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Contributor Limelight

Bob Plumb

Writer/Photographer



photos, Mr. Plumb decided it was about time to get back to his roots and become locally involved one more time. This month, Bobby's work features a long-awaited four-page spread covering **James Atkin**, and you can expect a shit ton of awesome content from him in the upcoming months chronicling travels, homies and more importantly, his photographic skills. Welcome home, Bob.

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SaltLakeUnderGround 5

DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Slug Mag,

I hope there are a few decent people reading your magazine; because the well-being of young people has been on my mind a great deal. Earlier this year I was enjoying a Saturday off concerning my book for LDS families, Chased by an Elephant , the gospel truth about today's stampeding sexuality. My husband Steve ran across the news that the annual "Queer Prom" was being held at the Library that night, sponsored by the Utah [Gay] Pride Center, which 14 to 20-year-olds were invited to attend. Since when are there dances, gay or straight, for both minors and adults? To make it worse, this was not a traditional prom. A traditional prom is based not on sexuality but on traditional gender roles. This particular dance was being held solely based not on nature and tradition but on the attendees' anomalistic ideas about gender, sexuality, and sex.

I called the Gay Pride Center. The only option I was given was to leave a message on a machine. Lily Rodriguez, the HIV Prevention Coordinator, who told me she was heavily involved with the youth and youth programs at Utah Pride Center, called me back.

We don't usually engage homosexual activists, but the thought of minor teens being exposed to perverse adult sexuality filled me with righteous indignation. I thought it was bizarre how she insisted the prom and their other youth programs at the Center were not about sex or sexuality, but making friends. Her main argument in favor of the Queer Prom was that "gay" kids get teased at school. One of my sons had thick glasses and got punched regularly.

I asked Ms. Rodriguez if 14-year-olds might be dancing with 20-year-olds at the prom. She said they had never had any problems with minors being molested or seduced or leaving the dance with adults which left me wondering how she could know that with any certainty at all. Anybody minding the rest rooms?

Steve and I took a drive to the Salt Lake City Library. We sat a distance away on the amphitheater steps and observed for about an hour and a half.

The first thing we noticed was that outside the entrance kids were being asked to fill out a lengthy survey. They were not asked their age, nor did they show identification. The next thing we noticed was that there were many very young teens attending the dance. I asked a young girl what the survey was about and she answered matter-of-factly, "It's just asking about our schools and discrimination and stuff." Steve and I realized that this dance was not just to provide "a safe place to make friends" as Ms. Rodriguez indicated. It was to gather sexuality-based data from trusting kids in order to support and further their agenda.

On the front page it explains that the survey is about finding out "how common offensive and hate-based language" and "other types of harrassment" are at their school. Ms. Rodrigez failed to mention this 15-page survey that asked underage kids explicit questions about sexuality, leading them to label themselves some alternative sexual orientation. They were to circle one of these seven (!) choices: "Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Queer, Questioning, Straight/Heterosexual, and Other."

The survey also asked explicit questions about the attendees' sexual behaviors:

"In the past six months, have you had anal sex without a condom?"

"In the past six months, have you had vaginal sex without a condom (or other safer sex barrier)?" "In the past six months, have you had oral sex without a condom or dental dam?"

(You may wonder if they ever tell kids that sex is actually only safe between a faithful married husband and wife. The answer is undoubtedly no.)

In my conversation with Lily Rodriguez she added that the Center also welcomes what they call "questioning" youth, those who are uncertain about their sexual

preferences. Well, I'm questioning Utah Pride Center. It's about time somebody questioned this problematic organization. What business do these sexual activists have messing with young kids?

Queer Prom, a place to find new friends? Perhaps, but its main purposes are to further the activist agenda by suggesting and gathering self-serving information to fuel propaganda and support legislation, by throwing kids together with adult gays, and by encouraging younger and younger kids to experiment, label themselves something other than heterosexual, and become activists themselves. -Janice Graham

Dear Stupid Lady,

What the fuck are you talking about?! I cannot believe you called the library to see if you could stop it. Laugh out loud! Maybe next time you could volunteer to head up next year's book burnin'. Why do you think you even get to have an opinion on this matter, let alone have the right to meddle in the lives of teenagers you have no connection with? You're obviously a delusional mother thinking you can control the kids of today. You do the best you can, but teens do what they want. Sex of any kind happens at every kind of prom, but at least at a gay prom you don't get dumpster babies. How can you compare your sons' afternoon of taunting to being kicked and beaten every day, called "faggot," looked down upon, being called an abomination and told you need to change, EVERY DAY?! Why is your husband trolling for gay teen activities anyway? I seriously question the motives of you and your husband spying on children for over an hour. Is your obsession because you suspect him of pedophilia? Is your next book called The Elephant in the Room?

The only agenda on gay people's minds today is to silence people like you and Boyd K. Packer who preach the acrid, viral ignorance that you call faith and testimony. Look, Dumb Dumb, these kids are not having sex with 19 year olds in the bathroom at the prom—they wait until after and do it in a hotel or car like normal teenagers. They are being asked to fill out forms about sex activity and school environment so we can figure out how to best nurture these brilliant kids of tomorrow and provide them with some sort of comfort and normalcy. They are given a gay prom because you and your precious gender-specific proms are not fun and sometimes unsafe for LGBT kids. They need resources like the Pride Center and gay adults to turn to when meddling, nosy cunts like you poke in and make them feel like they want to kill themselves.

Now a warning: I think your complete idiocy is dangerous and has provoked the mama bear in me. I will be lying in wait for you and your husband at the next gay prom with a couple friends. May your Lord help you if I see you approach any of my children! Love you. I mean it. —Princess Kennedy

Dear Dickheads,

In Tully Flynn's article "Rough Side of Da Tracks," he uses the phrase "no homo" a couple of times. The fact that the phrase even occurs to him as an acceptable thing to put into print makes him appear to be a clueless asshole. Slug is an alternative magazine in a terribly repressive state, and there are very few places for young gay people to turn for media that doesn't tacitly agree that they're hell-bound abominations. Being an alternative publication, I imagine that hundreds of gay teens read your magazine because it gives them just a tiny bit of hope that they will not be shit on for their entire lives, and that maybe they don't have to hate themselves or wallow in burning shame forever. I also imagine that it's twice as painful when they see that even Slug has no problem casually printing fucked-up, disrespectful phrases if it makes a few dickheads giggle. Young gay people have it incredibly rough already, as the recent highly publicized adolescent gay suicides show. I know your hearts are in the right place, but don't you see that this bullshit, even in jest, is not acceptable? Quick: Want to

know if you really are an asshole? If the first thing that pops into your mind after reading this goes something like "chill the fuck out you whiny liberal fag, it's harmless," then you've got your answer. —Biomedikal Gangsta

Dear Fuck Us Squared,

I would like to do something we at SLUG never do and apologize if you misread Tully Flynn's "no homo" context and found it to be insensitive. In actuality, it was a comedic attempt at urban lingo to explain sexual preference towards his fellow boardsmen. What surprises me is, as a gay man, you have forgotten what an overt statement of sexual preference could actually mean. Little secret: Flynn is a super hot hottie! It is my hope that he is on the verge of coming out and next spring I'll be able to take him to the Gay Prom, a SLUG sponsored event. I hope that next year we will be able to ride on the front of SLUG's gay pride float, lip-locked, as Mr. and Miss Gay SLUG in our award-winning super-gay float. Most of all, I long to write poetry of my unrequited gay love to Tully in my hella gay column that SLUG gave me because they saw the importance of having the gayest voice that matched their already amazingly diverse magazine. That was, until I saw Flynn identifies female on her FB page. Now I have to throw a beat down for muscling in on my SLUG tranny position. Anyway, Double Fuck, SLUG is the hot straight guy of the SLC publication world. The sexy kind of man meat we love is secure enough to come to our parties, bars, protests and tell homophobe pussy-lovers to fuck off when they're being mean to us. So hot, in fact, that we let the occasional social faux pas fly because there's a chance at the end of the night when we're playing spin-the-bottle that we might get to make out with him.

Let's make sure that in this dizzying time of growth and change we don't over sensitize. We need to acknowledge the people on our side and save the fist-shaking for Stupid Lady and the numerous destructive assholes like her that try to push us two steps back. You're forgiven. —Princess "Chick with a Dickhead" Kennedy

Dear Readers,

I wish to apologize for my callous use of hurtful words. I did not realize I was giving into a catchy contemporary bigoted phrase. As a voice in the local culture, I realize the power I have and the last thing in the world I want is to segregate. This is a black and white issue and if the words we use direct separation then, they are preaching hate. There is no place for hate in this world, only love and creation. I am truly sorry to those I have offended. —Tully Flynn

Hey slug,

I've been reading this wonderful colorful bundle of joy since I was 12, when I was in Iraq the best times were the worst days (lemme explain) being out on guard for 12 hours no time to eat in 120 pound flak jacket and gear staring off into burning trash with absolutely nothing to look forward to until we got back to the cp, and our ssgt would hand out mail. The greatest feeling is to here your name during mail call and getting a package opening it up and seeing SLUG in giant red letters....im just writing this cuz I've been meaning to for along time... that and im high as shit right now. Keep it real gangsters you make me proud of this city!! Love Rachelle

Dear Rachelle,

Ahhh, you just gave us a giant case of the warm fuzzies! We're glad you were able to find some sort of comfort (or at least entertainment) by



SLUG Copy Editor Cody Kirkland rocks his SLUG pride shirt in the office (and no... his hand is not down the front of his pants—what do you think we are, perverts?)

reading SLUG. With all of the overly sensitive, slightly insane hatemail we've been getting lately, it's nice to get a letter of praise. We're so euphoric that we'll even overlook the fact that your judgement was severely impaired when you came to the conclusion that we're awesome. Thanks again!

Dear Dickheads,

I've been reading your magazine since 1989 and have never written a letter until now. My intent in submitting this is to prevent a tragic situation that occurred here recently from repeating with other artists that visit Salt Lake City and contribute to our local music scene.

The Kollektive is the local promoter that brought The Legendary Pink Dots to town on October 18th. In my opinion, they did an absolutely underwhelming job of promoting the show. Many people who would have made it a point to make it to the concert didn't even know it was going on due to poor promotion. I personally found out about it through the band's own email list. A chimpanzee with internet access and typing skills could have put forth a stronger effort.

Instead of taking some responsibility for the relatively small number of tickets sold, The Kollektive decided to let the band that had travelled from the Netherlands and driven all day from a previous gig in Seattle shoulder that burden. They were paid a paltry sum, \$380 for playing nearly two hours. The promoter took 30% of the door proceeds and what was left minus The Kollektive's "claimed expenses" of \$1,100 was given to the band. A decent human being would have realized the situation was not fair and would have offered to take less of a split or reduce their claimed expenses. That didn't happen and that is why I am now writing this letter. So, a few words to the wise- make sure you have a guarantee and perhaps look into utilizing another promoter. To The Legendary Pink Dots- I'm sorry you had to deal with this and hope you will choose to visit the Vatican of the West again.

Amy Wicks
Ogden, Utah

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TWO COW GARAGE

NO RETREAT.
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By Ricky Vigil
ricky@slugmag.com

"When bands like
The Gaslight Anthem
get more popular it
ultimately brings more
attention to us and
kids are more open to
listening to us."



Looking at the routing of Two Cow Garage's current tour reveals many gigs taking place at bars, pubs, lounges, and even the odd brewery or tavern. If there was any justice in the world, these Ohio natives would have broken out of the bar scene and gained the same level of popularity as like-minded bands like **The Hold Steady** and **The Gaslight Anthem**. Injustice notwithstanding, one must admit that Two Cow Garage's songs make a lot more sense after a few beers. Vocalists **Micah Schnabel** and **Shane Sweeney** write songs that are as poetic as they are direct. Drawing influence from classic rock, classic literature, folk, country, punk rock and everything in between, Two Cow Garage aptly mixes energetic, bar-burning tunes with slower, plaintive tales of heartbreak and days gone by. *SLUG* spoke with Schnabel just as Two Cow Garage was beginning their tour in support of their newly released fifth album, *Sweet Saint Me*.

SLUG: How did you initially get into punk rock?
Micah Schnabel: We all grew up in small towns in Ohio, so [punk] wasn't very accessible. We found it through the **Fat Wreck Chords** compilations and *Cinema Beer Nuts* and a lot of stuff like that. That's how we all got started because that's all that they had at Best Buy in the closest city. We'd buy a lot of records based on the cover art, or we'd find one band we liked and it would all trickle down from there and we would just keep searching. We never really fell out of it—I think it's still [in our music].

SLUG: Did you grow up listening to folk and country, or did you gravitate towards it later?

Schnabel: I kinda gravitated toward it when I was younger and got into the harder stuff from there, which I guess is the reverse from the way it usually happens.

SLUG: There are a lot of bands currently playing a style of music that combines punk with folk and country or classic rock. Do you think there's something about these genres that makes so many people want to combine them?

Schnabel: I think it's all just honesty. There's something to take away from all of it. You get into folk songs for the same reason you get into punk rock songs. They all make sense because it's all just true.

SLUG: Has the recent increase in roots-influenced punk bands had any effect on the way you've been writing music?

Schnabel: We've always kinda been our own thing. We've been a band for ten years now, and I think we've kinda progressed out of what we were, and it's weird to see all of these bands popping up now. I think it's really good for us, because when bands like The Gaslight Anthem get more popular, it ultimately brings more attention to us and kids are more open to listening to us.

SLUG: How does having two singers affect Two Cow Garage's songwriting process?

Schnabel: For the most part, we just have whoever wrote the song sing it. For the first time on this new record, we have a song where we go back and forth, and I wrote those lyrics. We haven't gotten to the point where we're both writing lyrics on the same song, but that's definitely not outside the realm of possibilities. That song ["Lucy and the Butcher Knife"] is actually one of my favorite songs on the new album since it's a brand new thing that we had never done before ... We just got about ten beers deep, got on the same microphone and recorded it all in one take, just belting back and forth.

SLUG: On the new album you make references and allusions to **Marvin Gaye**, **Bruce Springsteen**, *The Catcher in the Rye* and *The Great Gatsby*, among other things. Where do you draw inspiration when writing lyrics?

Schnabel: From everywhere. I read a lot, and sometimes there are lines that just pop out of a page and I think, "Shit, I could write a song about that!"

SLUG: Is Two Cow Garage doing anything differently or planning anything special for the tour in support of *Sweet Saint Me*?

Schnabel: We're five records deep now, so we're trying to make it more of a show and less of just a band playing at a bar. We're playing about an hour and a half set and we're trying to cover a lot of material. We're just trying to make it a little more professional.

SLUG: What do you hope *Sweet Saint Me* will lead to?

Schnabel: The hope is always to just grow. I'm really hoping this record reaches beyond our normal fanbase and we see more people at shows. We'd really like to get on some bigger tours—that's a big goal for this next year. We just want to get in front of more people and get the chance to be heard.

Whether Two Cow Garage is performing songs about forbidden love, brotherhood or murder, they'll surely leave a few drops of sweat and maybe even a teardrop in your beer when all is said and done. Two Cow Garage will perform at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on November 10 with **Michael Dean Damron**.

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By Jessie Wood
jes.d.wood@gmail.com



Derek Vincent Smith of Pretty Lights will melt faces with his music on Nov. 17 at The Complex.

Derek Vincent Smith, the mastermind behind **Pretty Lights**, has a vision: beautiful, emotional, hard-as-shit dance music. "Hot Like Dimes," a song off his EP *Spilling Over Every Side*, samples a rapper saying "fuckin' you up every time that I drop," and no lyric has ever been written that more aptly describes his productions. His dedication to digging through old vinyl for samples, constantly producing fresh, soulful, banging beats and putting on live shows to melt your face off has fueled a well-deserved rise to success in the electronic music world. He's amped by the music he is making—and it shows. On Oct. 20, he released his third EP of 2010 and this fall he is embarking on a tour across the US—check him out in Salt Lake on Nov. 17 at *The Complex*.

SLUG: How did you get your start as a producer?
Derek Smith: I really wanted to be a musician in middle school. I got a paper route and saved up and bought my first bass guitar. I played in a bunch of bands, and I got into the hip hop scene. That's how I got my start as a producer, just wanting to make beats and make hip hop. It's funny—a lot of the musicians in part of the scene right now are people that were in bands that are now trying to make electronic music, but I think that I really started just trying to be a hip hop producer. I made tracks to rap on and for my friends and eventually was exposed to the dance electronic scene and went to a bunch of raves. That's when I kind of started trying to fuse the whole dance electronic thing with the hip hop beats.

SLUG: How did recording the third EP go? How do you think it's going to differ from the previous two?

Smith: I'm really psyched on this one, actually. With the second one, I was trying to have genre-bending production, where the tracks switched from a really sort of organic break, like hip hop things that are really hard, to almost dub-influenced sections. The tracks on the last one were really long arrangements, with several different parts in every track. With this one, I'm making shorter, simpler arrangements, with slightly more minimalistic layering and sound design. I was trying to really focus on making the beats pretty and hard at the same time, just sticking to the meat of it, the basics and trying to really focus on making every element of it really dope and fresh. Both of the [previous EPs] had six, with this one I'm trying to have more songs, and have shorter songs as well. It's hype, and it's beautiful, so that's really what I'm trying to do, is combine the two.

SLUG: What's your process for producing a track?
Smith: It varies. I do a lot of listening and digging through old vinyl to kind of get the timbres and the sounds—at least one element of the sounds that I want in the music, because I try to have that vintage, old-school, warm feel to it. Then I start matching things together that I think will sound fresh, and I try to get several different sounds to work together. That's a big part of what I do, making sounds from different decades and different genres and different keys and tempos work together like they were meant to be that way from the beginning. When I get a real foundation that I'm happy with, something that's emotionally powerful and charged and at the same time fresh, I start building the drumbeats and the synths and the bass lines. Then I record the instruments that I play on top of that, and just build it, build the layers, and then I start making different

sections and then at the end is when I arrange it. Other times, I'll write the progression and the melodies and the chords on the Fender Rhodes I have in my apartment and then build it from there and add the vintage soulful kind of samples later. It kind of varies, but I usually approach it in one of those two ways.

SLUG: What's next for you after the third EP and the end of the fall tour?
Smith: I want to make a record where I don't use any vinyl samples, but I'm able to maintain the style and the sound that I've developed. I'm anticipating it being a very difficult and sort of involved process. The reason I go to old vinyl to get the sounds for my production is because I want that old school, warm sound that could only be created with the technology at the time. Right now I'm building this studio where everything in it existed before the '70s. I'm investing in a lot of old school, vintage mics, reel to reels, tape machines, old school instruments, pre-amps ... The idea is that I'll play a lot of the instruments but also work with a lot of musicians and record it and create it in a way where it hopefully still has the sound and the timbre and the warmth of the music created forty, fifty years ago. Right now I'm building the studio and getting the technology. I have a grandiose vision of it all coming together and happening, but I realize it's going to be a massive undertaking. I'm definitely looking forward to it because it's going to be such a challenge.

Visit prettylightsmusic.com to download all of his music for free (donations appreciated) and check out Pretty Lights on Nov. 17 at The Complex.

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Thurs 11/11: The Breaks Hip Hop

Fri 11/12: Ecid, Noah23, Feel Good Patrol (Hip Hop)

Sat 11/13: The Fucktards (Happy Birthday
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Tues 11/16: Red Bull College Night: Fraternity/
Sorority Bartender Challenge

Wed 11/17: 11/17: Sacrificial

Slaughter, Pagan Dead, Iconoclast Contra, Winterlore

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RED BULL RAMPAGE

WORDS BY: MIKE REFF
MIKEREFF@GMAIL.COM

Photo: Christian Pondella

Rolling up to the event, it appeared that some type of futuristic soldiers were hurling themselves down a mountain on two-wheeled gravity sleds. Then I realized it was the *Red Bull Rampage*—the premier free-ride mountain bike event in the world. Since 2003, *Red Bull Rampage* has been bringing riders from all over the planet to the southern Utah desert to ride a remote area near Zion known as Virgin, Utah. The terrain in Virgin provides a unique landscape for riders to test their skills. Red Bull athlete **Darren Berrecloth** told me, “[There is] no other place in the world you can bring your mountain bike and send it like you can in the desert of Utah.” Imagine a post-apocalyptic Alaskan mountain range with big spines, steep faces, huge cliffs and endless opportunities for one to huck one’s meat. It’s big, bad, and it’s right here in our own backyard.

Although everything Red Bull does these days seems fresh and cutting edge, this particular event has some history. In 2001,

the first Rampage was born and the mountain biking community had yet to witness anything of its kind. Normally in a race or free-ride event, there would be a set course that all competitors must follow, but not here. Riders would show up to the venue a couple of days before the event so they could build their own lines, to their own personal satisfaction, and anything could be

possible. Over the years the sport of mountain biking changed—people started going faster, bigger and looked smoother doing it. The days of the ‘hate huck’ were gone and the community embraced the new breed of floaty, stylish moves like 360s and huge moto whips. As the sport progressed, the event evolved with it. The idea of allowing competitors to build their own lines

was still a factor, but the addition of pre-built features such as massive wooden booters and some pre-carved jumps changed the face of the rampage forever.

Most sporting events are ideal for spectators, but the Rampage is not like most sporting events. It’s a four-mile hike or bike-in through the unrelenting Utah desert just to get to the venue and when you arrive, it’s as if Red Bull has set up its own army base. There are helicopters flying overhead and crazy four-wheel Tomcars that look straight out of a *Mad Max* film roaming around, not to mention the big military style tents all over. After you get past singing the *M.A.S.H.* theme song in your head, you realize that there is really no



M.A.S.H. RedBull style. Photo: Mike Reff

good place to watch these guys send it down the ridiculous dirt face in front of you. You have to start the hike up the venue, and up you go. It's steep, loose, and you're constantly looking to make sure you are not stepping on the lip of a jump or in the landing zone of someone's insane line. You almost get the feeling that you are extreme by just watching the event, but then reality sets back in as you look at one of the sixty-foot gaps across a ravine of doom. This is some serious shit!

The Rampage draws a very elite group of riders from across the globe to compete for the title. What is unique about the talent in this competition are their backgrounds. Some riders, such as **Gee Atherton**, come from the World Cup Downhill Racing Circuit, while other riders like **Andreu Lacondeguy** are strictly slope-style competitors. The variety of talent and terrain sets the stage for anyone to take home the win.

The first day of competition, after the qualifying round, is a practice day for the big show. Riders get the opportunity to test their lines, check their speed, and 'guinea pig' that new feature they have been eyeing up. The newest, most-hyped feature of this year's course was known as the Oakley Icon Sender. It looked like something out of *Pirates of the Caribbean*: a massive wooden roller down a cliff face to a forty-foot drop out of a wooden tower onto a steep dirt landing. This was a big move and it took some easing into for the riders to straight air off of it, but a straight air was not going to cut it. Many of the riders were staying away from the Oakley Icon Sender feature on the practice day and focusing on one

of the other bigger features: a massive canyon gap. The gap spanned a solid 60 feet and had a run in that was far from ideal: a super-gnarly double drop into a semi-smooth landing before

some of that good old desert heat, the practice day was a wrap to let everyone rest up for the final showdown on the following day. Sunday morning was the day that everyone had

been waiting for. The sun was shining and everyone had their A-game ready to go. LifeFlight helicopters were on standby, spectators were applying their extra coat of sunblock and the riders were saying their final prayers—it was about to go off. As each rider dropped, a flock of photographers and spectators would shift to the rider's line in hopes of catching a glimpse of his next move over that edge. After a day of practice on the Oakley Icon Sender feature, **Cameron Zink** stepped it up and went for a 360 out of it. With about a forty-five degree over rotation, Zink slammed so hard he cracked his helmet, leaving the rest of his day uncertain. After a bit, the medics actually cleared him for a second run where he went right back up there and stomped the shit out of possibly the biggest three in mountain bike history, which ended up securing him the first place spot. Gee Atherton landed a massive hip step down with that clean racer style he is known for to land him in second. "The Claw," Darren Berrecloth, came in third with his 'au natural' run of wall rides, drops and a perfect 360 off of a 20-foot cliff at the bottom of the run. Berrecloth was the only rider in the top three to use only features that he built himself on the mountain by avoiding all of the pre-built stuff. It was an amazing day with insane riding and

spectacular crashes. Fortunately, the only real carnage was damaged bike parts. Everyone walked away from their runs, which is an incredible accomplishment at this level.

The Red Bull Rampage was another day that will go down in the history books of mountain biking. I wonder what the next chapter will bring ...

Darren Berrecloth, wallride. Photo: Ian Hylands



Greg Watts can fly. Photo: Ian Hylands





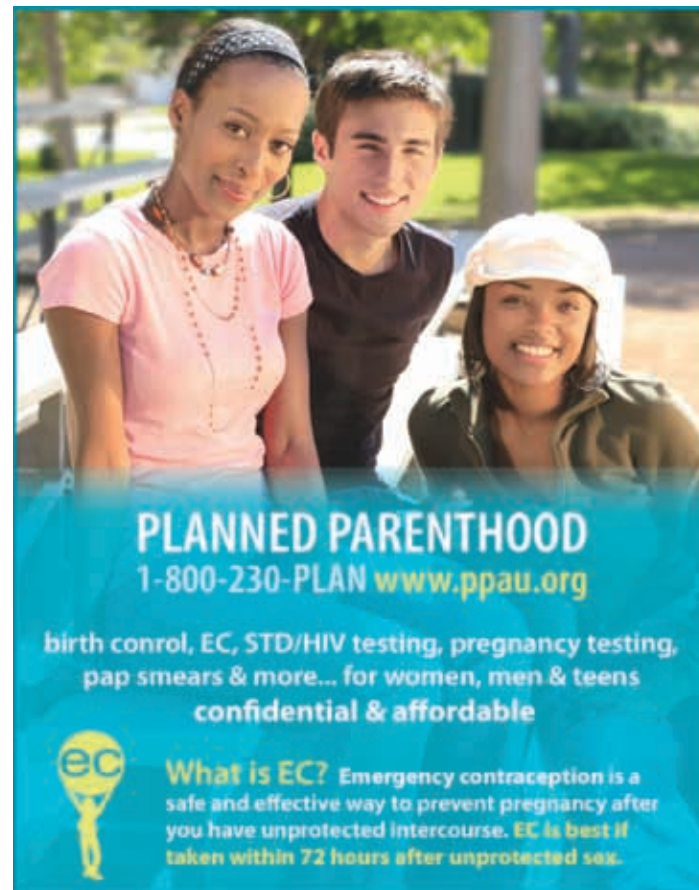
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City Dogs Food Cart
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By Heck Fork Grief
info@slugmag.com

City Dogs is Salt Lake's premier vegetarian/vegan hot dog cart. Could there be anything niftier than a bike ride downtown on a sunny afternoon made complete with some delicious and healthy lunch eaten while sitting on some grass? Why eat a veggie dog or vegan taco? Well, as my veggie girlfriend says, "We already have the bun, we might as well use it."

First, allow me to digress into veggie dog culture. Why would you eat a soybean hot dog or a wheat meat pork-rib slathered in delicious barbecue sauce? Because they are freaking delicious, satisfying, healthy and good in a way that the high saturated fat, high cholesterol, highly resource wasting real things simply are not. I am not a vegetarian, but that doesn't mean I don't believe that meat is a luxury and that it is promiscuously underpriced in the American market: The costly inputs, dehumanizing effect on farm workers and the world-destroying, cancer-like destructiveness of big agribusiness are simply not accounted for in the cheap price of beef, chicken or pork. We in America eat too much food in any case and too much meat by a large margin. Even the cheerleaders of big business, the federal government, think so. Take a minute next time you are online and look at mypyramid.gov and see what they suggest for a healthy diet.

Owned by **Jeremiah Smith**, the handsome thirty-four-year-old lead singer of local goth favorites **Redemption**, City Dogs is a successful balancing act of street food slinging that is a savory, tasty, healthy vegetarian convenience for the people. Presented without pretense and without apology, City Dogs serves a few humble varieties of traditional take-away food in the style of big-city hot dog carts. Using the newest generation of alternative meats from the same vendors that supply *Whole Foods*, one can get a hot, delicious and filling meal in minutes.

Smith took the reins of this unique street food cart in September of 2009. Since then, he has seen his business grow into a happy success, and his fan base has grown with the sensibilities of working men and women, and the increasingly savvy kids that call downtown Salt Lake home. If there is a happy barometer for downtown, I think it might be the continual group of people milling around the City Dog cart at lunchtime.

City law says that food cart businesses must close at 11 p.m., which is too bad because a cart running some delicious food and non-alcoholic beverages would be a big hit with consumers when the bars close.

City Dogs has a delicious selection of veggie hot dogs, my favorites being the Chili Cheese



Photo: Barret Doran

Why would you eat a soybean hot dog or a wheat meat pork-rib slathered in delicious barbeque sauce? They are freaking delicious, satisfying, healthy and good in a way that the high saturated fat, high cholesterol, highly resource wasting real things simply are not.

Dog (\$3.50) which is what you would expect of vegan chili on a delicious little vegan frank with soy or dairy cheese, depending on your preference. The Dee Dog (\$3.50) is a mild east-coast cream-cheese-slathered variation on the Chili Cheese Dog. Maybe best among the hot dogs is the City Dog (\$3.50), which has jalapeños, tomatoes and pickled asparagus. The Italian Sausage Dog (\$4.50) is rockin' good, too. It's delicately flavored with sundried tomato and basil, but still spicy, and this sausage is laid out on one of the nicer sausage buns around. It, like all the items here, is sold à la carte. Drinks (\$1.00) and chips (\$.75) are available separately, as are sides of delicious vegan potato salad (\$2.00) and vegan chili (\$2.00). The cart, like taco carts, has a condiment library at the heel of the chassis. Included are normalish condiments: ketchup, mustard, relish, onions, but hot peppers and hot sauces are also included.

The tacos are unexpectedly good, if not outright

unexpected. Two soft flour tacos served with a dash of salsa and, if you wish, sour cream. They go down like the guilty tacos of my childhood—rich, satisfying and altogether unhealthy delicious. Except, overall, these bad boys are relatively good for you. One of my favorite picks on the small-but-tasty menu is the barbecue Rib Sandwich (\$5.50). I don't know what it's made of, but it's vegetarian. Memorable is what I call it. I love barbecue and this little darling hits all the essential notes of a good barbecue sandwich. The only thing missing is a scoop of coleslaw for that down-south crunch.

City Dogs Food Cart is a good time for all, and an indispensable resource for the food conscious among us. It is open between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Monday through Friday. It's friendly, cheap and easy. It closes on Dec. 1, and reopens on March 1, so be sure and get your fill while the getting is good.

Let them eat cupcakes.

by Ischa Buchanan
ischa3@gmail.com

Brownies ... Cupcakes ... Eclairs ... Cream-filled sponge-cake delicacies dubbed 'Dillos' ... Gazing into the glass display case reveals the things dreams are made of, but I bet you wouldn't guess that you are in a vegan and specialty bakery. That is, you wouldn't if owner and mastermind **Kelly Green** didn't already go through every effort to make sure you know exactly what you are looking at when you peruse the handmade treats at Cakewalk. Each item has a checklist on a small card next to it, neatly clarifying which items contain what, including common allergens like soy and gluten.

"Having been vegan since I was 12, I had to learn how to cook and bake so that I could still eat the things that I love," Green says. "And raising my son vegan, I never want him to feel like he is missing out on anything." This desire led to Green's creation of the vegan éclair, one of her personal favorites, the Dillos, which replace other, non-vegan

cream-filled sponge cakes you may be aware of and anything else previously thought lost forever when one ventures into the vegan lifestyle.

The hobby went live in 2007 when her special-needs dog, rescued from the hard life on the streets of downtown, presented her with some extra costs in medical expenses. She decided to sell her homemade vegan treats to her friends for extra cash, and when the demand grew, there was really only one thing to do.

Green opened up a shop in Woods Cross first, but when the demand grew stronger still, the call to Salt Lake was too much to ignore. Earlier this year, the second Cakewalk location opened downtown. "So many of my customers live [in Salt Lake]—it only made sense to expand into the valley," Green says.

With nothing short of world-domination on the agenda, Green aims to get her Dillos in stores nationwide and into the happy hands of conscientious consumers everywhere. She is currently in the process of figuring out her packaging and marketing plan. Considering that she's accomplished all this in three short years while raising her son as a single mother, training as a triathlete and championing against animal cruelty, I think Salt Lake is lucky to have her.

You will enjoy Cakewalk's freshly handmade desserts even if you aren't a picky eater—they definitely rival the selection you'll find getting stale on your grocer's shelves, whether you are vegan or not. Now you can pick them up at two Cakewalk locations, 566 W. 1350 S. in Woods Cross and Downtown at 434 S. 900 E., as well as at several other delightful local establishments, including Sugarhouse Coffee, Rising Sun and Nobrow.



Photo: Katie Panzer

Pumpkin Spice Bread

By CakeWalk Bakery

Ingredients:

- 1 (15 ounce) can pumpkin puree
- 1 tbs "Instead of Eggs" mix (Can be purchased at Cakewalk)
- 2 tbs flax seeds
- 1/2 C. water whip
- 3/4 C. oil
- 1/4 C. unsweetened apple sauce
- 2/3 cup water
- 1 C. brown sugar
- 2 C. white sugar
- 3 1/2 cups all-purpose unbleached flour
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
2. Grease and flour three 7X3 inch loaf pans.
3. Sift flour, baking soda and salt together and set aside.
4. In a large bowl or stand mixer, quickly whisk together flax seeds, "Instead of Eggs" mix and 1/2 cup of water until frothy and gooey. Add oil, applesauce and whisk until ingredients are well combined.
5. Add 2/3 cup of water, brown sugar, white sugar, spices and vanilla until well combined. Add pumpkin and whip for 1 minute.
6. Add in flour mix and any other additives (walnuts, chocolate chips, etc.) gently until just combined.
7. Pour into loaf pans and bake for about 55 minutes (times may vary) or until a toothpick comes out clean.
8. Let pans cool before removing bread. Wrap or store in airtight container.

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FAUX TURKEY

THE CHING HOLIDAY HAVEN

By Esther Meroño
eather@slugmag.com



Photos: Bryan Mayrose

Vegan Thanksgiving
happens Saturday,
Nov. 12 at
2531 S. 400 E.

Thanksgiving: A holiday celebrated by Americans in memory of that glorious, seventeenth-century day on Plymouth Rock when our freedom-seeking, albeit delusional, ancestors sat down with their friendly neighborhood Noble Savages to feast and thank the almighty Lord for allowing them to survive so that they might pillage and rape this new land and its unworthy inhabitants. Well, that's the story I put together between preschool craft time and a college diversity course. Whether the "pilgrims and injuns" really did stuff themselves until they had to unwrap their loincloths and unclasp their garters isn't important to this story. Neither is football, Black Friday or giant parading balloons. This is a story

about giving back, about the faces behind the feast, about a group of people who reclaimed Thanksgiving, cut out the hypocrisy and made it a holiday worthy of celebration. This is the story of *Ching Farm Rescue & Sanctuary* and its 12th annual *Vegan Thanksgiving Dinner*.

In 1998, **Faith and Mike Ching** bought five acres in Herriman, Utah to provide a safe haven for animals headed to the slaughterhouse and, eventually, your dinner plate. What's so special about chickens and cows, you might wonder? Executive Director Faith Ching explains, "We try to educate people on how farm animals have exactly the same emotional needs as cats and dogs. If

you were to raise a lamb, or sheep, or goat and treat them like a companion animal, that's how they [would] act." The food game changes a bit when it's puppy burgers and kitty nuggets, huh? From horses, pigs and sheep, to ostriches, emus, chickens and more, the *Ching Farm* is home to over 200 rescued animals, most of whom spend their entire lives at the sanctuary. The animals are obtained from feedlots, auctions, research labs, overburdened shelters and anywhere else help is needed. "The ones we rescue are the ones no one else wants, and they hopefully will die of old age here," Ching says. "Farm animals are harder to give away than cats and dogs 'cause people want to eat them. We focus on the sanctuary.

However, we do adopt animals out." This is, of course, only after their high standards and criteria are met, which include a written application and a home visit. All of the animals are spayed or neutered, whether they are entering or exiting the sanctuary. This practice assures that no more animals are produced to be killed or mistreated, as well as to help balance the sanctuary's expenses and labor management, which are based completely on private donations and volunteer work.

It's in their continuous efforts to raise money and assemble volunteers that you may have heard of the *Ching Farm* (the only animal sanctuary in Utah, I might add), and more so on account of the Herriman fire that recently threatened the farm and forced its evacuation. According to the *Salt Lake Tribune*, on September 19, machine-gun sparks from Camp Williams started a fire that blazed towards Herriman, getting as close as 400 yards from the sanctuary. Faith Ching started giving out masks to her volunteers that afternoon due to the smoky conditions, but soon realized the farm was in danger. Phone calls were made and the word spread through texts and Facebook calling for help. Over 200 people showed up in a six-to-eight hour period, many with no experience whatsoever, but ready to help in any way they could. The *Silver Spurs All Ladies Riding Club* and the *Jordan Applied Technology Center Vet Techs* supplied over 20 horse trailers, and with everyone's help, about 150 animals were moved to safety. "It restored my faith in humanity ... Being on this end, where we're rescuing, you become cynical," says Ching. "There were people here that I didn't even know." Thanks to the firefighting efforts of local law enforcement and the National Guard, the farm was left untouched by the flames. Though the help came free of charge by the generous volunteers, the stress and noise of the sudden crowd and firefighting helicopters flying 20 feet above their heads made the animals nervous, which caused damage to some of the fences and brought Ching to the realization that the farm needed to be better prepared and better equipped for emergencies. This led to an increase in fundraising efforts,

which included an art and fashion show sponsored by the *Patrick Moore Gallery* at Area 51 back in September, a 5k/10k Run/Walk in *Memory Grove*, as well as a weekly Sunday brunch at the *River House* sponsored by *SLC Vegan Drinks*. The money raised will go to fixing and fortifying fences, making the farm's exits and entrances more accessible and trailer-friendly and organizing a more detailed evacuation plan. Any additional money raised will go towards feeding the animals, which costs about \$4,000 a month, not including the \$200-500 vet bill and the mortgage. And you thought your cable was a little pricey this month?

Moving forward a tradition of kindness, respect and equality among all living things, the *Ching Farm* started *Vegan Thanksgiving* as a means to fund their enlightened endeavor. Celebrating its twelfth year, the feast features all of the food you long to stuff your face with on Turkey Day, minus the blood, flesh, torture and environmental desecration, aka vegan-style. For those of you who may have been raised by elephants (in which case you're probably vegan, you just didn't know it), veganism means a lot of different things for a lot of different people, but the basics consist of abstaining from eating and buying meat and animal byproducts, which include dairy and eggs. What the fuck, right? No lard-covered turkey and honey-glazed pig carcass with a side of scrambled chicken turds on Thanksgiving?! Oh don't you worry, *Sage's Café* provides the faux turkey and gravy guaranteed to put your Puritan ancestors to shame. *Whole Foods* also contributes to the buffet-style, all-inclusive family feast, prepared exclusively by the loving hands of smiling volunteers. I don't know about your moms and grandmothers, but mine are not to be crossed after four hours of turkey basting. Yet another reason for many vegans to attend this guilt-free gluttony is the chance to celebrate a holiday with like-minded peeps, rather than picking at a plate of rice and beans in the case their family gathering is not as animal-friendly. "It's amazing, we get a huge turnout. It's a real tradition for a lot of people now," says Ching. "A lot of families find themselves not being able to

eat a lot, even though they enjoy their family's company. *Vegan Thanksgiving* gives everyone a chance to have a full-blown holiday ... It feels like an old fashioned Thanksgiving, but vegan."

All sarcasm aside, you can't ignore the fact that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for someone to consume a beloved friend, which is what these animals have come to be for those involved with the *Ching Farm*, and even those who just visit. The farm offers tours every two weeks, which you can sign up for on their website, and welcomes visitors and volunteers of every diet and lifestyle. "A lot of our volunteers are meat eaters, we don't discriminate," says Ching. "Veganism to me is showing compassion to every living thing. A lot of people that have never thought of stopping eating meat have come here saying, 'I'd never consider vegetarianism,' then stop eating meat once they start volunteering here for a while."

The *Ching Farm* is filled to capacity at the moment, so you can help them feed and shelter their friendly inhabitants by attending one of their many fundraising events, donating your time or money by visiting their website (chingsanctuary.org) and taking their monthly vegan cooking class at *Sunflower Market*, 6284 S. State. *Vegan Thanksgiving* is on Saturday, Nov. 13 at 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. at *Columbus Community Center*, 2531 S. 400 E., and will feature a delicious holiday dinner along with a guest speaker and silent auction. The event is \$20 for adults, \$15 for children 12 and under and a \$1 discount will be offered to anyone who donates a blanket for the pigs. All proceeds from *Vegan Thanksgiving* go to pay for winter hay for the horses, cattle, sheep, goats and llamas. Also, keep a look out for more information on their seven-course, gourmet *Vegan Valentine's* dinner happening in February for a com-passionately romantic night.

"Look in his eyes and see him next time you're eating a hamburger, think about him," says Ching of **Norman** the cow. "We know we can't save all the animals, but we'll always have ambassadors here that will teach everyone about them. The animals do the real life teaching."

Photos: Bryan Mayrose





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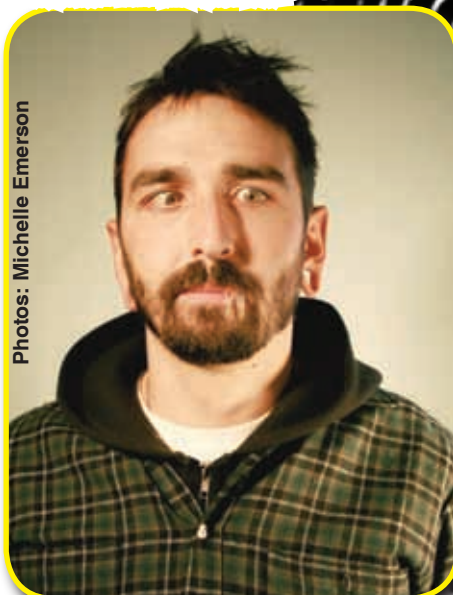


YOU'RE SO

By Princess Kennedy
Facebook.com/
princess.kennedy

BUSTED

Photos: Michelle Emerson



Princess Kennedy (center) and her cohorts, Bill Watts (left) and Gorgeous Jared Gomez (right), make a classy cameo in their own version of Busted Magazine.

I often find myself wondering if any of my neighbors or friends are convicted felons, rapists, druggies and/or thieves—actually, I already know the druggies. If only there was some publication that could tell me that I hadn't heard from Dick or Jane because they were arrested for public intoxication ... If I had children, I would want to know if Mr. Doe, their teacher, was arrested for aggravated sexual abuse of a child. My God, it's our lucky day, because there is such a magazine and you can find it for only a buck at over 200 locations from Provo to Ogden!

Busted Magazine is what I like to think of as the obituaries of our generation. "Look Henry, Shawn's been arrested for dealing harmful materials to a minor. Such a shame, he was so young." *Busted* was started two years ago by **Ryan Chief** in his home state of Florida as a result of morbid fascination and a way to help the community, although this tranny fails to see how it does that. All I care about is getting it every week to see who I know and what fucked up things people do. Chief says he gets threats all the time and people are upset that they are being exposed. He retorts, "Don't do stupid shit and get arrested—it's all public record."

Distributed in about 12 cities across America, I was disappointed to find that it is not available in LA, NY or LV. Therefore, there is no collectors' edition due to the latest Hollywood douchebagery. Oh Paris, you keep it zipped in the inner pocket of the purse you stupid cunt. It is also a good way to find out how fucked up our legal system is. There are mug shots of bright-eyed 18-year-olds arrested for paraphernalia next to a guy that sodomized a chicken, and they are probably in the same cell. Welcome to your

new life in the system. Hope it goes well for you. I searched out actual *Busted* catalog models and have a few stories to share with you. I think you'll find the scenes behind the pages even more fascinating.

My friend **Steven Bell** came over to my house with a *Busted* proclaiming, "Holy shit! I know this girl. I went to high school with her sister!" I had to know, so I made him call her to spill the beans on her kin. I was not surprised to find out the lovely model who looked to weigh about 200 pounds was the head make-up counter girl at Fashion Place Mall's Clinique counter, which would explain why I thought she was a Juggalette.

It seems our heavily made-up fatty was busted altering her time card on camera. Of course, she was let go immediately. Our beauty with no brains decided to 'show them' and took a purse from the break room, emptied it in her car, brought it back and repeated the crime three times before the brilliant make-up queen realized that she was being filmed again. DOH! I hate it when I'm that stupid. She didn't return the last purse, went on the lam and added evading arrest to her glamorous robbery charge. Ugly, fat and stupid—how sad. I hate thieves!

I was also able to actually track down a *Busted Magazine* cover model and find out what it was like to grace the cover of such a prestigious publication. I wanted to get the skinny on the shoot, discover what the other models were like and find out what kind of opportunities it has opened up since he graced the cover. SLC, meet **Jason Bassett**.

Jason said he got the cover on dumb luck and persistence. Apparently he's tried multiple times and with hard work comes success. "I peed a little," the model tells me when he spotted the issue at the Maverik. When he just happened to see his mug gracing the cover, he squealed, "This is me!"

He tells me the whole shoot was a total blur, "The other models were very competitive and a little aggro, so I'll admit I was a little afraid of them," Bassett says. "The whole procedure was so formal and impersonal I felt sick." I think it was due to the fact that he drank his dinner, like a pro. "They dressed me in the most beautiful tangerine jumpsuit with matching shoes—I'll never forget the way they brought out my green eyes." Bassett says that his eyes are his best feature.

"After a quick trip to have my fingertips painted black, I was off to the shoot with the most grumpy photographer, but what an artist with a definite vision," Bassett says. Bassett wanted to say that without his agent, **Jack Daniels**, none of this would be possible. He also promises that while he's working his path of being a cover model, he will stay true to himself and his fans, just as **Justin Timberlake** did when he left the *Mickey Mouse Club*. With that kind of grace and wit, I have no doubts we'll soon see him smeyesing his way onto America's Next Top Most Wanted.

In this season of giving thanks, I'd like to say that I'm glad the only mug shot of mine is fake—fingers crossed—and the only mag you'll find it in is *SLUG*. Thanks for an amazing two years, guys.

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STALKING MY EX GIRLFRIEND

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

Ah, the one that got away. The one you thought would last forever and ever and ever, keeping your stomach full of delightful butterflies. The one that first ripped your heart out Indiana Jones-style and introduces you to the cruel ways of love. The one who got hooked on crystal meth and made you realize you had to break up with her via a collect call from the county jail.

This was my first serious girlfriend. I sure was stupid when I was 20. I don't feel bad about it. Most 20-year-olds are stupid. I think being stupid is just part of being 20. I'm not so sure at what age people get smart, but it sure as fuck isn't 20. Especially when it comes to love—stupid, stupid love.

I think my first mistake when pursuing this girl was the fact that we went to the same drug rehab. That should have been a red flag. Since this relationship, having been through a serious treatment program has become a serious deal breaker for me. And I wouldn't blame a girl if she felt the same about me. A little couch time with a therapist is acceptable, but a full-on one-year program to kick whatever gets your rocks off is too much for my fragile heart to take.

On to the story. The day I realized that my love was no match for the demon yellow glass-pipe cat piss was a sad one for me indeed. The girl I went out with before this one had also picked meth over Mike. My friends at the time started calling me a gateway drug. This girl, though? The meth got her bad.

She became the textbook drug addict—either being on the drug, in jail or in rehab. Luckily she was a bishop's daughter at the time and had resources for adequate treatment and bail money. After that last phone call from jail asking me to bail her out, I heard from her once more about nine months later. She called me from a treatment center to supposedly make amends. I believe it's the eighth step in the 12-step process.

Her brain was clearly fucked from sucking a yellow glass dick for so long. She was using small words and scattered sentences and was a far cry from the girl that stole my heart. Then she asked me if I had made out with her best friend, and I really knew why she called.

Her best friend, Grace, and I bonded through the process and became friends ourselves. Keep in mind this was over 10 years ago. I would get updates from Grace here and there about if she was in rehab or jail or how she was doing, but it was always the same. Then Grace moved to Vegas and I didn't see her for about 10 years either.

Recently, Grace moved back and we started hanging out again, both of us wondering what had happened to this girl. For all we knew she ended up dead in an alley somewhere. So we came up with a plan to find her and see what happened to the one that got away.

After a couple Google searches and Facebook



stalkings, nothing came up. Then somehow Grace got a hot tip from her dad, who had seen her working in a craft store by his house. Let the stalking begin!

Grace and I came up with a plan. We'd go to the craft store when she was working, pretending to buy some shit for our newly adopted Haitian child. As far as jobs go, I took the George Costanza route and would be an architect and Grace would be a sex therapist. That was her choice, not mine.

We drove down to the craft store and got slightly hammered. It was go time. We walked in and quickly went to the beads section. We had a good view of the checkout counters from there but remained somewhat concealed. And then I spotted her! My first thought? Boy—she really let herself go, which is a compliment for a formerly rail-thin meth head.

We get in the checkout line and this is where I blew it. My feet got cold and I realized that I'm a terrible stalker. At first she pretended not to recognize Grace and me. Then she does the whole, "Oh my god it's you!" girl

thing with Grace, totally ignoring me. Grace then asks if she remembers me, and she's like, "No, oh WAIT YES I DO!"

She proceeded to tell us without us bringing it up how long she's been clean, which is what every drug addict says to people they haven't seen in a while. Four years in case you're wondering. She also said that her husband looks like **Kid Rock**, which made it hard for me to believe she's off drugs. But oh well. To each her own.

I couldn't follow through with the fake architect married to the sex therapist getting stuff for our adopted Haitian child story. I don't think I was drunk enough. I just stood there in awe thinking about where my life would be if somehow things worked out with this girl.

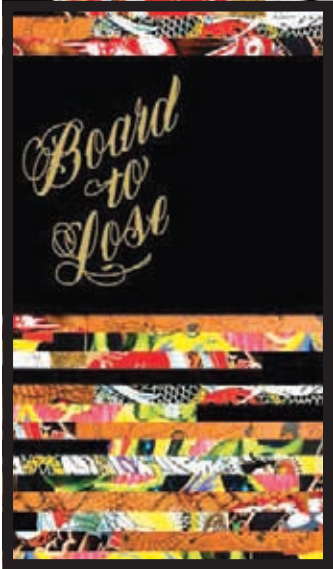
I took it a little personally that the girl who took my V-card couldn't remember it or me, but after seeing her at a checkout stand at a craft store, maybe her dumping me for meth is the best thing that ever happened to my life.

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Board To Lose: Tattooist, Skateboarder Art
Concept by C.J. Starkey
Flaco Productions 2010.
Street: 02.12

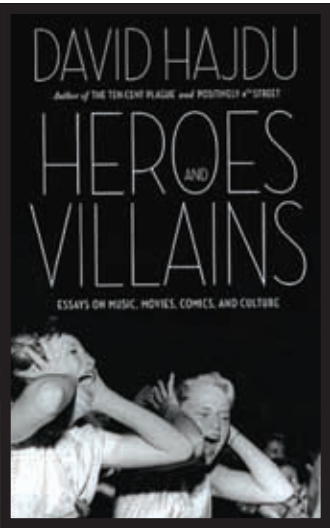


I like tattoos, skateboarding and lowbrow art—this book has all of those things. This book is basically a collection of tattoos on skateboards instead of skin. There's a lot of art in here that is really great, but there's also a lot of stuff that looks like it would go better on a t-shirt than a skateboard. There are a lot of skulls and stuff like that, which I'm not totally into, but maybe you are. There's some cool *luchador* art and you also get to see cool shit from **Jud Ferguson** (who I'm pretty sure is the same Jud Ferguson who rode for **Zero** in the '90s) and **Eric Dressen** (who, if you know skate history, is OG as shit). There are some cool local guys in here too, like **Dean Bodily**, **Nate Drew**, **Aaron Reeber** and **Anthony Anderson** from *Lost Art Tattoo* as well as **Patrick Delvar** from *Good Times*. Put together by Salt Lake Local C.J. Starkey, this book is awesome enough that you should at least give it a look, even if you decide it's not a must-have for your collection. —Giuseppe Ventrella

Heroes And Villains: Essays on Music, Movies, Comics, and Culture
David Hajdu
Da Capo Press
Street: 10.06

As Americans, we truly live in a melting pot of many different cultures and ideas. There is so much going into how we live that is derived from media, multi-ethnic influences, music, television, literature, pop-icons and more. The trouble is tracking a specific idea or behavior down to its original roots or even taking the time to think about why we do what we do. Hajdu takes on explaining and exploring many unexpected paths though our heritage as Americans. How much have you thought about how Starbucks

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has influenced not only the way you drink coffee, but the books and music you buy? Or how **Woody Guthrie** wrote "This Land Is Your Land" as an angry response to **Irvin Berlin**'s "God Bless America?" *Heroes and Villains* is composed of several different essays in which Hajdu shares his unique point of view. As a music writer for *The New Republic*, many of the essays focus on the music industry by looking at different artists, songs, and even music controversy and theory such as the good and the bad of open-source remixing. Hajdu navigates other subjects with precision like **Will Eisner**'s influence on the comic book industry. Through Hajdu's own exploration, I found myself thinking more critically about my own ideas and being enlightened by ideas that I had never even considered. —Ben Trentelman

Remembering Salt Lake
Jeff Burbank
Trad Paper Press
Street: 06.14

The idea that Salt Lake is seen as conservative is now completely contradicted by this amazing photo journal. The images contained in *Remembering Salt Lake* are gorgeous representations of how we became known as the beehive state. With trolley cars all throughout the downtown area and people out on the streets everywhere, it reminds me of an esoteric San Francisco—it's just a shame it has not been preserved. New buildings are great for looking modern and all, but really, can't beauty be seen in what is? Another fantastic thing about *Remembering Salt Lake* is looking at the growth of the trees on the few remaining original buildings. Saplings are now behemoths at the Salt Lake City and County building, and it has only been a little over a century. Another thing that hurts my hollow bones is the few images of people new to the state who mustered up all they could to make it in a new city with their business ideals, and even now that the buildings have been sold and bought and sold again, it's still really quite sad that the family businesses eventually went under. My condolences to the radicals out there. —Adam Dorobiala

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PLEASE TAKE ME OFF THE GUEST LIST

[redacted]
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Stacy Wakefield

By Jeanette D. Moses
jeanette slugmag.com



friends. In 2003, they decided to do it again, publishing their second collaboration, *Slept in Beds*. This project followed some of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' first big tours and the initial idea started with a photo series where Zinner took a photograph of the different beds that he slept in each night. The photos were printed on shiny magazine paper and

Wakefield picked Lipez's poems to go with the theme of the photographs, silkscreened the poems onto fabric, included a piece of a sheet in the back of every book and hand-bound every single one. "It was very much an artists' book. It was very satisfying. I made them all by hand by myself," Wakefield says. Zinner says, "It was just a beautiful art object. It felt very special. It wasn't quite a book of photos or a book of poetry—but very much its own unique object."

In 2005, *I Hope You Are All Happy Now* was published after *Saint Martin's Griffin* approached Zinner to work on a project consisting of his travel photos with the Yeah Yeah Yeahs. The book consisted of 500-600 of Zinner's images that Wakefield then divided into different themes. "I think that was the angle that was interesting to Saint Martin's. For them it was a music book," says Wakefield. Although Lipez was not the primary writer for this project, he did contribute an essay to what Zinner calls a "visual juggernaut."

This past October, the trio released their fourth collaboration, *Please Take Me off the Guest List*, through *Akashic Books*. "We hadn't released a book together for a few years, so we said, 'let's get together and do a book,'" Lipez says regarding their most recent collaboration.

The result is a delightful back-pocket sized book that is ideal for an intimate reading experience. Zinner's photographs (all shot with color film mostly using a Contax point and shoot) are given a gallery-style treatment—very clean and framed with enough white space to force

Photograph by Nick Zinner, from the book *Please Take Me Off the Guest List* by Nick Zinner, Zachary Lipez & Stacy Wakefield. Reprinted with permission of Akashic Books.

Letter of Resignation," "I Like My Metal Like I Like My Women ... False" and "You Can Always Do Better."

"I truly despise using the word mature—but unfortunately it is somewhat applicable in this situation, maybe just because the attitude is looking back on events that have happened in an 'I should have known better' way," says Zinner regarding the theme of the newest project. "The title is supposed to be funny, but we also wanted it to be somewhat tragic. I think with this book, it's really up to the reader to decide what the theme is. It's open ended."

drug memoir, which he sees as following a few different templates—either a Bukowski style romanticization, or the contemporary drug narrative, which focus on how terrible drugs made the author's life and how their recovery has made them a better person. "It's a lie. People are the same shitty people they were to begin with. Or the same fine people they were to begin with," Lipez says. "And you can't be funny ... You can't make drug jokes unless you acknowledge that [drugs are] the worst possible thing you could ever do. And that's boring ... and it's not true."

Wakefield, who edits all of Lipez's work, thinks that he has achieved his goal of treating drug use in a morally neutral way with the stories. "A lifestyle choice doesn't have to be elitist, it doesn't have to be moral. You don't have to rationalize—what I'm doing is better than what everyone else is doing, or worse. It's just this self aware, coming to terms with where one is," she says.

Zinner's photographs reflect the same sort of small moments captured in Lipez's writing—something that comes from his style of shooting. "I'm into the 'shoot first, ask questions later,' school of thought. It's usually just instinctual—whether it's 'wow that's beautiful' or 'I don't want to forget this—and I know I will.' It's a combination of all of those things," says Zinner. Although the photos aren't meant to be illustrative of the writing, they complement the style. "[It's] like a companion to the tone of the story," Zinner says. "I really think that's where a lot of Stacy's brilliance comes in, playmaking those two elements equally and [making them] supportive of each other." Lipez agrees that Wakefield does a lot of the "heavy lifting" with her designs to make all of the pieces seamlessly come together.

The initial design of *Please Take me off the Guest List* was more complex than the final result. The ideas of printing on long scrolls of paper and tiny scraps of plastic bag were discarded for the mini zine within the book—partially because Lipez didn't feel that the format made the stories accessible, but also a decision that was made once **Johnny Temple**, publisher of *Akashic Books*, contacted Zinner about releasing some sort of project. "What he wanted was a book that would sell pretty cheaply, because he was picturing the audience of the book being pretty young people, probably not being an audience of people who want to spend \$50 on some coffee table book," says Wakefield.

Although initially complex design ideas were scrapped for simplicity, the decision wasn't one made in vain. "I'm very partial to pocket sized paper backs. I feel like they are the most fun to read," Wakefield says. "I feel like for a photo book too, you're just so much more likely to spend more time with it and really pay attention to it than some big special book that you only get out on special occasions."

One of the keys to making the stories, photographs and design all work together is the book's simplicity. "It's not the kind of book that anyone would look at and think that it even was designed," Wakefield says. "I just wanted to make sure if you were spending time with the book you were just focused on the photos and the story and not distracted by anything else. I really wanted the story to be their separate books so you are really in there reading from beginning to end and not be distracted. I wanted you to be able to be absorbed in that experience."

Ultimately it's this simplistic design that allows *Please Take Me off the Guest List* to work as an art object. Regardless of where the process begins, it always ends with one complete collaborative project. "It's something where [the photos, stories and design] work together to make something else," Zinner says.

Please Take Me off the Guest List can be purchased from akashicbooks.com for \$15.95.

Over a decade ago, **Nick Zinner, Zachary Lipez** and **Stacy Wakefield** were just three people living in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, playing in bands. "Not many white kids in bands lived there, there weren't many places to go. There was basically one bar called Sweetwater," says Wakefield. "There were the beginnings of a music scene, but everyone tended to play at loft parties because there weren't

venues in Brooklyn at the time." Wakefield was in an all-girl band called **the Turn Offs**, Lipez in a band called **The Candy Darlings** and Nick Zinner, now of the infamous **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**, played with a band called **Challenge of the Future**. "We were playing in bands together, so we saw each other, and not to indulge in nostalgia, but the reality

was Brooklyn was a very different place," Lipez says. This burgeoning Brooklyn music scene is how the three initially met, and how over time, they would eventually collaborate on four different books together—*No Seats on the Party Car*, *Slept in Beds*, *I Hope You Are All Happy Now* and, most recently, *Please Take Me off the Guest List*.

Although music brought them together, each had interests outside of playing in their respective bands. Lipez was a writer. Wakefield studied book design at the Rhode Island School of Design before graduating in 1994 from the Rietveld Academie in Amsterdam. Zinner studied photography at Bard College.

According to Lipez, the first book that they published, *No Seats on the Party Car*, came together as a result of "blind dumb luck." Wakefield claims that the process was more "clear-cut." At the time, Lipez had been writing a lot of poetry that he wanted to get into the world. Zinner had many black and white photos taken in the late '90s and early 2000s. The two had the idea to publish something, knew that Wakefield made books and approached her to see if she would be interested in participating in the project. "Within a week, she had a dummy copy of an entire book," Lipez says. *No Seats on the Party Car* was published in 2001 through Wakefield's publishing company *Evil Twin Books*. "[*No Seats on the Party Car*] was somewhere between a zine and an art book. The first one was pretty rough," says Zinner.

Making the first book was a fun experience and, according to Wakefield, it made them better



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jeremy seegmiller

too hot to handle

words and photos: katie panzer
panzerphotography@gmail.com

Last May, a small but dedicated group of friends and fellow shredders, including **Jeremy Seegmiller** and I, made the trek up to Mt. Hood. The plan was simple: shred, camp and rage, all while being as dirtball as possible. About two weeks into the adventure, things went terribly awry. A thirty-bomb of Milwaukee's Beast, a can of white gas, and an unruly campfire later, Seegmiller was in the Portland burn center with second-degree burns covering most of his legs. The doctors said he was down for the count and wouldn't be riding for at least six months. Less than two months later, Seegmiller was back in Mt. Hood shredding again. When it comes to the question of shredding, Seegmiller's answer is always yes—second-degree burns be damned. One Sunday evening in September, Seegmiller made bomb chicken tacos and we sat down and talked about the accident, his recovery and how hard he plans on killing it this season.

SLUG: So, we both know what happened in Mt. Hood, but can you tell our readers what went down?

Seegmiller: I went through hell, straight up. It probably feels like that in hell—I was that hot. Everyone was trying to go to sleep. I just wanted to keep drinking and I caught on fire.

SLUG: How long were you in the hospital?

Seegmiller: Two days—till I found out how much it cost per night to stay, so I had to get out.

SLUG: What did you learn from the incident?

Seegmiller: Stop, drop and roll works. It works really good and I learned to not play with fire, unless you're smokin' with it.

SLUG: Did getting burned while you were supposed to be snowboarding have any affect on your passion for snowboarding?

Seegmiller: I think it made me stronger. I guarantee it made me stronger 'cause I don't think anything I do on a snowboard could hurt as much as that did.

SLUG: Have you picked up any hot ladies with your sweet scars?

Seegmiller: Nah, the only person that's said anything about it is some kid at the skate park. He just asked me what happened. But while I was hurt, there were definitely some ladies afoot.

SLUG: Was it hard to get laid when there were bandages all over your legs?

Seegmiller: Oh, that wasn't happening.

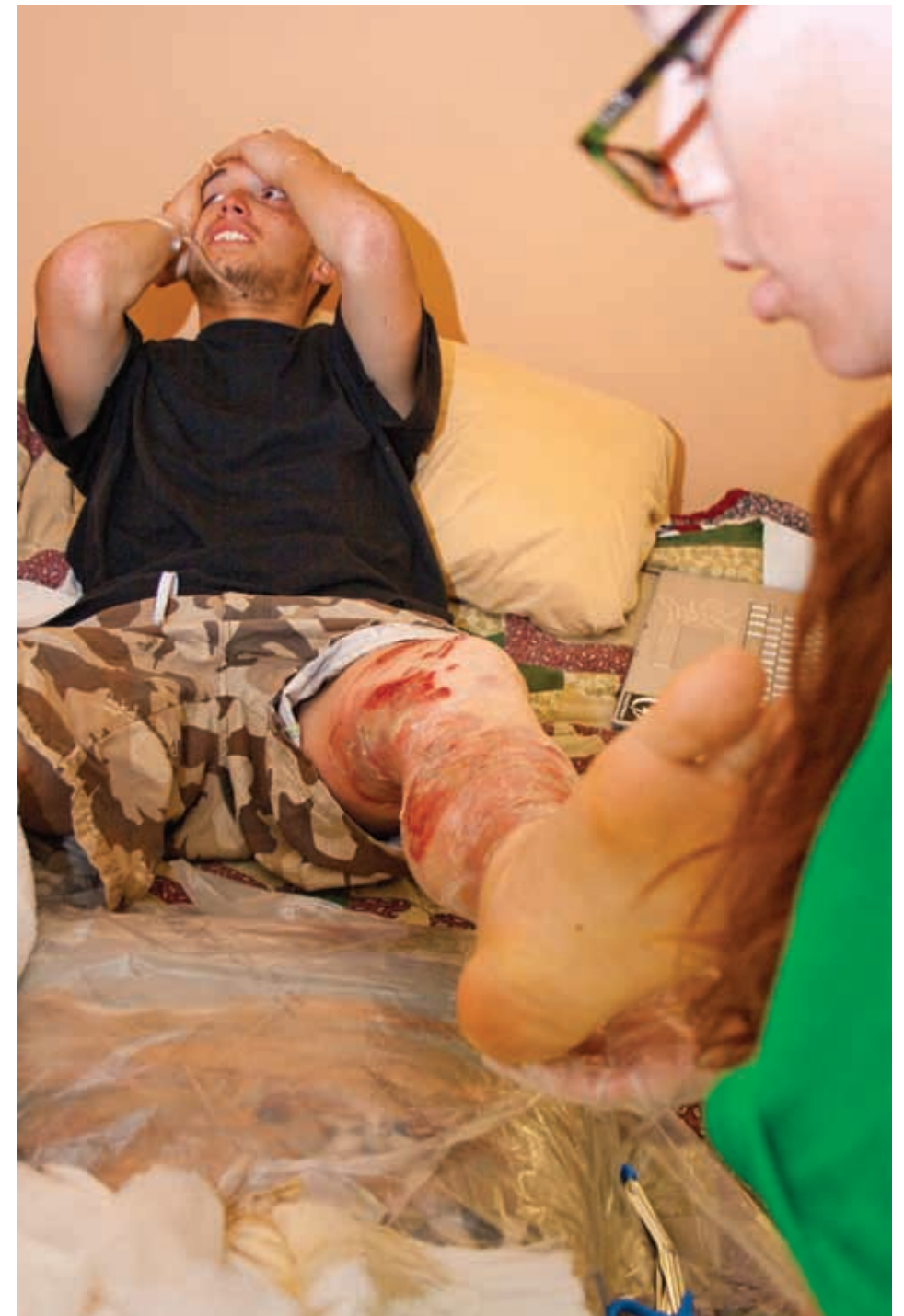
SLUG: How did Mt. Hood round two go when you went with the **Technine** crew?

Seegmiller: It went good. Got to stay at *Windells*—that was the shit. Got to shred *Windells*, that was cool. My muscles were all

messed up because I couldn't walk for a while after my burns. It was definitely different than right before I got hurt.

SLUG: What was the coolest thing you did while you were up there?

Seegmiller: Skating the indoor park at *Windells*, just like a private sesh, with all the Technine homies and **MFM** killin' it hard as shit. Or hiking up to the rope swings and eating mushrooms. That was fun.



SLUG: Alright, how the fuck did you guys steal a dumpster for the Technine Dream Feature?
Seegmiller: Well, that's funny you ask. We drove up in a rental car that looked like a cop car and a truck with a big-ass trailer with like six dudes in it. Maybe you shouldn't put all their names—just like the Technine Crew. And we all hopped out of the car and just lifted up this dumpster and just put it on the trailer. **Dylan [Thompson]** and **Jonah [Owen]** got scared so they hopped in the trunk when we drove home. Jonah got claustrophobic and got out. Dylan ended up staying in the trunk for like two hours or something like that 'cause we took some back roads 'cause we didn't want anyone to see the dumpster.

SLUG: I know you didn't get to ride as much this past summer as you wanted to. What do you hope to accomplish this season?
Seegmiller: I wanna do a lot of traveling, hopefully hit up *Bear [Mountain]* again, *Mt. High*. Definitely shred *Brighton* a lot. I'm actually planning on working up at *Brighton* this winter, hopefully, and just shredding there a ton.

SLUG: So you're going to live at *Brighton*?
Seegmiller: Pretty much.

SLUG: How would you say being a snowboarder affects your life outside of being on hill?
Seegmiller: It's definitely all I can think about. You get seasonal friends every year. I guess it would be nice to hang out with everyone year round, but that's what makes it cool, you know?



Front board.

You only get to see them for so many months out of the year.

SLUG: If you could kill one thing about the snowboarding industry, what would it be?
Seegmiller: The war between tight and baggy pants needs to go. That shit's whack. Either that or hurt knees. Hurt knees has definitely got to go.

SLUG: What's your favorite part about snowboarding?
Seegmiller: Sessioning something with your homies, like a tube or something. Blazin' it with your homies while you're sessioning something in the woods, all hidden away from everyone. Another thing I like about snowboarding a lot is frontboard to regs. Just regular frontboards. Love 'em. No, seriously, I fucking love frontboards. They're so cool, they'll always be cool to me.

SLUG: Is there a trick you think people should really stop doing?
Seegmiller: People should stop doing double corks 'cuz none of us are trying to do that shit.
SLUG: What about triple corks? How do we feel about those?
Seegmiller: Yeah, no. They need to stop that.

SLUG: What do you want to see more of?
Seegmiller: I want to see more little kids shredding.
SLUG: Who did you look up to the most when you were the little kid first starting to shred?

Seegmiller: **Casey Nelson**, **Deadlung**, MFM. That's who I thought was the sick shit back then.

SLUG: What about now?
Seegmiller: Dylan [Thompson], **[Brandon] Hobush**, **Keegan [Valaika]**, the Technine Crew—I definitely look up to those dudes. **Johnnie Paxson**, for sure. Yeah, Johnnie Paxson is the fucking shit. I look up to **Andrew Reynolds**. Fucking Andrew Reynolds ...

SLUG: Where do you want snowboarding to take you in life?
Seegmiller: I just want to have a fun hobby forever. I don't even care, I just want to be able to snowboard forever, until my legs can't handle it. I just want to shred. I don't plan on getting paid or anything.

SLUG: Alright, homie shout out—who do you like to shred with?
Seegmiller: The whole *[Brighton]* Maintenance Crew, for sure. I like shredding with the Maintenance Crew. **Dan [McGeehan]**. Dan is cool to shred with. **Lucas [Magoon]**. He's a fun one to shred with. I shred alone a lot. I just keep my flow goin', you know what I mean?

SLUG: Who's hooking it up with gear these days?
Seegmiller: Technine, Landing Headwear and *BoroSyndicate*.

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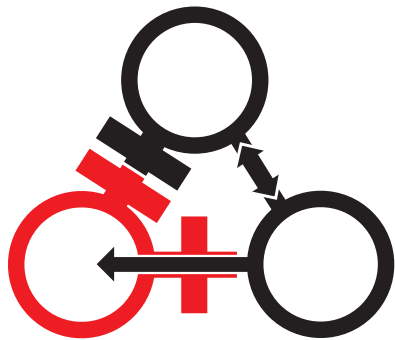
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



HUNG LIKE A HORSE By Dr. Evil, Ph.D

I have a friend who is as big as a tree and is hung like a horse. He's a big burly *Jersey Shore* kind of guy, an ex-Army grunt and a happily married man. He and his wife just had their third baby. Great—except, they are poorer than church mice, have minimum-wage jobs with no health benefits and are on food stamps. I asked him, "Do you know why you keep getting her pregnant? Do you two ever use any condoms?" He answered, "I can't find condoms to fit me, I'm too big." They don't use any birth control and thus his wife gets pregnant. He is really that dumb. Then again, he doesn't have a computer and the internet is a luxury only when he can find a spare minute to go to the library. He honestly didn't know he has options with condoms.

According to *Rolling Stone*, the world's longest penis belongs to Brooklyn native **Jonah Falcon**. His is 13.5 inches (rent the HBO documentary *Private Dicks: Men Exposed*). The average erect male penis is six to seven inches long, and the shortest penis on an adult male was measured erect at 2.25 inches (the length of your little finger). The biggest girth records are between seven and eight inches. My friend's dick is about nine inches long and there are condoms for that length—like the Trojan Magnum XL. Sadly, Falcon would burst out of those Trojans and all I could suggest for him is Saran Wrap.

According to the United Nations Population Fund, 10.4 billion condoms were used around the world in 2005, and it's estimated that in 2015 the planet will need 18 billion condoms to cover all the dicks

in use then. If you really want to learn more about condom history, visit the *Museum of Sex* in NYC (museumofsex.com) near Times Square. I saw the exhibit "RUBBERS: The Life, History & Struggle of the Condom" this summer and was impressed at the collection of condoms and "rubber" vending machines they had from way back when. Condoms were once called "rubbers" because they started being mass-produced after Goodyear began vulcanizing rubber in the 1800s, making natural rubber harder and more commercially viable to use in a multitude of products.

There are a bazillion websites to learn about options to fit your special knob before you purchase. You have choices of thickness and size as well as composition, natural vs. manufactured, and of course the gamut of colors, textures and ticklers. Vegancondoms.com is a reliable site to find out if your brand is PETA certified from animal testing or if the manufacturer uses animal testing or products. Holiday tips (pun intended): Since it's cold outside, check out the new Trojan "Fire & Ice" condom that "provides a tingly sensation for both partners during sex" (think a layer of 'Icy Hot' on the inside *and* the outside of the condom). Gift ideas? Order *The Humble Little Condom: A History* by **Aine Collier** or something a little more heady and political: *Condom Nation: The U.S. Government's Sex Education Campaign from World War I to the Internet* by **Alexandra Lord**.

Dr. Evil. is a Ph.D. and not a medical doctor. If you have medical questions please see your medical professional or make an appointment at Planned Parenthood.

BEER REVIEWS

Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

With Halloween just passed and that neo-fascist holiday of Thanksgiving coming up, I figured why not review some of that crazy spiced, chocolate, pumpkin shit that everyone raves about. I love to see those crazy styles hitting the Utah craft scene, and with other breweries like *Dogfish Head*, *New Belgium* and *Stone* busting out all that funky shit, I say it's time for Utah breweries to put our state on the map—throw whatever the hell you can into the bunch. On to the beer.

Brainless on Peaches Brewery/Brand:

Epic Brewing Co.
ABV: 10.5 %
Serving Style: 22 oz Bomber
Description: This version of Epic's Brainless pours a soft, hazy yellow with a medium white head. The aroma opens up to some vinous characters of tart peaches, sweet fruit and Belgian yeast. The flavor leads into dry wine-like characteristics, peaches and some soft accents of their original Brainless in the background.

Overview: This version of their award-winning Brainless Belgian was aged in oak with some peach puree. This not only upped the alcohol content, but changed the entirety of the beer. The white-wine characteristics of the barrel added not only a fruity Belgian, but a wine-like substance too. I would kill to see this version done with some local Brigham City peaches, keeping it a true local, but hell, I won't bitch. It's too damn good.

Cocoa Porter Brewery/Brand:

Squatters Brewing Company
ABV: 4.0 %
Serving Style: Nitro-Tap
Description: This seasonal porter came off the tap deep black/brown with ruby highlights and an off white head. The aroma was mild with hints of roast, chocolate (of course) and a light caramel sweetness. The flavor led into a



rounded roast character, a dry chocolate and finished dry.

Overview: This easy-drinking porter was a killer partner for Squatters Beer-A-Misu. Those dry cocoa accents were just enough to keep me drinking more and not be overpowered by chocolate unlike some other commercial examples of cocoa beer.

Punk'n Brewery/Brand:

Four +/- Uinta Brewing Company
ABV: 4.0 %
Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle
Description: With a clear pour, this amber-colored ale's aroma opens up into light pumpkin (no shit), citrus, allspice, nutmeg, maybe some carrot-cake sweetness and malt. The taste was mild, reflecting the aroma with a balance of seasonal spices, roasted/caramel notes and balanced malt sweetness.

Overview: What I like most about this beer is its subtle, sessionable drinkability for a spiced beer. Where other breweries go for that over-the-top, fuck-you-in-the-face-with-Christmas flavor, this one is crisp, clean and flawless. Cheers, Uinta!

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JIMMY PLANTS CORN AND I DON'T CARE

WORDS AND PHOTOS: BOB PLUMB
BOBBYPLUMB@YAHOO.COM



Photo: Fandy Deluett

SLUG: What are you up to these days?
Atkin: Just going to school and farming—haha. Working at the Atkin Family Farm, taking care of chickens and gardens, and skating. Right now I've got a bruised heel. But I've also been skating a bunch down here, and filming at random spots.

SLUG: How did you bruise your heel?
Atkin: I tried to switch frontside flip that four-block in downtown St. George. I was wearing these thin-ass Emericas. I landed it but didn't ride away. So I tried it again and my foot slipped off and I felt the fat in my foot get pushed up by my ankle.

SLUG: Has your skating injury taken away from your farming?
Atkin: A little bit. The first week I couldn't walk. It's hard to clean chicken coops and bale hay ... hahaha.

SLUG: Is the farm you work on a pretty legit farm?
Atkin: No, not that legit, it's a chicken farm. We have seven chicken coops that hold over 45 chickens.

SLUG: Is 45 chickens a lot of chickens?
Atkin: It's a lot for us. We get tons of eggs every day. They poop everywhere so you have to clean it up. We don't have them in a field. We have them at our house in the backyard.

SLUG: What do you do with the eggs?
Atkin: We sell them and give them to families. We have a greenhouse and a bunch of gardens.

SLUG: Is the farm organic?
Atkin: Yes, organic farming. You pretty much just need to make sure the chickens have water and clean their water every couple days because it gets disgusting. Give them food and clean out their coops, then water the garden. It's about two hours of work every day.

SLUG: So what's a typical day like for you?
Atkin: I go to school Tuesdays and Thursdays. That's what I do all day on those days. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays I go to the farm and handle what needs to be done. Then I try to go skate as much as possible. Down here it's so hot, you have to wait till 6 to go skate. Sundays I skate all day.

SLUG: You live in St. George right now. Is that where you were born?
Atkin: Born and raised.

SLUG: How did you start skating?
Atkin: Kind of random. I lived next to Bloomsdale Elementary. It was one of the best spots growing up. There would always be a bunch of skaters that were older hanging out there. They were the older brothers of some of my friends. Right after Halloween, I went to the school with a huge pillowcase of candy. I would trade them a handful of candy for time on their boards. So for like one handful of candy I would get 10 minutes on one of their boards. I did that for a couple weeks, then my parents got me a board for my birthday

SLUG: How did you meet everyone in Salt Lake?
Atkin: My friend **Ryan Wingert** moved up there

and at the time I flew for free because my parents worked for an airline. I knew who some of the older Salt Lake guys were, like **Andy Pitts** and **Mark White**. So when I was 14, I would fly to Salt Lake for a day. The first time I flew up there I didn't really know anyone except Wingert. So I took the bus from the airport to Liberty Park. It was weird because I was this young kid but I just wanted to skate some new shit, so I was like, "Fuck it, I'm going to Salt Lake." That day I met Mark White and **DJ Chavez**. I always thought DJ was way older than me because he had a tattoo. Ha. The second time I ever went there, I was trying switch backtails on the ledge there and this guy **Mark Wynn** was there trying switch backflip. Wynn was the big sponsored guy at the time, so he thought I was trying to one up him so he tried to fight me. So funny. We're good friends now

SLUG: What was next?
Atkin: I started coming to Salt Lake for contests. That's when I met **Nate Bozung**. It was hilarious, 'cause that's when we were both little Mormon kids. We were skating together and hadn't introduced ourselves to each other yet. We just looked at each other and are like "Hey are you LDS?" Haha. So funny. We instantly became best friends.

SLUG: Did you stay in contact with the Salt Lake crew?
Atkin: Well in the spring a lot of the guys would come down to St. George because it was warm, so we would meet up and go skate.

SLUG: You became the St. George tour guide,

showing them all the spots.
Atkin: It wasn't really like that then. We just wanted to skate. The red curb was fine. Now it's like you take everybody to actual "spots."

SLUG: What was it like growing up in St. George?
Atkin: It was rad growing up in St. George and being able to go to Salt Lake all the time. I was different from the kids my age in St. George because of being able to travel and skate all the time. Going to Salt Lake on my own before I could drive gave me that experience of going places on my own. Sometimes my parents had no idea I went to Salt Lake. I would tell them I was staying at a friend's place down here and fly up there.

SLUG: So you were flying up to Salt Lake all the time and skating a bunch. How did you end up getting sponsored?
Atkin: I was on rep flow and was riding for this company Eternal. They were supposed to pay for me to go to Tampa Am, but they went out of business, so I just paid my own way out there. I flew standby out there and was 104th on the waiting list. I remember just waiting in the Las Vegas airport the whole day to get on the plane. I only had money for a hotel room for one night, but I just figured I'd meet someone that would let me stay with them. The only person I knew going out there was **Ragdoll** and he was just on Zero flow, I couldn't stay with him. That's when I met **RP Bess**. He totally hooked me up and let me stay with him. He even bought me some food I think.

SLUG: Was that when RP was the Duff shoes team manager?
Atkin: Yeah, he was the team manager and hooked it up. At the time, I wasn't riding for Duff's, but he took care of me. I ended up breaking my foot, and he took me to the airport and



Hurricane. Photo: Swainston

took care of me. I was so broke. If it wasn't for him I would have been screwed. At the time, I wanted to move to California and I called up RP a couple weeks later and told him I wanted to move out there. I asked him if I could move out there and live with him for a bit until I found a place. He let me move in for two months, then I ended up getting a place with **Tully, Jared Smith** and **Jon Allie**.

SLUG: Was that the Hellrose house?
Atkin: No, that was in Carlsbad. I moved out there for about two years and got on Hollywood by going on a trip with Hurley to Japan. That's when I met **Nuge** and those guys by skating on Hollywood. Then we all moved into that Hellrose Apartment and lived together.

SLUG: Was that when you guys started Hellrose Skateboards?
Atkin: We were all on Hollywood working on a video that was supposed to come out, but never did. They were kind of fucking around with it, telling us different things than what they were doing. We were getting fed through the ears. They were calling it getting 'swanked' because

of **Todd Swank**. He was just saying a bunch of shit. Everyone was like, "Get out of there while you can." Syndrome Distribution approached us and said they wanted to do Hellrose out of there. They talked us up and ended up just fucking us over. In the end, I wish we would have done Hellrose out of Tum Yetu. The company probably would still be in business. They said we could put out a video and the video was done, but it just never came out. Then the Plan B dudes came around, I think because of the way we were doing Hellrose. We actually leased Hellrose to Syndrome, which, at the time, was something that had never been done before. I think Plan B heard about that because they don't want to give ownership to anyone so they ended



Frontside board.

up going to Syndrome. So that was a a way bigger opportunity at the time for Syndrome, even though it probably ended making them lose a bunch of money because of how much they pay their riders. So they wanted to put all their money towards that and it put us out of business. We were all partying hard and just wanted to skate and not deal with that shit. We kind of just gave up on it and went our separate ways.

SLUG: How long was Hellrose around?
Atkin: Well, the company was around for a year but the crew is still around. It wasn't separate ways homie-wise, just sponsor-wise. A lot of the people still ride together, just for different sponsors. Like Baker and Deathwish have a bunch of the guys.

SLUG: After Hellrose was done, was that when you moved back to St. George?
Atkin: After Hellrose, a month later, I got kicked off Duff's. **Angela** (James' wife) and I were kind of over living in LA at the time, just because everything is so expensive. Angela wanted to go back to school, and my mom had some health issues at the time, so we wanted to move because I wasn't making anything and I kind of just got bummed on the whole industry thing. I never quit skateboarding. People probably think that, but I've never stopped for more than a day or two unless I'm hurt. We were going to Albuquerque or St. George, and I have family in St. George, so we thought it would be nice to be around them and help my mom out. St. George is only six hours away from LA. I could still go there and skate and it is close to Albuquerque where Angela's family is. It's a lot cheaper to live here and

go to school so we decided on St. George. **SLUG:** How did the opportunity to skate for Crimson come about? **Atkin:** It was probably four months after we moved back to St. George and got married. **Kris (Markovich)** called me and said he was starting a company, and I needed boards and wanted to ride for someone. So I was like, “Cool, I’m on board.” Right at that time, I was still kinda on flow for Hurley, and then I got put on their pro team.

SLUG: Once you got on pro status, did you get to travel? **Atkin:** Yeah, it was good for a while there. We were getting paid enough to not have to work, get to skate and travel a bunch ‘cause we were filming a video. Crimson was coming up really good. Then shit went bad with that because of one of the guys who owned it. He fucked it up pretty bad. Two years after Crimson started, we had to get out and start Given Skateboards. The guy owed people money and wasn’t paying any of us royalties. He was buying himself new cars and motorcycles. It wasn’t Kris, it was this guy **Sam**. It sucks ‘cause Kris was in Georgia and this guy was running the company.

SLUG: It was just some random guy that invested in the company that ruined it? **Atkin:** With Crimson, it was hard because it was just one guy that ruined the company. So that’s why we had to start all over again and do Given. It was hard because everyone was getting used to Crimson, then it’s Given. It’s just hard to start a new company when they are similar to each other.

SLUG: Was Given started right when the economy went bad? **Atkin:** Yeah. Given is still going, we actually just got picked up by a distributor so it’s actually still alive and growing. Having a distributor helps a lot. For awhile there, it was pretty scary. I wasn’t sure we were going to make it, but it’s good now and growing.

SLUG: What are plans for the future now that you skate for Given? **Atkin:** I’m always skating, so now I just want to get more footage out there to be seen. Get some photos in the mag, you know, be “sponsored.” Haha. I’ve always had a bunch of footage, it’s just never come out. I want to have a part in a movie. I just want my footage to actually come out. I’m working on a video right now with **Josh Martinez** and **Garrett Taylor** with a couple skaters. **Levi Faust** will have a part, then a bunch of pros like **Corey Duffel**, **Leo** and **Cairo** will have parts too.

SLUG: Damn, you’re going to actually get a chance. **Atkin:** Hopefully. My mag minute for *The Skateboard Mag* is coming out in a week. I have a bunch of old footage that I just need to get out on the internet to try and build up the hype again. I had the hype a while ago, but I kinda lost it from moving away and being out of the scene. So I want to get out there, get a video part, some interviews. Just get big, get to travel again and skate a lot. The last little bit skating has been slow. I can’t just sit around so I went back to school. Just keep living and skating.

SLUG: No plans to open up your own farm?
46 SaltLakeUnderGround

Atkin: Ha. No. Well, maybe. Not a farm where I chill all day. How ‘bout a farm with a garden and two chickens? I don’t even know if I would ever want chickens after dealing with them. I just want to be self-reliant.

SLUG: Any shout-outs? **Atkin:** Thanks to Given Skateboards, Duff Shoes, Bones Wheels, Lip Trix Skate Shop in St.



Back 180 nosegrind 180 out.
Photo: Milianta/Plumb

George and when I’m in Salt Lake, Milo Sport. Shout out to my family, the Plumb family, the photographers, Hellrose crew, Mark White, the old Salt Lake Crew because they were who I looked up to, and all the homies.



Frontside Flip.

PRODUCT REVIEWS

Ace Skateboard Truck MFG.
Ace 33
Acetruckmfg.com



Straight from the Bay Area comes a product so raw, **Spice One** would bow down to the “steel” of these trucks. Ace Trucks are pretty much the most simple, sleek and functional truck design to hit streets since the first design of a pivot cup truck was invented. I am pretty sure these suckers are made of diamond dust, because they shine and grind unlike any other truck I have ever skated. Just look at the baseplate if you don’t believe me. More props are in order to Ace MFG. for keeping it basic and not offering any bullshit merchandise to make more profits, but choosing to just provide the highest quality and grindability around. Capitalism be damned! On the real though, partner: If you doubt they are better than your Indys, go get a pair (if you can find them, only the smart shops know about the radness), skate an obstacle, and watch the power of the rock let you grind yourself to outer space. Serious. —Adam Dorobiala

Circa Footwear
Circa MIA
Circafootwear.com

It is most difficult to find a pair of shoes that last long, skate well and look good. On my never-ending quest to find the perfect pair of shoes, I came across the Circa MIA model. For the first week, they were great—they broke in quickly and skated well, but by the end of week two, they had almost completely deteriorated. I suppose that

is what you will find with most shoes that were designed to skate really well for a good week or so. So, if you are looking for an inexpensive shoe to get you through one skateboard trip, then this is it. They will make you look good and skate well, and when you get home, you won’t feel bad just throwing them away. —Cordially Yours

Blind Skateboards
Jake Duncombe
Eternal Life Skateboard
Blindskateboards.com

against breakage, which, when you are talking about skateboards, sounds a little farfetched. Needless to say, I was skeptical. The board has some super-science top layer that is most likely composed of a carbon fiber, water-based synthetic alloy or something awesome like that. After skating the board for a period of time that would have left an average board just a vague memory, it had still not broken, even though it was soggy and chipped beyond recognition. That is just the natural order of things, just ask anybody who skateboards. All in all, the board held up to its claim, and I felt it necessary to stomp it until it submitted to the awesome power of gravity and broke. There are a lot of gimmicks out there, and most of the time, they are just that, but I was happy to know that someone could hold up their end of the bargain. —Johnny Tight Lips

Airwalk
Prototype 600 Degrees
Airwalk.com

The Airwalk Prototype 600 Degrees was a classic model the company released way back in 1990. It’s now been re-released and, judging by the weight and look of the thing, is unchanged from the original. Unless you like a really light shoe to wear about, these retro hi-tops are your joint. I enjoy the colors they come in, too: white and grey, red and black, and the model I

got—“Bruiser” (black and “lake blue”). They offer some innovations from the old days that certain newer shoes, made just for “skate fashion,” lack, like a well padded tongue and rubber ollie pads. Note: I never wore a pair of Airwalks until now, always opting for Vans, Globes or Adio back in my regular skating days, but these guys use quality materials and manufacture at good factories, so I can tell they’re going to last for a while. —JP

Smith Optics
The Scientist
Smithoptics.com



There are a lot of retro trends rolling around in the sunglass world right now, and it seems like most of the retro designs aren’t really built to last. The scientists from Smith are quite another story altogether. As a part of their new ‘Style Series,’ you can tell they are definitely gonna have people asking you some questions as to where you acquired such a clean-looking pair of glasses. Quality is a key factor on these glasses, with “techlite” polarized glass lenses and an overall awesome style, not to mention the fact that they come with a lifetime warranty. It would appear that these things can handle anything you can dish out. How many other sunglass companies out there offer such a high-quality product while still maintaining an MSRP that won’t break your bank? I would look into getting some Smiths this year. The classic style is something that will never go away with fads or trends and will keep you cruising for life. —Adam Dorobiala

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Photo: Dorobiala

By: ADAM DOROBIALA
adam@slugmag.com

With style so important in skateboarding nowadays, it's great to see people out there still treating it like it's supposed to be—fun. Before the fancy corporate sponsorships and all the jive that may come as we progress in this art, there was a simple reason (mentioned above) that we picked up this wonderful time-waster known as a skateboard. **Keaton McDonald** is one person out there who embodies this mentality. At the tender and golden age of 24, McDonald has been around the block enough to make sense of his enjoyment in the glorified wood/metal/urethane utensil and it's about time this guy got some damn love from the 'media.' His style is closer to the **Jason Lee** in *A Visual Sound* mixed with a little bit of *Earl* than present expectations of skateboarding. Basically, he shreds—and the fact of the matter is that if you don't shred with that pure heart and style, you better get the fuck out. An avid member of the Rock Church, *Blindside* team rider, part time student and recently married (congrats by the way), McDonald still finds time for his love of riding a skateboard. McDonald is always smiling and ready for more when he is out and about, gallivanting around town with his wooden toy, rather than stressing about the trick itself. Keep an eye out for this young lad in the streets and expect to witness greatness. Keep up the pure skating, Keaton. The world could use more people like you.

50 SaltLakeUnderGround



Keaton with a solid front board. Swainston photo.

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DIRECTED BY BANKSY
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Official Selection - 2010 Berlin International Film Festival

SaltLakeUnderGround 51

Darrell Mathes
Ogden, Utah

By February it seems like riders start to get really creative from running out of tricks to do. Or maybe their minds just start to see more possibilities having been immersed in snowboarding for so many months as this point in the season. Either one of these could have been the case in this session, which had Mathes using the natural up-ramp of this loading dock to jump its distance. The construction barrel was added for bonking after a few makes and concluded with a late backside 180 after tail tapping the barrel. — Andy Wright

PHOTO

FEAT HERE





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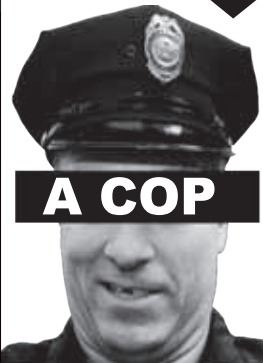
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ASK



Dear Law Enforcement Official/Fellow Gun Enthusiast,

I would like to inquire about the current gun laws in the fine state of Utah. I recently found an amazing pistol that I was pondering purchasing and would like to know everything I have to know so I will not be bothered by the authorities while "packin' heat." I've been told (by colleagues) that in Utah, we are able to purchase and carry said piece of machinery without a permit, as long as it is visible in a holster and no rounds are loaded in the chamber. I really hope this is true, and if it is, please do explain in as much detail as possible in order to clear up any misinterpretations of the laws from within the grapevine circuit. Now the last question I have is about how our protocol in Utah transfers over while traveling into other states. If carrying a visibly holstered weapon is legal in Utah, wouldn't the same rules be grandfathered in wherever you may travel to, and, if not, could you not just claim indifference if detained in another state for doing so? I could go on and on, but I will hope they give you enough room to mention all the loopholes and intricacies of owning and brandishing such a wonderful right.

Sincerely, Tom E. Gunzundstein

Dear Tom,

It seems you already know the basics of the Utah open carry law. You can carry in the open with very few restrictions, one being “deemed loaded.” Utah defines a loaded firearm as one where a single action will cause the weapon to fire. Using a revolver, you’d have to pull the

trigger twice, or in an automatic, you'd have to rack the slide. If you can pull the trigger and the gun fires, then it was loaded. Obviously, you can't be a restricted person like a felon or convicted of domestic violence.

Tom, honestly think about the people that carry a firearm in the open just cruising around the mall. How do you picture them? In my mind they're usually fat, white and have a big grease stain on their bellies. I even know a lot of cops like this, including the grease stain and home address in the trailer park. There's a current group in the SL Valley who wear guns in the open to provoke a response from regular citizens and cops. They have a little helper in the background somewhere with a camcorder just waiting to post how the big, bad Utah cops infringed on their right to bear arms. But, they still have the grease stain, and they could give a shit about how their honking "machinery" scared you and your family in the mall as they made sure all of you could see it. I think they're compensating.

True professionals who carry a gun for a living, or carry it for whatever protection they need, carry it concealed, and no one ever knows it's there (unless they're using it, God forbid).

In regards to carrying from state to state, most state laws differ. Utah basically gave away so many concealed firearm permits without any firearms training or qualifications that a lot of states (such as Nevada) no longer honor them. Your question is very "current event" related. There are several cities that have enacted gun-ban laws, such as Washington D.C. and Chicago, and right now, those ordinances are being challenged or on appeal. We'll all have to wait and see as those Second Amendment issues work their way through the courts.

But in Utah, right now, if you're a fat white guy with a grease stain on your wife beater, you're qualified to openly carry an unloaded firearm. Enjoy the attention! You'll be really cool, like the 12-year-old smoking his first cigarette.

Email Your Questions To:
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GAME REVIEWS



Eh, realism's overrated.



I can't believe you shot me in the ass!

Dead Rising 2
Blue Castle Games/Capcom
 Reviewed on: Xbox 360
 Also on: PC, Playstation 3
 Street: 09.28

I'll be honest: The undead apocalypse just gives me a big stiffie. Naturally, I don't like to read into it all that much. There's just something about a fantasy wherein it might actually be necessary for your very survival that you stick a shotgun in the mouth of what was once your hated high school math teacher and say something like "School's out" before making an instant **Jackson Pollock** painting out of the wall behind him. Glorious. Now, *Resident Evil 5* is probably still my favorite zombie videogame, but what *Dead Rising 2* lacks in dramatic tension, it makes up for with a playful sense of humor and approximately one quintillion ways to rain re-death upon the zombie hordes. If you played the first *Dead Rising*, then you know exactly what you're getting here, almost to a fault. The psychos are crazy and overly-challenging, the zombies are easy and numerous, and outside of boss battles, the only way the game becomes challenging is through the time-limit-based mission structure. But who am I trying to fool—this game doesn't exist to be challenging. It exists so I can cut a zombie into fourths with a broadsword. It exists so I can duct tape two chainsaws to a kayak paddle and run screaming through the courtyard of a mall like a goddamn lunatic. For these reasons and many, many more like them, *DR2* is a resounding success, but, if it isn't already screamingly obvious, you have to *really* love killing zombies to get any enjoyment out of this title. Also, for whatever backwards reason, Capcom decided to include two-player co-op online, but declined to provide a local split-screen option. Okay, I realize most

nerds don't have friends in RL, but come on, do you have to base entire game structures around the assumption? *—Jesse Hawlish*

Halo: Reach
Bungie Software/Microsoft
 Reviewed On: Xbox 360 (Exclusive)
 Street: 09.14

This latest and greatest installment of the *Halo* series takes gamers to the beginning of the franchise's dramatic saga and traces the battles and missions of six Spartan supersoldiers known as the Noble Team. Players are first introduced to the war-torn planet of Reach as fire engulfs its rocky surface but are then transported to a time before Covenant forces spread destruction and chaos across its skies. As Noble 6, players must endure alien encounters in both surface and aerial (a first for the title) warfare and recover an ancient artifact buried beneath the planet's surface before it's too late. Bungie has developed a storyline that will resonate well with loyal followers of the series, but newcomers will certainly become lost in the lengthy lingo. Does it matter? Not at all. Where the company slightly slip up in plot structure, they smash all other competitors in gameplay and environmental design. The breathtaking visuals incorporated within Reach's vast landscapes and deserted building structures envelope players in a mystical and foreign world that's as eerie as it is mesmerizing. As for multiplayer gaming, Bungie has been listening to the demands of their customers, as they have integrated a plethora of modifiable options and settings allowing gamers to customize their online experience with endless possibilities, guaranteeing their return to the title well after the completion of the campaign. *—Jimmy Martin*

**Scott Pilgrim vs. The World:
The Game**
Ubisoft
Reviewed on: Xbox Live Arcade
Also on: Playstation Network
Street: 08.25

As a fairly accurate reflection of all of the stupid little things that can happen in those awkward post-high-school-pre-adult years (but with more robots, ninjas and video game references), the Scott Pilgrim universe is well suited to an old-school beat 'em up video game adaptation. Taking cues from the likes of *River City Ransom* and *Double Dragon*, *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World: The Game* is a fairly faithful re-telling of the comics, but with much more fighting of nameless bad guys. Up to four players can battle the never-ending waves of slightly differing enemies (but not online), unlocking new special moves as they gain experience and level up. You can also visit various shops and buy their wares, but there really isn't anything too useful. The game mostly works because it is such a great homage to the long-gone beat 'em up genre and because it is so ingrained in the Scott Pilgrim universe. If you haven't read the books, you might not understand what's going on and you won't recognize a lot of the background characters, but the game is still fun to play with friends. Also notable: This game is hard as fuck. It can be pretty frustrating if you're playing alone, but at least the awesome soundtrack (by chiptune greats **Anamanaguchi**) will keep you entertained while your ass is being handed to you. *—Ricky Vigil*

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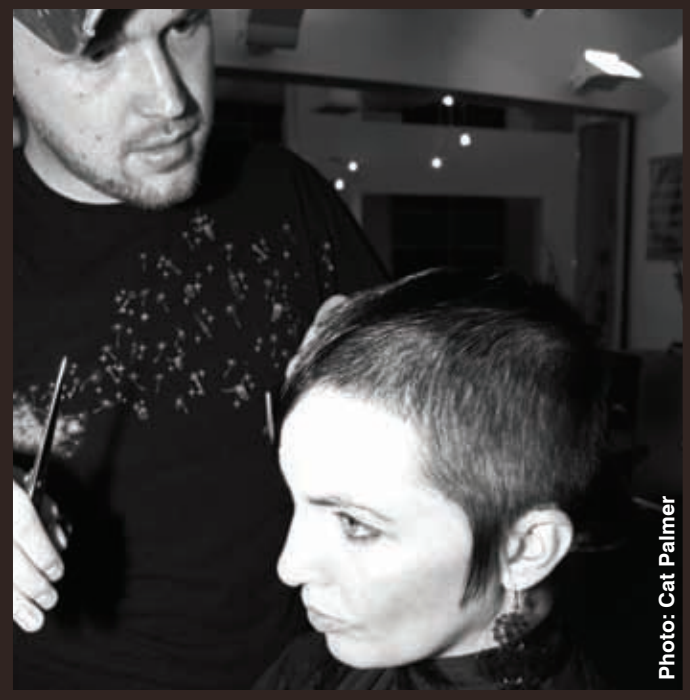


Photo: Cat Palmer

Gallery Stroll: Does Hair = A Woman?
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Images set trends, trends inspire fashion, fashion shapes beauty and beauty is all about perception. Change your perception during November's *Gallery Stroll* with a new exhibit at the *Hive Gallery* in Trolley Square by photographer **Cat Palmer**.

Cat Palmer, winner of a 2007 & 2008 *City Weekly Artys* award as well as *Best In Show 2009* at the *Utah Arts Festival*, is accustomed to capturing beauty in all its forms, and she knows that when inspiration walks by, you have to chase it down and maybe even yell, "I've been thinking about you!" One day while sitting at the *Utah Arts Festival* watching the sea of people, Palmer noticed a young woman who embodied grace, self-confidence and femininity all without a lock of hair on her head. Throughout the summer, Palmer would find herself running into this woman—obviously the universe was trying to connect the two. Palmer, who is not the stalker type, explains, "I became obsessed with women who had shaved heads and it turns out when you're looking for them, you can find them everywhere." The project seemed pretty straightforward: Find 10 women who already had shaved heads or would be willing to shave their heads and be photographed in bright flowing sundresses. It turns out the flowery dresses were almost a deal breaker for a few of the women. The dresses are an important part of the concept, though. They serve a staging and styling purpose, encouraging the viewer to really see

the subjects as feminine women, but also add a new element for Palmer, taking her out of her comfort zone of blacks and whites and into a new world of color.

An abundance of women volunteered for the project—14 by the day of the shoot. **Paula J. Dahlberg**, an award-winning hair stylist, who, for obvious reasons, would benefit from having a full stylish do, agreed to have her head shaved as long as her good friend **Steven Robertson** got to do the shaving. The stories vary—some shaved their heads for *Locks of Love* or donated to *Matter of Trust*, an organization that will take any length of hair to fill nylons, which capture oil spilled in the Gulf of Mexico. Some of the women just needed to be free from the time-consuming daily regimen and others shaved their heads as if shedding life's baggage and starting anew. Whatever the reason, each woman had a real conviction for shaving her head and a great raw energy. "I ask each of my models to fill out a few questions, a little homework," Palmer explains. "This group's answers have kept me up reading all night—they are all so profound and each has approached this project with a rare and raw honesty."

Palmer was so inspired by the sea of shaved heads that she too shaved her head the day of the shoot. In my opinion, she's just as beautiful as ever and taking that leap is amazingly brave!

Meet these inspiring women and celebrate the diverse ways a woman in 2010 can express her femininity. Opening reception is November 19 during the monthly *Gallery Stroll* from 6-9 p.m.

MOVIE REVIEWS

127 Hours
Fox Searchlight Pictures
In Theaters: 11.12
It's amazing what the human body



can endure when someone's life is at stake. Whenever these incredible true stories arise, we read about them or hear the facts on the evening news, but we usually never have the opportunity to visually experience the incident first-hand. To change this notion, **Danny Boyle** has unleashed a powerful testament to the human spirit by recreating the unbelievable events endured by outdoors enthusiast **Aron Ralston (James Franco)** who was trapped in southern Utah for five days when a boulder crushed his arm against a canyon wall. As his water supply dwindles and the hope for rescue deteriorates, Ralston records his own fragile state of mind with his video camera and begins to examine his life's choices and envisions an alternate reality beyond his current predicament. Never giving up, Ralston attempts every feasible solution at his disposal, but soon discovers the only way out will truly challenge his will to survive. Franco, in complete isolation for the majority of the film, finally reveals his true capabilities as an actor by projecting an array of emotional outbursts that touch upon charming and comedic to gut-wrenching and desperate. His performance is nothing short of phenomenal. Boyle does become too infatuated with music video techniques involving multiple screen panels and an unnecessarily booming soundtrack, but makes up for this minor fault with vibrant and sharp cinematography that exhibits the mystifying beauty of an unforgiving region. *—Jimmy Martin*

Buried
Lionsgate
In Theaters: 10.08
As hard as it is for a filmmaker to create an epic with vast landscapes and multiple settings, it can be even harder for a director to develop a project that remains in a single environment for the majority of the film. **Quentin Tarantino** did it with his *Reservoir Dogs*, **Joel Schumacher** kept **Colin Farrell** in a phone booth and now **Rodrigo Cortés** traps **Ryan Reynolds** in an underground coffin in Iraq. Reynolds stars as Paul Conroy, a contracted truck driver who is kidnapped and buried alive while delivering relief aid to the war torn country's shattered communities. Supplied with only a Zippo, a cell phone and a few other miscellaneous items, Conroy attempts to remedy the situation by contacting friends, family, government agencies and anyone else who will listen, including the enraged captors who demand millions for his release. As terrifying as the situation is, Cortés needlessly doubts his film's tone and adds more fuel to the fire with cheap and unnecessary tactics that only diminish the level of practicality. In an effort to allow audiences a moment to breathe outside of the confined space, cinematographer **Eduard Grau** provides beautiful exaggerated imagery that breaks the fourth wall and amplifies the sense of isolation and hopelessness. The images are striking but do obstruct the film's overall flow. Above all the mishaps, Reynolds is terrific as he successfully transitions to a more dramatic role yet still adds his own improvisational comedic signature. *—Jimmy Martin*

Case 39
Paramount Vantage
In Theaters 10.01
It's no shock this dreadful attempt at filmmaking sat on a shelf for years as its producers remained dumbfounded on how to release the atrocity on their hands. Squinty-eyed **Renée Zellweger** stars as Emily Jenkins, a social worker, who adopts a seemingly innocent girl (**Jodelle Ferland**) after her parents are caught attempting to murder the child by cooking her in the oven. Yup, you just read that. However, when Emily's co-workers and friends start to die in mysteriously freakish accidents, the caretaker begins to suspect that the teenager is more sinister than she appears to be. Nothing from this mindless production expresses any

form of creativity or authentic notions of fear within the frames of the screen. Director **Christian Alvart** utilizes one cheap horror gag after another to produce screams, but instead receives bellowing laughter. If it's not someone needlessly slapping a window, it's a dog jumping out of the darkness to induce terror. The technique requires no thought process. Zellweger is disturbingly awful as she continues to confirm her declining star power, while Ferland's amateurish portrayal of the demon child reiterates my hatred for child actors since the majority of them are more irritating than terrifying. *—Jimmy Martin*

Hereafter
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 10.22
Three loosely connected medio-



cre short stories do not make one coherent feature-length film. It's a cheap tactic to disguise the fact that none of the available narratives were worthy of their own solo project, and you would think veteran actor/filmmaker **Clint Eastwood** would be above such tasteless schemes. The film examines three individuals who have experienced a close encounter with death and have an affinity for the afterlife. In San Francisco, George Lonegan (**Matt Damon**) is a former celebrity psychic who abandoned his fame for the desire to live a normal life and attempts to find it in a cooking class where he meets the charming Melanie (**Bryce Dallas Howard**). In London, Marcus loses his twin brother, Jason (both roles played by **Frankie & George McLaren**), in a

car accident and yearns to establish a spiritual connection with his lost sibling. In Paris, author/news anchor Marie LeLay (**Cécile De France**) questions where we go after we die following a near-death experience during a catastrophic tsunami. Either Eastwood is uncertain of the type of film he wanted to make or he became too greedy with genres. At one moment it's a religious melodrama then suddenly it's a romantic comedy. It's unstable, aggravating and fundamentally insipid. Damon offers a subdued yet entertaining role, but is pushed aside and disrupted by the unemotional performances of the McLaren brothers. The most riveting moments come with the astonishing disaster sequence complete with incredible visuals, but since it's the film's opening, it's a long and tiresome road to the end credits. *—Jimmy Martin*

Jackass 3D
Paramount
In Theaters: 10.15
It's been over a decade since the



skateboarding/prankster video hybrid, *Landspeed: CKY*, made its way into teenage boys' bedrooms across the country, eventually planting the idea in MTV's brain that a series should be created based on the juvenile antics. Three television seasons, two feature films and a video game later, the battered and bruised bunch of *Jackass* return for a third round of explicit mid-life crisis fun that includes scenarios involving an obstacle course with high-voltage tasers, antagonized buffalo herds and a port-o-potty slingshot. Needless to say, things get quite messy.

Let Me In
Overture Films
In Theaters: 10.01



58 SaltLakeUnderGround

My Soul to Take

The Social Network

Columbia Pictures



YOU DON'T
GET TO
500 MILLION
FRIENDS
WITHOUT MAKING
A FEW
ENEMIES

THE BOY OF THE YEAR

Waiting for Superman

Paramount Vantage

In Theaters: 10.15
America's schools are failing. Despite all the presidents who have committed themselves to education reform and the millions who have been poured into America's public schools, there has been little improvement for nearly 40 years. American students' reading and math skills

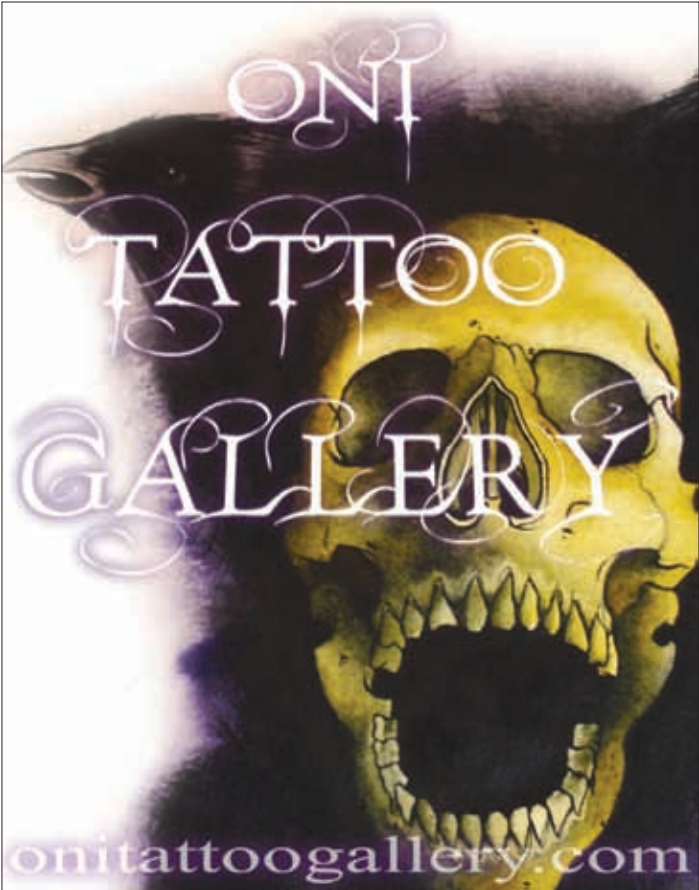
You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger

Sony Pictures Classics
In Theaters: 10.22

Woody Allen continues his romantic escapades in Europe with this entangled web of love, deceit and insensible ambition being carried forth by two unhappy married couples. When health-conscience Alfie (**Anthony Hopkins**) divorces his wife Helena (**Gemma Jones**) for a much younger, spunkier escort (**Lucy Punch**), it drives the divorcee to seek counseling from a fraudulent fortune teller. While these senior citizen shenanigans are occurring, the older couple's daughter Sally (**Naomi Watts**) has her own marital issues when she finds herself falling for her charismatic boss (**Antonio Banderas**), as her aspiring author husband, Roy (**Josh Brolin**), finds more than inspiration from the provocative next-door neighbor (**Freida Pinto**). It's disappointing to see Allen reduce himself to cheap Viagra jokes while an unenthusiastic Hopkins makes the half-hearted delivery. The characters and their lives don't become appealing until well after the halfway mark. However, once Allen finally engages the audience with the jovial situational comedy that has been taking shape for quite some time, he abruptly ends the film with no resolution whatsoever. Some may see Allen's choice as a small voyeuristic glimpse into the daily lives of these individuals, but, if that's the case, he should have delayed the start time of our spy session by an hour. —*Jimmy Martin*

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A vertical poster for Piper Down Pub. At the top, the pub's name "PIPER DOWN" is in a stylized font, with "an olde world pub" underneath. Below this is a green NFL shield logo with "SUNDAY TICKET" and "BRUNCH" in large, bold letters. The text "S1 Mimosas, Free Bloody Mary Bar, S3 Steins, Brunch menu 10AM-2PM. Free 100 square board, prizes and giveaways every Sunday." is displayed. A photo of the band Cavedoll is shown with the text "Nov / 4 Cavedoll". Below that is a photo of two men with the text "HILLSTOMP W/ MCDUGALL". At the bottom, a photo of a car is shown with the text "FRIDAY NOV/19". A list of events for November and December is provided, including Cavedoll, The Blackberry Bushes Stringband, Hillstomp, JB Beverly and the Wayward Drifters w/ Thomas Murphy's One Man Band, Jackson Cash and the Tennessee Free w/ Misty Quist - Johnny Cash Tribute, St Andrew's Day w/ Swagger, and Whiskey Fish. The pub's name "an olde world pub" is repeated at the bottom, along with the address "1492 SOUTH STATE STREET, SLC UT" and the website "WWW.PIPERDOWNPUB.COM | 801-468-1492".



LOCAL CD REVIEWS

Apache, The
Apache, The
Self-Released
Street: 10.31
Apache, The = Titus Andronicus
+ Meat Puppets + Two Gallants



Apache, The, is not **Drew Danburry**. Seriously. Stop calling them that. Although Danburry may be on vocals here and his characteristically verbose songwriting is all over this introductory eight song EP, this is a hairy beast of a record that is hardly the positivist, restrained acoustic music Danburry is known for playing. To wit: The buzzsaw, **Greg Ginn**-influenced non-solo solo on album opener “Ed Templeton or Rodney Mullen (1993),” lap-steel virtuoso shredding, hand clap syncopation and rubbernecking dual guitar-monies make a case for Apache, The being taken completely on its own merits. Although they have roots in a Utah County institution, Apache, The strike off into territory unencumbered by musical past, picking up on the rage and snottiness of early **SST** bands, the country-fried stoned psychedelia of The Meat Puppets, the populist punk-folk leanings of bands like **Stiff Little Fingers** and the sweaty communalism of ‘00s acoustic-punk stalwarts. *–Ryan Hall*

Arsenic Addiction
An Undertaker’s Lament
Self-Released
Street: 09.04
Arsenic Addiction = Crisis + Lacuna Coil + Otep
Salt Lake’s Arsenic Addiction have returned from their well-received debut EP *Requiem of the Fallen* to offer a follow-up of a more expansive, more lavishly produced and finer tuned full-length with *An Undertaker’s Lament*. The new offering is a sordid vision of brilliantly baroque gothic keyboard/piano work combined with vocal crooning/screeching/growling from singer



Lady Arsenic and well-written heavy-to-melodic, lead-driven guitar-work. Without question, having two guitarists (lead and rhythm) solidifies and thickens the sound that Arsenic Addiction are looking to create. *An Undertaker’s Lament* is much more concept-based than their EP was—listening to the full package as opposed to just spinning a random song welcomes the preferred result. It is mournfully violent metal that has the chameleon-like ability to interest fans of different genres. Among the plethora of female-fronted modern metal bands these days, Arsenic Ad-diction can hold their own. Arsenic may be a stronger and heavier metal dosage than a good hunk of the popular female-fronted acts, but it’s well worth the uncomfortable poison it delivers. *–Bryer Wharton*

Burnell Washburn
The White Dove EP
Self-Released
Street: 3.29
Burnell Washburn = Typical Cats
+ Common Market + Grieves



It’s good to hear quality hip hop produced right here in SLC. Burnell Washburn is young and his inexperience is evident, but that’s not a bad thing. I’m tired of too many veterans touring on the strength of some radio hit from 1994. Burn. The point is, these younger guys are hungry—they put effort in every rap and usually have nothing to

lose. I mean, this is supposed to be an EP, but it has nine songs and clocks in at over 35 minutes. A well-established act would spend two years making this and call it a whole album, but I have a feeling this kid’s more interested in just producing what he can when he can. The stuff is chill, understated and jazzy, but while Burnell’s affected, raspy raps are complex and on time, there are some hooks lacking in his choruses. The real cream here is the beats that are variously reminiscent of the Typical Cats, **Blockhead** or **Lovage**-era **Dan the Automator**. That’s to Burnell’s benefit too because he does them all himself, layering acoustic guitar over tight snare claps and sampled piano. So far, my favorites are “Apartment 22,” “Welcome to the Canopy” which features another local, **Malevolent MC**, and “Let Us Go” with its lush strings. Keep it up dude, the music is good. *–Rio Connelly*

Exer Ovu
Circular Blood Stains on My Family Crest
Self-Released
Street: 02.01.09
Exer Ovu = Tantric + Ryan Cabrera
Circular Blood Stains on My Family Crest has to have been recorded outside of Kilby Court by the campfire. If that’s not the case, then it was most likely recorded in my dad’s bathroom while he was in there doing his business. Exer Ovu are delivering the goods just like my dad in the bathroom. This release is five songs of one dude smacking on acoustic and electric guitars while yelping it up all **Linda Perry**-from-**4 Non Blondes**-style. Maybe if Exer Ovu sends her this EP, she’ll be kind enough to contribute some guest vocals on a few tracks for them. I think she could at least help these guys develop their sound. *–Jon Robertson*

The Furies
Glow
Self-Released
Street: 05.22
The Furies = Better Than Ezra + Beck + whisper screaming
Glow’s opener, “Death of Man,” could be an okay rock track if properly recorded. But, you know that whisper-scream people do when quoting a scream from a song/movie? Well, the Furies recorded that for some reason. Many tracks are just noises—a door closing, a repeating guitar pattern, random drums and arbitrary, incoherent 12-inch-whisper vocals. I feel like an empty Tampico

bottle would deserve a better review. Here are the ways that a Tampico bottle would out-do *Glow*: It can be used to create danceable beats by tapping it on things and squeezing it for a crinkle sound. It can be recycled, so that I feel like I’m doing something to make the world a better place. Also, I could fly to Louisiana, fill it with oily water to do my part in the gulf clean up, then pour it all over this copy of *Glow* to make sure that no one else has to hear it. *–Andrew Roy*

Ghosts of Cinema
Regarding Time, Color and Objection to Both
Self-Released
Street: 08.09
Ghosts of Cinema = Her Space Holiday + Statistics + The Notwist



How does one reject both time and color? Some sort of laser? In trying to avoid the pitfall of lyrical content focused solely on relationship drama, the young Ghosts of Cinema reach for some pretty ambitious, yet ridiculously obtuse subject matter on their debut album. Production wise, *Time, Color* is pretty top-notch and, in fact, wildly impressive without a record label. Endlessly layered and compositionally fierce, Ghosts of Cinema don’t sound like two kids with Reason software and a click-track. As polished as their visual packaging is (Four music videos? Sheesh), Ghosts of Cinema play straight near the bone to late-era Her Space Holiday indietronica minus the **Galaxie 500** influence. In its stead is a steady digestion of 4AD dream-pop and mid-00s pop-punk that pull melodic pop hooks under an ethereal gauze of looped electronics and buried power chords. So, it’s probably some kind of laser, right guys? *–Ryan Hall*

Harbor Royale
Aspirations
Self-Released



Street Date: 07.22
Harbor Royale = cheap vodka + tenacity + Hot Topic vomit
It pains me to be a Debbie Downer about music, but when the first 35 seconds of the album make me want to scratch my ears off my head, I find it necessary. On one hand, *Aspirations* would sell at Hot Topic to girls with too much eyeliner, without question. Said girls would eat up the almost-poetic lyrics, drenched in angst, like Hello Kitty fruit snacks. If Harbor Royale is making music solely for getting rich and dying young (career-wise), they’ve got it made. They’ve shared the stage with some pretty big bands, such as **Atreyu**, **Bullet For My Valentine** and **Escape The Fate**. This may be impressive to some, but they still lack real talent. On the other hand, Harbor Royale might one day realize they are making terribly unoriginal music and go in any other direction than where they’re headed, and that would be great! They know their instruments and have the drive to make it happen for themselves. It would just be better for them in the long run to realize that they sound like every other band circa early 2000s, looking for teenaged poon and eternal fame. I’ve heard this band a million times before, on other stages and in other states, and it’s time for retirement. We’re not entirely mad at the ‘70s for disco, and I think in a few decades this may be a good thing to look back and laugh at as well. *–Kyla G.*

Mark Dago
SelfHighFive
Earth Burn Records
Street: 10.05
Mark Dago = Salvador Santana + Jack Splash + Vinnie Paz



Plain and simple, this is one of the better local CDs I have been lucky

enough to come across. *SelfHigh-Five* is a testament to the talent in the area—the production is tight, the beats hit your ears crisp and clear, and the dude’s lyrics are sharp. The intro song “Up High” starts you up nicely, but it isn’t until “Every Today” with **Ebay Jamil** that you get to putting one in the air. My one and truly only concern with this album is that the sound sometimes doesn’t fit the beat. Your voice is hard, homie—you sound so angry. On the topic of voices, “Alright” with **Lauren Hoyt** and **Bad Brad Wheeler** is a wu-banger of a track. Lauren Hoyt sounds like an angel. There is a lot more to this album, so I suggest you go out and buy it. That’s good business. *–Jemie Sprankle*

Red Pete
Broken Love Machine
Self-Released
Street: 07.30
Red Pete = Foo Fighters + Interpol



Red Pete hits the nail on the head in the first song “Best Defense” when singer/bassist **Keith Callister** sings, “You tripped a landmine in my head.” I couldn’t have said or sung it better myself there, Keith—a landmine has definitely been tripped in my head by your sweet, jiving jams. The action doesn’t stop there as the band alternates from oldies-inspired rock to art-fueled dance punk throughout this seven song EP but never forgets to include a big, soaring inspirational chorus that makes me jump up and down. Listening to Red Pete makes me feel like I’m in junior high and I’m down in some basement listening to the neighborhood band practice while Keith belts out his creative writing lyrics. But the most astonishing aspect is guitarist **Mark Middlemas**’ (a.k.a The Wizard) guitar lines and effects—truly mind blowing. *Broken Love Machine* is like a landmine in my head for sure. *–Jon Robertson*

Righteous Audio Werks
One 7”
The Issue Records
Street: 09.07
RAW = (Future Pigeon + Cabrians) - vox
Vocal-free reggae is amazing. It elevates the standard genre above just something to get stoned to and takes it to a level similar to jazz. That may be a bold statement, but bold

bands like Righteous Audio Werks (RAW) are happy to do it. Featuring the great bass lines of local bassman **Cache Tollman** and **Josh Dickson** on trumpet, this clear 7” pressing is the best local reggae I’ve ever heard. Most groups seem to be in it for the lifestyle while all these tracks prove these cats are in it for the music. A good recording should blend seamlessly into and out of each track in this style of music and *One* does just that. Almost imperceptibly so, which makes it either great or not so. I enjoy just putting it on letting it spin through the whole thing, enjoying it the whole time. My only issue is that it is not longer than four songs. *–JP*

Soft BleR
ElekHztro
Self-Released
Street: 04.06
Soft Bler = Cluster + Nolens Volens + Manuel Gottsching
ElekHztro, from Orem’s Soft BleR, is an album that doesn’t show its true colors until most listeners have pushed skip on their iPods. Electronic wizard **Sam Davis** places a formidable road block with the first half of the album that could alienate listeners without the patience to wade through the headache-inducing minimal chord progressions and pummeling house beat. The harsh tones of album opener “Lozenge” and the mind-numbing fist-pump of “Wiggly Willy” sound much more appropriate as a live transition in a DJ mix than a seven-minute album track. With that said, the bulk of *ElekHztro* sounds like an apology for any discomfort caused by said tracks. The laser focused motorik beat of “Under Control” and the loose, pastoral Kosmische-inspired “Far Too Long” sound like Davis with full control over his synths and Korg DS-10 instead of buried under an avalanche of glitched-out, 8-bit tech malfunctions. *–Ryan Hall*

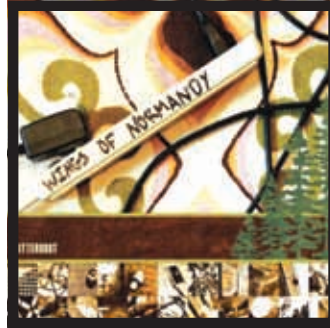
Timothy Hay
Wreckerd
Wild Hare
Street: 12.01.09
Timothy Hay = John Hartford + Dusty 45s

This *Wreckerd* is all over the place as far as genre, bouncing back and forth from blues to folk and everything in between. However, this roots cavalcade hits all the right spots to make an interesting record. With over a dozen players featured, the record becomes epic in scope. My favorite track, blues tune “I Ain’t Seen My Baby,” is simple in structure, but the clacking of spoons and the army singing back-up in perfect cadence is very entertaining. The folk songs don’t hold my interest as well as the bluesier songs, and to be honest, they get pretty inane, but some of the spot-on vocal harmonies deserve a mention. That being said, the vocals could have been more polished in other parts. I was most impressed with the musical

prowess displayed on the harmonica, the slide guitar and other common roots instrumentation. With everything here, I’ve got to wonder what the live show is all about. *–James Orme*

Victims Willing
Old Bones and New Cadavers
Dr. Cyclops
Street: 08.09
Victims Willing = Nerve Agents + All Systems Fail + Union 13
I couldn’t be more impressed with a band I hadn’t heard a thing about until I had the CD in my hands. This is hardcore punk rock with just as much vibrancy and attention to melody as brutality, and it has as much viscosity as anyone can handle. Before I heard a note, I noticed it was a Dr. Cyclops release, which usually means horror up the ass. Though the record does tackle dark themes, the horror aspects are understated. The guitars seamlessly blend metal, rock and punk sounds. “Striking matches just to watch them burn, from cinders and ash there is no return,” is just a sample of the intricate weave of lyrics throughout this record. Not to get on my soapbox, but this is one of the best local releases I’ve ever heard. *–James Orme*

Wings of Normandy
Bitterroot
Narwhal Records
Street Date: 06.10
Wings of Normandy = Rural Alberta Advantage + Caleb Fraid



Hailing from good ol’ Salt Lake City, Wings of Normandy have been busy with a brand new album, *Bitterroot*, released on their own label, Narwhal Records. They’ve been making a dent in the alt-folk scene, sharing the stage last year with **Rural Alberta Advantage**, a *Saddle Creek* staple, as well as a slew of other local talent including **Ferocious Oaks**, which also features a member of Wings of Normandy. *Bitterroot* takes its toe-tapping, feel-good cues from the likes of **Fleet Foxes** and **Band of Horses**, while songs like “Lonely Love” and the title track take it down a notch, sounding heavily influenced by **Rocky Votolato**. There are good things to come in Wings of Normandy’s future—their instruments are solid, while the lyrics are thoughtful and fun enough to sing along to. I’ve got high hopes for these guys and am anxiously awaiting their next endeavor. *–KB*

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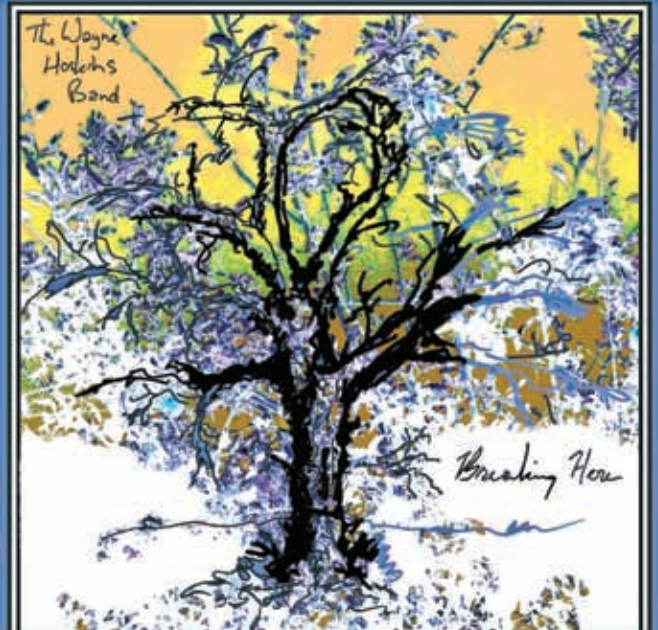
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MAZDA 2 PRESENTS: MAYER HAWTHORNE & THE COUNTRY, GORDON VOIDWELL \$13/\$15 - 9PM

SAT NOV. 6TH:

DOOMTREE (THE FIRST TOUR TO FEATURE ALL MEMBERS) P.O.S., DESSA, SIMS, CECIL OTTER, MIKE MICTLAN, LAZERBEAK, PAPER TIGER

EARLY SHOW: @ KILBY COURT (ALL AGES) 7PM

LATE SHOW: @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+) 9PM

MON NOV. 8TH: @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+)

GHOSTFACE KILLAH, SHEEK LOUCH (OF THE LOX), MUSIC BY FRANK DUKES & DJ JUGGY - 9PM

TUES. NOV. 9TH: @ THE HOTEL (21+)

BIZ MARKIE (DJ SET) /SNOWBOARD SEASON KICKOFF PARTY HOSTED BY LOUIE VITO, STEVIE BELL, AARON BITTNER & JUSTIN BENNEE

TUES. NOV. 9TH: @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+)

ALOE BLACC "I NEED A DOLLAR TOUR" WITH GRAND SCHEME - 9PM

MON NOV. 15TH: @ THE HOTEL (21+)

CASUAL OF HIEROGLYPHICS W/ SMASH BROTHAS, DUSK, THE STRANGERZ & DJ SAYO

FRI NOV. 12TH: @ THE HOTEL (21+)

J-ROCC (BEAT JUNKIES/STONES THROW)

TUES NOV. 16TH: @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+)

SWOLLEN MEMBERS, SAIGON, SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER, KILLIONA - 9PM

THURS. NOV. 16TH:

MAC LETHAL, F. STOKES, DEAN RISKO

EARLY SHOW: @ KILBY COURT (ALL AGES) 7PM

LATE SHOW: @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+) 9PM

TUES NOV. 30TH: @ CLUB ELEVATE (21+)

INSPEKTAH DECK & MASTA KILLA OF WU TANG CLAN W/ MIKE SKILZ, SKINWALKER & SICK SENSE, PAT MAINE & PIG PEN

WED DEC 1ST: @ THE HOTEL (21+)

EVIDENCE OF DILATED PEOPLES W/ PRIME ELEMENT

TUES DEC. 7TH: @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+)

BROTHER ALI & THE GROUCH - 9PM

WED DEC. 15TH:

SWEATSHOP UNION

EARLY SHOW: W/ SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER, LEARICAL MINDSET @ KILBY COURT (ALL AGES) 7PM

LATE SHOW: W/ BURNELL WASHBURN, DOPETHOUGHT @ THE URBAN LOUNGE (21+) 9PM

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CD REVIEWS

Atheist
Jupiter
Season of Mist
Street: 11.09
Atheist = Death + Cynic + Pestilence + Morbid Angel

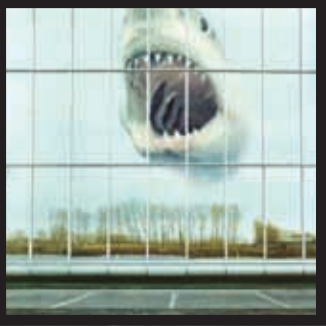


After breaking up in 1994, Atheist returned in 2006, played some live shows and released a live album. Time was abundant from the reunion of Atheist for *Jupiter* to be produced and unleashed. Don't think of this as a reunion or comeback album, though—think of it as the next step in the evolution of Atheist. I keep listening to *Jupiter*, and it keeps flinging my brain straight to the ceiling. Its guitar rhythms initially feel chaotic in a cacophony of crazed tempos enveloped in the intricacies of the guitars. The maddening and rolling, improvised feel of the drumming, as well as the multifaceted vocal deliveries are mind-altering and awesomely, gratuitously gratifying. It's in the same ballpark as what Atheist did best in the early 90s, pushing the boundaries of what death/tech/extreme metal can actually be. When the album opener, "Second to Sun," lays claim to your auditory sensory organs, you are immediately challenged to go beyond the confines of standard metal song structures. It leaves listeners peeling back the layers of sound and investigating all the sonic technical glories and attention-demanding lyrics that *Jupiter* provides. —Bryer Wharton

Bad Religion
The Dissent of Man
Epitaph
Street: 09.28
Bad Religion = Bad Religion
Bad Religion has got be the most talented and accomplished band in all of rock music. Between the six members of this band, there are numerous degrees, a record label

impresario, and I could spend all day listing the names of other great punk bands this lineup has been a part of. With all that to stand on, they keep pushing forward with great record after great record. *The Dissent of Man* is no exception to that rule. **Brett Gurewitz** and **Greg Graffin** have outdone themselves once again with the songwriting. With the folk touches on "I Won't Say Anything" and the very rock n' roll-sounding "The Devil in Stitches," the album shows more diversity than its most recent predecessor, the darker and harder-hitting *New Maps of Hell*. After I heard this record, I was left with one question—how does a 30-year-old punk band keep getting better? I look forward to their upcoming show and the future records that are sure to come. (*In the Venue: 11.13*) —James Orme

Black Mountain
Wilderness Heart
Jagjaguwar
Street: 09.14
Black Mountain = Sleepy Sun + Darker My Love



Black Mountain proves that Canadians can cash in on the psych thing that's going around lately, too. They may be responsible for some of the resurgence in the genre as well, having been around since 2004. Their latest album is another stellar addition to their other two releases. The LP starts out pleasantly enough with "The Hair Song," quickly descends into the blues-infused music only malcontents can make, like "Buried by the Blues," but pulls up and out with tracks like "Radiant Heart"—all in all, a pleasant mix of sublime and sad. Like contemporary Sleepy Sun's 2010 release, *Fever*, this group makes great use of their female vocalist's range in **Amber Webber's** Janis Joplin howlings. The album also makes excellent use of blues-rock staples like harmonica, driving

guitar and cacophonous percussion. I keep thinking my interest in this kind of music is waning, but then an album like this comes along and pulls me back in with some fuzzed guitar and primal wails. —JP

Brent Amaker and the Rodeo
Please Stand By
Spark and Shine
Street: 10.19
Brent Amaker and the Rodeo = Johnny Cash + The Raveonettes + Deadbolt
Brent Amaker and the Rodeo have been churning honest and ominous country tunes that sound as eerie as they are catchy for the last five years, making them an interesting presence in alternative country music. A slow and steady, freight train-like rhythm is at the base of each song on *Please Stand By*, mixed with Tex-Mex-influenced songs like "Saddle Up" and standard honky-tonkers like "Break My Broken Heart," all sitting underneath Amaker's deep, heavy sing/talk vocals that have become the calling card of the Rodeo and their leader. Think country music deconstructed and put back together in a very simple and candid form. These cowboys from Seattle have garnered a fairly large cult-like following for being around for such a short time, and have been featured in the indie slasher flick *Punch* and Showtime's TV hit *Californication*. Known for riotous, whiskey-fueled live shows, The Rodeo tour constantly, and it will only be a matter of time before this traveling cowboy spectacle makes its way to Salt Lake to try to burn down the town. —James Orme

Chromeo
Business Casual
Atlantic
Street: 09.13
Chromeo = Kajagoogoo + Ratatat + Duran Duran
I could talk about how this band would've ruled the 80s like hell-ass sexy kings, as everyone else has done. Instead, I'll proclaim that this duo and future hits like album opener "Hot Mess" and "Night by Night" are going to dominate dance parties all over the world a lot longer than any **Huey Lewis and the News** song could ever hope to (sorry, Huey). This stuff is like a natural evolution of retromania and dance fever (lame), but really goes beyond gimmick to have its own personality. **P-Thugg**

may have produced his best album yet, full of cascading, rich synth and expert drum fills, often combined with the most melodious of talk-boxing. He accomplishes these feats with an array of keyboards often sporting a sexy pair of illuminated mannequin legs. The beats thump while the digital organ and bass goes nuts. Meanwhile, **Dave 1's** smooth and judicious guitar use exudes finesse and suavity, while his vocal crooning could melt any ice queen. His lyrics are one of my favorite parts, almost exclusively about relationships and their various minor catastrophes. They are Quebecois, which is kind of like French, and as the saying goes, "Je cherche toujours les femmes." Every good-looking girl I know can't get enough of *Business Casual*, which is a really good sign. May this record come on next time you want to dance. —Rio Connelly

The Creepshow
They All Fall Down
Hellcat
Street: 10.05
The Creepshow = Miss Derringer + Tiger Army + Zombina and the Skeletones



As a fan of the psychobilly, I love The Creepshow, because every naysayer of the genre can't use any of their excuses to discredit them. They are original to say the least, they are colorful and vivacious, and even though there are plenty of dark elements on this record, they don't dwell on them and they certainly don't use them in any clichéd way. They're fronted by **Sarah Sin Blackwood**, who is not meek in the least, as she puts the vocal cherry on the top of an assortment of instrumentation that is neither lackluster nor self-serving, but rather maintains energy and is appealing to listen to the whole way through. The mesmerizing doo-wop back-up vocals on "Sleep Tight"

make for some really fun sounds. **Reverend McGinty's** organ fits right in with the breakneck speed on the more aggressive "Get What's Coming" and adds a melodic component not often heard in psychobilly. To anyone quick to dismiss psycho as a tedious type of music, I ask: what do you say when a band like the Creepshow blows away every complaint you've got? *—James Orme*

Dag Nasty

Dag With Shawn

Dischord

Street: 10.18

Dag Nasty = Minor Threat + Gorilla Biscuits + 7 Seconds



Apart from inspiring an unsightly tat-too upon the chest of **Travis Barker**, Dag Nasty's 1986 debut album, *Can I Say*, largely shaped the sound of punk rock for the next decade. Faster than their peers in the burgeoning "emocore" scene, smarter than most bands in the fledgling hardcore scene and more serious than most punk bands of the day, Dag Nasty combined speed, melody and emotion unlike any other band. To put it simply, *Can I Say* is a very good, very important album. Nearly 25 years later, Dischord is releasing the band's first recordings, featuring original vocalist **Shawn Brown** singing the bulk of songs that would be featured on *Can I Say*. Brown's vocal delivery is much more akin to the angry, one-volume, one-pitch style of **Henry Rollins** than later Dag Nasty vocalists, giving the songs a bit more of an edge. "I've Heard," "Justification" and "One to Two" are a bit harder than the versions that most people are used to, but the music isn't notably different. Even though *Dag With Shawn* is pretty much *Can I Say* with a different vocalist, this is definitely a cool relic for fans of Dischord, Dag Nasty and punk rock in general. *—Ricky Vigil*

Dawnbringer

Nucleus

Profound Lore Records

Street: 09.21

Dawnbringer = Iron Maiden + Saviours + Motörhead

For those of you unfamiliar with what is reverently referred to as the New Wave of British Heavy Metal (abbrevi-

ated NWOBHM), a title bestowed on many influential and excellent bands from—duh—Britain that arrived on (and helped create) the metal scene in the late 70s and early 80s, know this—to you, my likening of Dawnbringer to those acts (and that era) will mean nothing. That said, Dawnbringer does their best NWOBHM impersonation, and they do it well. Combining equal parts Maiden and Motörhead, *Nucleus* combines guitar-lead worship with up-tempo arena rocking, but unless you're a student (or fan) of NWOBHM, it may seem nonsensical and boring, which I almost feel horrible for saying. Worth a listen, but I was expecting more punch and less guitar-noodling. *—Gavin Hoffman*

Dimmu Borgir

Abrahadabra

Nuclear Blast

Street: 10.12

Dimmu Borgir = Cradle of Filth + Troll + Vesania + Old Man's Child

The much-anticipated Dimmu Borgir album is here. The band's last couple albums went in one ear and out the other for me. Fortunately, *Abrahadabra* runs into some catchy territory. If you've been a fan of the band since their commercial breakthrough, 2001's *Puritanical*, you're going to love the new album. I'll give credit to Dimmu Borgir—they take every recording quite seriously and always come out with an effort that is a grandiose, almost gratuitously over-the-top production. With this album, the band enlisted the use of a real orchestra and choir, and it shows massively. In fact, at times the orchestra/choir trumps the vox/guitar/drums as the key point of the music. The core music at the heart of Dimmu Borgir, now a three-piece band, is fairly straightforward, with their hefty trademark machine-gun double-bass/guitar attacks along with just some fairly catchy riffing and a welcome drum performance from vocalist Shagrath. *Abrahadabra* trumps the last few Dimmu albums and is without question going to be a success for the band, but if you dare to lurk further into the underground, you will find bands that make Dimmu Borgir sound like silly fluff. *—Bryer Wharton*

Franz Nicolay

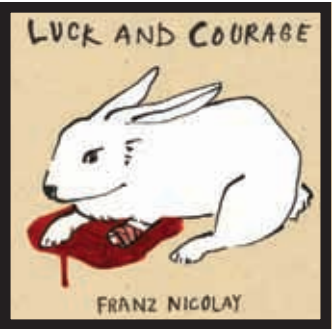
Luck and Courage

Team Science

Street: 10.12

Franz Nicolay = a gypsy troubador + a midget + a men's store manager

It's not that Nicolay isn't talented. A multi-instrumentalist who has woven himself through the fabric of such notable bands as **The Hold Steady**, **World/Inferno Friendship Society** and **Against Me!**, the guy can play, compose and arrange like no one's



business. His last EP, *St. Sebastian of the Short Stage*, had so many high points that it was hard to believe it was only four songs long. That is what makes the overall mediocrity of this disc so surprising. The music is well composed and perfectly performed. His core, four-piece band is paired beautifully with a string quartet that somehow manages to capture the sound of an over-produced Nashville orchestra without sounding over-produced. The problem isn't in the record's execution—it's in the overall concept. With *Luck and Courage*, Nicolay attempts a sort of indie-rock opera, in 10 songs that recount the story of a tragedy-struck couple. The songs are heavy on lyrics, but light on listenability. They usually lack choruses and seem to take forever to start. The subject matter includes references to death and the Bible, which really just makes this a poor reimagination of The Hold Steady's *Separation Sunday*. It's not bad, but I wish it were better. And Nicolay's ridiculously dramatic voice does little to help. *—James Bennett*

Glasser

Rings

True Panther Sounds

Street: 09.28

Glasser = Enya + Acid



Glasser is **Cameron Mesirow**. Cameron Mesirow is Glasser. Described as a literal "one woman orchestra," Mesirow began creating music with Garageband on her laptop, overdubbing her quite amazing voice to her heart's content and backing it with loops and samples of her own choosing. That is what is initially cool and the most intriguing thing about her project. Possessing an amazing voice that sounds similar in tone

to **Sinéad O'Connor**, lead track "Apply" showcases a tribal beat reminiscent of **Björk's** "Earth Intruders," but as though sung by Enya. *Rings* has been described as a song cycle/concept album wherein the group of the songs together is meant to be stronger than they are by themselves. That's too bad for the listener then, as too many cutesy "noise" elements mar the potential for some of this material to be great, like the otherwise gorgeous "Tremel." Some songs sound cut off too soon, and some of Mesirow's vocalizing is annoying to the point of being cloying, plus there is a new age-y banality to the music that threatens to sink the whole thing. One exception is "Treasure of We," which is playful and lithe, and Mesirow sounds like she's having fun for the first time, which sadly seems to be missing from the rest of her album. *—Dean O Hillis*

Gold Panda

Lucky Shiner

Ghostly Inernational

Street: 10.12

Gold Panda = Baths + Prins Thomas + Apparat



After listening to the 2009 single "Quitters Raga" an embarrassing amount of times, the debut album by England-via-Japan's Gold Panda is something of a revelation. *Lucky Shiner* irons out some of wrinkles of last years 7"� and EPs. Those releases often came across as either too post-rave beat-driven or too IDM glitchy without much middle ground. *Lucky Shiner*, however, seems to have perfected the formula. Gold Panda's jet-setting sound palate samples freely from traditional oriental instruments and melodies while under the commanding presence of an expansive bottom end whose huge bass hits have been toned down since 2009 songs like "Police" or "Long Vacation." *Lucky Shiner* is near perfect in its production—hard-panning bass hits make up the backbone while exotic samples and fuzzed-out drones are rhythmically folded in layer by layer. Easily one of the year's best. *—Ryan Hall*

Hostage Calm

Self-Titled

Run for Cover

Street: 09.21

Hostage Calm = Dag Nasty + Madness + Crime in Stereo



Hostage Calm is hands down one of the most intelligent and interesting bands floating around in the punk and hardcore scenes right now. Their debut album, *Lens*, was solid all the way through and pointed to a musical itch that fell outside of the traditional realms of hardcore and punk. Their latest release shows how far outside that itch was. The Dag Nasty influence is still there, but a heavy dose of '80s British pop sensibility crept into their sound in the past few years. The result is an album more akin to indie rock than hardcore or punk, and is not dissimilar to the metamorphosis bands like **Saves the Day** and Crime in Stereo went through. Lyrically, Hostage Calm is top-notch, covering topics like Prop 8 and divorce in a poetic manner. **Chris Martin's** vocal delivery is a laid-back singing approach that melds well with the music, which includes piano, handclaps and all other manner of auxiliary percussion. There is no sophomore slump for these guys—it will be exciting to see where they go from here. *—Peter Fryer*

How to Dress Well

Love Remains

Lefse Records

Street: 09.21

How to Dress Well = the xx + Bon Iver

Imagine if Bon Iver's **Justin Vernon** retreated to his fabled Wisconsin cabin with a sampler and an iPod full of **R. Kelly**, and you've got an idea of what *Love Remains* sounds like. And it's as awesome as that sounds. What's astonishing is that **Tom Krell** manages to warp a genre known for sleek production to fit his home-grown approach. He establishes a memorable sound that is entirely his own (no easy feat in this day and age) and also crafts songs that get stuck in a place deeper than your head. Part of his M.O. is to flout pop music conventions, such as mastering songs so hot they resonate with digital distortion (fingernails on a chalkboard to a professional producer). This doesn't always pan out so well in practice—though great in theory, Krell hasn't quite perfected

letting all of the songs meander *and* making them entirely satisfying. As a debut, it's probably the most significant of the year and most likely a prelude to more brilliant things. *—Nate Housley*

Junip

Fields

Mute

Street: 09.14

Junip = José González - Nick Drake + Iron & Wine

Junip has been around since the late



90s, but due to other priorities, they have postponed the making of an album until now. *Fields* is well worth the wait. Fronted by solo artist José González and with help from two other members, **Tobias Winterkorn** on keyboard and **Elias Araya** on the drums, Junip has definite González songs, but in its entirety is perfect background music for just about anything going on when there are people around. *Fields* starts out strong with the bongo-laden "In Every Direction," an intriguing introduction to the culturally diverse album, but the excitement wavers in the next few songs. González resorts to the usual repetitive blahs in "Rope & Summit," but the music is magical enough to forget that you've heard the same line a few too many times in a row. The muted guitar and smooth vocals of "Howl" don't exactly make me want to do so, but it is one of the strongest songs on the album. It's obvious González is in form and I like the direction they're going in, but the repetition does get a little trying at times. I expected more from *Fields*, but am not disappointed in the end result, either. *—Kyla G.*

Kylesa

Spiral Shadow

Season of Mist

Street: 10.26

Kylesa = Akimbo + Red Fang How Kylesa continues to release fresh, interesting, dynamic metal baffles me. "Cheating Synergy" has the classic, propelling guitar work that Kylesa has come to be known for, along with electronic/guitar triplet patterns that 90 percent of metal bands couldn't pull off. The album is also an exploration into the art of interludes. "Crowded Road" takes a

detour for a couple minutes to develop a Middle Eastern immediacy, before heading back to the main road to finish the song in the same pulsing vein in which it began. Kylesa has always been a pretty rhythmic band, and *Spiral Shadow* only reinforces their decision to play with two drummers. Stereo drumming is always going to sound good and I'm glad it's not catching on, since this is just one more way that Kylesa stands out from a handful of bands in an over-saturated genre—a genre filled with bands that will continue living in Kylesa's spiral shadow. *—Andrew Roy*

Legendary Pink Dots

Seconds Late for the Brighton Line

ROIR

Street: 10.05

Legendary Pink Dots = Psychic TV + Pink Floyd + Swans

The long and storied career of **Edward Ka-Spel** and his Legendary Pink Dots continues—unblemished—with *Seconds Late for the Brighton Line*. As always, the Pink Dots are quintessential acid trip music—multi-instrumental and masterfully crafted, with some of the most wonderfully bizarre lyrics and musical arrangements ever put to tape. Equal parts depressing and uplifting, this release must be thoroughly dissected to be enjoyed properly. It would be easy to simply put this record on as "background music" and dismiss it as nothing more, but if it's given the appropriate listening atmosphere (and listened to through headphones, especially), it becomes an entirely different experience. Hit the CoinStar and pick this release up. *—Gavin Hoffman*

Necrite

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

The Flenser

Street: 11.02

Necrite = Blut Aus Nord + Leviathan + Sunn O))) + Weakling I don't care how masochistic you are, Necrite's debut full-length is about as painfully harsh as music comes. Ponies, puppies, sunshine, rainbows, unicorns, love, happiness—if all those were one entity, *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi* just busted out a blunt, rusty, blood-stained pick axe and laid havoc to it. The initial blow by way of "A Mass for the Harvest of Death," is the pick axe scraping the skin off everything that is joy and happiness, raw and bloodied. While wallowing in its initial agony, "Bereft of Hope," just provides a potent but not death-inducing acid bath for the raw wounds of glee and washes away any hope that said wounds were going to come out unscathed or unscarred. The continuing audio onslaught, including the almost 30-minute-long title track, make the imagery of the worst torture/horror

films seem like gumdrops. Necrite combine the bleakest of drone and ambient tones with a maddening sensory assault of dissonant guitars, grizzled, fast, almost narcotic-fueled speed to violently oppose the downtempo movements of this piece of disenchanting vibrations. Add venomously blood-curdling shrieks and growls that are far from anything resembling human. Masochistic as it may be, we learn from and gain strength from pain—this is an album that will be talked about long after its release. *—Bryer Wharton*

Night Birds

Midnight Movies 7"

No Way

Street: 10.29

Night Birds = Agent Orange + Screeching Weasel + Descendents

Largely leaving their brand of



trashy, poppy surf punk at the beach, this 7" transports Night Birds to yet another venue suitable for the creation of snotty and humorous punk rock: a dark and dirty movie theatre. The title track does channel Agent Orange a bit, but if you're seriously thinking about Night Birds' motivations/influences/message, you're missing the entire point of this band. Throughout these four songs, Night Birds express their desires to be trapped inside monster-infested movie worlds and witness unimaginable gore on the big screen. Their dreams seem to come true on the final two tracks, "Bad Biology" and "Triple Feature," full of the dark (but still undeniably fun) antisocial imagery that can only exist inside of the cheesiest of cheesy B-movies. Even though *Midnight Movies* lacks the surfy novelty of previous Night Birds releases, it's still highly entertaining. *—Ricky Vigil*

Owen Pallett

A Swedish Love Story EP

Domino

Street: 09.28

Owen Pallett = Final Fantasy + Parenthetical Girls + Andrew Bird

This first release since Pallett's newest album got everyone all excited earlier this year. *A Swedish Love Story* is much more *He Poos Clouds* and much less *Heartland*. Pallett doesn't

rely too heavily on his Korg, going back to his violin and loop pedal instead to create lush orchestrations. Only the opening and closing tracks ("A Man With No Ankles" and "Don't Stop," respectively) have the upbeat synth and drumlines that *Heartland* got us accustomed to. The middle portion of the EP is catchy, well written, and heavily orchestrated, like the old Final Fantasy records I know and love. Like most of his early records, *A Swedish Love Story* plays through like a dramatic Victorian production. As always, Owen is a one-man string quartet. "Honour the Dead, or Else" is definitely the slowest point on the four-track EP, but other than that, this release is fairly exuberant and fun. *—Cody Hudson*

Sisters Ghosts Fits
Narnack
Street: 09.28
Sisters = Sonic Youth + Pavement + No Age

Aaron Pfannebecker and **Matt Conboy** make up this Brooklyn drums-and-guitar duo, Sisters. As soon as you listen to their debut album, *Ghosts Fits*, it's clear the duo picked their name up from Sonic Youth's fourth album. "The Curse" kicks off with skuzzy guitar and youthful drum patter. Ahh shit ... I love a sharp-dressed band who wears their influences well. The forceful, up-tempo Pavement-esque "Glue" is the catchiest offering, propelled by a head-bobbing hook and dense cacophony. The distortion crashes in on "Synesthesia" and the duo briefly shows a quiet side with the stripped-down "Highway Scratch." "Here It Comes" hits and I am blown away by the dizzying technical proficiency, so much noise coming from just two people. *Ghosts Fits* is a debut full of honest-to-goodness blistering guitar pop-rock, proving the '90s continue to live on. *—Courtney Blair*

Small Black New Chain
Jagjaguwar
Street: 10.26
Small Black = Washed Out + Dom + Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

Small Black's earlier work suggests a band who played under the pall of lo-fidelity out of necessity, and not because their songs weren't structurally sound enough to exist outside of ample heaps of analog tape hiss. Much like that EP, every track on *New Chain* is punctuated with more than its fair share of incredible pop hooks. While the duo has been rounded out to a quartet and the band had a sizable budget to record this, Small Black still work with submerged tones, choosing to bury their synth-pad electronic beats and



lock-step bass work beneath a sea of vocal loops and a newly minted, shimmering mid-tone range. **Ryan Heyner**'s voice often steals the show. While oozing that disaffected coolness so associated with lo-fi pop bands of the past few years, Heyner sounds completely invested into his songs. His unnoticed vocal lilt turns catchy choruses into totally unforgettable moments. (*Kilby: 11.12*) *—Ryan Hall*

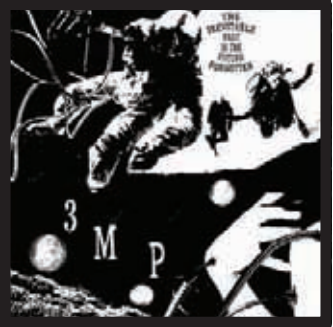
Stimulators Loud Fast Rules!
ROIR
Street: 10.05
Stimulators = Richard Hell + Cro-Mags + B-52s

One historical footnote to the early 1980s NYC punk scene was Reach Out International Records. Abbreviated ROIR (and pronounced "roar"), the label released music exclusively on cassette tape. Recently, much of the legendary back catalog has been reissued on compact disc, with this Stimulators record being the latest in the ROIR rereleases. Originally released in 1982, the 14-song CD/LP has a raw, analog punk feel to it. The songs were recorded live at a show in Raleigh, NC, in front of an enthusiastic southern crowd. This is the only full-length recording of the Stimulators—a four-piece art-punk band that featured **Denise Merced**es on guitar and an 11-year-old **Harley Flanagan** on drums. By the time these songs were recorded, Flanagan was closer to 15 and the band had fallen into a seriously energetic groove. The songs are so trenchant, catchy and cool that it's easy to forgive the occasional misplayed note or the inclusion of a **KISS** cover. It isn't that memorable, and it's not even remotely sophisticated, but sometimes that's exactly what you need. *—James Bennett*

Swans My Father Will Guide Me Up A Rope To The Sky
Young God
Street: 09.21
Swans = Nick Cave + Angels of Light + Jesus Lizard
Michael Gira returns with a newly imagined reincarnation of his seminal misanthropic noise rock act. I am avoiding using the word reunion, or

reforming, because this new Swans is none of that. This new Swans is made up of Gira veterans and members from the Young God crowd, including **Devendra Banhart** and **Shearwater's Thor Harris**. *MFWG-MUARTTS* doesn't feel like a lame attempt to recapture old glory, because what does Gira have to come back from? Angels of Light's releases were solid and this newly minted Swans project strikes off on legs of its own, incorporating the apocalyptic folk musings and the terrifying sense of dread from earlier Swans releases. Gira laces his unholy din with moments of aching beauty, which are seven times more insidious because they no longer hold the listener at arm's length with their abrasiveness, but settle in and burrow straight into your subconscious with their accessibility. *—Ryan Hall*

Three Mile Pilot The Inevitable Past is the Future Forgotten
Temporary Residence
Street: 09.28
Three Mile Pilot = Pinback + The Black Heart Procession



After splitting up and becoming fairly successful in the bands mentioned above, Three Mile Pilot have decided to reunite and give it another go at being super-influential and important. I respect these dudes for going back to their roots, and judging by the tunes on their first album in 13 years, the return was a good decision. It's hard not to compare 3MP's music to their other projects, so I won't even try. The music is basically a perfect concoction of Pinback and The Black Heart Procession, but somehow more heartfelt and with fancy keyboards over the top of everything. Plus, there is no denying **Armistead Burwell Smith IV**'s magical backing vocals. Three Mile Pilot is like a super group that wasn't a super group yet somehow now is. Confusing. *—Jon Robertson*

Various Artists Keb Darge and Little Edith's Legendary Rockin' R&B
BBE
Street: 09.28
Legendary Rockin' R&B = Elvis +

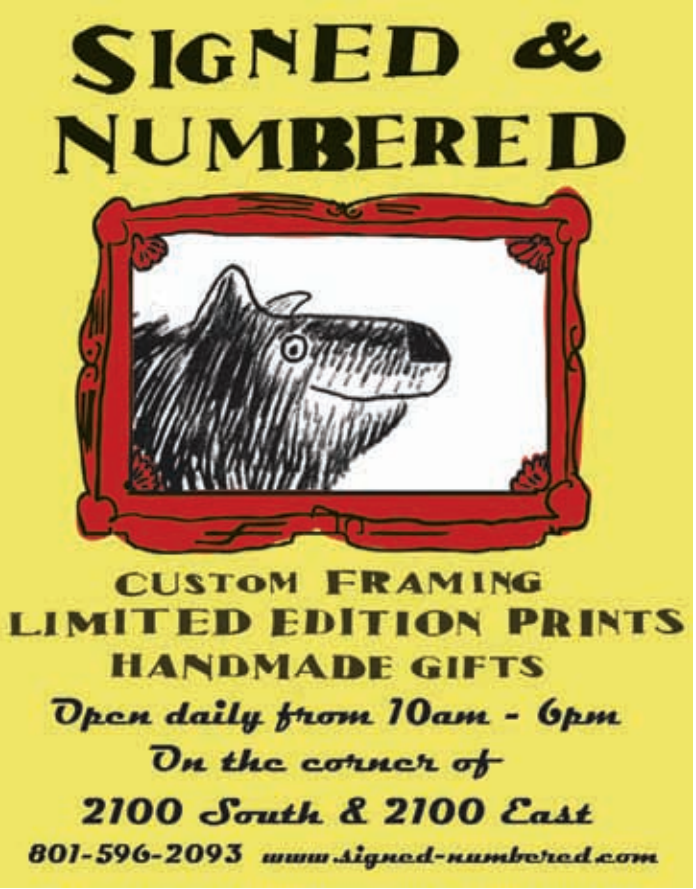
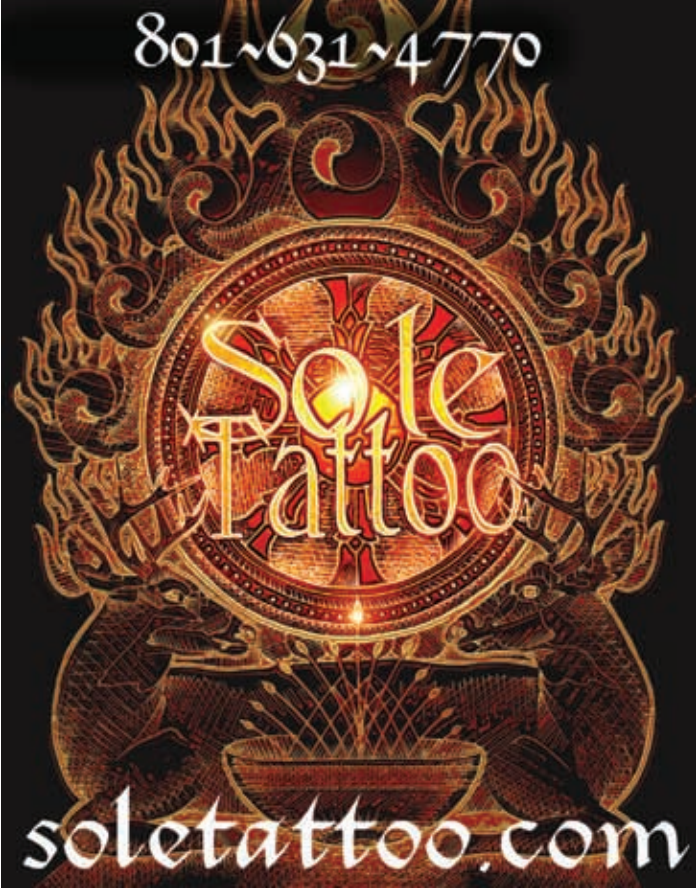
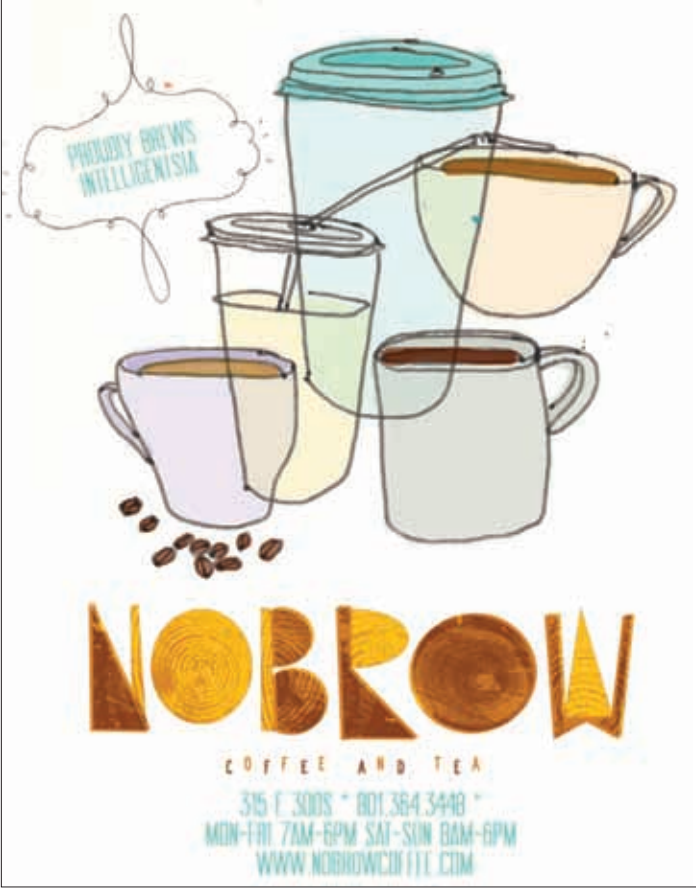
The Big Bopper
Legendary Rockin' R&B is the first in a promising new series exposing forgotten R&B gems of the '50s and '60s, compiled by Scottish DJ Keb Darge, who is known for specializing in Northern soul and his BBE deep funk collections. Darge takes us on a journey back to the glory days of old-time radio with a batch of swinging roots rock tunes. **Harold Jackson** kicks everything off with the Civil Rights-themed, twisting Latin groove "The Freedom Riders." You will be singing along in no time to **Little Ike**'s "She Can Rock," showing hints of **Little Richard**'s "Good Golly, Miss Molly." **Bill Johnson**'s high-energy vocals on the piano and sax-driven track, "You Better Dig It," will get you rockin' and shakin' on the dance floor. The most unique track is "Zimba Lulu" by **The Rays**, sporting a Tarzan yelp throughout the haunted lyrics. Every track on *Legendary Rockin' R&B* is a true highlight. *—Courtney Blair*

Wolf People Steeple
Jagjaguwar
Street: 10.12
Wolf People = Dinosaur Jr. + Neil Young



I think that some big wig at a record label should be put to task on gathering up all the people in bands that have either bear, wolf, horse or shark in their band name. Once they're all gathered up, they should all be shoved in a room with as many instruments as possible and I guarantee that after two weeks of jamming their bear-wolf-horse-shark souls out, they will have created the most glorious music of all time. One of the bands that should be included in this cacophony of glory is Wolf People. This foursome has created nine solid jams of great psychedelic-tinged, fuzzy stoner rock on *Steeple*. These dudes are like the new version of **The Byrds** circa *Fifth Dimension*, but better. Check them out before they get sucked into the bear-wolf-horse-shark super group. *—Jon Robertson*

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Send us your dates by the 25th of the previous month: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, November 5
The Sleeping, Tides of Man, PMtoday, Just Like Vinyl, Iron Birds – *Kilby*
Pray For Snow Party—*A Bar Named Sue*
Mayer Hawthorne & The County, Gordon Voidwell – *Urban*
Kate Nash, Peggy Sue – *In The Venue*
Bryce Avary, He Is We – *Club Sound*
Mae, Terrible Things, Windsor Drive – *Avalon*
Portland Cello Project – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
Robbie Hazen & the Riot, Wonderlust – *Brewkis*
Mindy Gledhill, Clay Summers – *Whysound*
Yo' Mama's Big Fat Booty Band – *State Room*
Black Taxi – *ABG's*
La Farsa, Aloud, Bronco – *Woodshed*
Past's 10's, The Black Arrows, Herban Empire, The Terks – *Liquid Joe's*
Drainage X, A Different Element, The Krypled, Robin Mary, The Delphic – *Vegas*
Victoria, Moonshine, Drums & Colors, Follow The Earth – *Muse*
Sleep Radio, WeDropLikeBombs, Cedars – *Basement*
Thunderfist, Los Rojos, Someone's Mom – *Burt's*
Flash Point – *Deerhunter*
Incidious, A Balance of a Power – *Dawg Pound*
Jody Lee Petty, Corey Hunt, Katherine Alford, Mason Lovette Band, Ross Copley – *Green Street*
Sofa Sly – *Hog Wallow*
Roby Kap, The Sister Wives – *Pat's Barbecue*
3rd annual SLC School District Secondary Education Art Teachers Exhibit – *UAA Gallery*
DJ C-Minus Fantastik 4, Lexicon – *Hotel*
Funk and Gonzo – *Green Pig*
Matt Bashaw and the Hope – *Fifth*

Saturday, November 6
Doomtree, P.O.S., Dessa, SIMS, Cecil Otter, Mike Mictian, Lazerbeak, Paper Tiger (7:00) – *Kilby*
Doomtree, P.O.S., Dessa, SIMS, Cecil Otter, Mike Mictian, Lazerbeak, Paper Tiger (10:00) – *Urban*
Lazy Billy and the Pillows, The Poorwills, Flow – *Woodshed*
Twiztid, Blaze – *In The Venue*
BT – *Depot*
Stephen Jerzak, The Scene Aesthetic, Action Item – *Complex*
2 Weeks Notice – *Brewkis*
Fictionist, Libbie Linton, Till We Have Faces – *Whysound*
Free Film: Kid Flx Mix – *Sorenson Unity*
Junction City Roller Dolls Season End: Railway Banditas vs. Hilltop Aces – *Davis Conference Center*
MicLordz & Sauce Funky – *Club Sound*
Tara Mcpherson – *Blonde Grizzly*
Blindfold 801 – *Vegas*
Green Like July, Ryan Kelly, Mock White, Good Manor – *Muse*
Buddha Pie, Mel & Ty – *Fifth*
Killbot, Speitre, Desolate – *Burt's*
American Hitmen – *Deerhunter*
Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday, Wanna! Gotta! Gimme! – *Dawg Pound*
Carlos Cornia – *Hog Wallow*
Blues on First – *Green Pig*
Harry Lee Back Alley Band – *Pat's Barbecue*

Sunday, November 7
Someone Still Loves You Boris Yelstin, The Lonely Forest, The Apache – *Kilby*
Spindrift, Plastic Furs, Night Sweats – *Urban*
Runner Runner, 2AM Club, Runaway City, Kitchen Sink Fiasco – *Green Street*

Monday, November 8
Ghostface Killah, Sheek Louch, Frank Dukes, DJ Juggy, The Strangerz, Learical Mindset – *Urban*
Free Film: Hannah Free – *Tower*
Lionheart – *Complex*
Pomegranates, Oh No! Oh My!, The Awful Truth, S.L.F.M – *Kilby*

West Temple Taildraggers – *Green Pig*

Tuesday, November 9
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
Reel Big Fish, The Aquabats, Suburban Legends, Koo Koo Kanga Roo – *In The Venue*
The Heavy, Wallpaper – *Club Sound*
Aloe Blacc, The Grand Scheme, Maya Jupiter, Chase One Two – *Urban*
Free Film: The Oath – *City Library*
Biz Markie DJ Set – *Hotel*
Turdus Musicus, Never Say Never, Dionyx, Rendan Terror – *Salt Lake Recording*
Koffin Kats, The Slappin Echos – *Burt's*

Wednesday, November 10
Donavon Frankenreiter – *Depot*
The Ghost Inside, Deez Nutz, Hundreth – *Complex*
Death on Two Wheels, Elevator Anonymous, Echophobia – *Kilby*
Black Hounds, Dirty Blonde, Boboshand – *Urban*
Nadio Pero, Pariah, Hello Transparency, Monkey Rum – *Liquid Joe's*
Matt Hopper – *Velour*
Scion Party – *W Lounge*
Eisley, Ives The Band, Christie DuPree – *In The Venue*
Two Cow Garage, Michael Dean Damron, Triggers & Slips – *Burt's*
Zach Parrish & Snakey Jake – *Hog Wallow*

Thursday, November 11
Colour Revolt – *Kilby*
The Hold Steady, Company of Thieves, Junior Giant – *In The Venue*
Nadia Pero – *Whysound*
Annual Holladay Art Show – *Holladay City Hall*
Mondo Drag, Max Pain & The Groovies, The Trappers – *Urban*
Watain, Goatwhore, Black Anvil, Iconoclast, Contra, Dead Vessel – *Vegas*
Joy & Eric – *Hog Wallow*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's Barbecue*
The Blackberry Bushes Stringband – *Piper Down*
Scaally's Hope Landen – *Green Pig*
Death on Two Wheels – *Gogo 37*
Plump DJs,Tinkfu, Loki – *Complex (Vertigo)*

Friday, November 12
Small Black, Class Actress, The Heavens & The Earth – *Kilby*
Tupelo Moan, The Rubes, Satin Peaches, Chickens – *Woodshed*
Circa Survive, Dredg, Codeseven, Animals as Leaders – *In The Venue*
Greg Laswell, The Rescues, Harper Blynn – *Avalon*
Kingtree – *Brewkis*
Daniel G Harmann & The Trouble Starts, White Ivory, Mckay Harris – *Whysound*
Free Film: Jean-Michel Basquiat: The Radiant Child – *Salt Lake Art Center*
Mike Gordon – *State Room*
Show Closing: Chris Madsen, Ai Mitton, Jacquelyn Muir – *GalleryUAF*
The Brothers Chunky – *ABG's*
Rock Daddy – *Deerhunter*
SLUG Localized: Uncle Scam, Marinade, The Vision – Urban

Funk Fu, Lyrical Asylum, Beginning At Last, My Stage Exit – *Liquid Joe's*
The Better Life Band, The Last Look, Super So Far, Heartbreak Hangover, Wareye – *Vegas*
Datsik – *Green Street*
BroadSyde – *Fifth*
R.A.T.S. – *Green Pig*
Soggybone – *Hog Wallow*
Roby Kap, Finlner & Dern – *Pat's Barbecue*
J-Rocc – *Hotel*
Youth Rock Show – *Molly Blooms*

Saturday, November 13
Young Prisms, The Spins, Palace of Buddies – *Kilby*
Bad Religion, Bouncing Souls, Off With Their Heads – *In The Venue*
Hey Monday, Cartel, The Ready Set, This Century, We Are The In Crowd – *Avalon*
Kap Bros – *Brewkis*
Sofia and Little Teeth, Stephanie & Keaton, A Sometimes Army – *Whysound*
Marduk, Toxic Holocaust – *Complex*
Oh Nancy The Hideout – *GARFO Art Center*
John Whipple, La Decolatage, Whitney Blayne – *Woodshed*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Envy a Go-Go – *Basement*
Ghost Towne – *Deerhunter*
Urban Blue – *Green Pig*
Born Through Vengeance, Game-On, Interphase – *Dawg Pound*
Nate Robinson Trio – *Hog Wallow*
Joe & the Dead Dogs – *Fifth*
Andrew Goldring – *Pat's Barbecue*

Sunday, November 14
Yard Dogs Road Show – *State Room*
Different – *Amazing – Jeanne Wagner Theatre*
Ten Acoustic Performers – *Urban*

Monday, November 15
Lifehouse, Kris Allen, Alyssa Bernal – *In The Venue*
March Forth – *State Room*
Rhetoric, Rheteric Ramirez, DJ Bran B, Dopethought, WeirdSense & Yze (6:00pm)– *Kilby*
Rhetoric, Learical Mindset, Young Mindz, The Smash Brothas – *Urban*
Candye Kane – *Pat's Barbecue*
Casual, Smash Brothas, Dusk, Strangerz, DJ Sayo – *Hotel*
West Temple Taildraggers – *Green Pig*

Tuesday, November 16
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
Swollen Members, Saigon, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Killiona – *Urban*
Black Label Society, Children Of Bodom, Clutch, 2Cents – *Saltair*
Free Film: The Lottery – *City Library*
Dawes – *State Room*
Filter – *Complex (Vertigo)*
The Subtle Way – *Complex (Grand)*
Grey Fiction, The Love Warriors, Sandapile, Heroes of Fiction(6:30) – *Kilby*

Wednesday, November 17
Sara Bareilles, Cary Brothers, Holly Conlan – *In The Venue*
Attack Attack!, Pierce the Veil, Of Mice and Men, In Fear and Faith – *In The Venue*
The Summer Set, Stereo Skyline, Mod Sun, The Downtown Fiction, Austin Gibbs(6pm) – *Kilby*
Brandon Flowers, Fran Healy – *Depot*
Pretty Lights, Gramatik – *Complex*
Free Film: Out In The Silence – *Vieve Gore*
Po' Girl – *State Room*
Mr. Gnome – *Burt's*
Velvetones, Ulysses – *Urban*
Naarah Black, Greg Downs, Melody & Tyler – *Velour*
Decoration Ghost, Hammer No More The Fingers, Future Ghosts – *Green Street*
Kevyn Dern – *Hog Wallow*

Thursday, November 18
Mac Lethal, F. Strokes, Burnell Washburn, Dopethought (7:00) – *Kilby*
Mac Lethal, F. Strokes, Feel Good Patrol, Dean Risko (9:00) – *Urban*
Trans-Siberian Orchestra – *EnergySolutions*
Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers – *State Room*
Tony Holiday Trio – *Hog Wallow*

Hellcaminos – *Green Pig*
Who Likes Short Shorts
Film Festival – *Post Theater*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's Barbecue*

Friday, November 19
Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*
Nosaj Thing, Toro y Moi, Jogger – *Urban*
Ghostland Observatory – *Depot*
Collie Buddz, The New Kingston Band – *Bay Speek*
Mathambo – *W Lounge*
Tanglewood – *Brewkis*
Double or Nothing, Tracing Yesterday, Mermaid Baby – *Whysound*
Bruce Larrabee, Hai Gilber, Patricia Street, Amber Debirk, Harold Wallace, Kaye Wankier, Marian McDevitt, Julie Shipman, Stephanie Swift, Sandra Seifert – *GalleryUAF*
God's Revolver – *ABG's*
David Dondero, The Moaners, Tony Lake – *Kilby*
Pleasantville Killerz, Bad Apples, Young Sim, Yze, Konsickwence – *Woodshed*
Parlor Hawk, Night Night, Jay William Henderson, Northr – *Velour*
Swindler – *Muse*
Merry Go Grunt, Kalima, Threshold, To Ashes – *Basement*
Urban Bleu – *Deerhunter*
Five Gallon Groove, The Deluge, The Badderlocks, Stickers for Cigarettes – *Green Street*
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
Roby Kap, Swamp Boogie – *Pat's Barbecue*
Hillstomp, McDougal – *Piper Down*
Sugar Show – *Sugar Space*
Raindogs – *Green Pig*

Saturday, November 20
Spiro Agnew, Red Bennies, Taylor Brown – *Woodshed*
Ghostowne – *Brewkis*
Street Def – *Whysound*
Salt City Derby Girls Try-outs – *Classic Skating*
Samba Fogo, Sea Monster, Lindsey Heath Orchestra – *Urban*
Toxic Dose, Riksha, Pariah, Blessed of Sin, Backwoods Burning – *Vegas*
Shark Speed, Cory Mon & T.S.G, Sunflow, Ferocious Oaks – *Velour*
The Terks, Ghost In A Jar, Schroeder – *Muse*
Cherish The King, Faith For The Fallen, Cities of Desolation, Sonic Prophecy – *Basement*
Fire Hawk – *Deerhunter*
Orion's Wrath – *Dawg Pound*
My Hero Is Me, Knives Exchanging Hands, A Kiss For Jersey, Wrath and Rapture, Vanisher, Get Rude – *Green Street*
Chalula – *Green Pig*
Tanglewood – *Hog Wallow*
Korene Greenwood – *Pat's Barbecue*
JB Beverly and the Wayward Drifters, Thomas Murphy's One Man Band – *Piper Down*
Sugar Show – *Sugar Space*
Carolyn's RocknRoll Rampage – *Fifth*

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Sugar Show – *Sugar Space*
Carolyn's RocknRoll Rampage – *Fifth*

Sunday, November 21
Margot & The Nuclear So and So's, Jookabox, Burnt Ones – *Urban*
Lovers, Sea Monster, S.L.F.M, It Foot It Ears – *Kilby*

Monday, November 22
Norma Jean, Reckoner, Fire In The Skies, Breaux – *Basement*
West Temple Taildraggers – *Green Pig*

YARD DOGS ROAD SHOW

Nov. 14: The State Room



Tuesday, November 23
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
Bear Hands – *Kilby*
DJ Shadow – *Depot*
Dead Walkers – *Urban*
Free Film: Two Spirits – *City Library*

Wednesday, November 24
Ariel Pink – *Urban*
Sole, Egadz, Burnell Washburn, Dope Thought – *Kilby*
Kottonmouth Kings, Big B, Slaine – *In The Venue*
GWAR, The Casualties, Infernaeon, Mobile – *Saltair*
Swollen Members, Saigon – *Star Bar*
Royal Bliss – *Depot*
Ulysses – *Brewkis*
Aubrey & Alex – *Velour*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
R.A.T.S. – *Green Pig*

Thursday, November 25
Scotty Haze – *Pat's Barbecue*
Jake Lucian – *Green Pig*
Jackson Cash and the Tennessee Free, Misty Quist – *Piper Down*

Friday, November 26
Blonde Redhead – *Depot*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Brewki's*
Tupelo Moan – *ABG's*
Spectra, Deicidal Carnage, My Final Estate, Dead Gates – *Basement*
Slim Chance – *Deerhunter*
The Velvetones – *Hog Wallow*
Roby Kap, The Polaroyds – *Pat's*
Tragic Black, Incidious, A Balance of Power – *Woodshed*

Saturday, November 27
Freelance Whales, Miniature Tigers – *Kilby*
Dreamland 5, Second Son, Jes – *Salt Palace*
Paid In Full – *Brewkis*
Corpus Christi – *Complex*
George T Gregroy – *Woodshed*
Caroline's Spine – *Vegas*
Till We Have Faces – *Muse*
One Second Till Forever, Mauler, Love Like Shattered Glass, Beyond All Worlds, Love Your Betrayer – *Basement*
Silver Tongue Devils – *Deerhunter*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Hog Wallow*
Hellcaminos – *Green Pig*

Swagger – *Piper Down*
Boomsticks – *Pat's Barbecue*

Sunday, November 28
Scarlet O'Hara, A City Serene, A Faylene Sky, Covenant – *Kilby*

Monday, November 29
A Better Hope Foundation – *Basement*
West Temple Taildraggers – *Green Pig*

Tuesday, November 30
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
No Age, Lucky Dragons – *Kilby*
Free Film: Sweetgrass – *Utah Pride Center*
Inspektah Deck & Masta Killa, Mike Skilz, Sicksense & Skinwalker, Pig Maine, Pig Pen – *Elevate*
Wednesday, December 1
Landon Balk, The Maybethans, Silt Panels, Gypsy Lucy – *Kilby*
Mike Brown Skate Night – *Urban*
Hip Hop – *Muse*
Leo Randeau – *Hog Wallow*
Evidence, Prime Element – *Hotel*

Thursday, December 2
Yawn, Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Dead Horse Anonymous – *Urban*
Ulysses – *Hog Wallow*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's Barbecue*
Whiskey Fish – *Piper Down*

Friday, December 3
Pick up the new SLUG—Anyplace Cool!
Larusso, The Blackhounds, The Trademark, Adam Turkey – *Kilby*
SNDTRKR, David Williams – *Woodshed*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Tony Holiday Band – *Brewkis*
Fictionist – *Velour*
Mad Max & The Wild Ones, The Slappin Echoes – *Muse*
Monarch – *Deerhunter*
The Urban Sophisticates, J. Timber, The Phive Mics – *Green Street*
Soggybone – *Hog Wallow*
Roby Kap – *Pat's Barbecue*
The Secret Handshake, Cursive Memory, The Narrative, Speak – Complex (Grand)

KILBY COURT

november
calendar

all shows
start at 7pm
unless otherwise noted

- 1 Breathe Owl Breathe, Rooftop Bandits, Paul Jabonsen
- 2 The Direction, Mess Of Me, Proclamation to, Blue Bobo Shand, If We Start This Fire (doors: 6:30PM)
- 3 Mimicking Birds, Lake Mary, The Mighty Sequoyah
- 4 Kiska, Mandalas, Collider, Savant
- 6 Doomtree with All Members, Dopethought (doors: 6PM)
- 8 Pomegranates, The Awful Truth, SLFM
- 10 Death on Two Wheels, Echophobia, Elevator Anonymous
- 12 Small Black, Class Actress, The Heavens & The Earth
- 13 Young Prisms, The Spins, TBA
- 15 Rhetoric from PROJECT BLOWED, Rhetoric Ramirez w/ DJ Bran B, Dopethought, WeirdSense, and Yze (Al) (doors: 6pm)
- 16 Grey fiction, The Love Warriors, Sandapile, Heroes of fiction (doors: 6:30PM)
- 17 The Summer Set, Stereo Skyline, Mod Sun, The Downtown Fiction, Austin Gibbs (doors: 6PM)
- 19 David Dondero, The Moaners, Tony Lake
- 21 Lovers, Sea Monster, SLFM, It Foot It Ears
- 23 Bear Hands, TBA
- 24 Sole, Egadz, Burnell Washburn, Dope Thought
- 27 The Freelance Whales, Miniature Tigers
- 30 No Age, Lucky Dragons, TBA



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THE URBAN LOUNGE IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE FOLLOWING SHOWS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

TUES NOV 16TH MON NOV 8TH FRI NOV 5TH



MAYER HAWTHORNE
w/ THE COUNTY/ GORDON VOIDWELL



GHOSTFACE KILLAH
SHEEK LOUCH
FRANK DUKES
DJ JUGGY
& MORE



SWOLLEN MEMBERS
PLUS SAIGON

SAT NOV 6TH



DOOMTREE
FEATURING ALL MEMBERS

TUES NOV 9TH



ALOE BLACC
I NEED A DOLLAR TOUR

WED NOV 24TH



ARIEL PINK'S
HAUNTED GRAFFITI

- NOV 1 CHICAGO AFROBEAT PROJECT, SLAJO
- NOV 2 BEST COAST, SONNY & THE SUNSETS
- NOV 3 TIM KASHER, DARREN HANLON, COLORS
- NOV 4 THE DEVIL WHALE, THE HEAD & THE HEART, SPELL TALK
- NOV 5 MAYER HAWTHORNE & THE COUNTY, GORDON VOIDWELL
- NOV 6 DOOMTREE FEATURING ALL MEMBERS: P.O.S, SIMS, DESSA, CECIL OTTER, PAPER TIGER, LAZERBEAK, MIKE MIKTLAN
- NOV 7 SPINDRIFT, PLASTIC FURS, NIGHT SWEATS
- NOV 8 GHOSTFACE KILLAH, SHEEK LOUCH (OF THE LOX), MUSIC BY FRANK DUKES, DJ JUGGY, THE STRANGERZ, LEARICAL MINDSET
- NOV 9 ALOE BLACC "I NEED A DOLLAR" TOUR WITH THE GRAND SCHEME, MAYA JUPITER, CHASE ONE TWO, SPONSORED BY 4TH STREET / UPROK
- NOV 10 BLACK HOUNDS, DIRTY BLONDE, BOBOSHAND
- NOV 11 MONDO DRAG, MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES, THE TRAPPERS
- NOV 12 SLUG LOCALIZED: UNCLE SCAM, THE VISION
- NOV 13 DUBWISE
- NOV 14 TEN ACOUSTIC PERFORMERS NIGHT
- NOV 15 RHETORIC FROM PROJECT BLOWED, LEARICAL MINDSET, YOUNG MINDZ, THE SMASH BROTHAS (AL)
- NOV 16 SWOLLEN MEMBERS, SAIGON
- NOV 17 VELVETONES, ULYSSES
- NOV 18 MAC LETHAL, F. STOKES, FEEL GOOD PATROL, DEAN RISKIO
- NOV 19 NOSAJ THING, TORO Y MOI, JOGGER
- NOV 20 SAMBA FOGO, SEA MONSTER CD RELEASE, LINDSAY HEATH ORCHESTRA
- NOV 21 MARGOT & THE NUCLEAR SO AND SO'S, JOOKABOX, BURNT ONES
- NOV 23 DEAD WALKERS
- NOV 24 ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI
- NOV 25 THANKSGIVING
- NOV 26 DANCES WITH WOLVES - DANCE NIGHT, NIGHT SWEATS
- NOV 27 TED DANCIN

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