short or long, each is filled with drawn-out instrumental jams with dramatic pauses between chord progressions.

The band members have backgrounds in classical music, so complex interplays appear effortless. The instrumental talent is both technical and engaging, moving through multiple electric guitar chords and upbeat drumming while integrating some stylistic, high-toned electric solos, especially on the track "Lips Hips Fingertips."

Their Provo-friendly lyrics are sung in a manner similar to that of bands like the Grateful Dead. They're performed with a consistent strength but are raised and lowered in tone as the musical notes shift from one melodic note to another. To support their modern sound while integrating multiple decades' worth of inspiration, the lyrics are universal and withstand the test of time—for example, tracks like "The Edge" sing, "We've been workin' baby / We're just tryin' to make ends meet."

Volume 1 opens with "Civil Disobedience," which is, at first, somewhat psychedelic-sounding, with low and slow harmonies. It then shifts into a quick guitar rhythm that sounds jazz-like before slowing again. Within a single track, the song showcases the versatility of the band.

E.L.84 play shows around Utah County and throughout the Salt Lake Valley, so keep an eye out for one of their sets and boogie down for a night filled with timeless jams. —*Lizz Corrigan*

Erasole James

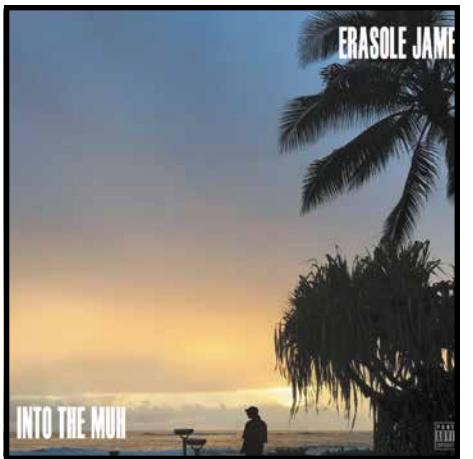
Into the Muh

Self-Released

Street: 09.28

Erasole James = Capital + Earl Sweatshirt

Erasole James is a talented, up-and-coming-rapper from the Salt Lake City area and a member of



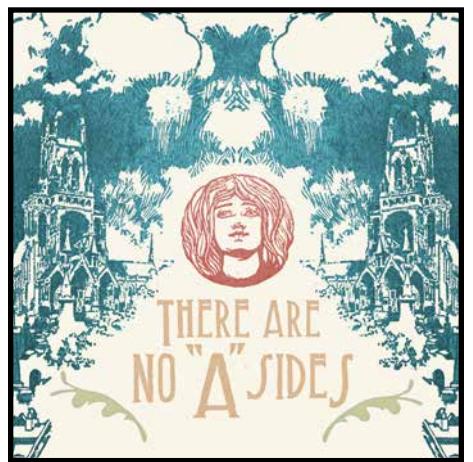
Johnny Betts

There Are No "A" Sides

Self-Released

Street: 09.27

Johnny Betts = Father John Misty + Jeff Buckley



the **Dine Krew**. James recently opened for August's SLUG Localized showcase and is a very active part of the Salt Lake City rap scene. His newest album, *Into the Muh*, showcases what James is capable of and the talent he has as an emcee.

The lyrics throughout the album are strong. James' meter is constantly varied, and he uses complicated rhyme schemes well. The song "Dirtys Back" has some of the most refined lyrical structure on the album. James raps, "Sore throat so I pop lozenge, hip-hop head noddin' is not stoppin'. / Too fast rather write than eat / You're mad things I do first you do last." Obviously, James has honed his skills. The use of multiple rhyming patterns in one set of bars is impressive. It keeps the listener wondering what will come next.

Many songs in the album barely touch the three-minute mark, but James is still able to get his point across. He uses every bar, and he growls his way through many tracks, using a low-key tone of voice and cadence. Still, there are very few parts where his rapping seems to lag behind the beat. Songs like "Over 9000" have hyphy production, but James is able to stay on top of it.

James does not embellish—he raps about what he knows and has pride for his work and Dine Krew as a whole. He displays well the good and the bad parts of life in this album. Each song is produced in a different style. Most of the beats are downtempo with an old-school flavor. There are a lot of jazz sounds and piano riffs, which are beautiful and bring a melodic contrast to James' voice. Songs that stand out, however, are those that are made with more modern-sounding beats, such as "Wasabi Flavored Lean," which combines Eastern instruments and trap beats that are enticing and well made. Still, as a versatile rapper, it seems that there is very little that James can't rap over. *Into the Muh* is most definitely worth a listen for anyone who supports locally made music and is a fan of well-crafted hip-hop. —*Taylor Hartman*

Johnny Betts' sweet, beautiful and ethereal songs come at us like ocean waves, but when the boat settles, we realize that we are not in a boat at all. We are floating on familiar clouds above the City of Salt at an elevation of 4,226 feet. Betts' songs are exactly what living in that elevation should sound like—a little lightheaded and dizzy. It's the soundtrack of floating. Don't let all this airy talk fool you—these songs are full of substance and stone. The album contains love, loss, God and stories from the good book.

Betts unfolds stories like sermons with the preaching sucked out. Familiar places and characters show up like the Garden of Eden, Heaven's Gate, Judas, Jesus and the devil himself. The horned one is even challenged to a rock-throwing contest. The lyrics tell these stories like modern hymns: "Jesus has got your back, even though you stabbed him in it first" ("Judas"); "The gates of heaven, they're not made of gold, but rotten wood and mold" ("Mountain Men"); "Take me to the garden again, where being naked is in, where it is safe to swim" ("Garden"). The song "Devil's Creek" ties the threads of faith and guilt together, which weaves in and out of the 13 songs on this album. Betts sings: "Before I make my point, give this stone a toss / Well I threw it down the block, which I thought was pretty far / Till he picked up a stone and threw it up to the stars / He says, as far as you can see, that's how far your sins will be."

There Are No "A" Sides isn't an album entirely of big-book thinking. It's also about love, losing it and finding one's center and balance in a forever-spinning world. It's being in on the cosmic

joke. In the end, the jester is in all our details and stories. Betts sings, "Save me from the plot I wrote / It's such a joke." On an album that juggles heavy things and lofty themes, it's that high-school girl that always seems to show up in songs and haunt our souls. "Save your sad stories for someone that gives a damn / 'Cause I don't pity the prom queen / She has everything." Escort that girl to hell.

Betts is homegrown and emerging. He's a soon-to-be favorite son who is ready to explode nationwide. Support him now! —*Russ Holsten*

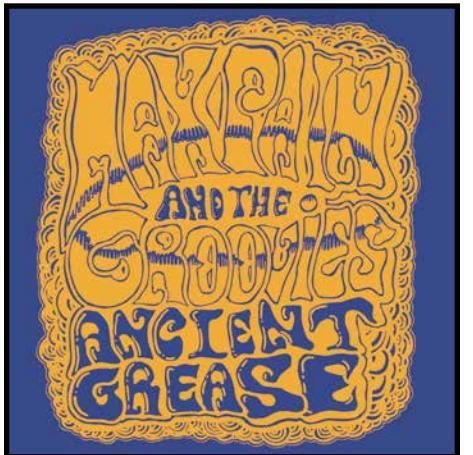
Max Pain and the Groovies

Ancient Grease

Lollipop Records

Street: 10.28

Max Pain and the Groovies = King Tuff + Thee Oh Sees + Faux Ferocious



Salt Lake City's Max Pain and the Groovies are the embodiment of the local music scene. They are a constant presence at local venues, always throwing back beers and jamming front row for fellow artists. They have made a name for themselves in the city with their perpetual hard work and by forever being the badass party boys that they so clearly are.

Staying true to themselves, Max Pain's newest album, *Ancient Grease*, is essentially about partying. The album is both light-hearted and dark, leading listeners through the collective world of the five band members. Take the first song on the album, "Don't Shake My Busch": Vocalist **David Johnson** howls, "It's hard to stay easy when the blood shoots your eye / You drink cause you're nervous but chug to be fine / You get a little stable, till it slurs all away / You get it from drinking the Busch this way / Running five fingers through the rats in your hair / He pounds down another, spews everywhere."

Surfy guitar parts, keys that come in at 3:25 and alternating fast-and-slow tempos escort Johnson's lyrics throughout the song. "Evil Mountain Desert People" plays like the soundtrack to a horror film. **Kellan Campbell** boominly captures a specter with each pick of his bass. **Troy Coughlin**'s heavy, big style of drumming is reminiscent of '70s-era **Misfits** à la the **Glen Danzig** days. *Ancient Grease* is full of energy, but "Quarter Sodas"

might just take the cake for the most energetic of all its tracks. Between the crashing drums, dueling guitar parts and a science-experiment-style bass line, this instrumental song allows a perfect break in the middle of the album. "Trippy Machete" is titled quite appropriately, as this is by far the grooviest song on *Ancient Grease*. Johnson turns up the reverb on his vocals for a raspy, muffled effect that only adds to the complexity of the song.

The psychedelic garage rock that Max Pain have branded is one of a kind in the small city of Salt Lake. They've mastered the art of cliff hangers on this album, keeping the listener guessing if the song is coming to an end or if it's just halfway through. If you haven't checked out a Max Pain show, then get yourself out to one before they make the move to New York City, but be warned if you are standing front row—Johnson might just whip a water bottle offstage directly at your face. —*Alexandra Graber*

Meldrum House

Prototype

Self-Released

Street: 08.01

Meldrum House = Deep Purple x Thirty Seconds to Mars

With an intro that I was certain would break out into "Hotel California," I was surprised when heavy guitar and bass burst into the mix and everything turned metal. Softer vocals are a great counterpoint to the grungy riffs Meldrum House are fond of, but it's the headbanging stuff that the band really excels at. This EP showcases a diverse spectrum of the band's talents, touching down somewhere in between ska, metal and punk with style.

A good friend once argued that the **Eagles** were the most selfless band in the world on the grounds that even if you had never heard one of their songs, you can pretty much sing the guitar fills and melodies before they're played. The Eagles always played what we expected and what we wanted; they gave us what we needed, without holding anything back for themselves. While their playing may not be altogether surprising, Meldrum House always progress exactly how I want them to. The releases are perfectly timed. The groove changes consistently, and there are tons of fun fills from the guitar, bass and drums that lead into one another with precise coordination. Each song hits all of the notes it needs, too, making *Prototype* a worthy listen.

Some great instrumental parts stand out in songs like "Houdini" that really make me feel like a badass while I'm listening. However, other songs seemed to drag, like "Good Mourning, Miss Night Mayor," where a little more speed may have improved the feel. Every instrument has its own personality, and each one gets highlighted in turn. The band is supportive of one another—the guitar barks chunks of rhythm and chaos out of the amp while the drummer flies around the kit with spicy fills. Solo sections are Meldrum House's strong point, where each member chimes in, making things real jammy.

For a short but sweet spin, make sure to take *Prototype* out for a ride. There's a bit of everything that makes an album rock—catchy bass lines, a screamin' guitar and lots of motion all around. This four-piece makes some great moves on their debut EP and deserves a warm welcome to the Salt Lake stage. No shows scheduled soon, but keep an eye on the band's Facebook—facebook.com/MeldrumHouseMusic. Stay up to date on where they're at! —*Alex Blackburn*

Soft Touch

Self-titled

Self-Released

Street: 08.18

Soft Touch = Prince + Shy Girls

Soft Touch's self-titled sophomore release continues its lo-fi trajectory through the same R&B territory established by their debut album, *Touch*, in 2015, but with one major difference: From start to finish, this album is much, much more musically cohesive than *Touch*, and ultimately, much more accessible.

The opening track, "Thirsty Heart," introduces brisk, melodic synths that move (with purposeful designation) back and forth between sounding like the melodic underpinnings of the song to suddenly becoming the song structure's sole focus and musical commander in chief. But it doesn't stop there: **Jake Burch**'s high-pitched, funk-infused vocals dip, dive and roll as the track introduces sharp, chilly-sounding synths and the occasional low-key, manipulated sample to the mix. It's a lot to process and a bit of a risky move, but it pays off. I continued to find new layers to the track with each subsequent listen, which ultimately made for an unexpected (albeit welcome!) interactive listening experience.

The following song, "To Your Arms," undeniably evokes R&B, Prince-inspired vibes supported by the dual vocals of both Burch and **Cam Sackett**. It's a down-tuned, funky track with the shake and rattle of an early '60s rhythm and blues band. The next couple of tracks, "PTD" and "Tell Me," don't emit the same R&B intensity that "To Your Arms" does, but they're dynamic enough in their own regard to be equally as enjoyable. "To Your Arms" embraces a fully unapologetic—and in true Prince fashion—dramatic keyboard introduction juxtaposed by an array of sweeping synths carefully choreographed to enter and exit the song for optimal emotional catharsis. Burch and Sackett add the finishing touches to the track, asking almost incredulously, "Tell me / Tell me / Where is your heart?" as the song reaches full instrumentation and comes to a close.

"I Felt Your Voice" concludes the album, falling along a similar musical path as the previous two tracks, while incorporating larger synth waves and slightly more tenacious subject matter. Ultimately, this self-titled release from Soft Touch is an enjoyable, at times danceable and fully memorable album to keep queued up for your fall music playlist. —*Kristin Porter*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Black Marble

It's Immortal
Ghostly International
Street: 09.30
Black Marble = New Order + Cold Showers



It's Immortal, the sophomore release from electro pop group Black Marble, retains the lo-fi grit of the band's debut album, *A Different Arrangement*, while simultaneously steering the band (both physically and musically) from East Coast territory into fresher, more exploratory West Coast vibes. Singer/songwriter **Chris Stewart** retains his position at the helm of the project since splitting with bandmate **Ty Kube** amid Stewart's move to the West Coast. Yet, despite his change in locale, Stewart keeps the band's Brooklyn, New York-synth roots alive, resulting in a collection of songs with amplified vocals, pastel-colored synths and a hint of modern-day deference, which is evocatively scored by Stewart's personal, nostalgic touch coupled with every happy-sad, **Ian Curtis**-garage dance party you've never been to.

The album opens with the quixotic track "Interdiction," sampling a muffled human scream over an interjection of ephemeral sound effects and samples. Clocking in at just over a minute, the track evaporates as quickly as it appears—like the opening credits of an '80s sci-fi film based loosely on the works of **William S. Burroughs**.

The second track on the album, "Iron Lung," presents with an effectively upbeat—and slightly irreligious-sounding—bassline that climbs and traverses faithfully through the unexplored backroads of Stewart's emotionally cool vocals. Infused with a well-written balance between melodic homesickness and a low, dark reverb on par with singer/songwriter **Daughn Gibson**, Stewart's vocals carry just as much—if not more—of the track's melody than the Tilt-A-Whirl synthesizers propelling the vehicle of the song forward. The song's

structure, particularly the bassline, may have been an extension of the band's 2013 "MSQ No-Extra," a track from *A Different Arrangement*.

"It's Conditional" is a multi-layered epitaph seemingly lifted directly from the veins of a DMT-induced coma. Stewart's serene vocals are carried downstream by a melancholic timbre only kept afloat by the unimposing, soft and directionless synths. Stewart's dispirited vocals fully evade the four-and-a-half minute track—although it seems much, much shorter.

"Woods," the fourth track on the album (and also my favorite), revels in a deeply buoyant tempo that is seemingly dissatisfied with a predictable trajectory of synth electro pop melodies. It rebelliously imbues each sombre synth with a small auger of hope, represented by Stewart's overarching, borderline saccharine vocals that veer close to an emotional catharsis. However, the song ends abruptly before full emotional insight is revealed. Stewart lures us close, almost lets us glimpse the center and then shuts the door abruptly. It's a perfectly eschewed, honest and frail emotional mess that had me pressing "repeat" for close to an hour.

The second half of the album picks up speed from a melodic standpoint, ushering in slightly more up-tempo, albeit not quite danceable, tracks such as "Golden Heart" and "Self Guided Tours." Stewart's vocals are still at the forefront of each song, providing a delicate juxtaposition between what might have otherwise been an overwhelming combination of frenetic synth harmonies and New Order-heavy vocals.

Yet, *It's Immortal* is neither overbearing nor chaotic. On the contrary, it exists within a self-professed industrial musical landscape that leaves room for listeners to not only experience the finished product but to become acquainted with the creative process as well. Ultimately, *It's Immortal* leaves a door open for listeners, inviting them inside the vivid, scintillating electropop mind of Stewart while hovering effortlessly above Black Marble's short discography. —Kristin Porter

Carla dal Forno

You Know What It's Like
Blackest Ever Black
Street: 10.07
Carla dal Forno = Birds of Passage + Tropic of Cancer + Marie Davidson

It seems preposterous that this is Carla dal Forno's debut album. Her work has been an imbuing force within the experimental powerhouse Blackest Ever Black for the past few years. The Australian-bred, Berlin-based dal Forno has split time with frequent collaborator and multi-instrumentalist **Tarquin Manek** in the BEB-affiliated **Fingers** and **Tarcar**. Striking out on a solo

project, dal Forno is home in the haze of eliding synthesizers and the funeral-paced BPM of this record. Being acquainted with dal Forno's past projects, *You Know What It's Like* feels familiar, cognizant of its lineage but firmly committed to striking new ground.

You Know What It's Like is an album rooted in stark minimalism. While much of the album's sound palate lurks in the shadowy greys and blues barely outside of our perception, the heart of each song is a propulsive melodic center, shepherding dal Forno's after-midnight, world-weary seduction toward a compositional landing place. Much of that propulsive center can be found in dal Forno's stark post-punk bass lines and early house's utilitarian use of syncopated beats. In the mid-range, dal Forno layers placid arpeggios atop shadings of darkwave and thick, syrupy tonal shifts. It's an intoxicating record, an addicting blend of deconstructed dance music and deliriously dark passages ferried around by dal Forno's deadpan delivery.

The lead single and second song on the record after the ambient intro is the nocturnal pulse of "Fast Moving Cars." A sultry, heat-warped track centered around a truncated Kraut bass line, dal Forno's disembodied poetics and pitch-shifted synthesizers oscillate within the claustrophobic confines of the track. "DB Rip" follows up with the most straightforward yet deconstructed dance track on the album, replete with the compressed air hiss of a fog machine within the first minute of the track. The 4/4 house beat, keyed-up synths and vocoder sound like they are fighting their way out of a club completely incased in agar. The beats come straight out of the substrate and right into your busted ear drum.

"Dry In the Rain" begins with the most customary psychedelic passage on the record: a sun-fried acoustic guitar raga laid beneath spaghetti western-sounding pan flutes, flourishes of bongo drums processed through plenty of reverb in the album's most trance-inducing track. *You Know What It's Like* proves that Carla dal Forno is completely capable of producing stately pop songs in signature and affect. "You Know What It's Like" is a faraway-sounding **Stevie Nicks** B-side sent out beyond the solar system and back. Replete with massive percussion and an earworm synth line, this song is about as moving and mysterious as this record gets.

You Know What It's Like will hardly be viewed as a polarizing record. For those who "know what it's like," this album hits on almost every auditory sweet spot across our damaged brains: deconstructed rhythmic elements, poised pop perfection, unrelenting sultry grey and those stoned-and-alone synthesizers that pierce like strobes through thick walls of fog. —Ryan Hall

Ex-Cult

Negative Growth
In The Red Records
Street: 09.23
Ex-Cult= Black Flag + DI + Nots

If you are not immediately familiar with Ex-Cult, then please proceed to remove your head from whatever submerged position it has found itself in. Now, provided that you have some prior experience with Ex-Cult, it'll be clear that *Negative Growth* represents the natural progression of a style that hearkens back to the group's post-punk-meets-hardcore roots. This album is complete with a fuzzed-out and sludgy sound. Numbers like "Attention Ritual (No One Sees)" and "Hollywood Heatseeker" carry us through a certain ferocity, while tracks like "Mister Investigator" clearly nod to frantic and chilling post-punk anxiousness. After thoroughly listening to *Negative Growth*, the resulting sensations should incur a cold and dead feeling inside that, oddly enough, will inspire with certain vigor to run amok and cause all sorts of hell.

Ex-Cult are the most exciting thing that comes from the United States' rock n' roll underbelly—aka the South. They boast a sound with an almost unrivaled intensity due to their furious and raw nature. From their records and via any live performance, listeners can bear witness to a band that never fails to deliver. Theirs is a stunning and seemingly awe-inspiring quality. While they are certainly modern by all means, they maintain the nostalgic, ominous and foreboding sound of a late-1970s post-punk style, bordering the line between early hardcore and the reckless defiance of first-wave punk rock. Ex-Cult offer a truly exciting style that dramatically moves past the limitations of studs and bristles. They are among an emerging number of groups (including Nots and **Downtown Boys**) that appear humble, but have a no-shits-given attitude, providing a sound that breathes life into hopes for an actual, authentic rebellion.

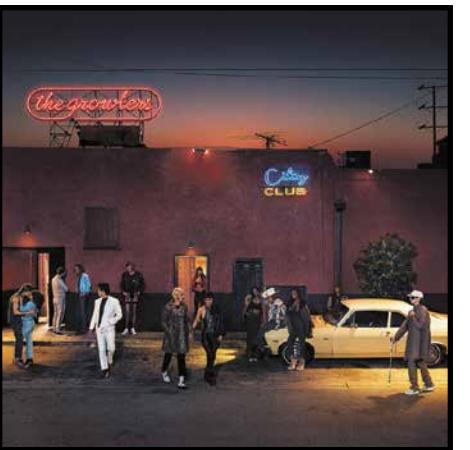
If you have not had the pleasure of Ex-Cult infecting your ears, then start at the beginning, but be sure to pick this up along the way. **Ty Segall** recorded *Negative Growth* in Los Angeles. As many may be aware, Segall and Ex-Cult vocalist **Chris Shaw** are members of the supergroup **GØGGS**. With this in mind, it should be clear as day why Ex-Cult, originally housed within the halls of the famous Memphis label Goner Records, is now being released through *In The Red Records*, a label renowned for carrying underground rock n' roll royalty groups like **King Khan & BBQ Show**, **Zig Zags** and **Kid Congo and The Pink Monkey Birds**. It also happens to be the home of Segall's current, various projects. So, with all of this to consider, you'll be in good hands with the release of *Negative Growth*.

There are obvious crimes that come with the willful depravity of certain music. Considering Ex-Cult's brilliant temperament, which defines much of their angsty post-punk concoction, missing out on this release and any show they play will indicate remarkably poor judgment. With this warning made clear, Ex-Cult will be touring

the United States to support the release of *Negative Growth*. Along the way, they will rip through Salt Lake City on Oct. 13 with the support of a star-studded local lineup that includes **The Nods**, **Brain Bagz**, **Hot Vodka** and yours truly, **DJ Nix Beat**. It's a free show, so there is no reason in heaven or hell to miss out, but before then, *Negative Growth* hit the shelves on Sept. 23, so break out your pocket change and pick it up. —Nick Kuzmack

The Growlers

City Club
Cult Records
Street: 09.30
The Growlers = (Grizzly Bear + The Virgins)^Julian Casablancas



It still feels like new music, doesn't it? Each new record from The Growlers has something gripping enough that makes it as exciting as a debut. The Growlers swooned us back in 2013 with "One Million Lovers" and *Gilded Pleasures*, those "Humdrum Blues" with *Hung At Heart*, and then, within the more recent couple of years, that magnificently depressing "Good Advice" on *Chinese Fountain*. We've been seeing The Growlers for a while now, and we know all their tricks: bashful love songs softly cradled by opiate-euphoria, kick-shit pub songs aggravated by rum and amphetamines, and, of course, how genuinely they've always related to the everyday man when the going gets tough. But something has been different with The Growlers lately. They've been coming home later at night smelling like cheap perfume and whiskey with a slick new Members Only jacket, and they're not caressing our needs as much anymore. At this point, they know how obsessed with them we've become, and they don't feel obligated to fill our every need. Now, they've decided they're going to do what they want to do. They're going to stay out and drink for however long they want. They're going to pick up new moods and scents even if you don't like them. They're going to flirt with something new if it fascinates them, and they're going to turn up their fuzz and synthesizers however fucking loudly they want.

You knew this when they came through the door a few weeks ago with "City Club" and realized who they've been hanging out with. Each track is vital, integral in the maturation of the record as a whole. While hits like "Fe-

Julian Casablancas of **The Strokes** produced the new album for the boys and have helped them out with a new, slick, New York-esque style. Sounds off this record spawn in the hours of the late night, and there is a more cock-out attitude, distant from what we've been used to since our affair began with The Growlers. But in the middle of all this late-night musk and confusion, they revive our faith with "When You Were Made" and let us know that that old sweetheart singing us those affectionate songs is still in there. It still makes us think: That sounded like my beloved Growlers, but everything else has changed. Is this just a phase? Moving through "Rubber & Bone" and hopping over "The Daisy Chain," we end up in "World Unglued," and it starts to make sense. Here, these new moods and swings start to come together with those old favorite sentiments. It's still our one, true love, The Growlers—they just need room to try on new garbs and taste new, dark subject matter. And with this, it's all right. We let them follow with venting about "another bar fight in a neon light" and "high-ass women who don't see me" in "Neverending Line"—all the shit they've had to put up with as a touring rock band.

After talking, tears and a few tall drinks, The Growlers drive us home with "Blood of a Mut" and "Speed Living"—two tracks that remind us of that band we fell in love with back in high school that still satisfactorily cap the night with their cool, new swagger. This is definitely a record that's going to challenge some of The Growlers' whole-hearted fans, but others will enjoy the new sleek style that's brought on by late-night antics and a craving for danger that can only be settled by exploring new scenes and avenues. —Austin Doty

Jenny Hval
Blood Bitch
Sacred Bones
Street: 09.30
Jenny Hval = St. Vincent + Air + Patti Smith

Woman. It is a declaration that takes some fighting for, some waging of hard-earned feelings in the pitfalls of adolescence. It is a celebration that takes some revering, some nods at our foremothers. For some, it is a week that physically hurts, an hour that emotionally binds and centuries of irrefutable greatness. And in a little nook of Norway, somewhere between Eve eating the fruit and **Helen Reddy** roaring, there was Jenny Hval: unapologetically bleeding, making her mark with the best of them.

Blood Bitch, the avante-garde musician's sixth solo album, shines bright among said mark. Beginning and ending with synth, the album is a fusion of statement art-pop, burdened breathing and provocative soundbites (see: "Last night, I took my birth control with rosé"). Despite the mixed media, achieved with the help of fellow Norwegian artist **Lasse Marhaug**, the album isn't arbitrary. In fact, much like its inspiration, *Blood Bitch* is designed and synced divinely and cycled masterfully.

Each track is vital, integral in the maturation of the record as a whole. While hits like "Fe-

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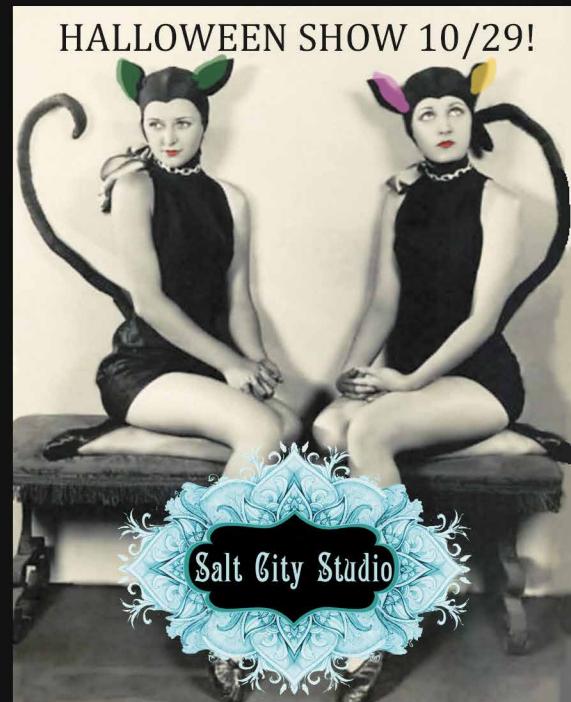
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male Vampire" and "Conceptual Romance" act as seeds to the more conservative of ears, the blooming interludes expose the darkest folds of womanhood to the starkest of light: "The Great Undressing" is a thumping amalgamation of '80s MIDI, **Portishead** and consummate confessions like "I just need your love or your approval." "The Plague," sampling the sonic gore of old horror films, sounds like a mood swing, channels raging and flashing like a possessed television. Perhaps most lucid is "Untamed Region," a track on which Hval—driely scribbling, recounting domestic dreams—stages a stained mattress. The singer doesn't shy away—from sexuality or nature or the moment when a girl wakes up and her sheets are warm and red. If Hval is bleeding, she will tell you.

The artist has long been a crusader for the second sex. Whether studying at the *University of Melbourne* (everything from philosophy to theater to film theory), fronting a goth-metal band or a moniker (**Shellyz Raven** and **Rockettothesky**, respectively) or writing a novel (the Norwegian *Perlebryggeriet*, translated *Pearl Brewery*), Hval has delineated an aspect of her female experience. At once she breaks down the stigma, bends the perspective and preserves an admiration long held but often lost. While not original in her taste for blood—remember when **Perfect Pussy's** **Meredith Graves** issued her own on their vinyl LP?—Hval's interest is progressive, intending, perhaps, to normalize a happening whose depiction gets flagged on Instagram.

Blood Bitch flows. It studies the dichotomous nature of the substance at hand—life-giving, life-taking—while worshipping the vessel from which it leaks. A conjure-woman of sorts, Hval evokes the likeness of her guided spirit-sisters: **Björk** losing sight in *Dancer in the Dark*, **Kate Bush** doing backbends in a bright-red dress, Helen Reddy again roaring. By the time the album is over, you'll have experienced in an hour what it might feel like to be one of them. —Cassidy McCraney

Marching Church

Telling It Like It Is
Sacred Bones
Street: 10.28
Marching Church = Dirty Beaches +
Iceage + Lou Reed



Singer **Elias Bender Rønnenfelt** (Iceage) has this pained but definitely nonsubmissive crooning that brings the simple but soulful songs together on *Telling It Like It Is*. They form a sort of plea/declaration that sounds a lot like what we would hear coming out of an abandoned inner-city street if we were there to hear it. Instead of a tree falling in the woods, it's concrete on a dark, empty street singing out, and Marching Church says yes. It does make a soft, little sound, even if no one is there to hear it—in fact, only if no one is there to hear it.

It bleeds with a modern civility that seems to be pushing its way into our young, animal minds—growth pains for the self-aware, and if that hasn't been felt before, this album is an insight into what it's going to feel like. At times alienating and at others playful and collective, it's a lot like opening a letter from a time capsule signed by rock n' roll itself. The mindset that started the whole damned movement is prescient across the pickings of Rønnenfelt's electric guitar.

When he calls out, "When one can't belong, one feels the urge to ruin" on "Heart of Life," it conjures a visceral image of the torch being handed off to our generation, our wave heading nowhere as we feel the weight of the world settle and rise upon us incrementally. On "Lion's Den," Rønnenfelt sings, "They never cared too much for you / Come on in / Just come on in." Sung over some hushed whooping and what sounds like pipes being hit together, we get the feeling of a present that hasn't changed since the past was still close to us—still coming in and going out of this world one at a time, still searching for the question that will put our minds at ease, for the things we know will make us whole, but wondering why it has to be those specific things that do.

Anthemic at times, it's a definite shift from their previous work. The album as a whole carries a specific message that Rønnenfelt has attempted to convey over multiple bands and albums. Marching Church, what used to be Rønnenfelt's solo project, has done the most to depict the demon that seems to be dancing on top of the prolific artist's chest. He's not complaining about any of it—he just needs you to understand what it is that is happening in his mind. The opposite shore of the anthemic is the harrowing hush of being in a crowd and not knowing anyone but getting excited about the freedom it entails.

Across the entire album, Rønnenfelt is about as close as you can possibly get to what it would sound like to be half-singing in a pitch-black forest, comforting yourself as you stumble around without knowing where you're going. It's this sound, maybe even more than the lyrics, that conveys the state of mind of a man emerging from out of whatever cocoon he's been stuck in and finding it difficult to understand the place he's been growing up in—as if what was once known has suddenly become not so. —Brian Udall

Void Meditation Cult

Utter the Tongue of the Dead
Hells Headbangers
Street: 10.31
Void Meditation Cult = Demonyx +
Beherit + Prfonatica

With only some ugly demos to their name, Ohio's Void Meditation Cult offer this debut, having built up some hype with this full-length release. For one, VMC have a gritty and greasy guitar tone that is unique to their artistry, and they possess the ability to blend bleak atmospheres with unique riffing. It's superbly eerie music with heavy aggression—a far cry from your typical black metal "danger" tropes, like "Let's burn down a church," "Kill people," the common "satanic evil"—type danger or even NSBM danger. It evokes something spiritual for some, or, for those devoid of any spirituality, it evokes what should be a mindfulness of the end of all things, and stimulates positive worship to this end.

Utter the Tongue of the Dead starts hard and with frequent low blows, with a guitar tone that—involving the sound of death—cuts through fast rhythms to slower paces. That first fourth-ish of the album lacks any higher or melodic tones—it's extremely oppressive. Then, the album builds with its first riff in chunky tune "At the Door of an Infernal Realm." The progression throughout the album feels like it's building up this ugly, mean tone, but you just have to keep listening for what it's building to. Sometimes, it feels like it's only black metal if it has the well-known tremolo riff style. Thankfully, some amazing bands currently paving the way emphasize that black metal is not confined to the sounds everyone thinks of. Despite a heavy emphasis on death, its slower paces can suggest a doom style. It's all semantics, really—you can call Void Meditation Cult whatever you want. I'll call it enlightening sounds for disturbed minds. "Mould and Blood" is a highly violent, "enlightening/disturbing" track that combines many elements used in singular ways in other album tracks. I mentioned this sort of album building to a climax—a climax of death! The eerie melody and harmony of "The Shores of Eternal Night" sets the tone for final track, "Goddess of the Waking Death," which I really wish I had the lyrics to. It's climactic for my listening tastes, as it interchanges aggressive riffs for a slower burn and beautiful keys. I meditate a lot in my own life to calm anxiety or to just get to a certain level of mindfulness, and this form of meditation leads the mind to an ultimate ending just as the final track—nasty, ugly with desperation—terminates abruptly, just as life does.

One can interpret the band's own name to mean many things, but after listening, it feels to me as if the void is death. Obviously, meditation really is what it means it is, and the cult is not a **Charles Manson** cult; it's an intense ritual. For me, meditation of the void is focusing on the only true thing in this life, which isn't life—it's death. Life is perplexing, but death is all around us, and it's the one thing any school of worship or philosophy cannot deny as fact—everything alive will die. *Utter the Tongue of the Dead*—call it ironic if you want, but it's an album alive and brimming with both a dense atmosphere and amazing songs. As they say, "The Cult is Alive," but don't take that in its original context. Interpret this album in your own way—by listening to it! —Bryer Wharton

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Visit SLUGMag.com to get your event listed for free and view a complete Daily Calendar listing.

Friday, September 30

Blind Guardian – Complex
Atmosphere, Brother Ali,
Dem Atlas – Complex
Still Corners, Batty Blue
– Kilby

4th West Oktoberfest – Mountain West Cider

Lera Lynn – State Room
Marian Hill, Verite, Shaed
– Urban

Saturday, October 1

Danny Brown – Complex
Magic Men Live! – Complex
Lany – Depot
Bogan Via, Luna Aura
– Kilby

4th West Oktoberfest – Mountain West Cider

Downtown Farmers Market – Pioneer Park
Dead Winter Carpenters,
Zach and Bridget
– State Room

Sunday, October 2
Sounds of China – Libby Gardner
4th West Oktoberfest –
Mountain West Cider

L.A. Witch, The Hound
Mystic, Super 78 – Urban
Monday, October 3

Dinosaur Jr. – Depot
From Indian Lakes,
Made Violent, Wild Wild
Horses – Kilby

White Reaper, Primitive
Programme, Mortigil Tempo,
Kapix – Urban
Tuesday, October 4
Futuristic – Complex
Machine Gun Kelly
– Complex

Pennywise – Depot
Ryley Walker,
Circuit des Yeux – Kilby
Literary Death Match
– State Room

Matt Hires, Volunteer
– Urban
A Tribe Called Red – Urban

Wednesday, October 5
GRIZ – Complex
The Cult – Depot

Must Be the Holy Ghost,
Tarot Death Card – Kilby
Craft Lake City Work-

shop: Herbal Infusions – Natural History

Museum of Utah
Mr. Gnome, Sculpture Club,
Cupidcome – Urban

Thursday, October 6

Bearooth – Complex
Dweezil Zappa – Depot
SLC PINK Edition 2 Release
Party! – Kilby

Matt Haimovitz – Libby Gardner

Twiddle – State Room
Mike Gao, AudioTreats,
Aztek, Khensu – Urban

Craft Lake City

Workshop: Leather Dog/Cat Collars – West Elm

Friday, October 7
Thievery Corporation
– Complex

Squeeze, Loot Park – Depot
The Wednesday People
– Kilby

Griffin House – State Room
Dubwise: Jantsen, Turtleboy,
illoom – Urban

Saturday, October 8
Ghost, Marissa Nadler
– Complex

Common Kings – Depot
Jessica Hernandez & the
Deltas, Tancred,
The Hound Mystic – Kilby

Downtown Farmers Market – Pioneer Park

Bronwen Beecher
– State Room

The Reverend Peyton's Big
Damn Band, Supersuckers,
Jesse Dayton – Urban

Sunday, October 9
Halestorm, Lita Ford,
Dorothy – Complex

Matoma – Complex
Urban Flea Market – Downtown SLC

Elizabeth Cook
– State Room

Andrew W.K. – Urban

Monday, October 10
Kikagaku Moyo,
Lovely Noughts – Kilby
Okkervil River, Landlady
– Urban

Tuesday, October 11
Slayer – Complex

Alessia Cara – Depot
Joyce Manor, The Hotelier,
Crying – Kilby
Phantogram After-party
– Urban

Wednesday, October 12
The Amity Affliction
– Complex

Craft Lake City Work-

shop: Autumnal Pies – Harmons City Creek

White Fang, No Parents,

The Birth Defects – Kilby
Mandolin Orange
– State Room

Liquid Stranger,
Bleep Bloop, Perkulator,
Shlump – Urban

Thursday, October 13

Stevie Stone, Andrew Boss,
Gajira – Complex

St. Lucia, Baio – Depot

Brendan James, Paul Loren
– Kilby

Celebrate The Bounty – Rico's Warehouse

Brian Culbertson
– State Room

Ex-Cult, The Nods,
Hot Vodka, Brain Bagz,
DJ Nix Beat – Urban

Friday, October 14

The Devil Makes Three
– Depot

Cute Is What We Aim For
– Kilby

HONEYHONEY

– State Room

Quiet Oaks, Eldren,
Beachmen,

Tarot Death Card – Urban

Saturday, October 15

The Interrupters, Bad Cop
Bad Cop, Show Me Island,

This Wild Life – Complex

Getter – Complex

Ani Difranco – Depot

Garrett Klahn, Vincent Draper,

Cub Country – Kilby

Downtown Farmers Market – Pioneer Park

Sean Hayes – State Room

Rachael Yamagata,

Pressing Strings – Urban

Zombiecock – Urban

Sunday, October 16

Dizzy Wright, DJ Hoppa
– Complex

Kishi Bashi,

Busman's Holiday – Urban

Monday, October 17

GROUPLOVE – Complex

Tory Lanez – Complex

AIGA Salt Lake Design Week Opening Reception – Photo Collective

Deerhunter,

Aldous Harding, Jock Gang

– Urban

Tuesday, October 18

Hopsin – Complex

Death From Above, Black

Rebel Motorcycle Club

– Depot

Anna Rose,

Wes Williams Band – Metro

TAUK – State Room

of Montreal, TEEN – Urban
Wednesday, October 19

\$uicideboy\$ – Complex
Poor Man's Whiskey
– State Room

R.A. The Rugged Man,
King Magnetic, Diabolical
& Mag Molo, Landon
Wordswell, Dumb Luck,
Clife – Urban

Thursday, October 20

Ingrid Michaelson
– Complex

Chicano Batman, SadGirl
– Kilby

Jared & The Mill
– State Room

Craft Lake City Workshop: Goldleafing – The Stockist

The Felice Brothers,
Erika Wennerstrom – Urban

Thursday, October 20

True Widow, No Sun
– Urban

Friday, October 21

Elle King – Complex

Karl Blau, LAKE,

Andrew Shaw – Kilby

Design Arts Utah – Rio Gallery

Equality Utah Allies
Dinner – Salt Palace

Johnswim – State Room

The Circulars, The Nods,

Choir Boy – Urban

Saturday, October 22

Pet Shop Boys – Complex

Trash Talk, Antwon – Kilby

Downtown Farmers Market – Pioneer Park

Margo Price – State Room

Ramones Tribute Night
– Urban

Sunday, October 23

Gnash, Quiñ, Triangle Park
– Kilby

The Dillinger Escape Plan,

The Hound Mystic – Urban

Tuesday, November 1

Charlie Puth – Complex

Attila – Complex

Tatsuya Nakatani
– Diabolical

PWR BTTM, Bellows, Lisa

Prank – Kilby

Hiss Golden Messenger
– State Room

Wednesday, November 2

Jon Bellion – Complex

A\$AP FERG – Complex

La Sera, Springtime Carni-

vore, Strong Words – Kilby

Quiet Oaks – Urban

Thursday, November 3

Blind Pilot – Depot

Sweater Beats – Urban

Friday, November 4

Pick up the new issue
of SLUG

– Anyplace Cool

Balance & Composure
– Complex

COMING NEXT

WINTER
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OCTOBER

- Oct 1: **FREE SHOW NSF**, Monkey Lion (6PM Doors)
 Oct 1: **Mr. Vandal**, Ottr, Dj Feral Williams , Hecka, Gravy.tron (\$4 before 10:30 \$6 after)
 Oct 2: **FREE SHOW: LA Witch**, The Hound Mystic, Super 78, Season of the Witch (6PM doors)
 Oct 3: **FREE SHOW: White Reaper**, Primitive Programme, Mortig Tempo, Kapix
 Oct 4: **Matt Hires**, Volunteer (6PM Doors)
 Oct 4: **A Tribe Called Red** (9PM Doors)
 Oct 5: **Mr Gnome**, Sculpture Club, Cupidcome
 Oct 6: **Mike Gao**, AudioTreats, Aztek, Khensi Diego (9PM Doors \$5 before 10:30PM, \$10 after)
 Oct 7: **Dubwise: Jantsen**, Turtleboy, illoom (9PM Doors)
 Oct 8: **Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band**, Supersuckers, Jesse Dayton RPBDB
 Oct 9: **Este Pizza Presents: ANDREW WK** (SEATED EVENT - 7PM Doors)
 Oct 10: **Okkervil River**, Landlady (7PM Doors)
 Oct 11: **FREE SHOW: Phantogram After Party**: Flash & Flare, Le Voir, Feal (9PM Doors)
 Oct 12: **Liquid Stranger**, Bleep Bloop, Shlump, Perculator
 Oct 13: **FREE SHOW: Ex-Cult**: The Nods, Hot Vodka, Brain Bagz, Nix Beat
 Oct 14: **Quiet Oaks**, Eldren, Beachmen, Tarot Death Card
 Oct 15: **Rachael Yamagata**, TBA (6:30PM Doors)
 Oct 15: **FREE SHOW: Zombiecock**, TBA (9:30PM Doors)
 Oct 16: **Kishi Bashi**, Busman's Holiday (7PM Doors)
 Oct 17: **Deerhunter**, Aldous Harding, Jock Gang
 Oct 18: **of Montreal**, TEEN
 Oct 19: **The Felice Brothers** / Erika Wennerstrom (of Heartless Bastards)
 Oct 20: **True Widow**, No Sun
 Oct 21: **The Circulars Album Release**, The Nods, Choir Boy
 Oct 22: **Ramones Tribute Night: Breakers**, Birthquake, 90s Television, Fuck The Informer, King Tiger, Dan Fletcher
 Oct 23: **The Dillinger Escape Plan**, O'Brother, Cult Leader, Bent Knee (7PM Doors)
 Oct 24: **Loch Lomond**, Little Barefoot
 Oct 25: **FREE SHOW: Breakers Brooks' Birthday**, Heavy Dose, Bitchin, Sunchaser
 Oct 26: **FREE SHOW: Slug Localized: Villain**, Burn Your World, The Wake of an Arsonist
 Oct 27: **R.A. The Ruggedman**, King Magnetic, Diabolic & Mag Mob, Landon Wordswell, Dumb Luck, GLife
 Oct 28: **Halloween Party #1: Max Pain & The Groovies Album Release** & Goodbye From SLC,
 Dark Seas, Hot Vodka (\$5)
 Oct 29: **The Sword**, C-Average, Eagle Twin (7:30 PM Doors)
 Oct 30: **Madchild**
 Oct 31: **Halloween Party #2: ISLANDS**, Steady Holiday, The Hound Mystic, DJ Flash & Flare (\$5)

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 21+

COMING SOON

- 11/2: The Head and the Heart AFTER PARTY: Quiet Oaks
 11/3: Sweater Beats
 11/5: Lydia
 11/7: Peter Hook & the Light
 11/8: Caspian
 11/11: Jai Wolf
 11/12: King Tiiiger Album Release
 11/15: Cash'd Out
 11/17: The Jezabels
 11/18: Andy McKee
 11/18: Toro Y Moi
 11/19: Paper Bird/The Ballroom Thieves
 11/22: CVPITVLS
 11/23: Hot Vodka
 11/25: Super 78 Album Release
 11/26: Copeland
 11/30: Benjamin Francis Leftwich
 12/9: Dubwise w/ Dirt Monkey
 12/12: Sculpture Club
 12/14: Red Fang
 12/15: Louis The Child
 2/1/17: Wax Tailor



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Kilbycourt OCTOBER

- 10/1: **Bogan Via**, Luna Aura, Audio Treats
 10/3: **From Indian Lakes**, Made Violent, Wild Wild Horses
 10/4: **Ryley Walker**, Circuit des Yeux, TBA
 10/5: **Must Be The Holy Ghost**, Tarot Death Card
 10/6: **SLC PINK EDITION: TWO - RELEASE PARTY**
 10/7: **The Wednesday People**, TBA
 10/8: **Jessica Hernandez**, Tancred, Hound Mystic
 10/10: **Kikagaku Moyo**, OPEN, Lovely Noughts
 10/11: **Joyce Manor**, The Hotelier, Crying
 10/12: **White Fang**, No Parents, The Birth Defects
 10/13: **Brendan James**, Paul Loren
 10/14: **CUTE IS WHAT WE AIM FOR**
 10/15: **Garrett Klahn (Texas Is The Reason)**, Vincent Draper, Cub Country
 10/19: **Chicano Batman**, Sad Girl, TBA
 10/20: **Spy Hop Night!**
 10/21: **Karl Blau**, Lake, Andrew Shaw
 10/22: **Trash Talk**, Antwon
 10/23: **Gnash**, Quiñ, Triangle Park
 10/24: **Archive Records: Dan Fletcher**, Vincent Draper, Westing, American Mouth
 10/26: **Lewis Del Mar**, Prinze George
 10/28: **Screaming Females**
 10/29: **Skalloween: Show Me Island**, The Anchorage, The Gringos,
 The Beam Me Up Ska-T's, Gorgeous Gorges

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OTHER S&S SHOWS

- 10/1: LANY @ The Depot (SOLD OUT)
 10/1: DANNY BROWN @ The Complex
 10/4: FUTURISTIC @ The Complex
 10/7: CYMBALS EAT GUITARS @ Metro Music Hall
 10/8: GHOST @ The Complex
 10/8: IAMX @ Metro Music Hall
 10/9: MATOMA @ The Complex
 10/11: PHANTOGRAM @ In The Venue
 10/12: METRO STATION @ In The Venue
 10/13: ST. LUCIA @ The Depot
 10/15: CHARLIE PARR @ The Garage
 10/17: SKELETONWITCH @ Metro Music Hall
 10/20: HELIO SEQUENCE @ Metro Music Hall
 10/28: YELLOWCARD @ The Complex
 10/30: THE NAKED AND FAMOUS @ The Depot
 11/1: MAC MILLER @ The Great Saltair
 11/2: JON BELLION @ The Complex (SOLD OUT)
 11/3: BLIND PILOT @ The Depot
 11/3: HAR MAR SUPERSTAR @ Metro Music Hall
 11/4: BALANCE & COMPOSITION @ The Complex
 11/7: YELAWOLF @ The Complex
 11/9: WATSKY @ The Complex
 11/15: NIGHT BEATS @ Metro Music Hall
 12/2: DRAGONETTE

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