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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

Before I start whining and bitching like all the other tossers that have nothing better to do than waste their time writing to your dumbasses, I gotta say, I really like most of what you guys do. The mag is great. Salt Lake is lucky to have such a cool publication. And I especially love the beer reviews and the beer issue.

The stick I have up my ass today comes from the fucking budweiser ads on the back cover of the mag. To me, this seems totally hypocritical of everything else you try to convey. Be individual, buy local, drink craft, and fuck corporate. Anheuser busch is none of these things. I mean sure, there is certainly something to be said about a company that can consistently brew the same beer all over the world and have it always turn out just like it should. And obviously they are doing something right, because the company is worth billions. So good for them, I guess. But I don't read slug because I like shitty beer and nascar. I read it because...well I don't know why the fuck I waste my time with it, but I do!

Having said that, I understand that you need to have ads so you can pay the bills and keep slug free to the reader. But I think you need to stick to your principles. To me, having some huge corporate company ad in slug is like have a beef jerky ad is a vegan mag. I don't even know if vegan mags exist. But I'm sure if they do, you fags would read them.

So please, take a minute to educate me. Maybe there is a legit reason you guys have budweiser ads and I'm just too much of a wanna be beer snob to realize it. And if you don't have a good excuse for being a bunch of sell outs, then just get some short ass, scarve wearing hipster to rip my letter a new asshole and criticize every stupid little thing you can find with it.

Yours truly,
Jake Winters

Dear Jake,

Here's the deal: a lot of us here at SLUG love locally made craft beer. We know that a lot of our readers love locally made craft beer. However, when those of us who drink want to get REALLY FUCKING DRUNK, we don't reach for the latest batch of overpriced tangerine/cumin micro-brew—we go for the cheap stuff. It's great to be able to enjoy a finely crafted beer over a well-prepared meal with people you care about, but when you're going into full-on shit show mode, there's no need to be fancy. Things like taste and quality are thrown out the window in favor of frugality and fuck-up-ability. Also, I'm much more likely to offer a can of Bud to a bro than one of the more expensive beverages I'm hiding in my fridge just in case I need to appear cultured in front of a girl who I somehow convinced to come into my apartment. Plus, I'm kind of a dick and don't like to share.

In regard to the ads currently gracing the back cover of SLUG, we think they're pretty rad. And just so you are aware the space is actually being purchase by a local distributing company who happen to have a Budweiser contract for distributing Budweiser beer. The locally distributing company gets to pick where to advertise the product. They're actual Budweiser ads from the '20s or '50s or some shit (we didn't really ask) and have a creepy retro vibe that I enjoy on an ironic level, even though I'm not quite sure what irony is.

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Bobby Joe Ebola and The Children MacNuggits

By Gavin Hoffman · reignforever666@gmail.com



Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits play *Raunch Records* on Fri. Oct. 7.

Upon first hearing of a band that calls themselves Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits, one might find it somewhat difficult to discern just what the hell type of music these weirdos actually play. As **Corbett Redford**—one half of the two-man band, which also includes guitarist/vocalist **Dan Abbott**—explains, in 1995, the band was gearing up to play their first show, so they devised the most “clunky” name ever. Clunky name? Possibly, but the music these two mad scientists create is folksy, catchy, sing-along punk of the finest caliber. Describing themselves as a “satiric folk rock band,” the duo has been active for going on 16 years, although they were somewhat dormant for 10 of those. Even with the extended period of relative inactivity, they have played well over 1,000 shows, helped organize and launch *Geekfest* in California (a free, all-ages festival that began as a reaction to the band being told they couldn’t play certain clubs) and co-founded **S.P.A.M. Records**. In addition to Bobby Joe Ebola, Abbott has gone on to play in **Thee Hobo Gobbelins**, and Redford was in **Neverending Party**, which included members of **Street Eaters** and **Bent Outta Shape**. On October 7, the two-piece will return to Salt Lake City. *SLUG* sat down to speak with Redford about the latest album and their live show.

SLUG: Tell me about yourself.

Redford: My name is Corbett Redford III, and I sing for Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits. I started performing after I left home at 15, first doing stand-up comedy, then theater, until I was blacklisted for a number of unfortunate and totally unmerited reasons. That mark led me to rock and roll.

SLUG: How would you best explain Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits?

Redford: We have a lot of sayings to sum up what it is that we do, like, “pretty songs about awful things,” or “just because we’re funny doesn’t mean we’re joking,” come to mind. We are known for our outrageous and catchy songs. We tour a bunch and work like crazy people on our elaborate creative projects. We have an insane amount of “irons in the fire” all the time. New records, tours, music videos, board games ... We’re nuts.

SLUG: What types of bands do you feel you “fit” the best with, in terms of live shows?

Redford: We play for people and not a specific kind of person, you know? We have played with a lot of very popular punk bands, big rock bands, folk groups, emo bands, hardcore bands, grindcore bands, etc. I couldn’t tell you where

we fit in. It is hard to not have a scene that we fit into, per se. When we started, **Dr. Demento** gave us a lot of attention. We were honored as alumni from his show, which include “**Weird Al**” **Yankovic**, **Ween**, **They Might Be Giants**, **AC/DC**, **Frank Zappa** and others, but we also didn’t want to play for the fat-male-virgins-in-Hawaiian-shirts-wielding-kazoos circuit the rest of our lives.

SLUG: Why do you opt to tour as a two-piece, as opposed to a full band?

Redford: In the beginning, we realized that what we do is very full of energy, and it’s pretty loud on its own. We both have a lot of performing history and I think we began with the goal of trying to redefine what a “band” is. We play some shows locally with the talented friends that come into the studio with us to record when we make records, but have yet to tour with a full band.

SLUG: What is your outlook/approach to touring?

Redford: These days we have to make a real effort to make sure we don’t go in the hole money-wise, and we try to prepare a bit more and make sure we do our best to get the word out to people that we are coming through. If we are able to play for new people, see old friends and make enough money to get to the next town, we consider ourselves lucky. We are planning on Europe next year and are pretty excited about that prospect.

SLUG: Explain your reasoning for creating music videos.

Redford: We have always considered ourselves a visual band in the sense that we could see the stories of our songs coming through nicely in a filmic sort of way. When we got back together and recorded our newest LP, *F*, we decided to finally take the plunge and start making music videos. We decided to make videos for all 13 songs on *F* and we are about nine down, which is not bad for having little to no budget. We consider ourselves lucky that we have tons of gracious and talented friends who can do lots of things we can’t, such as direct, sculpt and dance. Our next video includes a seven-foot tall pink neon cross, biblical robes, snakes, breakdancers and three different churches as sets.

Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits will be bringing their punk rock to *Raunch Records* on Friday, October 7, alongside tour-mates **Tornado Rider** (tornadoriderband.com). For more information on the band, check them out on facebook, and head over to their YouTube channel (youtube.com/bobbyjoeebola) to experience their video weirdness.

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Photo: John Carlisle

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Josh West
- Guitar

Randon Ostlund
- Lead Vocals

Chris Wadsworth
- Bass, Backup Vocals

Localized

By Ischa B.
ischa3@gmail.com

On Fri., Oct. 14, The Suicycles and Long Distance Operator come together at *Urban Lounge* for *SLUG's Localized* to give you a night of unapologetic rock n' roll bliss. Local indie act **YYBS** opens the show, releasing their new EP that night to celebrate the occasion. *Localized* is 21+, and \$5 gets you in.

The act of simply creating music is the top priority for the gentlemen in Long Distance Operator, or LDO as it is sometimes abbreviated. "I need to do it. Like fucking, taking a shit, eating, drinking water—I have to do it," says West. The goal is simply to get it out and share it with the world. Ostlund and McCutchan agree. "It's goddamn therapeutic," says bassist Wadsworth. "You gotta turn it up loud and just play."

Their new record, *Sweet Lucy Devine*, was released on May 7 at the *Canyon Inn* with aplomb, followed up by a "fuckload of local shows," as West so eloquently puts it. They have been hitting up spots around town and beyond, and favorite venues include *The Garage*, *Bar Deluxe* and *The Woodshed*. A mini-tour took them throughout the Northwest, including gigs in Portland and Seattle.

Experience abounds among the band members. Ostlund is the only member who has

not previously been in a band project, but his work as an acoustic solo act in Maryland has provided ample opportunity to work on his own showmanship. West and Wadsworth previously joined forces in **Heathen Ass Worship**, and Wadsworth also played in **Medicine Circus** with **Ben Moffat** (of **King Niko**) and **Allison Martin** (of **The Last Look** and **Bellrave**). McCutchan worked with Moffat in a project called **Mother City**, and also played with West in **Lazy Billy and the Pillows**. "It's very incestuous, the music scene here in SLC," Wadsworth quips.

LDO started playing together in January 2010. The band's lineup hasn't changed since then, which works well for all the members, but especially West, the main melody creator for the band. "I have to say, these guys all inspire me. I will write shit specifically because I know that they are going to play it or sing it really well, and it will be beautiful because of that."

Inspiration aside, the other band members insist that West is the musical mastermind behind the origins of most songs. "Josh is a chord progression and riff machine. He brings the spark. We try to get a blueprint [from Josh] and evolve from there. All the music is credited as LDO on the album, [but] if you took away one piece of it, it wouldn't be the same," Ostlund explains.

All the members say that even within the band, they are just being themselves. "Image is nothing. We don't care about image. We're very personable and humble," says Wadsworth. West adds, "Everyone focuses on what they're best at, and that's where the songs come from. We want people to feel something, whether it's musical, physical, sexual, whatever."

To elicit that response, LDO is willing to experiment with and explore their own musical inspirations and influences. Spanning the spectrum from **Queen** and **Mars Volta** to **Patsy Cline** and **Buddy Holly**, it seems the band creates music for the sake of creating music. "We want to emote, to have some integrity and not do what everyone else is doing," says West. "It's unique, but very much not in a cheesy way."

Come down to *Urban Lounge* to check out LDO's refreshing take on rock n' roll on Oct. 14. You'll leave humming their tunes and wanting more.

Vanimal – Drums, Backup Vocals

Camden

Chamberlain – Lead Vocals, Guitar

Kellazor

Von Gorelust – Keys, Vocals

Chris Cole – Bass, Band Gardner

Black Robert – Guitar

It's been just about a year since the first incarnation of The Suicycles formed, and the full five-piece band is barely nine months old—not that you would know any of that by reading the band resumé, which includes the release of two EPs and a full-length album, three official music videos and countless shows across the state and beyond. Once you've witnessed a live show for yourself, there is no doubt as to how they've garnered such a loyal following so quickly. "We want to provide an all-encompassing experience: to create a lifestyle through podcasts, webisodes and, of course, our live shows. We want to create that broader experience," says Chamberlain. "We are definitely ambitious—we have no expectations but we want to go as far as we can."

Chamberlain, along with Vanimal, is one of the original members of the project, and wrote the majority of the melodies heard on the album, *Sex, Drugs and Death*. The title for the album came about when Vanimal casually declared that all of the songs were about sex, drugs and death. "Camden agreed and it eventually became the name of the album," says Vanimal. The name for the band and the EPs came about in much the same way: organically spawned

from the actual experience of creating it, and the inspiration behind it. "[Our] name [is] the result of several road trips driving and taking uppers, too much caffeine and having emotional breakdowns caused by that—it combines the words suicidal, psychological and chemical," says Chamberlain. *4 Psychotic Car Rides* and *Experiments in Being Awake*, the EPs released in early 2011, expound upon the theme.

While the origins of the band and many of their songs predate several members' inductions, they all agree that what makes it exciting is the idea that this is just the beginning. Songwriting within the band continues to evolve as other members add their own inspiration to the melodies and drumbeats that the band was founded on. "I don't even know what's inside of me yet," says Von Gorelust. Cole adds that not knowing what is coming next is what makes it exciting.

The sometimes eerie, sometimes poppy, always entrancing melodies played by the band mesh beautifully with Chamberlain's rich and smooth vocals. The lyrics don't shy away from some of our darkest experiences as humans, and harmonies added by Von Gorelust and Vanimal only increase the enchantment. You may find yourself attempting to sing along to all of their lyrics, not just Chamberlain's, as the harmonies are as catchy as the lead vocals. Moody and dark, but with a strangely upbeat twist, The Suicycles have nailed the balance between creative outlet and marketable music. Their debut full-length album is a sing-along masterpiece, and it will certainly find an enormous fan base once larger audiences are graced with their mesmerizing sound.

The band appears to be in agreement about what the ultimate reason for creating the music is for them. Von Gorelust explains, "I gotta get it out! I'm so much happier, it's cathartic. You can see and hear what's inside of you." Cole

adds that the band wants their audience to feel the music with them. "When you hear that song that just has the right beat, it's like somebody reaching out and giving you a hug," Von Gorelust concludes.

Some of those beats—inspirations, if you will—have included **The Cure**, **Jane's Addiction**/**Perry Farrell**, **The Sounds**/**Maja Ivarsson**, **Alice in Chains**/**Layne Staley**, **Elbow**, and **Black Sabbath**: a hodgepodge of intense and prolific artists who could easily fit into the nightly lineup once The Suicycles get their act out into the mass populace.

In addition to the ambience The Suicycles' music creates, the cover art by **Sri Whipple** is bizarre, beautiful and truly inspiring in its own right. The colors and oddity prepare you for the experience you will soon be embarking upon, and will inspire you anew every time you take a few moments to peruse it. The outfits worn onstage, the branding of the online offerings (such as The Suicycles' YouTube page) and the fully-produced show itself communicate the band's professionalism and vision. If anything, they seem too big for their britches, as the show and product seems ready for a world audience. They're not in it for the glory, though they wouldn't shy away from it if the opportunity arose. "We'd like to stay independent if possible, but it's not like we would turn down the right label," Chamberlain says.

For now, the band is content to keep playing locally and regionally, regularly hitting up spots like *Bar Deluxe* in Salt Lake, *Brewskis* up north, *ABG's* down south, and working with other exceptionally talented acts originating here in Utah like King Niko, **Muscle Hawk** and Long Distance Operator. Check out The Suicycles when they perform with Long Distance Operator and YYBS at *Localized* on October 14.

The Suicycles know that all it takes to be a rock star is to act like one.



Photo: John Carlisle

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If you have never heard of *The Blue Plate Diner*, you need to quickly look around at those people you call “friends” and reassess your relationships. The diner has been winning awards for “Best Breakfast” for almost a decade, been featured on the *Food Network* show *Diners, Drive-ins and Dives* and shows no signs of slowing down. In addition to the accolades for their breakfast offerings, *The Blue Plate* should not be overlooked as a lunch or dinner option. Common critiques are about the cramped atmosphere at breakfast, but since breakfast is served all day, you can arrive a little later, relax, enjoy some **CCR** on the jukebox and take in the ambiance that radiates charm like the neon sign out front.

Having lived in Sugarhouse, it was not uncommon for me to stroll up to *Blue Plate* on weekend mornings. Typically I would find myself elbow to elbow with hipsters and fighting for a seat, but this isn’t a bad thing as it lends to the experience of *Blue Plate*. The patrons are as interesting and eclectic as the servers and the smattering of post-cards, vinyl records and artwork that adorns every inch of real estate in the joint. Owners **John Bouzek** and **Tamrika Khvtisiashvili** have made the diner accessible to all ages and creeds, especially through their menu, so don’t feel out of place or hesitant to snag a table inside or on their patio. With an easy smile, they will grab you a couple menus, gladly fill your coffee and chat with you about the Honda 125 on the patio.

With a wide array of classic diner staples, I am always thoroughly happy with their Southern Classics, including Biscuits and Gravy (8.99), Country Corncakes (7.99) and Chicken Fried Steak (9.99). They also have a stout selection of dishes displaying Mexican flare. Dishes such as the Chile Verde Con Carne Omelet (8.99), The Mexican Bene (one of their Egg Benedict creations, 8.99), Huevos Rancheros

(Lobiani or Verde, 8.99) and their Pork Chili Verde Burrito (9.99) are all safe bets that will find a happy home in your belly. At this point, I do want to make note, as these have all been meat-rich dishes, that *The Blue Plate Diner* is incredibly proud of and accommodating to its vegetarian and vegan crowd.

For breakfast, I opted for the Huevos Rancheros Verde with a side of Cajun Homies (homefries). The Verde sauce was good and spicy, and not overly salted. With a “healthy” portion of cheese and a layer of black beans and egg, you will be hard pressed to find the bottom of the plate, but it’s the journey that is the fun part. To be honest, I generally find the home fries at *Blue Plate* a

A reuben sandwich and classic fountain soda from Blue Plate Diner.

little bland (even though they are sautéed with green peppers and onion) and mushy, so I like to request them to be tossed with their Cajun spice to kick things up and add a little crunch. Out of curiosity, I sampled the vegetarian sausage that came with my buddy’s Veggie Bene (8.99, as are all Blue Plate Benedicts) since he kept telling me to “just try it.” It had all the flavor, texture and depth of the real McCoy, and it leads me to believe that the diner is a “safe place” for us carnivores to try out vegetarian, if one was so inclined. Hell—smother it with their creamy, buttery hollandaise sauce, you won’t care anyway! Regardless of diet, you leave the diner completely stuffed, but still wanting more.

On my next visit, I went with the judgment of my server, and quickly discovered the ladies of *Blue Plate* have appetites as hardcore as their tattoos. I was

directed to the Classic Reuben (9.49). Slow brined and cooked for hours, *Blue Plate* makes its own corned beef hash, which is the highlight of this sandwich. The thin slices of corned beef are loaded with flavor, and are incredibly tender. Stacked high with the corned beef, the Reuben is layered with sauerkraut, Swiss cheese and a shmear of their dressing. When they put it with their toasted rye bread, bringing out that deep nuttiness, all the flavors meld seamlessly into a sandwich that is hard to put down. It’s a good thing I did briefly come up for air, otherwise I would have missed seeing a fountain soda being delivered to another table. Taking the cue, I ordered a Blackberry Fountain Soda (2.49). It arrived as decadent as you could hope for, in an 8” malt glass, with a healthy portion of whipped cream on top, finished with a cherry. It was about that time I saw another server walk by with three Strawberry Milkshakes (3.99), made from Blue Plate’s reclaimed soda fountain built in 1949, which I hope will keep churning out milkshakes and sodas for another 60 years, because I plan on coming back.

One of the best parts about *The Blue Plate Diner* is that it is providing the next generation the experience of a “mom and pop” restaurant. Another generation will grow up knowing what traditional comfort food is all about, while adding some modern twists. Hopefully we will still be able to walk over to 2100 South and 2100 East, saddle up to the reclaimed Formica bar top with **Fitz and the Tantrums** playing in the background (or whatever will be considered classic rock in 30 years) and say, “This feels like home.”



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HUMAN GARBAGE

By Princess Kennedy • Facebook.com/princess.kennedy

This month *SLUG* is celebrating **John Waters** and his works and accomplishments. I would like to fill you in on why we, as an LGBT community, celebrate him. Quite frankly, it's because he is the filthiest human in the world. Let me rephrase—he is the most outwardly expressive and unapologetic piece of human garbage. To the untrained reader, it might seem that I am bashing Waters, but trust me, in some circles of filth, this is a huge compliment.

Back in his early years of hippy love and vomit, John had a best friend simply known as **Divine**, a creature of unnatural beauty mostly appreciated by the fringes of society. Divine was cast in most of Waters' early films until her untimely death in the late '80s, with her last starring role as Edna Turnblad in the popular movie *Hairspray*, later played by a much more un-fabulous and closeted **John Revolta**.

Waters' third feature-length film in 1972, *Pink Flamingos*, is a film of epic groundbreakers. The flick centered around Divine's character who shared the same name, but lived under the pseudonym Babs Johnson so that she could live in peace after being named "the filthiest person alive." This movie is quite possibly the filthiest movie I've ever seen. There are scenes so shocking that even the most jaded of souls has to look away once or twice. For instance, there is the scene where a live chicken gets caught between two people having sex and is killed. Another scene shows Miss Divine walk up to a pooping poodle, pick up the hot fresh fecal matter and pop the poop in her mouth. The real beauty is that both of these things actually happened, they aren't mere reproductions using props or specials effects.

"Princess Kennedy, why would I want to see such a filth fest?" you ask. You should watch because the film crossed boundaries, and Waters' guerilla filmmaking broke the rules. In one scene, Divine walks down a street on her way to a shopping trip. As she walks, Waters is in a car filming the extras (not actors) who are simple bystanders, unaware that a movie is being made. Another scene features a beautiful woman lifting her dress and showing her pre-op male junk. Keep in mind, this film was made in 1972.

If you want to start a love affair with Waters, this should be the first movie you watch, as

it sets the tone for what to expect in all the others, as well as sets up a relationship with the cast of actors that he uses in many of his early flicks. It easily rates three poo-covered cocks up in my filth-rating system.

It seems that the people of Salt Lake are in the running for the filthiest people in the world. I gave

a call out to see what kind of stories people had to share. I had no luck until I promised to keep the names confidential, but if you ask me in person, I will have no choice but to tell you who they are. So, a girl on Facebook told me that once at a party at a stranger's house (full of boy tenants) she sneezed a pile of coke onto the rug in front of the toilet. "Why, I just took a tampon applicator out of the garbage and cleaned the rug off," she bragged. Yum! Then I got a random text from a stranger who wouldn't tell me their name. "I was having sex with my ex-girlfriend when her vaginal cyst exploded, after we were done she took the tweezers and found four more the size of tic tacs!" And people ask why I fuck boys. I contemplated telling them they had the wrong number, just to fuck with him ... or her.

My friend **Smash**, who works at *Squatters*, has made out with a guy that had the women's restroom symbol tattooed on his chin—in a women's restroom. She also told me she was once paid \$100 to fart in a guy's mouth, "but it came with a free burrito." It's disgusting, but kind of like my story.

For about a year when I lived in San Francisco, I had a standing appointment every other Friday to get paid to go out on a date with a 65-year-old man to a steak dinner with a crescendo of me releasing a Hot Carl on his chest while he lay on his dining room table. Delicious!

Other stories included two guys jacking off onto a cake for a hated co-worker, dog poo cookies, my hooker friend who let one of the guys from **Metallica** pee in her mouth and a 17-year-old girl being forced to watch her OBGYN cut her hymen off with scissors and no anesthetic, after which she was made to implant and remove an IUD from her bloody cunt—filthy and fun.

I think you should find this online at *slugmag.com* and share yours, because I know you have them, and make sure you go and hear John Waters' stories of filth and festivity on Oct. 13 at the *Jeanne Wagner Theater*.



Princess Kennedy gives Divine a run for her money as the filthiest person dead or alive.

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My White Truck

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
Twitter: @Fuckmikebrown

I had the same white truck for 14 years. I never named it or gave it a sexual orientation. That bugs me when people name their cars and say shit like, "This is Betty, isn't she a beaut'?" It would make a whole lot more sense to me to give your car a girl name if you could actually have sex with it. I like to imagine that dudes who name their cars try to penetrate the gas tank when no one's looking.

A few weeks ago I sold my truck to a guy named **Dick Weed**. I'm not sure how that's gonna look on the bill of sale, but he was excited to buy it and I was excited to sell it. As Dick Weed and his girlfriend were driving away, a little piece of my heart cracked and I felt like I was selling my dog or my child into slavery.

I now know how Princess Leia felt when Darth Vader made her watch as he cryogenically froze Han Solo [Editor's note: Han Solo was frozen in carbonite ... there is a difference]. As my truck was rolling away, I yelled in my head, "I LOVE YOU!" and, like a bad ass, my truck gave me one last stone cold stare and just yelled back, "I KNOW."

I didn't think getting rid of my truck would expel such emotion, but we'd been together for over 14 years. So,

"As Dick Weed and his girlfriend were driving away in my truck, a little piece of my heart cracked and I felt like I was selling my dog or my child into slavery."

granted, we have been through a lot. Fourteen years is a long time—if my truck was a human boy, it would have its first pubes and be masturbating excessively by now.

There are pros and cons to having a truck. If you have a small cab like mine had, then you have the advantage of rarely being the designated driver for the night.

Unfortunately, at the end of every month, you do get at least one phone call from one of your dipshit friends who is getting evicted or moving. And you are the friend with the truck, so naturally that means you love helping people move furniture, right? Fuck no. I hate lifting shit.

The whole time I owned my truck I only crashed it twice and only had it impounded once and never got a DUI in it—or in cop slang, got slapped with a deuce. The impounding was for unpaid parking tickets. Growing up as a spoiled bastard in the lovely Holladay and Sandy suburbs molded me into a financially irresponsible derelict in my early twenties.

I treated my parking tickets like skateboarding tickets and credit card bills. Why should I pay these fucks? Oh yeah, because they'll take your car away, that's why. I try to learn from my mistakes. I don't owe Salt Lake City Corporation a dime at the moment.

One crash came when I ran a red light on Valentine's Day back in 1999 and T-boned what seemed to be a happy couple. My truck was totaled. I was completely fine, but watching an ambulance haul away two people because you are a dumbass is a pretty terrible feeling.

The next time I crashed, it was way more funny. I was at the Sugarhouse Post Office and had to grab a stamp.

So I parked in the front of the lot and ran inside. You know when you're in a parking lot somewhere and you see a car that looks just like your car and in your head you say, "Hey! That car looks just like my car!"

Well, that exact sentiment was going through my head as I noticed a truck backed into what looked to be all the drive-up mailboxes. Then my next thought was pretty simple: "Oh, shit!" Turns out the Sugarhouse Post Office is on a slant. It also turns out that one of the residual side effects of smoking massive amounts of marijuana, a schedule two drug, is forgetting to pull your parking brake.

Lucky for me, my truck rolled backwards, missing all the other cars and light posts and an elderly couple in a Cadillac trying to use the drive-up mailboxes. They looked petrified as my truck bumper caught the fence that wraps around the mailboxes, avoiding destroying federal property by a few inches. If my truck had been a few feet to the other side, it would have ghost ridden into 1100 East and may have given the *Soup Kitchen* an inadvertent drive-thru.

I'm glad that Dick Weed knows enough about cars to get that little white Toyota up and running again. I drove that thing into the ground and growing up mostly living with just my mom means that I don't know shit about cars, tools and fixing things.

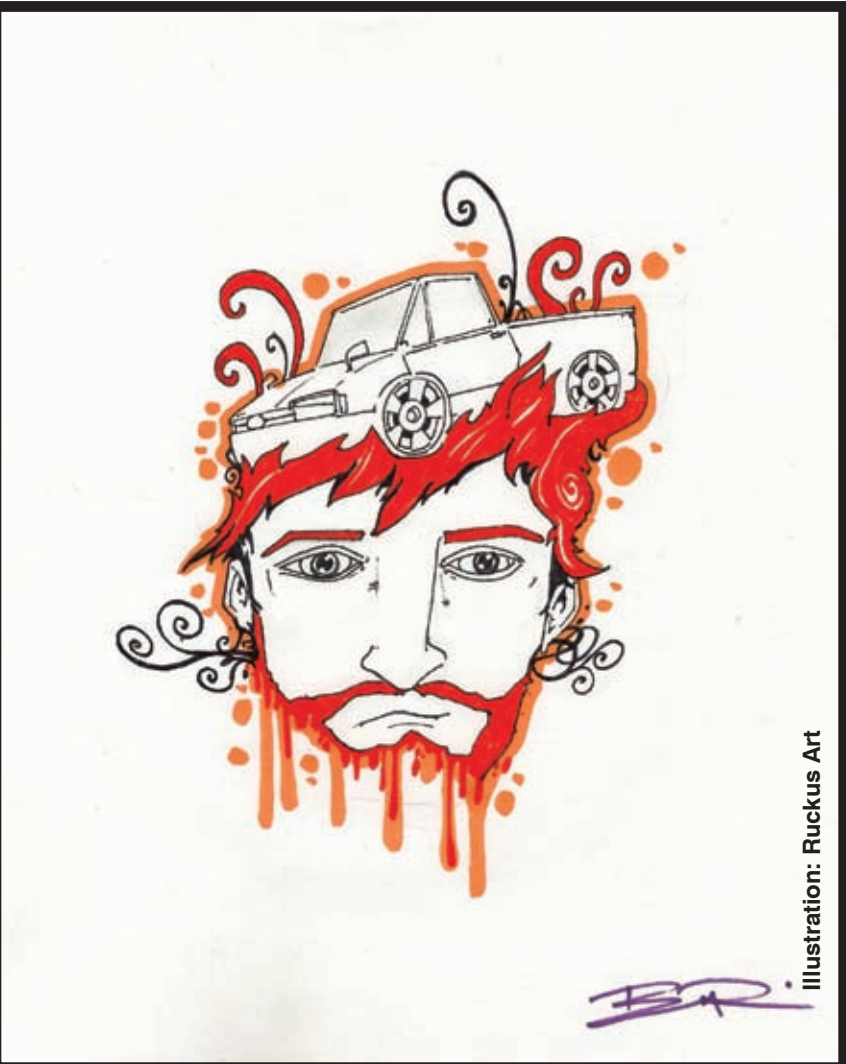


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COME ON DIE YOUNG

By Gavin Hoffman
reigniforever666@gmail.com

Springing from the heat of Phoenix, Ariz., Come On Die Young is a band seemingly on the verge of shaking up what most people know as "punk rock." With members who have been playing music of all types for more than half of their lives, and a guitarist whose roots lie in Salt Lake City, the band combines elements of traditional punk rock, powerviolence, metal and late-'90s beard rock. They have recently released one of the finest slabs of vinyl that yours truly has heard all year.

Guitarist **Dominic Primé** is a Salt Lake City native, having played in punk bands such as **Blankshot**, **Interstate** and **Deny Everything** before moving to Boston, and finally to Phoenix to attend college. Primé started Come On Die Young along with guitarist/vocalist **Eric Saylor** in the spring of 2010. "Once Eric and I connected, it took a few months to get a full lineup together," says Primé. The lineup was fully realized the following summer, when drummer **Mike Pohlmeier** and bassist/vocalist **Justin Weir** were recruited. "I started playing with these guys after Eric approached me with the idea of doing a melodic punk band," says Pohlmeier. "I have always had a love for all kinds of punk and hardcore, so I was definitely interested. I came down and practiced and was super nervous, but it seemed like things started to click right away and I'm really glad they did, because I love doing this band and playing with these dudes."

The members of Come On Die Young are all seasoned professionals when it comes to playing, recording and touring. Weir is also a member of **Weird Ladies**, and according to both Pohlmeier and Saylor, they have been in bands together for the majority of their adult lives. Both were part of **Landmine Marathon**, and Saylor is currently a member of **Seas Will Rise**. Once Come On Die Young's lineup was cemented, little time was wasted before they were writing songs and playing live. They quickly solidified the material that



Photo: David Crump

Arizona's Come on Die Young play two Salt Lake City shows in October: Fri. Oct 14 at Raunch Records and Sat. Oct. 15 at Burt's Tiki Lounge.

was to become their debut, four-song 7", which was recently released on Primé's **Man In Decline Records**. The songwriting process is best described as "democratic," with Primé introducing an idea for the music, and then having the rest of the band tweak the idea, adding their own ideas and suggestions. "The songwriting in this band keeps getting stronger, and I think we're definitely starting to hit our stride," says Pohlmeier. If the current release is any indication, future releases, as well as songs that people outside of Phoenix may not have heard yet, are going to be the kind of driving, punch-in-the-mouth, anthemic tunes that seem to have become scarce in the current world of punk rock. Combining the somewhat mathy riffs of **Hot Water Music** with the urgency of powerviolence bands like **No Comment**, but doing so in a way that keeps the songs cohesive and powerful without ending abruptly or dragging on forever, Come On Die Young's brand of punk rock hearkens back to a time when punk was not just energetic, but

somewhat violent, as well. One of the best things about the band's debut release is the overall sound. It's not over-produced, but it doesn't sound like it was recorded on a boom-box, either. There is a perfect melding of low-end and treble, with each taking center stage when it's necessary. Even the bits that may, to the most picky listener, sound sloppy, have a way of sounding smartly in sync. The drums aren't overbearing, the bass doesn't explode the speakers, and the vocals are at the perfect level. To support the release, the band embarked on a mini-tour of California, where they partied in a haunted mansion, lost a hitch and ball mount, spent their life savings at *Amoeba Records* in Hollywood and blew the doors off the venues they played. Continuing the support, the band is touring again this fall, with a route that will bring them through St. George and Salt Lake. "We're currently going into song-writing mode, and hope to have tons of new stuff to play in Salt Lake," says Primé. "The plan

is to give songwriting a good, hard push for the next couple of months, then we plan to demo some tracks, refine things and then record a full-length. Ideally, that cycle will keep happening and we'll tour and keep putting out records for the foreseeable future." The band explains that they are attempting to get their "touring legs," and are hoping to continue doing smaller tours before expanding their reach across the country.

Come On Die Young has the focus, the drive and the talent to turn punk rock on its ear. The members, as seasoned as they are, display no pretention. They simply seem to be making music for themselves ... but it doesn't hurt for others to listen. Come On Die Young will be hitting Salt Lake City for two shows in October: Friday, Oct. 14 at **Raunch Records** with **The Fucking Wrath** and **IX Zealot**, and Saturday, Oct. 15 at **Burt's Tiki Lounge** with **NeverNever** and **All Systems Fail**. This is a band that deserves your support, so show it.

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ANCHOR INK'S

③ Fifth Anniversary ③

By Nate Perkins • perkins.nate@gmail.com

Drop into any halfway hip spot and you're diving into a veritable sea of ink. It's a sea into which I just recently dipped my feet when I got my first and only—so far, that is—tattoo.

A couple of months ago I waltzed into *Anchor Ink*. Opening the door to the busy shop, I looked around: clean, tile floors, white walls garnished with examples of the artists' work—solid drawings abounded. Convinced and reassured that I wasn't about to make a permanently regrettable decision, I set up an appointment with artist **Jon Poulson**, and a week later I had a rad gonzo sword and circle-A on my arm. Sure, getting a tattoo hurt, but it wasn't nearly as bad as scraping up your shin with a skateboard. Poulson was nice as hell, as all the other artists working in the shop seemed to be, and I was crazy about the job he had done the second he finished.

For a while, I felt like I had a new, alien part of my body. Having a new tattoo was like sprouting an extra wiener. I mean, it was awesome, but every time I looked in the mirror it freaked me out a little bit. After a couple days, I was totally accustomed to seeing it, and now I can't imagine being without. I don't know how I lived life before having two wieners. Er, a tattoo, I mean.

Anchor Ink, located at 1103 S. State Street, is celebrating its fifth anniversary this October. Five years surviving on a street lined with about a million competitors is no small feat. But for the shop that claims to employ "the most regular people in the tattoo industry," their success comes from their ability to create all kinds and styles of tattoos. Among the six artists working at *Anchor Ink*, any customer will be able to find their ideal match. Besides Poulson, there's owner **Steve Tippetts**, who has been in the game for a decade; **Thomas "Buzz" Busby**, who doubles as the shop manager; **Jeana Perry**, who apprenticed under Tippetts and is now a full-fledged professional; **Jake Goss**, a referral from the widely respected shop *Painted Temple*; and **Jason Thomas**, the face-tattooed transplant from Northern California who has been tattooing for nearly a decade.



The Anchor Ink Crew (L-R): Thomas "Buzz" Busby, Jake Goss, Jon Poulson, Steve Tippetts, Jeana Perry and Jason Thomas.

Photo: Cage Thompson

Shop manager Buzz explains what keeps *Anchor Ink* well respected and in business in a saturated market. "A lot of these other shops want to stand out by specializing in something. Some shops prefer to do traditional type tattooing. Others prefer to do portraits," he says. "We're here to do whatever we can—custom work, portraits. There are six of us, we've got six different flairs, and everyone here is universal. We'll do whatever, and it'll be a high-grade tattoo."

For Tippetts, a man who rarely takes a vacation, this year's anniversary represents five years of serious work.

In that time, *Anchor Ink* has seen some artists come and go, the building in which the shop is located has expanded and the shop's clientele has grown. "This building has a lot of history," says Tippetts. "For me, it has kind of come full circle. I got my first professional tattoo here, and now I own it." That was back when the building still housed *ASI Tattoos*. Tippetts chose **Jack Eldredge** to give him that first tattoo and would later complete his apprenticeship under Eldredge's supervision.

Even before his apprenticeship, Tippetts was already giving tattoos. He started inking unprofessionally when he was only 15—mostly skulls and flames, he admits. "Growing up, all my favorite musicians and skateboarders had tattoos. I was drawn to it," he says.

Buzz agrees. "I wanted to be an illustrator. I think what really turned me onto it was when **Sepultura** put out their album *Arise*," he says. "The graphics from that just blew me away. But then I started going to hardcore shows, and all those dudes were tattooed. And I was already into art, so slowly I started leaning toward it."

Friends asked Buzz to create some artwork for their tattoos, and after seeing the tattoo artist's shoddy interpretation of his original idea, he decided that he could do a better job. After some practice tattooing his tag on himself, he became a tattoo artist, a gig that he says, when you stop to think about it, could be much worse. "I'm a 37-year-old man who draws pictures for a living," he says, grinning.

To celebrate the anniversary, the *Anchor Ink* crew will be gathering at *The Republican* on Saturday, Oct. 22 with music from **Ugly Valley Boys** and some heavy partaking of libations. If past parties are any indication, the five-year is sure to be a rager, leaving attendees in a groggy state of recovery for days following. Tippetts describes one of the past year's fiestas. "We sold more whiskey that night than they usually do on St. Patrick's Day," he says. With any luck, this year's celebration will be the wildest so far, and tattooed types can look forward to more anniversaries to come.



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THE COUNTRY SIDE OF LIFE

By James Orme james.orme@slugmag.com

He may not look like he belongs on the stage of the *Grand Ole Opry*, but after years of pioneering the psychobilly genre here in America, **Tiger Army** front man **Nick 13** has taken some time to diverge from the world of fast-paced, hard-charging rock n' roll to refocus his talents on country music. While anyone who follows Nick and Tiger Army knows that he has dabbled in this arena before, his first effort as solo artist is a complete departure from anything that he's done previously. Elegant in its delivery and colorful in its tones, the self-titled debut, which was released this last May, sounds like it was created by a talented veteran of country music—cutting tunes that are stories of life, love and loss—the corner stones of any great country record.

As he enters this new chapter of his career, *SLUG* thought it was the right time to interview the man himself, and get his thoughts on the new record and going solo.

SLUG: How did you discover country music?

Nick 13: Listening to rockabilly as a teenager is what led me to country music. A lot of guys like **Charlie Feathers** and **Carl Perkins** would cut honky tonk sides along with rockabilly singles, and that was my first exposure to pure honky tonk music. I had a powerful emotional connection to the music that was very different. I started exploring that music and it quickly became a staple among the many different kinds of music I listen to.

SLUG: You'd played country songs with Tiger Army. What was it that made you want to do an entire solo country record?

Nick 13: At one point a few years ago, new music began seeming stale to me, and on a trip to Nashville while on tour, I just heard so much great roots music. I went into the **Ernest Tubb** record shop, on Broadway St. in Nashville, and got a lot of obscure stuff I hadn't checked out, and it really was the greatest music surrounding me at the time, and it hit me that it was time to make this solo record that I'd been thinking about for years.

SLUG: How long had you been considering a solo record?

Nick 13: It's something that was even possibly first suggested by fans,

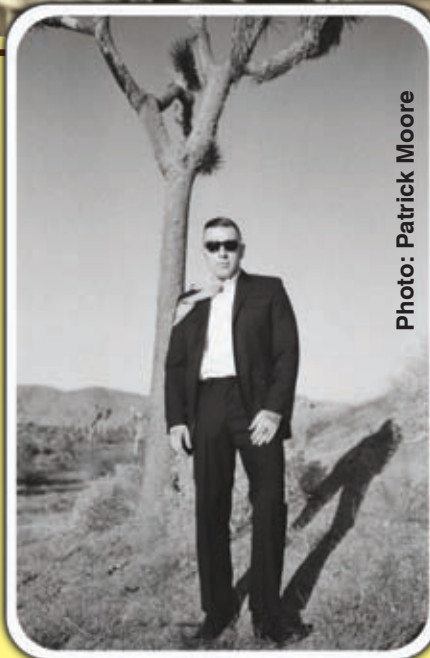


Photo: Patrick Moore

Nick 13 plays *The State Room* solo on Sat. Oct. 8.

certainly 10 years ago when *Power of Moonlite* came out with the song "In the Orchard," but possibly back in '99 when Tiger Army did the first album with "Outlaw Heart," and people would ask if I would ever do an entire album in the same genre as those songs. Recording that song was one of my favorite experiences of making that record. It really struck a chord with me having **Greg Leisz**, who would eventually co-produce this new solo record, play pedal steel on it.

SLUG: What is it about the addition of pedal steel guitar that is important to a country record?

Nick 13: I don't know if I could put it into words. It's probably the most emotional of instruments, especially in the hands of someone who knows what they're doing. Steel guitar strikes emotional chords that only the human voice can. Even normal guitar generally doesn't affect me the same way steel guitar does.

SLUG: It's surprising how different the record sounds from anything Tiger Army has released. Was that a conscious effort?

Nick 13: I think a lot of people thought it would be a punk-infused or a rock-infused record. I know there are some people who wouldn't want to listen to something like that, that are just now getting the idea that I'm drawing on roots music and that singer/songwriter stuff is more of what I'm doing. Obviously, I love aggressive music, but bringing the energy of Tiger Army to what I'm doing here isn't what I'm interested in. We had a tech on tour that played pedal steel, so we finally had a chance to play the Tiger Army country songs as they were on the record. A couple of times, we put them in a row together and I noticed that there was a different energy in the room from the audience, and it was strange that every one was standing still and watching. In the world that Tiger Army comes from, it's a bad thing, but I could feel that everyone was still with me there, connected and into it. It was peaceful and relaxing, and with the new record I wanted to get back to that zone I had found, and keep it coming from that place.

SLUG: The solo record has vintage qualities, but definitely sounds contemporary and fresh. How did you achieve that?

Nick 13: I'm not a purist. I'm not looking to write or record a song that sounds like it was recorded in 1961, note for note. I do believe that it is the



Photo: Patrick Moore

role of music to evolve and change as time goes on. It has to be relevant to today's world, but at the same time, when music reaches the point that the only concern is sales and it's the driving factor behind everything, and there is no connection with the roots of what made this music what it is, something is lost. A lot of that music is timeless, and you can draw on that without completely looking backwards.

SLUG: Who else, other than yourself, do you think has that connection to the classic era of country and honky tonk?

Nick 13: There are a lot of great artists in the Americana underground that maintain that connection to the roots stuff. Guys like **Dale Watson** from Austin, **Jim Lauderdale** in Nashville, and **James Intveld**—who with Greg Leisz, produced my record—is a great solo artist doing original songs. [Intveld] was amazing to work with in the studio. I learned so much from him, and he plays every instrument: Lots of people play multiple instruments, but it's rare that someone plays everything as well as he does. He's a great drummer—he even played bass on the entire record. He was great at breaking down each song and getting what we wanted out of it.

SLUG: Given your past career history, your tattoos and the more alternative image that you've projected with Tiger Army, has there been any resistance from the traditional country market?

Nick 13: I don't hear about that kind of thing directly, but I do get the sense that it has happened. I think the tattoos or the perception of what they think I would be doing musically has probably put some people off, but when they actually hear the record, or where I'm coming from and what my influences are, they tend to warm up to it pretty quickly.

SLUG: With Tiger Army, in the past, you've drawn on exterior influences like movies and books. The solo record, however, seems to come from a more personal place.

Nick 13: Things I come across, like movies or literature, do influence me, but one of the main differences from this record and Tiger Army is that the songs are more personal and more direct.

SLUG: While writing and recording, you made several pilgrimages to the country music capital, Nashville. What did you get out of spending time there?

Nick 13: I started writing and rehearsing

in L.A., and something wasn't clicking, and it just seemed like a natural thing to go back to [the] source of the inspiration and see what happens. It's such a unique place in that there's constantly music going on there, and you can just walk off the street and see legendary players just playing around town. You just don't get a chance to see stuff like that randomly in California. Seeing all that great live music, there was a quality to seeing the music live for myself, which I just couldn't get from a record. The incredible amount of history there, whether it's going to the *Ryman Auditorium* where **Johnny Cash** and everyone was playing in the '50s, or going to the *Country Music Hall of Fame*. There's something about Nashville that made things all fall into place for me.

Anyone who's been looking for true-to-the-heart country music has had to search in some seemingly strange places, but that's just what they'll find in Nick 13's solo debut. Full of wanderlust, the record captures the spirit of authentic country music, while at the same time, delivering something completely new. Nick 13 will be playing his brand of honky tonk in Salt Lake at the *State Room* on Sat. Oct. 8.

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MORE HEART THAN TALENT: NEVERNEVER REFUSES TO SAY... WELL, YOU KNOW.

By Dylan Chadwick • dylanchadwick@gmail.com

"Some really gnarly things happened to this band," says drummer **Gavin Hoffman**, gently twirling his sticks. "Things I wouldn't wish on anybody." It's dim here at NeverNever's practice space, and I'm hoping my eyes will adjust. For a band that's endured as much upheaval, tragedy and general misfortune, it's a wonder that they're back at all ... let alone on speaking terms, in the same room together. I gently recline against a P.A. while the five reunited band members regale me with their personal history lesson.

NeverNever began sometime in late 1999, an immediate opportunity for friends **David Darby** and **Patrick Bogdanich** to craft music on their own terms. "We were a pretty sad duo," says Bogdanich. "I felt like a freak." These misfit feelings, combined with a caustic love for the clamor of **Integrity** and **Godflesh** motivated them to cobble together a two-piece unit consisting of Darby pre-recording rhythm tracks into a drum machine, and Bogdanich penning dreary and despondent lyrics.

The group's debut at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* was memorable and involved a scuffle between Bogdanich and a rowdy showgoer pelting the stage with ice. "Patrick was wearing a dress, singing along to a drum machine," says Darby. "No one knew what to think about it." The duo quickly realized that their

unconventional style would put them at odds with many audiences to come.

Still, NeverNever's distinctive approach didn't repel everyone, and the group developed a rabid following of interested musicians in the area. "I saw them play as a two-piece at *Mo's Bar and Grill* and they just killed it," says guitarist **Alex Hinton**. "The passion was so there, it was awesome." Attracted to the duo's eccentric sonic methodology, Hinton, Hoffman and bassist **Scott Darby** (David's brother) would join the band one by one, rounding out NeverNever to a full five piece.

2001 saw the band write and record their first official album, *Stage Fright*. Piecing the songs together, and quickly recording them in a barn, it served as a dark and unsettling portrait of the core duo's creative psyche. "I was infatuated with drugs," Bogdanich says, recalling a garbage bag he'd hang from his microphone stand, a makeshift receptacle for periodic vomiting during practice. "I didn't like to hide it. The music gave me a forum for it." Though never overtly glorifying drug use, the songs contained a palpable air of addict misery with which many users could identify, but the sentiment wasn't mutual among band members. "It was one of the things that almost caused me to quit," says Hoffman. "Patrick and David were on drugs

and I wasn't."

It took the untimely death of a dear friend to send the band into an ideological tailspin. For some, the tragedy served as a welcome catalyst for sobriety, but it plunged others deeper into the throes of addiction. Relationships in the band shifted, and lyrics took on an increasingly somber and reflective tone, resulting in a spate of songs which have yet to see release.

Defeated and beaten down, the band played an anticlimactic final show in 2005 before splitting. "I made the conscious decision to end the band," says Darby. "I knew where I was headed and I wanted to get there as fast as I could." Within two months, he was homeless.

"The truth is that we're a self-imposed tragic band," says Scott Darby. "This is a triumphant return. I thought I'd be dead by now." Time and experience have been good for everyone, and 2011 seems as good a time as any for a fresh start. Maintaining sobriety over the years has given Bogdanich an appreciation for the band as well. "I'm so fucking glad these guys are clean," he says referring to the Darby brothers' recent stints in extensive drug rehab programs.

Admittedly, nothing has been discussed beyond the upcoming show. It's been difficult to coordinate things and the group's material is

far from frivolous. Many of the songs were written close to a decade ago, during emotionally weighty times. "It's like I have to revisit them," says Bogdanich, "and I don't want to do that with a smirk on my face. If I can't do it with all the passion of a memorial, then I don't want to do it."

Fans and friends of the band have taken the reins in promoting the upcoming show, a special and poignant outreach. "We're a freaking Salt Lake band, period," says Hinton. "We all take a little bit of pride in that. I've had people come up to me and tell me that they've hung on to old NeverNever hoodies. It's weird." Though scant, it's a devoted fan base that's been cultivated and nurtured, even in the creative silence of the band's extended absence.

Ultimately though, the reunion isn't about regressing, self-important moralizing or aggrandizing the past, and it's certainly not for anyone but the band. "We always had a lot more heart than talent," says Bogdanich referencing the band's convoluted approach to music. I look around the room, noting each band member, tattooed, dreadlocked and grinning incessantly. Maybe it's sobriety, hard work and hard times ... but I can't help but credit the thrilling prospect of some more meaningful noise, the same thrilling prospect that brought them together over a decade ago.

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Exile on J Street:
Author Scott Carrier releases
PRISONER
OF ZION

By Brian Kubarycz
knairb@hotmail.com

Fans of *National Public Radio* will probably know the voice of **Scott Carrier**. Carrier is a feature writer on various NPR programs, most notably **Ira Glass's** *This American Life*. His greatest radio accomplishment, however, is the Peabody Award he received in 2006 for "Crossing Borders," a series broadcast on *Hearing Voices* about drug-gang violence in Juarez, Mexico. A Utah native, Carrier planned for decades to escape the Beehive State, but he has at last come to terms with this land. "I feel claustrophobic away from the mountains," he says. "I gave up trying to leave."

Carrier, uncomfortable with being labeled a writer, transitioned into pure audio after leaving the Anthropology Film Center in Santa Fe, N.M. "I use to script voice-overs for my documentaries, until filmmaking proved too expensive for me." Carrier says he then began to concentrate exclusively on his voice-overs, which colleagues said already stood on their own as monologues. In the early '80s, Carrier took these with him to the *NPR* studios in Washington, DC. His work got a warm reception from **Alex Chadwick**, one of the initial developers of the popular shows *Morning Edition* and *All Things Considered*. So began Carrier's career in radio.

Talking, listening and imagining have remained central to Carrier's craft. "Writing goes back 10,000 years, whereas talking is much older," he says. "We have more practice at getting it right." Carrier's interest in other archaic practices lead to the production of one of his most popular and influential books, *Running After Antelope*. This piece shows Carrier road testing his speculative hypothesis that early humans hunted by chasing their prey to death. Conceived together with his brother, a practicing biologist, Carrier's notion may well have sparked the current barefoot-running craze. "Upon first hearing it, people become possessed by the idea," Carrier says, "like the ring in Tolkien. Everyone is certain the idea is their own."

Penguin contracted with Carrier for a follow-up to his book *Antelope*, something which would focus on the oddness of Utah culture and appeal to America's new fascination with Mormonism. "Not that it's a bad idea for a book," Carrier says. "Still, I think Mormon beliefs and stories are no stranger than anyone else's." Carrier produced a very different manuscript than the one Penguin anticipated, a book the publisher rejected. Carrier was left with a sizeable cash advance and permission to self-publish his manuscript electronically. The project would eventually become Carrier's newest book, *Prisoner of Zion*.

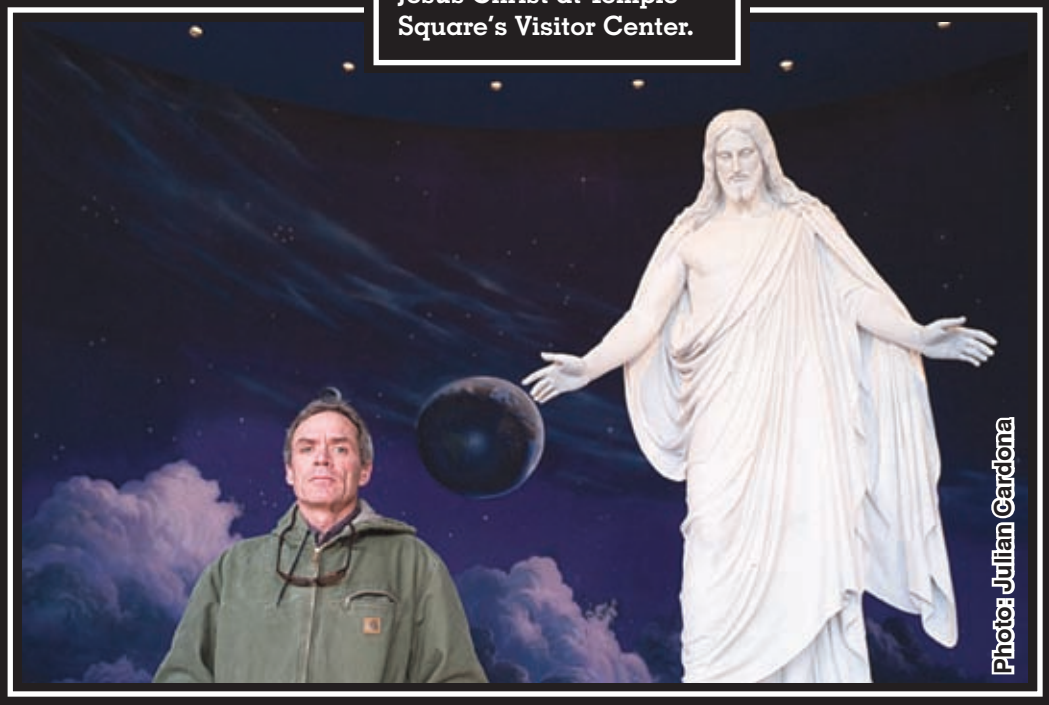
On Aug. 29, Carrier released *Prisoner of Zion*, a collection of anecdotes linking his world travels with his insider's observations about Utah. Written in the plainest conversational prose, *Prisoner* does comment on Mormon culture and recent local events. In particular, the book focuses on the abduction of **Elizabeth Smart** by **Brian David Mitchell**, and Mitchell's sensational trial and sentencing. However, Carrier sets these happenings within a broader, global context, one including fundamentalist Islam in Afghanistan. Though no analogy is overtly announced, Carrier allows us to see Smart dragged through downtown Salt Lake, wearing what amounts to a burka. Here, Carrier forces a familiar story to appear strange and new again, while simultaneously making scandalous foreign customs to appear a little too familiar. While not judging Mormons as individuals, *Prisoner* still takes issue with a tenet central to their faith—one shared by a number of other world religions—the belief in a promised land for God's chosen people. "Mormons think the Constitution was written so **Joseph Smith** could start their church in this country," Carrier says. "But **Jefferson** wrote the Constitution to keep Jesus out of America." Carrier considers the belief in any Holy Land both absurd and dangerous, leading to intolerance, violence and war.

Carrier timed his book's release to coincide with the tenth anniversary of the September 11 attacks and the United States' subsequent entry into Afghanistan. Soon after these events, Carrier traveled to Afghanistan and then Pakistan to meet the people whose land America had made a warzone. Carrier describes his sojourn in one of the most dreary and dangerous places on Earth. He says the conflict pitted the world's strongest nation against one of the weakest. "Ten years of fighting have accomplished nothing," Carrier says. "This war is the longest in American history, yet we have more enemies now than when we started."

Carrier's narrative explores his difficult friendship with his translator, **Najib**. He vividly recalls his first encounter with the teenage boy. "He was a fantastic creature, with shaved head, dark eyes and huge lashes. I couldn't tell if it was a boy or girl." Najib's skill at manipulating others proved invaluable to Carrier, more than once saving him from angry mobs. Back home, Carrier, now a professor of communication at Utah Valley University, arranged for Najib to come to America on a student visa. The book closes with Najib's introduction to American literature. Najib finds a kindred spirit in the protagonist of **Mark Twain's** *Huckleberry Finn*, a rootless youth who also survives by sheer pluck and cunning. "If Najib, the product of a culture of perpetual conning and violence, could be touched and changed by a book," Carrier says, "then there is still hope for humans and the humanities."

The digital version of *Prisoner of Zion* can be purchased through *Amazon.com* and *Barnes & Noble*.

Prisoner of Zion author
Scott Carrier poses with
Jesus Christ at Temple
Square's Visitor Center.



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					29 SLUG PRESENTS: DAY OF THE DEAD HALLOWEEN PARTY

IMMOLATION

By Bryer Wharton

bryer@slugmag.com



Immolation will bring their legendary death metal to The Complex on October 20.



"No Christ ... no cross, no pain ... no loss, no wanton guilt for us to bear, no body, no blood, no crown ... no thorns, no bastard son, no chosen one."

These words come from "No Jesus, No Beast," my introduction to Immolation from their 1999 album *Failures for Gods*.

As a teenager with life throwing everything it could at me, the fact that a song and its lyrics could hit so hard still sends shivers up my spine. The *Failures for Gods* album made me realize that death metal was more than blood and guts—if you look deeper, you'll find powerful music with lyrics that challenge beliefs.

"That's what's so great about music—it can mark that particular time when you first heard a song or an album or a band, and it's just etched into your memory. It takes you back to that journey," says **Ross Dolan**, founding member, bassist and vocalist of Immolation. "Everybody has a moment when you're just really sour and not in a good frame of mind, and that's a lot of times where these songs come from—it gets people thinking about different things." Immolation is undoubtedly one of the most consistently provocative and hard working American death metal acts. Immolation is headlining a show in Salt Lake City, Oct. 20 at the *Complex*. It's the first time Immolation have been in town since the mid-'90s.

Immolation has been at their craft since 1988, brutalizing death metal fans and pushing not only the American extreme metal scene into new territory, but the world scene as well. They're a band often emulated and praised, but the relative obscurity of their music has lent them to be described by their fans and critics as underrated. Immolation never really went the traditional route as far as death metal or extreme music goes, and the band never had any ideas of grandeur in their early years. "When we started we didn't have any ideas that we're going to explode—we knew what we were doing was going to appeal to a small niche," Dolan says. "At this point in my life, it's cool to look back and say we did it on our terms. We loved it every step of the way."

The ability to please everyone is next to impossible. The new album has taken some hits for being overproduced, but Dolan says if you have the opportunity to make something sound better, go ahead with it. "We realized that back in 1988, everybody has a comment about something. Music is an individual thing people get different things out of it and they look for different things," he says.

The typical sound of death metal is applied with an obscure sensibility in Immolation's music—they have always focused creating a feeling when you hear the sound. It may not always result in a catchy song or some memorable riff, chorus or melody, but every Immolation record is guaranteed to smack hard in the face. Much of this can be attributed to co-founding member and guitarist **Bob Vigna**, who takes on a bulk of the songwriting. "The dynamic of a song is very important—it needs to go somewhere. The cool thing about the way Bob writes Immolation's music is it's multidimensional to me," says Dolan. "What he writes has a lot of soul to it and a lot of feeling. It really suits what we're going for—it's very dark, it's very ominous sounding, it's very foreboding, there's something very menacing about his writing."

Immolation released their eighth album, *Majesty and Decay*, via **Nuclear Blast Records** on March 9, 2010. Their lyrics continue to surpass standard death metal offerings, and even go beyond the strong anti-religious sentiment of the band's earlier work. "In Human Form," one of the transfixing and pulverizing epics from the new album, attests to this: "A rage inside the soul now burns, reach the point of no return, internal fire that sears the flesh, melt away my human form."

Immolation's consistency throughout their albums is easily the band's legacy. Most fans will argue with fervor that the band has never recorded a bad album—lyrical directions have shifted just as the musical directions, but it's always Immolation. "We've always tried throughout the years to stay true to the band we were when we started. Obviously, people grow up, you mature, you see things differently and you're constantly evolving as a human being and that's natural," Dolan says. "There's a line of continuity between all the records, and that's one thing I think people respect about us."

Immolation are artists hell bent on twisting your mind, compelling you to question your existence and your faith in the world and humanity. Witness the forces of cynical and ominous dissonance for yourself, as Immolation performs in Salt Lake City on October 20 at *Vertigo* (21+) at the *Complex*.



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BUBBLEGUM THUNDERSTORM:

SPELL TALK

CRACKS AND BOOMS

By Alexander Ortega • / • alexanderlightfingers@hotmail.com

I barely beat the rain as I roll into an open garage where drummer **Sammy Harper** of Spell Talk shoots a game of pool on a worn down table. Bassist **Jared Phelps** shuffles about while guitarist **Andrew Milne** lounges on a couch next to new member and rhythm guitarist **Elle Rasmussen**, who quietly smokes a cigarette. The quartet is like a calm set of siblings on another stormy day, but they keep a loud secret in their pockets: a physically engaging album that will have you ready to stomp your feet and holler along with the band's newborn thunder.

Touch It!, the fourth full-length since 2008, (the third under the current band name) features a faster Spell Talk with short, accessible sing-alongs that have gotten ladies and gents going wild at their recent performances. Phelps says of the style switch, "We stayed away from that really droney psych rock ... We're not going with that angle like we used to be. It's straight rock n' roll [now]." A couple of Saturday nights at *The Jackalope* have confirmed this shift—you can't pass the stage without being engulfed by eddies of dancers getting their jig fix. "We started moving a lot more onstage, [too]," Milne says. "When you play that garage-y punk rock kind of shit, you can get down in people's faces." Though the new material is simpler, the stripped down approach provides a more energetic—and thus fun—experience for all parties involved. Harper says, "We've got to get [the crowd] going and then they get us going."

What drove Spell Talk to up the tempo was Phelps' and Milne's involvement in the now-defunct **Devy and the Diamonds** with Rasmussen. Phelps became daft about the simple guitar work and the loud percussion of the Diamonds, and aimed to replicate that vigorous style in a new band upon DatD's breakup. When he approached Harper about playing drums for the proposed project, they opted to incorporate two old Diamonds songs into Spell Talk's set—"Drugs and Buds" and "Dirty Girls"—which Rasmussen played a major role in composing. Rasmussen thus began to occasionally accompany Spell Talk to create the same energy found in Devy and the Diamonds. Once former guitarist **Dylan Roe** left the band due to artistic growth in a different direction, the three chums asked Rasmussen to be a permanent fixture in Spell Talk to form a new, sexier lineup. Milne says, "Dylan's guitar style is very unique ... We wanted something a little

more subtle." They, however, hold no ill will toward Roe: "We love the kid. He's fucking rad," says Phelps.

"Elle brings a breath of fresh air of energy to the band," Harper says. A strong familial vibe emanates between the four members as they reflect on coming together after being friends for so long. Harper says, "I don't know if you have any idea how much homie-ness is with these four people!" When I ask Rasmussen what it's like to play rock n' roll with three stinky dudes, she demurely says, "It's the joy of my life." She turned down a job in Paris in order to keep playing with the band, help them kick off *Touch It!* and go on an upcoming tour. She says, "Music's always been a big part of my life ... I write some of my own things and I'm just jamming right now. This is what I do."

With Rasmussen's groove in tow, Spell Talk have taken on a new approach to song writing. Rather than building songs individually, they have taken to working out tunes together to create the organic energy that has burst through their live sets lately. As one of the hardest working bands in Salt Lake's underground scene, they were quick to take the new material to **Terrance DH** at *Counterpoint* and pumped out the jams in a mere two days, except for the closing acoustic track "Drugs and Buds," which they recorded at **Justin Langford's** *Great West Saloon* in early September. "We're still just busting through the grind to go get

the ticket and do this kind of shit," Milne says. The band released *Touch It!* at *Urban Lounge* on Sept. 30 with **Max Pain and the Groovies** and **Dark Seas**. *Touch It!* is Spell Talk's first release on vinyl, which includes a digital download, but for those with broken record players like me, the release is also available on CD.

Make sure you pick up *Touch It!* as soon as you can, because Spell Talk has worked with **Jeremy Hansen** of **Bear Talk Booking Agency** for an October tour. Another reason to pick up the release pronto is for street cred: The band has worked with **Zach Iser**, a promoter in New York City, which landed them a spot at the *CMJ Music Marathon* that runs Oct. 18-22. Once those New Yorkers hear these tasty rock n' roll jams, you'll want to say you heard 'em first, right here in Salt Lake.

Although Spell Talk is lighting up the sky, they haven't forgotten how they got here. Milne expresses his gratitude for the owners of *Urban Lounge* and *Kilby Court*: **"Lance [Saunders]"** and **Will [Sartain]** have really helped us out ... Without those guys in town, it wouldn't be the same." Rasmussen and Harper agree, which is only fitting—the four friends nurture a symbiotic, musical bond that keeps them going. "Every show we play seems to top it, every time. It just gets better," Rasmussen says. Phelps encapsulates the sentiment in one phrase: "It's bubblegum, baby."



Photo: Peter Anderson

Spell Talk hits the road this October with a tour that culminates in a performance at *CMJ Music Festival*: (L-R) Andrew Milne, Jared Phelps, Elle Rasmussen, Sammy Harper and their dog, Billy.

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LIFE AS A HAPPY NEUROTIC: THE JOHN WATERS INTERVIEW

By Jeanette D. Moses • jeanette@slugmag.com

On October 13, in celebration of the *Utah Film Center's* 10th anniversary, the legendary Pope of Filth, **John Waters**, will entertain audiences at Salt Lake City's *Rose Wagner Theater*. No stranger to Utah—traveling to the state for *Sundance Film Festival*, special screenings of his films at *Tower Theater* and once to record the soundtrack for his film *Serial Mom*—this time Waters will present his one-man show, *This Filthy World*. The vaudeville style show contains a myriad of topics—everything from his films, to crime, religion, Christmas and how to have a good sex life—but ultimately, Waters says that he hopes the show can ad-

vise his fans on how to live life as a happy neurotic.

SLUG: A chunk of my family actually lives in Baltimore and because all of your films are based there, they are very reminiscent of visiting the city and my family. You are originally from there as well. What is it about Baltimore that you find so charming?

Waters: They're Baltimoreans, as they call them! I make documentaries—they're not an exaggeration. People say when they come to Baltimore, "I realize now these are real!" In the very beginning, I made movies that showed what the city used to try to hide, but now



they don't have an inferiority complex. They joke about it and realize that the eccentricity of Baltimore is one of the strongest points. God knows we have edge here. The weirdest thing [is that] the first thing people ask is, "Where do you live?" Because neighborhoods define where you live and some people never leave their neighborhood. It's also the only city where when someone asks, "Where did you go to school?" they mean high school, they don't mean what college did you go to. You can ask anyone over 50 if you were a drape or a square—like in the film *Cry-Baby*—and they won't say, "What do you mean?" They won't blank. They will give you the answer. Everybody was one of the two, and neither were uncool. If you said neither, you were a nerd.

SLUG: Were you a drape or a square when you were in school?

Waters: I was a closet drape. I was too young to be one. I was eight years old, I couldn't be **Elvis Presley** or rockabilly, but I was a drape sympathizer—a square who dressed preppy because I was forced to. I was a drape trapped in a square's outfit.

SLUG: In your memoir *Role Models*, which was released in 2010, you talk about how you enjoy doing things like going to thrift stores and going out to bars—what are some of your favorite spots in Baltimore?

Waters: For thrift stores, I don't go to them anymore. I just pay too much for clothes that look like they came from thrift shops, but are actually designed by designers, which is what I have to do at my age. When I was young, I went to thrift shops constantly. I think anybody under 30 that pays a lot for clothes has no taste at all because they should be the ones that are inspiring the designers, not the other way around, but as you get older, you need a little help. Bars that I go to ... I wrote about some of them in the book—the ones that are still open. I go to *Club Charles*, *The Otto Bar*, which is the punk rock bar, *The Bloody Bucket*, which is a good redneck bar. I go to the neighborhood blue-collar bars. There are always new ones, I went to a new one that was in some woman's house and it was a hardware store, too. You could see her bed behind the bar and you could order a drink and a hammer and some #2 nails—which I liked, actually. There was a sign out front that said Budweiser or something. I don't know the name of the place or if there is one.

SLUG: On Oct. 13 you will be in Salt Lake City performing your one-man show, *This Filthy World*—will this material be similar to what is found in your book *Role Models*?

Waters: It will be new material, there may be a little of that in there, but it's also very, very differ-

ent than *This Filthy World* that came out on DVD. I've rewritten a lot of it because I want to give you new material! There might be a few things that I punch up a little bit, but no, it is not *Role Models*. I might try to sell you *Role Models* at the end ...

SLUG: Do the stories change depending on the city you visit or the crowd that evening?

Waters: It's always written before I get there, but I do upgrade it. I change it more when I have a convention, or when someone like the *Library Association* hires me, I'll do more book jokes. I prepare every one of them. I don't ever do a stump speech, I'm constantly upgrading it and working on it—otherwise you get lazy. And the audience wants some new material, so you give them that.

SLUG: You've stated before that your career is similar to a campaign for popularity or like a carnival—after all these years, what makes it exciting to take the show on the road?

Waters: It's exciting to do because I go all over the world. I was just in Spain. I'm doing it in Australia, New Zealand. It's how I make my living and it's part of what I do. I live in four places and I've got a lot of bills. I'm always working. I have a fear of not flying. I'm on airplanes sometimes three times a week, but it's fine. I get to see the world and I get to meet the people that are my customers, really. Politicians do the same thing. I hold babies, just like politicians, for pictures. It's not that different. Only I don't have to be crooked like politicians. And I'm pretty hard to blackmail. I don't get why we get so upset when politicians have sex, I think maybe there would be less war if they had sex more. Are they running for sainthood? I don't get it.

SLUG: *Role Models* is filled with stories of people living extreme lives—spanning from well know legends like **Johnny Mathis** to Baltimore legends like lesbian stripper **Zorro**. While reading I got the impression that many of these stories were ones that had not been fully told before. Why do you think

people are so willing to open up to you?

Waters: I don't judge them, and they know that I'm struggling to understand, that I want to hear. I'm interested in human behavior. The ones that I don't understand I like to imagine how they are thinking. I think I'd be a good psychologist, I think I'd be a good lawyer, I think I'd be a good warden. I'm genuinely interested in people's emotional state. I'm not saying I always live by my advice, I'm not the best person in the world, but I think I can give healthy advice. A psychiatrist can be a mass murderer and still be a good psychiatrist.

SLUG: Over the years, have you ever felt a need to push boundaries in your career to maintain your reputation as "The Pope of Trash"?

Waters: No, I don't think I ever really do, and no one ever seems to get angry about anything I do anymore. I think if people come to see me, they want to be surprised. They want to be taken somewhere they might not go alone, and I'm a safe guide for them. I think a lot of people are trying too hard to shock right now. Shock value was a term I learned in elementary school from the writing teacher—you use it to get people's attention. If you can make somebody laugh, they'll listen to you. They might not change their mind ... but if you're up there preaching like you've got the cure for cancer, no one is going to pay any attention to you. If people can make me laugh, I listen, even if I don't agree with them. I think that's part of it.

Join John Waters on Oct. 13 at *Rose Wagner Theater* for a night of jokes, life advice and ultimately a lesson in why they call Baltimore "Charm City." For tickets to *This Filthy World* visit artix.org or call 801-355-ARTS.

Actor Edward Furlong
in John Waters' 1998
film, *Pecker*.



Illustration: Sean Hennefer



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From the Ground Up: the Birth of Grassroots Powdersurfing

By Shawn Mayer Shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com



Jeremy Jensen in his garage, the state-of-the-art production facility where he crafts Grassroots boards.

Everyone has a different perspective on the birth of action sports, whether it was the early Tahitians riding felled trees through ocean currents or cavemen doing bonelesses over dinosaur corpses. The truth of the matter is that throughout the ages, riding whatever it may be has always served as not only a valid method of transportation but an extremely fun way to pass time. It's through the fun factor that careers in snowboarding, skating and surfing exist, whether they be in the competitive or production aspects. Through these vessels, a new company has emerged that embraces not only action sports' past, but also its future: **Grassroots Powdersurfing Company**. Created by **Jeremy Jensen**, Grassroots Powdersurfing is the result of over a decade of passion, research, science and, most importantly, fun.

Grassroots Powdersurfing is a company that produces bindingless snow tools. Not quite a snowboard, skateboard or surfboard, these products offer consumers an alternative that has a feel of it all. Similar to a NoBoard or early Snurfer, these boards are used to surf the snow, but what makes these boards different is the lack of ropes or handles to help the board steer. By adding rocker and a scooped nose and tail, the board can also be skated, which opens up a whole new world of progressive freestyle. This is what Jensen had in mind when the boards were first released last year. With a film and photography background, Jensen created a website to

showcase the world of powdersurfing as a sport centered around the idea of you don't need straps to send it. "Skateboarding and surfing progression has been showing us the possibilities of bindingless riding for years. Just look at what has been going down on the mega ramp."

Raised in Logan, Utah, Jensen remembers an early love for sports. "I played a lot of soccer, basketball and football. I would play as hard as I could until I was on the brink of passing out." When he was 12, he discovered his first skateboard. This gave Jeremy a different perspective than previous team sports did, and skateboarding soon began to dominate his life. Due to his location, which receives an average of over 60 inches of snow per year, skateboarding became difficult or impossible to do year round. Fortunately, when he was in middle school, snowboarding had just begun to blossom. "Snowboarding was brand new back then and it looked super fun, but that option was too expensive for me to even consider at the time. So we'd take the trucks off our skateboards and ride them backwards down the hills at the University and the golf course in town. It didn't really work that well," says Jensen.

In 1987, with the appearance of a **Winterstick Roundtail Plus**, a vintage snowboard that resembles modern freestyle boards in the most rudimentary sense, Jensen stumbled

upon his idea. "[The board] had these little epoxy nubbies all over the topsheet and it made for pretty good grip. So we surfed that thing bindingless and that really opened our eyes to the possibilities." However, the board belonged to a friend of his, so Jensen ventured out to make his own. His first go was an old cut down **Sims**. Then, while snowboarding out with some buddies, a revelation hit. "My friend **Brock [Bitton]** showed up to our backcountry zone with this plywood board shaped like a wakeboard strapped to his sled. He'd made it using his old textbooks and some cinder blocks to bend it and give it some rocker. We took some short little runs and I was blown away by how good it floated." Although the board was hard to turn at first they figured out that in order to perform correctly they needed to venture out in to steeper and deeper terrain. "After that run we were standing there looking at each other with that 'holy shit!' look on our faces. That's when we realized that these boards had real potential."

In 2007, Jensen, Bitton (whom Jensen credits as the originator of the powsurf), **Craig Stevenson** and **Jarvis Parry** began pressing boards in the garage and fine tuning shapes and constructions. "We've designed and tested 25 or so different shapes, sizes and builds. Many of which looked really cool, but didn't work out so well. Since then, I've narrowed it down to a handful of shapes that work really well in a variety of snow

conditions." Once the board construction was dialed in, Jensen began to use his other talents to showcase what powdersurfing was all about. He started to film his sessions in 2007 with his friends and post edits online. Soon, feedback began to pour in from Europe and Japan, and it was then that they decided to start offering their product to the masses through brand identification and the birth of a website a year later. "We felt we had something unique and different from the other bindingless boards out there, both in the style and build of the boards, and in the direction that we wanted to push the riding. It seemed like there were a few people trying to bite what we had been doing, but we could pretty much tell by the shapes and the builds of their boards that they were way off."

Living in Utah helped Jensen realize that this thing could potentially hit it big. With access to the best snow on earth in his backyard (with sleds of course) and some of the best snowboarders and skaters, what started out as fun film sessions turned into a realm of possibility as they began to push their limits.

Above: Jeremy Jensen cave ollie. Photo: Zach Shepherd

Below: Jeremy Jensen and his powder surf board on top of the Northern Wasatch Range. Photo: Jeremy Jensen



This season, Jensen told me that he plans on pursuing the potential that pow surfing can offer. With requests from sports enthusiasts around the world, including snowboard legend **Terje Haakonsen**, he plans to expand his supply and see what happens next. He informed me that he has been in contact with production factories in case this entity takes flight. With some advertising dollars and the constant release of online videos (perhaps even a series), he plans on keeping powdersurfing fresh in everyone's mind. In addition, Grassroots plans on hosting a few demos this winter throughout the valley. Hopefully, powdersurfing will hit the mainstream, because you can't help but support a company that is so grounded, passionate and progressive. "Powdersurfing to me is like a step backwards and a big step forward at the same time. There are so many options open for progression, and if kids take hold of it, the future could be pretty insane," says Jensen. Check out Grassroots Powdersurfing at powsurf.com to get pumped for the upcoming winter and to support one of Utah's most passionate companies.

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Roughside of the Trax II

By Chris Proctor
chrisproctor@slugmag.com

On September 24, the **Roughneck** crew came out to Salt Lake City from their San Franciscan homeland once again for *SLUG's 2nd annual Summer of Death: Roughside of the Trax* skate contest, presented by **Quiksilver**. *Roughside of the Trax*, the Salt Lake version of Roughneck Hardware's *BART Tour*, takes skaters along our city's Trax line to street spots in a contest format. This year we took over thirty skaters East on the Trax line through the heart of the city and hit up a few top secret spots before making our way up to the University of Utah's campus to skate a few spots and finally bomb down through the city.

Registration took place at the *Quiksilver* store in the *Gateway* mall, and it didn't take long for mall security to take note of the crowd of skaters congregating in front of the shop. After reassuring them that nobody was going to film or skate inside the mall's boundaries, they left us a single rent-a-cop, who was either too tired or too hung over to stop us from filming and skating anyway. Once the clock hit 2 p.m., **Johnny Roughneck** got on the bullhorn and herded the mob of skaters to the first Trax stop. As we boarded the train, the sight of thirty dirty skaters caused mixed reactions from passengers. Some were stoked and asked us what we were doing, while a few others made sure to avoid eye contact. Perhaps the best reaction of all came from the train engineer, who threatened to keep us all on the train if we didn't "knock off the crap." While the "crap" he wanted us to knock off consisted of having a skateboard and the occasional cuss word, I'm sure the last thing he wanted was for us to stay on the train.



Barging behind the bus. Milianta photo.

When we got to the first spot, buildings on all four sides kept us sheltered from the public eyes and ears, so with Johnny Roughneck and **Jason Gianchetta** yelling a slew of obscenities into their bullhorns, the skaters began throwing down and *Roughside of the Trax* was off to a great start.

The first skater I noticed killing it at this spot was little **Dino Porobic**. I remember going to the skate park when I was around twelve and being too scared of the older kids to even step on my skate. Porobic, who is a shop rider for the *Quiksilver* at Gateway, wasn't even fazed by the old, dirty, tattoo-ridden skaters and threw down some tricks I thought I'd never see a pre-teen try in my life. People started warming up with some simple grinds, but things started heating up not long after and variations of tricks were being landed left and right. It wasn't long before the creative nature of skateboarding took over and skaters started looking for different ways to skate the spot.



Shit happens. Vivori photo.



Kickflip, Gabe Sequera. Milianta photo.



SLUG Marketing Ladies. Swainston photo.



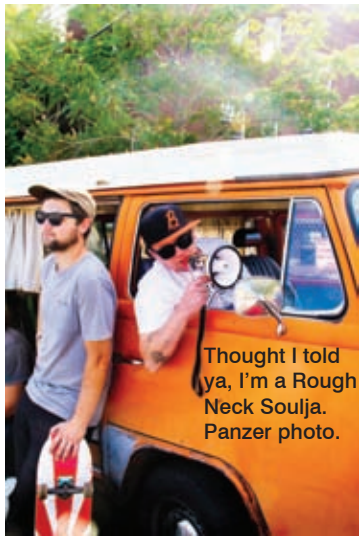
Gramps on Gaurd. Panzer photo.



Curb dogs rule the streets. Swainston photo.



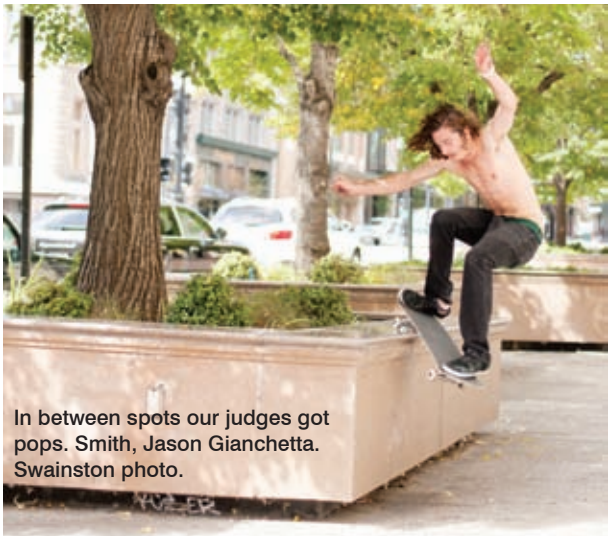
Duuuumptruck, Nate Brown. Swainston photo.



Thought I told ya, I'm a Rough Neck Soulja. Panzer photo.



Cam Stark blunts the iron, man. Swainston photo.



In between spots our judges got pops. Smith, Jason Gianchetta. Swainston photo.

Israel West was dubbed the winner for this spot and was the only skater I saw hit the handrail with little-to-no run in, while a few skaters hit the wall ride right next to the handrail. After we had our fill, we bombed down Main Street for four blocks and waited to transfer to our next train. As we rolled up to the Trax stop, an officer pulled up and watched from a distance, but aside from a warning that he would fine us if we crossed the yellow line, nothing came of the confrontation. Soon after, we boarded the train that took us to our next spot, the Wave.

The Wave is a paved slope that connects an upper parking lot to a lower lot, with a rail positioned at the top and a parking block down lower. Skaters took advantage of the rail first, pushing as fast as possible to get speed up to the top. **Nate Brown** killed it at this spot and won it overall after stomping some technical grinds and dropping into the slope from the top of the fence. **Logan Summers** was on point as well, receiving cheers from the crowd after landing bolts on some tricks that would give most pro skaters a run for their money. The time soon came for us to pack up, which



Chaos. Milianta photo.

consisted of **Mike Brown** sticking around to pick up everyone's trash before heading off to our last spot, the U of U campus. We rode up to the top of campus and skated down to the new stair sets, which had sprinklers going off everywhere. But as we saw two summers ago when a literal hurricane hit Salt Lake during our *Kickflip the Economy* contest, water has never kept us off our skateboards, and Saturday was no different. **Derek Rivera**, another youngster, was one of the first off the 10-stair and stomped it after a couple tries, solidifying himself as the third spot winner.



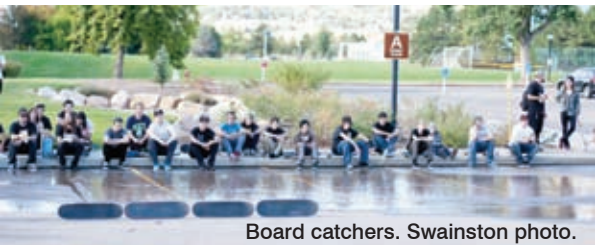
180 fakie 5-0 180, Holond Redd. Swainston photo.



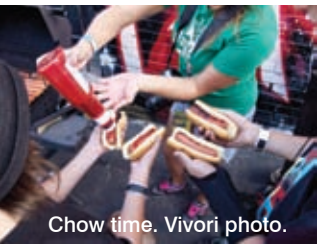
He's pro, not a big deal. Swainston photo.



Da crew. Milianta photo.



Board catchers. Swainston photo.



Chow time. Vivori photo.



Switch front biggie, Derek Rivera. Panzer photo.

A mishap on the same 10-stair sent West to the hospital late in the day due to a knee injury. **Isaiah Beh** and company were stomping trick after trick on the double stair-set below, and after skaters started hitting the third stair set to the parking lot, it seemed we had a proper skate session underway.

As soon as the sun began to fall behind the western mountains, we bombed from campus as a single unit back downtown to *Copper Palate Press*, where we grilled some hot dogs and handed out awards. As the judges deliberated and we set up for the awards, it was obvious the skaters weren't done, as games of S.K.A.T.E. formed in the alleyway. With good food and no shortage of skating, many of us felt right at home here and were reminded why it is we love skateboarding.

After the judges made their picks, we turned down the music and a crowd formed around the microphone where the winners were announced. In 3rd place, with a solid performance at all three spots was **Gabe Segura**. The 2nd place winner was none other than the Italian stallion himself, **John Barbieri**. *Annex* skate shop rider **Nate Brown** came away with first place after landing bolts on bangers at each spot. Big shout outs to all those who participated and made *Roughside of the Trax* a success.

Thanks so much to each of our sponsors, who make these competitions possible: Quiksilver, Roughneck, Milosport, Salty Peaks, Blindside, Annex and Saga.



Crooks, John B. Vivori photo.



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**Beautiful Godzilla:
The New Woman**
By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

Mad Men is on Netflix now, which means I finally got to see what everyone's been talking about all these years. What they failed to mention was the scummy way women are treated in that show. I've realized it's probably not the best pick for entertainment when you're as angry at men as I am. Every time one of the women in that show does the puniest thing to stand up for herself against those chauvinist douche bags, my heart bursts with pride. However, when you think about how absolutely pathetic those little things are, my joy is actually a little demeaning towards my sex. I shouldn't be impressed by a woman asking her boss for a raise when history contains women like **Annie Kopchovsky**.

I'll be completely honest here and admit that I'd never heard of her until a few weeks ago when I found out Salt Lake's second ever women-only alleycat was in the works and dubbed the "Kopchovsky Cat." Guaranteed you've never heard of her either, and some of you are probably wondering what the fuck an alleycat is, too. I'll get to that in a minute. According to Wikipedia, Kopchovsky was the first woman to bicycle around the world. She left her husband and three children in Boston, put on a pair of pants, swapped her cruiser for a faster whip and rode off into the sunrise to France, Egypt, Singapore, San Francisco and back to Boston—in the mid-1890s. A single action in that sentence would've been unheard of back


then, let alone all of it. The best part is that she came home from her bike ride feeling like "a new woman ... I believe I can do anything that any man can do," she wrote in *New York World*, where she worked for several months after returning from her adventure. I bet her husband was thrilled.

Switch back to 2009, when the first women-only alleycat was put on by the generous men of the bicycle community after I used my feminine allure (aka complained) to convince them of its necessity. You see, an alleycat is kind of like a scavenger hunt on your bicycle, and, most of the time, speed and efficiency are key to winning. So, unless you're **Jessica Gilmore**, the local speed demon who has managed to place in the top five overall at nearly every urban race, you may find it a tad difficult to physically compete with the boys in an alleycat. Which is why, if any women even show up, there's usually a women's division (with not-as-cool prizes). This first alleycat was dubbed the "Pussy-cat," which you know is a name I thoroughly approved of due to its glorious triple entendre, and the fitting Team Cunt came in as winners (I came in DFL—Dead Fucking Last).

I'm much more in love with the Kopchovsky Cat, however—less titillating in the nether regions and more stimulating up top. Ladies, let Annie be your inspiration on this one and don't fail her, don't fail me, don't fail yourself! Pick up your fucking bike and be at *Memory Grove* on Saturday, October 15 at 2 p.m. with a bag, \$5 and some attitude. I promise you'll come out of it a new woman.



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Weekend Warriors

BY GIUSEPPE VENTRELLA
INFO@SLUGMAG.COM

"What a drag it is getting old."

—*"Mother's Little Helper"*
by The Rolling Stones

It's amazing how quickly the seasons pass. It seems so recent that it was the summer of 1994 and I was learning varial flips in the parking lot of a sporting goods store in Southern Utah. Every year inevitably brings four seasons (at least in Utah) and each year, those seasons bring many of the same opportunities.

I have been lucky enough in my many years of skateboarding to experience a traditional school schedule. Even as time passed and my youth faded into adulthood, I was still able to keep the same seasonal schedule as when I was a young skate rat in high school. My transition has been easy since I never took summer courses in college, and I was lucky enough to land a job that followed a similar schedule. During the summer months, I have the flexibility to skate and travel, just like a teenager who drives to California or Colorado for the first time during junior year with his/her skateboard homies.

By the time you read this article, school will be back in full swing. Just like all the grown-ups (I am hesitant to use the word "adult" when writing about skateboarders, as the joy of youth extends many years beyond age 18 in the skateboard world), all the teenagers and college students will be confined to weekend skateboard missions.



Being a weekend warrior sounds like a severe loss of freedom, at least when you think about it during the relaxing summer months. However, fall often brings some of the best skateboarding. The best way to enjoy your free time is to have less of it.

It seems like when you can wake up at the crack of noon and skate any time you wish, motivation is at an all time low. But when you have six hours on a Saturday, and that's your only real skateboard session for the week, you're going to get shit done. The British skateboard company **Blueprint Skateboards** once ran an ad that stated, "We thrive on cold winters." Sometimes limitations are good, because they force you out of your comfort zone into unexplored territory.

Consider, for a minute, two well known pro skateboarders: **Chris Cole** and **Brandon Westgate**. If you follow skateboarding at all, you know how good both of these guys are. Both skaters grew up on the Northern East Coast of the United States, a part of the country not associated with having good weather for skateboarding. I

Jovi Bathemess, pole jam.



guarantee both of these guys had a hard time finding places to skate during the cold, stormy months. So, how did they get so good? When you only get to skate once in a while, when you finally do skate, you make every trick count.

As fall comes into play and winter tries to rear its ugly head, let's not let summer die so easily. Enjoy every night you can cruise around on your skateboard with no particular plan. Bomb hills and skate for transportation, even on chilly nights. Cruise around and enjoy every weekend.

Summer will come again, we can be sure of that, but that's no reason not to enjoy your free time, even during the traditional school months and chilly seasons. I am issuing a challenge to everyone who actually reads this: You may not be able to go as far, or be gone as long during these months, but make the most of your weekends by traveling and exploring—even if that exploring entails looking to see what is behind a building or around a corner in your own neighborhood, or maybe just a day trip to Wyoming or Wendover. Let's hope for an Indian Summer, and if we can't have it, we should just take what's ours and skate in the bad weather. The end of summer doesn't mean the end of freedom ... unless you let it.

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Product Reviews

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Cassette Optics emerged in a time of economic recession and over-saturation in the action sports soft goods industry. However, even with the odds stacked against them, they’ve managed to get their sunglasses picked up by nine different skate or snow shops in Utah as well as shops in Colo., Idaho, Wyo. and Calif. The Yo! Sunglasses could be the secret to all their success. The bamboo arms allow me to be super light and agile when I’m parkouring around downtown Salt Lake, and they let people know that I care about the environment. The black gloss frames settle fashionably over my nose like a pair of Ray Bans, but without the steep price tag. The lenses are FDA-approved impact lenses and provide UV400 protection. If you’re still not sold on The Yo! Sunglasses, then head over to your local skate shop and put on a pair. You’ll see what I’m talking about. —Chris Proctor

Copper Palate Press/John Andrews
John Stockton Box Cut-Out
copperpalatepress@gmail.com
There is an artist at the *Copper Palate Press* who likes the Utah Jazz almost as much as I do. Sure, I don’t have the most extensive merchandise collection or a Jazz tattoo, yet. I’m saving my chest for when they win a championship so I can get the roster that takes the trophy tattooed over my heart. I understand that I may be waiting a while. While I’m desperately waiting for the beloved franchise to deliver me that parade I want so badly, I can kill some time by doing the little John Stockton craft

thingy that the *Copper Palate Press* people made. I’m not sure what to call the thing, but it’s like an origami project—kind of. Basically, you cut out John Stockton’s body parts with an x-acto knife and connect the slits to turn him into a little box. It was a great project for another lonely Saturday night and the little box Stockton looks great next to the life-sized portrait I have of the best white point guard ever. *Copper Palate Press* made a cut out of **Angela Brown**, too, but she doesn’t have 15,806 assists or 3,265 steals, so no one gives a shit. —Mike Brown

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Personally speaking, I own an iPhone but no iMac, so I often see Windows and Apple having a technical pissing match for dominance while I update and back up my phone. There have been days when all my info vanished and I had to replace it on my hard drive. So for owners like me, this upright charging dock from lomega is a slight savior. Download the free app, plug in your device and watch it save your contacts and photos. On the plus side, it requires no PC or Mac hookup: It’s a stand-alone device for storage purposes only, with no ads or malware. However, you can’t use your device in any capacity while it saves data, not even the alarm clock. It only works normally while charging. It also leaves the screen on the entire time, which is fine to watch its progress, but probably isn’t beneficial for the device itself. It’s a fine dock that charges quickly, but long wait times for big information (700 photos took 10 hours to completely save the first time) and failure to run in the background make the saving qualities more of a hassle than a convenience. —Spencer Ingham

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As of late, I have noticed that there are quite a few shoes that fit the needs of the beer drinker (e.g. bottle opener on the heel, flask in the sole or your favorite beer logo). The fact that all these come in the sissy form of flip-flops wrapped up in a Corona tee just doesn’t reach out to me or, I assume, the rest of the craft-drinking market. Enter the brewshoes: the shoe that is more suited for the beer drinker than the general consumer. As any heavy drinker knows, the best pair of shoes are ones that you can kick off when you pass out face down. These have that ease of slipping on, as well as a collapsable heel so you can avoid the dreadful need of having to bend over. Next, the material itself is made of water-resistant leather and finished off with a slip resistant out-sole that is patterned with beer bottles. This makes retracing your drunken steps all the more enjoyable in the morning. The sizing is true to spec, and they come in a number of colors, all designated by characters from *The Big Lebowski*. With that, these shoes are slip-on-able, spill-proof and traction-aiding footwear. If a beer drinker’s feet are not longing for a pair of these, I feel like I

have not done my job. The brewshoe is available through *dsw.com*, *cabelas.com* and a number of other retailers online, though we got them straight from Rogue. For more direct information, check out *brewshoes.com*. —Tyler Makmell

Skullcandy
Uprock Headphones
skullcandy.com



A few weeks ago, I took a venture up to the Skullcandy offices in Park City and met up with a friend of mine who gave me a tour, and hooked me up with a few pairs of headphones. My favorite of the new headphones I received were a new style called the Uprock. They are definitely my new everyday-shred headphones. The sound bumps clean with the 40 mm drivers. These are by far some of the sturdiest headphones I’ve ever worn. They fit super snug on almost anyone’s head, and don’t feel floppy at all. The Uprock is also one of the sleekest pairs of headphones I’ve ever owned, as they have a slimmer appearance with simple logo placement at the bottom of the band. They come in ten different colorways and have a flat cable, so when you just huck your headphones in your back pack when you get to class, you won’t have to spend 20 minutes getting them untangled when you get them out on your way home. The only feature I wish would have been integrated into these would be a mic to make them compatible for answering calls from the homies while at the mountain shredding. But at a price point of 30 bucks, you can’t beat these. I definitely recommend swooping a pair up before the snow starts dumping. —Billy Ditzig

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

I live in downtown Salt Lake and when I was walking my dog this morning, there was a dead raccoon on the curb. It was large, smelled absolutely horrid and its little paws were clasped together, as if it were praying for salvation in the last moments of its little raccoon life. So, I call animal control, they tell me to call the Utah Department of Wildlife, who tell me to call the police, the police instruct me to call Utah Highway Patrol and the Highway Patrol direct me back to the Department of Wildlife. The Department of Wildlife informs me that, as a matter of fact, no one picks up raccoons in Salt Lake County.

Now, to put this into context, months ago, I came upon a cat in almost the exact same spot that was also large, also smelled horrid and appeared to have been disemboweled. Its little face was contorted into what appeared to be a grimace, and its eyes were wide open, as if it were approaching the gates of kitty hell. I called the non-emergency police line, they called animal control, and the cat was picked up within the hour. So what gives? I understand that raccoons can carry diseases, but so do feral cats.

In addition, the Department of Wildlife said that in Davis County, the local police pick up dead raccoons. Now, I understand that the fine SLCPD may be busier than the cops in Davis County, what with

all the underage parties to bust and gay couples kissing at Temple Square, but come on. Salt Lake City has 3.2 police officers per 1,000 residents, which is 86.8% greater than the Utah average and 14.1% above the national average. It makes the most sense to me that the Department of Wildlife should pick up dead raccoons, but if police in Davis County can pick them up, why can't the police in Salt Lake?

Sincerely,
Pet Semetary

Dear Pet Semetary,

Davis County is somewhat of an aberration, as their Deputy Sheriffs are public safety officers and are cross-trained to be medics, mechanics and tow truck drivers. I didn't know they were also cross-trained to be dogcatchers. Normally, cops put the wounded ones down with a bullet to the head and animal control comes out and gets the carcass. Cops are trained to deal with human animals, not animal animals.

I don't know all of the "who bags the carcass" rules, but when I called my city to pick up a dead deer next to my house (AFTER A FUCK'N WEEK ROTTING IN THE SUN!), they said I needed to call the State. When talking to the State, some lady explained the jurisdictional nuances. From what I understand, some redneck has a contract to pick up all the fur pelts from dead wild animals. Supposedly, he sells the skins to the Russians or Chinese to make hats. That dude is always on time since he's making money, but nobody wants a coon skin hat. I'm sure we both just ran into some government rotten carcass bullshit.

Although SLC has many cops per 1,000 population, the shitty west side takes up most of them. I guarantee almost all new money will go for more cops instead of funding more for animal control officers. "Pass the buck" will most likely be the rule. They'll tell you to call the County, who will tell you to call the State, which will result in the rotting deer next to my house or the raccoon by your house staying there for a week. I wish the Chinese and Russians wanted deer-hide hats, and sorry, yes, coon skin hats, too.

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Gallery Stroll



Work from "The Horror Show" by Renee and Todd Keith.

Photo: Renee and Todd Keith

Connecting the Dots By Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

Opening this month, *Utah Arts Alliance Gallery* presents *Halloween Horror Photos* with **Renee** and **Todd Keith** featuring fine art photography with horror themes. This husband and wife duo both work as freelance commercial photographers for *iStock Photo* and *Getty Images* and have had their images published in thousands of advertisements, as magazine covers and plastered on billboards. Renee discovered her passion for photography in 2002 when she picked up her first digital camera. By 2004, she had founded the *SLC Photo Club* (slc-photo.com) and entered the fast paced world of commercial stock photography. Todd was born and raised in Utah, but has lived all over the world. In addition to working as a freelance commercial photographer, he owns and manages *BellaOra Studio Photography* in Saratoga Springs, Utah. They work together building props and painting backgrounds. Renee does much of the special effects makeup and body painting on the models. She says, "We've been working together since we first met during a *SLC Photo Club* meeting early in 2008 at the *Sugarhouse Library* ... that first weekend after the meeting, we got together for a fun shoot and have been together non-stop ever since!" Their last exhibit, *Body Works*, was voted "Best Photography Exhibit" by *City Weekly* readers and won an *Arty Award*. The show runs Oct. 3–Oct. 29 with the opening reception on Oct. 7 from 6–9 p.m. The *Utah Arts Alliance Gallery* is located at 127 S. Main Street. Gallery hours are Tuesday - Friday noon–8 p.m. and Saturday noon–5 p.m. For more info visit utaharts.org.

Want to connect with local artists? Whether you're an artist or an art lover, the *Utah Art Alliance* artist event *Connect*

will give you an "in" to the artists of Utah. A free monthly event, *Connect* provides a casual atmosphere where artists can mingle and showcase their art. *Connect* takes place the second Friday of the month from 7–9 p.m. at the *Utah Art Alliance's* building at 2191 S. 300 W. #1B. The invited guest speaker starts around 8 p.m. and speaks for 15 minutes about their art and the tricks of the industry. Attendees are encouraged to vote for their favorite works of art through a secret ballot. The artist who earns the most votes on event night is invited back to showcase at an end-of-year gathering to compete with each month's winners for grant money. All mediums are admitted and eligible for voting. Artists can bring a maximum of three pieces. Previous speakers include **Heath Montgomery** speaking about pottery and **Rachel Domingo** speaking about fashion. For updates on each month's speakers, visit utaharts.org.

Looking to add more spook to your All Hallow's Eve? *An October Evening* 2011 takes Halloween back from the kids and places it right where it should be, in a building full of secrets where one's creativity and imagination can be one's worst enemy. *An October Evening* is an art show created by local artists for local artists, featuring film, fashion, dance, live acts and music. In its sixth year, the annual event takes place Oct. 27 at the *Masonic Temple* located at 650 E. South Temple. Admission is \$10. Doors open at 6:30 p.m. and the show will begin at 7:30 p.m. To view the trailer for this year's show visit their Facebook page.

Whether you're looking for art on the first Friday, the second Friday, the third Friday, or just a random day in October, there is always art to be seen and *SLUG* will always make sure you know what's going on.

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Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

With cold-ass days ahead and that son of a bitch winter unzipping his fly to piss on your happiness, it's time to become that beer-drinking recluse that you know you are, deep down inside. There is no shame in staying in to drink a little more than usual. As your beer-drinking guru, I only hope that you are picking the best and most local craft to enjoy. When you have locked yourself away in your beer-drinking bunker and you reach for a brewskie, you'll be able to take a pick from the newest of local make with this month's lineup, featuring a new oaked beer that has been jacked up, an Epic beer just back from the Great American Beer Festival and a saison suited for all four seasons.

Oak Jacked Imperial Pumpkin

Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Company/Crooked Line

ABV: 10.31%

Size: 750 mL

Description: This new Crooked Line release pours a crystal clear copper-orange color with a heavy, off-white head that slowly fades away. The aroma consists of a well cooked pumpkin pie, a variety of winter cooking spices, followed by some bourbon oak character and subtle sweet notes. The flavor is pumpkin heavy with cinnamon and clove, all backed up by a well rounded oak balance on the tongue, and an alcoholic finish that doesn't manage to hit you till it reaches your stomach.

Overview: I believe a great man once said, "He who controls the spice beer, controls the universe." That person must have been a brewer at Uinta. The all-around balance of the pumpkin spice and well-hidden alcohol make this an enjoyable drinker and a perfect match for that holiday dinner pairing. This is not a bad way to kick off the latest release from Uinta's Crooked line, as they are fresh off an artistic redesign of labels and bottles. (Props to **Trent Call** for the killer label design on this one.) Thanks, Uinta, for keeping your artists local.

Fest Devious #5: Scotch Ale

Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Company

ABV: 7.8%

Size: 22 oz

Description: With a heavy auburn to deep amber color, this brew pours soft in carbonation with a light head that leaves a lingering foam around the top. The aroma is filled with caramel

sweetness and underlying amounts of plum and fig. The taste is filled with more of that plum/fig, light caramel toast and an off bitter crispness in the finish.

Overview: This is the newest release from Epic under the Fest Devious label. Of the brews to be released from Epic, this is the first Pro-Am beer to be brewed for the Great American Beer Festival. Every year at the GABF, each local brewery is given an opportunity to sponsor a local homebrewer and highlight the recipe that has been recognized in competitions. The lucky winner this year is **Mike Hahn**, a long-standing homebrewer in the SLC scene. This particular scotch ale is malt heavy, with a deep, complex flavor. This is definitely one for sitting back, sipping and enjoying the complexities.

Le Quatre Saison

Brewer/Brand: RedRock Brewery

ABV: 6.2%

Availability: 500 mL

Description: This Belgian/French-style ale pours a rich, clear straw color. Just a hint of musty farmhouse character in the aroma dissipates quickly into some summery fruit and a whiff of spice. The first taste is refreshingly tart with a soft, pilsner-malt finish. Let the glass warm a little and you start to get a lot more—orchard fruit, slight bitterness from the hops and that mouth-coating, spice-induced sweetness. Can this beer seem both dry and sweet at the same time? The balance is truly remarkable with the yeast doing the lion's share of the work. High carbonation helps a finish with enough acidity to evoke citrus, and ends as refreshingly as it starts.

Overview: Saison has been huge in Utah this season and this is one of the best. At 6.2% ABV, it's not strong enough to knock your palette out with one swift thrust of its rich, spicy character, but rather a really nice beer for sitting somewhere outside and relaxing, even as the weather gets colder. Le Quatre's complexity rewards patience—the flavors can seem to meld with any season, but it's just so damn drinkable. Please let this Belgian yeast-obsessed trend among local craft brewers continue. That would be killer, thanks. Pick some up at the brewery before it's all gone.

—Rio Connelly

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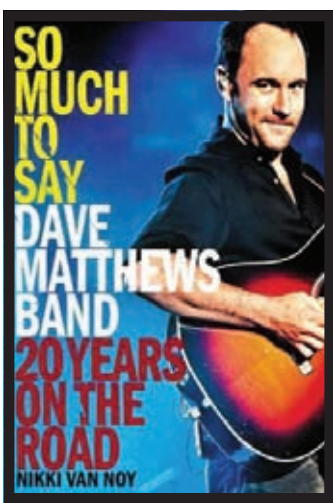
This beautiful, 744-page monster compiles all 20 issues of Norway's legendary *Slayer Magazine*, as well as editor Jon "Metalion" Kristiansen's early forays into the world of fanzines. Even though Kristiansen was around in the nascent days of Norway's black metal scene, the most interesting parts of this collection are Kristiansen's introduction to each issue of *Slayer*, as he recalls the events of his life and his continually evolving musical taste. Included are interviews with **Slayer** (of course), **Darkthrone**, **Bathory**, **Cradle of Filth**, **Marilyn Manson**, **Nifelheim**, **Destruction** and many more, though most readers will be drawn in by the numerous interviews with the infamous **Mayhem**. Kristiansen was very close with Mayhem's **Euronymous** and recalls him fondly in his writing (every issue after Euronymous' death features a tribute to him), though he writes very little about the darker aspects of Mayhem's history. Kristiansen is definitely much more of a fan than a journalist, and there is very little hard criticism to be found inside the pages of *Slayer Mag*, but it is refreshing to see a non-cynical take on a style of music often clouded by darkness. —Ricky Vigil

**Snowflake Obsidian:
Memoir of a Cutter**
The Hippie with Anger Issues
iUniverse
Street: 12.15.10

The anonymous autobiography of Utah native, The Hippie, this book is a delicate story woven together with markedly personal and raw aspects of the human experience. A candid and honest revelation of self, the tale is a complex evaluation of some of our most basic human interactions, dealing with teenage angst, Mormon angst, guilt, puppy love, real love, ideological and philosophical

musings and, quite possibly by accident, an insight into the guilt-driven place that most people raised in religions with a punitive god tend to live in. As someone with personal experience within the Mormon religion in particular, the struggles were easy to identify with, and it's always interesting to see how someone else sorted it out for herself. The Hippie seems likable enough—concerned with spending the time to look within and find the dark places to illuminate. At times, though, it's clear that guilt and judgment are still a permeating force in her existence. Nevertheless, this is a soul-baring book by a talented writer—you won't be worse for having read it. —P.Buchanan

**So Much to Say:
Dave Matthews Band:
20 Years on the Road**
Nikki Van Noy
Touchstone
Street: 06.07



As the title of a book accounting the awe-inspiring story of the Dave Matthews Band, *So Much to Say* is an understatement. In just over 200 pages, journalist and avid DMB fan Nikki Van Noy takes the reader on an engaging, informative and at times, heart-wrenching journey of DMB's 20-year career, told from the viewpoint of adoring fans and the band members themselves. Perhaps the most remarkable chapter is the second, "Getting Started," which portrays the beginnings of DMB as unlikely, awkward and, for lack of a better word, perfect. Noy reveals how grassroots marketing and word-of-mouth from college campus to college campus helped propel DMB—emerging during the lo-fi era of **Smashing Pumpkins** and **Nirvana**—to mainstream success. Quite simply, *So Much to Say* is, as Noy herself puts it, "a love story about a band and its fans." —Chris Proctor

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Game Reviews



Don't do acid, kids.

Deus Ex: Human Revolution
Eidos Montreal/ Square Enix
Reviewed on: Playstation 3
Also on: Xbox 360, Windows
Street: 08.23

Deus Ex: Human Revolution is set in a cyberpunk world where cybernetic technologies are just emerging and are a major hinge in the story. You play as Adam Jensen, who is nearly killed in a terrorist attack, but is brought back to life with cybernetic implants. The combat, quests and missions are all fairly open ended, which is what sets the game apart. You could go into a building and decide to kill everyone, or you could sneak in without drawing your weapon. While there isn't necessarily a correct way to play, it did seem like there were certain situations where stealth was definitely preferable. However, I tended to turn every situation into a shotgun massacre. While the open-ended nature of the game is good, I felt a little lost in its vastness and was especially puzzled at the beginning by the computer's A.I. In an early mission, I was sent to investigate a body in the police station's morgue and decided to get into the police station using the proper channels, having accurately deduced that the game would suck if I made enemies with the police. I made my way down to the morgue and examined the body and everything was awesome, but then I accidentally grabbed the body off of the examination table, setting the entire police force to kill. At that point, the game quick-saved and it took me over an hour to get out of the police station alive—which also happened to waste an hour of my real life. Besides a few of these tiny setbacks, the game was really good. If I were a dummy,

I might even be tempted to say, "Viva la human revolución!" But I'm not. —Jason Young

Shadows of the Damned
Grasshopper Manufacture / EA
Reviewed on: Playstation 3
Also on: Xbox 360
Street: 06.21

Some gamers will pick up *Shadows of the Damned* expecting a game that reminds them of other Gochi "Suda51" Suda titles such as *Killer 7* or *No More Heroes*. Considering EA's aggressive promotion of the veritable development super-group behind its production, such expectations are not unwarranted. Names like **Shinji Mikami** (creator of the *Resident Evil* series) and **Akira Yamaoka** (sound designer for the *Silent Hill* series) still hold considerable weight in the gaming community, and much of the early interest in the game was drummed up around their involvement. These expectations may betray some die-hard fans of Grasshopper Manufacture's catalog, as *SotD* trades Suda51's trademark absurdity for a few cheap laughs and some surprisingly fun gameplay. The crass humor and comic tone tend to complement *SotD*'s punk rock aesthetic, and while not every joke hits its mark, this game's occasional miss is far more charming than irritating. Environments are full of detail, and even the high contrast of grainy, washed-out color against the off-black blues recall the look of old, low quality film. Sadly, many of the game's bosses are exercises in frustration, and all of them last a little longer than they should. All considered, this is a game well worth playing through to the end, and will certainly appeal to anyone who enjoys games like *Resident Evil 4* or vintage '70s horror. —Henry Glasheen



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Local CD Reviews

Christopher Anthony Leibow
She Leaves Me Small Gifts: A Few Love Poems
Self-Released
Street: 2011

Cohesive and composed, read aloud by a deep, sensual male voice, and accompanied by simple and unobtrusive classic piano and guitar melodies, this collection of poems tells a story of the experience of relationship. Sometimes weird and super personal as poetry and art tend to be, it would nevertheless (or perhaps more so) be a fun CD to put on in the background of a party to see if anyone noticed. Things might start getting a li'l freaky because, as I said, we've got a deep, sensual male voice describing various aspects of a relationship, including passages such as my personal favorite, "someone is desperately fucking in the room next door ..." on Track 9. You never even knew you were into poetry until this CD became your album to fuck by. I started wondering if that deep hum of a voice was enough vibration to, well, I think you get the idea. Stick it in to get off, I say. —*P. Buchanan*

The Hung Ups
Dawn of the Dead Beats
Ballz Out Records
Street: 07.15
The Hung Ups = (Descendents + Guttermouth + Screeching Weasel + The Mooks) / a hint of Andy Flag-era Anti-Flag

The Hung Ups are back with their sophomore full-length, and they're as catchy as ever! *DotDB* is tight and the guitars cinch each song together with intricate leads such as in "Donkey Lips." Though the recording quality and togetherness shine through with this release, singer **Josh Recker** still manages to make love sound like the four-letter word that it is when he scratchily sings, "The girls like the chase, but they won't let you take 'em home." The Hung Ups flesh out commonalities—like being hung over, or your buddy not liking your band—in a way that lets us reflect on our first world strife with a sense of depth. The banger on this album is "Stranger to Sobriety" with its dark guitar work and anti-authoritarian candor. Don't be surprised if these guys show up on **Fat Wreck** down the road—oh, and pick up this album. —*Alexander "B" Ortega*

Jesus or Genome
The Veil is Lifting
Sacred Plague
64 SaltLakeUnderGround

Street: 06.21
Jesus or Genome = Rocky Votolato + Sundowner + City and Colour
Jesus or Genome is the new project from **Mike Cundick**, guitarist and occasional screamer of local rockers **Loom**. Those expecting the same sharp guitar licks and chaotic energy of Cundick's other band are in for a surprise, as Jesus or Genome is a much more mellow affair, featuring only Cundick's voice over an acoustic guitar. On this 7" (available on red or black vinyl from Sacred Plague), Cundick gets some help from **Cicadas** violinist **Kim Pack**, though it's Cundick's thoughtful lyrics and affecting guitar work that compel listeners' attention. It's easy for acoustic solo projects to venture into pretentious and unlistenable territory, but Cundick manages to dig deep with his lyrics while keeping his music surprisingly fun and catchy. "Savior" has some great, quick fingerwork and a bouncy melody while "We Are Contagious" has a huge chorus that will be stuck in your head for days. Topping off a great package, the 7" comes with a download code that features a bonus track. —*Ricky Vigil*

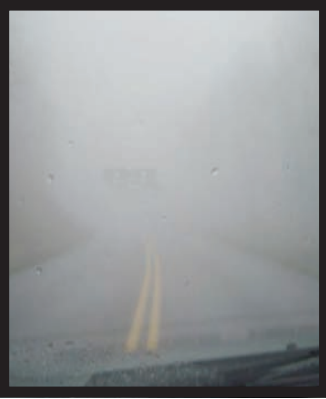
One Strike One Rise
Bring it Back in Me
Self-Released
Street: 05.14
One Strike One Rise = Songs: Ohia + Godspeed You! Black Emperor



Bring it Back in Me is meandering, rote dirge rock. The band, at its most successful, recalls the gothic country of Songs: Ohia. At its least successful points, the vocals sound one take away from being finished, and there's a flute needlessly warbling all over the track. Instead of being moody and introspective, the sound is limp and tuneless. Plenty of bands have managed to make

bold statements despite their lack of musical chops, but One Strike One Rise is not one of them. —*Nate Housley*

Perception
Cleanse Perception
inVERSIONS
Dungeon Recordings
Street: 04.11
Perception Cleanse Perception = Little Sap Dungeon x (Tolchock - Audio War)



At the end of his decade-long experiment, **KJ Cazier** (Little Sap Dungeon) closes with *inVERSIONS*. Citing the instability of the project and the mixing of genres within it, Cazier decided to end PCP with an album mainly composed of remixes of previous material. Opening with the one brand new track, "God in Slumber," the seven tracks here, not surprisingly, cross genres, veering from meditative ambience to harsh industrial, by way of trip hop and breakbeat. While tracks like "The Nothing (v.2 radio edit)" might find club play, this is a mature release that doesn't pander to dance-floor senselessness—it's adult industrial for thinking post-punks. Available as a digital download with a very limited run of print copies, this collection serves as a bittersweet farewell to a renowned and influential local band. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Punk Rock Joe
Poetry on Acid 23
Self-Released
Street: 2011
Poetry on Acid 23 is a stream-of-consciousness collection of short ditties, expressive but simple, about everything from Wal-Mart to suicide. Deep thoughts prevail, such as "fuck a duck, the duck is fucked, fucking duck, mother fuck," found on Track 16. Profound concepts are also prevalent, such as "if

not for hangovers there would be many, many more alcoholics," on Track 17, or Track 21, where the voice proclaims "Hell is a Wal-Mart—and it's packed!" It's easy to understand this kind of poetry, because well, fuck a duck! Admittedly, I prefer my own voice in my head when I'm, um, reading ... I'm just not a book-on-tape kinda girl. For what it's worth, the awkward reading to the odd and usually not-quite-appropriate background music has its charm—pop it in and get ready for some cringe-tastic easy listening! —*P. Buchanan*

Rotten Musicians
EPee
Self-Released
Street: 06.22
Rotten Musicians = Mark Dago + The Fisch + DJ Shanty



This joint cracks me up and sets me silly in the streets with smiles and roller skates. This *EPee* is far from rotten, and the jams are air-tight. This is the polar opposite of the street hustler rap I've been tuned into, and this joint is just what the times have ordered. If in the future you see people walking around the streets and they have blazed out sippy cups and bendy radical silly straws, this *EPee* is why. Mark Dago, The Fisch and DJ Shanty bring out the bangers. The opener track "Sippy Cup" is the future and "I Pee Rainbows" is the new anthem. The cake is taken, however, by the banger closer track: "Wasatch Roller Derby Theme Song" will get you pumped up and ready to throw some bows at fools. This album is proven to lighten your mood, and that is plain awesome. —*Jemie Sprankle*

Swindlers
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 07.12

Swindlers = Max Pain & The Groovies + Spell Talk + A single-cassette recorder



The four-piece experimental rockers out of Provo are known best for their live house shows, complete with lights and fog, turning a regular venue show into an experience. Bands who can pull that off will have an audience no matter where they go, but translating that experience onto a recording rarely works. This is the case with Swindlers' self-titled album. What should be a garage rock album sounds way too polished for the genre, and instead comes off as a pre-produced collision of stoner rock and grunge. The audio itself is crunched together and takes what would be really awesome sounds, and compresses them down to AM radio standards. This album is not terrible by any means, but it clearly falls short of their intended goal. If you want to hear the band at their best, catch a live show without the balanced audio or vaguely creepy album art. —*Spencer Ingham*

Tough Tittie
Stomach Transplant
Self-Released
Street: 05.28
Tough Tittie = The Weirdos + Social Distortion + Blood For Blood + The Phenomenauts



Tough Tittie are hitting us with a five-song EP plus the entire album *Pink Roid Rage* all on one disc. From the first track on the *Stomach Transplant* portion, "The Introducer," Tough Tittie takes the goofiness of the Weirdos and reformulates it into a bar-band punk

style. The intro track gets off to a rocky start, but the EP progressively gets better. "Warpeth," a bouncy, stop-and-go ditty, tackles the tough issue of a seething woman at home and the danger she poses for the male counterpart ... who likes to make little jaunts to the bar. "Kiddie Diddle Priest" is a little tune about pederast priests and all the shit they get away with, and "Release the Dopamine" is a way weird song with vocals akin to the beginning of "Delirium of Disorder" (**Bad Religion**). The best track, though, is "Crazy Jane," which features the sultry **ABK** and fun rock n' roll. —*Alexander Ortega*

Twilight Transmissions
Subterranean
Dungeon Recordings
Street: 06.22
Twilight Transmissions = Michael Stearns + the choirs of the damned

Possibly one of the most aptly named bands out there, Twilight Transmissions is like something you'd hear on some 3 a.m., non-commercial radio show dedicated to space music, but with a twist of something darker than a black hole. One of Christopher Alvarado's many projects (**Little Sap Dungeon**, **23 Extacy**, **Harsh Reality**), *Subterranean* is full of slow, chilling soundscapes that lure you into a trance state, and trippy blip hop that keeps your soul just a little bit on tenterhooks. At first blush it seems soothing, like your parents' new age, yet there's something evil lurking in the shadows: The sound here is soothing new age for the satanic set—it might put you to sleep and it might give you nightmares. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Twisted Axis
Self-Titled
7th Street Records
Street: 05.03
Twisted Axis = Kiss + The Who + Hinder + a blender

If **Nickelback** and **Black Sabbath** were forced to combine forces, this is the product of that sad, sad scenario. Twisted Axis has a lot of '70s rock influences, which is all well and good, but there is also a definite early 2000s radio "rock" music direction they tend to lean toward. The vocals are pretty weak, and there's no real spark in the music, but I can see how people could like it. People who like **Seether** and **Hinder** might like this. At their best, they sound like **Pink Floyd**, but at worst they sound like, I don't know, just bad. When they have a more '70s space-rock vibe going on, like in "Wake Up," they're not awful—in fact, that's the best song on the album. In the next song, "Corruption," they sing, "Dirty, nasty, sexy freaks ..." in a voice I never want to hear say those words, let alone together. It makes me feel dirty, like I desperately need to take a shower and get that voice out of my skin. The first seven songs are forgettable, and the last four have a certain charm, whether it be that skeezy 40-year-old-in-the-



leather-jacket-without-a-shirt-on-licking-his-mustached-upper-lip-at-17-year-old-girls kind of charm, or actual, not-trying-to-be-charming charm. —*Kyla G*

Ugly Valley Boys
Double Down
Self-Released
Street : 07.18
Ugly Valley Boys = JB Beverley + James Hunnicutt + Johnny Cash



Traditional, American roots and hillbilly are all adjectives that have somewhat permeated into the underbelly of "country music." With all the negative connotations and pop music associated with the current state of country music, it pains me to call this country. But that's exactly what it is: stripped down, dirty, ugly, sad, beautiful country music played in a way that is reminiscent of the Great Depression. At first, the vocals resemble the late Johnny Cash, but as you get drawn into stories of moonshine running and sorrow, the vocals become very unique and gripping: that is all **Ryan Eastlyn**. **Braxton Brandenburg** is genius on the upright bass while **Brad Wheeler** and **Michael Sasich** lend their talents to the equation, making this nothing short of a brilliant debut album. —*Patrick Carter*

Various Artists
Time Capsule
Billygoat Database
Street: 07.30.10
Time Capsule = Squarepusher + Aphex Twin + P-Love

I was pleasantly surprised when I popped in Billygoat Database's Time Capsule compilation, featuring music from **VCR5**, **Nolens Volens** and more. Not quite knowing what to expect, I was greeted with some extremely creative and varied techno jams. Each song seems to take you on a whirlwind adventure through a strange and mysterious land that is half **Tron** and half *Lagoon*. The thing about the music on *Time Capsule* is there are elements that pop in out of the varied glitchtastic mix that keep you interested and the beats are fast and varied, like if **Richard D. James** was giving **Zach Hill** a full-body rub down. This is an interesting listen throughout all eight tracks and I would recommend this album to anybody who is looking to get down with some instrumental thought-provoking breakbeat music. —*Jon Robertson*

The Weekenders
Self-Titled
Spare Bedroom Records
Street: 03.11
The Weekenders = Chris Cornell
If you're going to submit an album or EP to be reviewed, please don't just burn a CD and throw it in a blank sleeve without a track listing. I have better things to do than look at your fucking MySpace page to match up the five songs you haphazardly sent in. After playing The Weekenders' little puzzle and giving it a listen, I discovered a disc of songs that would fit perfectly in the 1992 film *Singles*. The biggest reason for the '90s comparison is **Rob Reinfurt**'s pitch-perfect Chris Cornell-like vocals and meaty guitars. The jam band-ish "Lost Sight" leads the EP with jumpy drums, some sweet keys and even whistling! Next is the overbearing hard-edge guitar on "Alone," and later, "Don't Plan On" shows up, reminding me slightly of **Stone Temple Pilots**' "Wicked Garden." Is this a good thing? Dude, it's up to you. —*Miss Modular*

When the Fight Started
When Bodies Fail (EP)
Self-Released
Street: 03.18
When the Fight Started= Nickelback + Foo Fighters + a dash of chaos
Ah, boys. Testosterone-laced angst is, in my humble opinion, by far the best fuel for any young band. Pretty little vocal harmonies pay homage to greats like **Alice in Chains**, and also make it clear that vocals are in fact this band's strength. Even lyrics about nothing become lyrics about something meaningful just because they're uttered. A couple of beautiful guitar melodies and rad riffs that would do their influences proud help round out the album, and some messy arrangements and sloppy production aside, it's mostly pretty enjoyable. The next step will be tightening it all up, but isn't that the next step for all of us? Nice debut, gentlemen. Don't stop rockin'. —*P. Buchanan*



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Drive
FilmDistrict
In Theaters: 09.16.11



I will make this prediction: This film will be nominated for "Best Picture" in five months, because I wholeheartedly believe there will not be 10 films released capable of outshining this cinematic brilliance. However, if I am wrong and there are, then 2011 will have been one of the greatest years in the history of cinema. In the first ten minutes and with only a few words uttered, **Nicolas Winding Refn** immediately seats the audience in the backseat of **Ryan Gosling's** getaway car and takes everyone on one of the most exhilarating car chase sequences ever. Your heart will pound, your fists will clench and you'll be begging for more ... and you'll get it, too! The story itself is simple, and that's all it needs to be. A Hollywood stunt driver (Gosling) who moonlights as a wheelman falls for a married mother (**Carey Mulligan**), but when her husband is released from prison, he brings with him a debt that puts the entire family in danger. In order to protect his newfound love, the mysterious driver places himself in the middle of a feud that involves a vicious crime family and disastrous results. There is not one element in this film that isn't top notch. Refn uses everything from the minimalistic dialogue and artistic lighting to the striking set design and vintage '80s soundtrack to their fullest potential, never letting anything go to waste. Without a doubt, Refn has set the bar for filmmaking in 2011. Gosling is as charming as he is terrifying and his actions speak louder than words. **Albert Brooks** delivers a never-before-seen performance of villainy that sets the actor in an entirely new light. Capturing this modern day noir are the exquisite talents of **Newton**

Thomas Sigel, whose crisp cinematography and attention to detail produced some of the most striking images to date. This is a tension-filled thriller that absolutely must be seen! —Jimmy Martin

Footloose
Paramount
In Theaters: 10.14

There are three elements of the state of Utah that are well known nationally: the quality of our snow, the presence of Mormons and the fact that the 1984 original *Footloose* was filmed here. Alright, maybe that last fact is more of a local appreciation, but it's true nonetheless. With Hollywood now moving into the world of remaking 1980s classics, it's no surprise the story of an outsider moving into a conservative, Southern small town where public dancing is prohibited due to a tragic accident would be the next on the slab, especially with the television ratings of "So You Think You Can Dance" and "Dancing with the Stars." This time around, Ren McCormack (**Kenny Wormald**) moves in with his aunt and uncle in Bonmont, Georgia after his mother succumbs to leukemia, but it doesn't take long for the new kid in town to attract the judgmental eyes of Rev. Shaw Moore (**Dennis Quaid**) or those of his rebellious daughter, Ariel (**Julianne Hough**). With one offensive encounter after another from school officials and

stars **Ryan Gosling** as a campaign press secretary working for presidential hopeful Governor Mike Morris (Clooney) just as the Ohio Democratic Primary gets underway. As the campaign progresses, what was once thought to be a walk in the park is now compromised with back-room deals and unethical agreements. The moral standards of an idealistic team are pushed to the breaking point and loyalties between parties are put into question. The primary force of Clooney's political punch comes from the powerful ensemble cast he has gathered, which includes the sinister smugness of **Paul Giamatti** and the composed assertiveness of **Philip Seymour Hoffman** as two opposing and dedicated campaign managers. Watching these two political masterminds toy with Gosling as though he were a simple pawn in a skillful game of chess is engaging, but it is Gosling who takes charge of the film and fights back using their own dirty tactics to escalate the level of trepidation for all. The true fear that lies within the film is the level of plausibility with the actions transpiring on screen. We're all aware the Washington political scene isn't covered in rose petals, but to overhear one conceivable blackmailing conversation after another by those who desire to climb the political ladder is startling, especially since they're most likely occurring as you read this sentence. ~*Jimmy Martin*

Moneyball

Columbia Pictures
In Theaters: 09.23

For years, the NHL, NFL, MLS and NBA have incorporated the salary cap regulation within their sports' guidelines so as to level the playing field amongst larger and smaller franchises. However, such is not the case when it comes to Major League Baseball, where, for example, the financial pockets of the New York Yankees are much deeper than those of the Oakland Athletics. Thus, the latter is unable to attract all-star players with multi-million dollar salaries. This is a fact Athletics' general manager, **Billy Beane** (played by **Brad Pitt**), has had to cope with at the end of every failing season. In an act of desperation and an attempt to alter the time-honored tradition in which teams are shaped, the once promising draft pick partners with young Yale graduate Peter Brand (played by **Jonah Hill**) to enact an innovative strategy that utilizes undervalued players with a meticulously calculated equation. The potential result would allow a small-market team to remain competitive at a fraction of the cost, but the controversial journey to fame could bring Beane's career to an end. **Bennett Miller** directs this sharp,

behind-the-scenes sports dramedy with precision and perfected pacing, which allows Pitt and Hill to bounce off each other's wit with impeccable rhythm. Pitt orchestrates player trades as though he was negotiating one hostage situation after another, and with his players positioned as the bargaining chips, it's just as exciting. Yet, none of these successes could have occurred without the crafty rapid fire dialogue scripted by **Steven Zaillian** and **Aaron Sorkin**, both of whom express their authentic love for the game both on and off the field in the humanizing of players and the financial business behind the game.

—Jimmy Martin

Real Steel
Disney
In Theaters: 10.07

There's a new wave of films on the horizon that have located a fresh source of previously established popularity. That's right! Board game movies are on the way! **Peter Berg** has "Battleship," **McG** is shopping a "Ouija" feature around and rumor has it **Ridley Scott** actually wants to helm a "Monopoly" epic. These certainly are odd times for Hollywood, but it's **Shawn Levy** who kicks the door open with a futuristic robot boxing film that might as well have been titled "Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots." In the year 2027, the sport of boxing has become obsolete for a game of robotic brawling where the automated combatants can be torn limb from limb, giving the carnage-thirsty fans exactly what they crave. Attempting to profit from this mechanical mayhem is Charlie Kenton (**Hugh Jackman**), a petty promoter whose financial debts hinder every available personal and professional relationship. A glimmer of hope comes to the former contender with the partnership of his estranged son (**Dakota Goyo**) and a vintage sparring robot named Atom whose unnatural ability to take a punch and shadow human movements may give the underdog team a chance for the championship. Levy's robot rumbles and special effects are as polished as they come, but the same cannot be said for the lackluster screenplay penned by **John Gatins** that offers nothing but exhausted dialogue and a routine storyline. Nevertheless, the utmost fault comes from the obnoxiousness of Goyo, who is without a doubt the worst child actor to star in a blockbuster since **Jake Lloyd** in *The Phantom Menace*. Why Levy allows the whiney prepubescent to overtake the screen with his unconvincing gusto and nauseating dance moves is beyond me. The true talent lies with Jackman, not Anakin Bieber. —Jimmy Martin



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CD Reviews

Absu

Abzu
Candlelight
Street: 10.04
Absu = Melechesh + Mercyful Fate + Desaster



Texas-based Absu have been turning heads in every direction from the get-go for over a decade. *Abzu's* playing time is almost half that of their previous effort, but its intensity has already ruptured my eardrums in so many ways. My first little spin with *Abzu* completely liquefied my brain. It's faster than fast. It takes a bit of comprehension—I've forgotten how many times I've listened to the album and I'm still trying to fully grasp its not-so-plain intensity. There is a reason Absu are on the tongues of the entire metal world: They can craft something that completely transfixes its listener into a fully attentive state, the music taking hold like some pleasurable parasite. The record's production—not overproduction—is about as pristine as metal can get. Every little nuance sounds like you're sitting in the room with the trio while they're playing the album flawlessly. When it's all over, all I can do is place my hands in a triangular fashion and mutter evilly, "Excellent." —Bryer Wharton

Amen Dunes

Through Donkey Jaw
Sacred Bones Records
Street: 08.16
Amen Dunes = Velvet Underground + Suicide + Syd Barrett

This is a drug-induced, psychedelic freak-folk ride that requires some close listening, so go ahead and put

on your headphones and get ready for a long overdue trip. The songs on *Through Donkey Jaw* are haunted like an abandoned hotel in middle America, drenched in reverb, where you have been left behind to uncover the lost confessions of **Damon McMahon**, the man behind Amen Dunes. The vocal chants and lingering drones on songs like "Not a Slave" and "For All" will leave you gasping for air. The curtains are pulled back briefly on "Good Bad Dreams," allowing a moment of natural sun, and "Christopher" is soul-crushing with the lyrics, "I heard your stories/ And nobody cares/ Are you fit for my mind?" The 10-minute-plus "Tomorrow Never Knows" promises to linger in the distance, but pulls you in when you least expect it. *Through Donkey Jaw* proves to be both a disturbing and compelling piece of work that deserves a listen. —Courtney Blair

Andrew Jackson

Jihad

Knife Man
Asian Man Records
Street: 09.20
Andrew Jackson Jihad = Defiance, Ohio + Neutral Milk Hotel + Bobby Joe Ebola



Arizona is a land of suburban sprawl, heat and hate—the unrelenting sun bakes the state's residents into fits of violent stupidity and melts their brains into a mucky sludge of intolerance. It is the perfect breeding ground for punk rock. Phoenix natives Andrew Jackson Jihad create a brand of punk that is sincere, sarcastic and just plain fucked up. *Knife Man*, their fourth full-length, opens with a 22-second song titled

"The Michael Jordan of Drunk Driving," encapsulating the band's dark humor and folksy sentiments—a perfect introduction into the world of AJJ. **Sean Bonnette's** lyrics are full of frank confessions and humorous observations that range from the greatness of being a "straight white male in America" to the advantages of fucking the devil in the mouth. The band deftly moves from fuzzed-out pop punk ("Gift of the Magi 2: Return of the Magi") to sparse, dark folk ("Back Pack") and everywhere in between. If that doesn't pull you in, I have one more word for you: kazoos. Seriously, pick this one up. —Ricky Vigil

Beirut

The Rip Tide
Pompeii Records
Street: 08.30

Beirut= A Hawk and a Hacksaw + Cowboy Indian Bear
It seemed almost impossible for Beirut to get cuter after 2009's *Holland*, but their newest effort proves that wrong. With less eastern European influences and more of an American pop sound, they've got something awesome going on. There is still an obvious Beirut root, but they're branching out, or back in, to a less bizarre sound. The album starts out with the booming, ukulele-laden "A Candle's Fire," a song that would make anyone want to dance, even on the worst of days. "Santa Fe" sounds like **Vampire Weekend's** interpretation of a hypothetical vacation to Romania. **Sharon Van Etten** does some guest vocals on "Payne's Bay," fitting in perfectly with **Zach Condon's** unmistakable croon. There's something beautiful about this album that isn't so apparent in Beirut's others. It's a lot less demanding to listen to than, say, *Gulag Orkestar*, in that it isn't as heavy. There's still quite a lot going on (and with 11 members, there's not a way around that), but there's an airy quality that feels really good. Beirut might lose a few fans on this one due to the apparent change in direction, but it could just be a trend album. Even if it is, it'll be on heavy rotation while I'm in transit. —Kyla G.

Canon Blue

Rumspringa
Temporary Residence
Street: 08.16
Canon Blue = Florence and the Machine + Radiohead + The Secret Machines



It's been a while since **Daniel James** released anything under his indie alter-ego, having spent the last three years as a live performance member of the Denmark rock band **Efterklang**. Between tours, James wrote and recorded his sophomore album, *Rumspringa*, out of the group's Copenhagen studio, working with the string quartet **Amiina** and 20 other studio musicians to bring this album to life. It may be cliché to use the term "movie soundtrack" on *Rumspringa*, but that's exactly what this sounds like. There's no specific genre to tack onto this, as the music moves from big band to alternative indie to space folk to radio pop. By definition, this album has no definition, as if it were composed to appeal to every kind of listener while remaining eclectic enough to keep everyone coming back, even if only for one track. It's a shame the album probably won't get airplay beyond *NPR*. (Kilby: 11.01) —Spencer Ingham

Ceremony

6 Cover Songs
Bridge 9
Street: 08.09
Ceremony = Negative Approach + Black Flag + Vile

It may have brought them acclaim from the smarmy confines of the indie world, and dumb hardcore kids may have been quick to cry about it,

but *Rohnert Park* was **Ceremony**'s best work to date and only proved the power of their abrasive, sand-paper and razor-wire approach to fast 'core. While their recent signing to **Matador** has fans anticipating another aesthetic sea-change, 6 *Cover Songs* may temporarily quell their impatient histrionics. Though it fails to tread new ground, it's strangely comforting to see a band pay tribute to their influences, and these reworked punk relics, vitriolic and paranoid, sound innate and instinctive, not forced or obligatory. Like any Ceremony release, it doesn't drag itself out much, but obvious highlights are their acrid renditions of **Pixies'** classic "Nimrod's Son," **Wire**'s "Pink Flag" and **Eddie & the Subtitles'** "American Society." —*Dylan Chadwick*

The Dirt Daubers

Wake Up Sinners

Colonel Knowledge

Street: 09.13

The Dirt Daubers = Devil Makes Three + Pine Hill Haints + The Carter Family + The Cumberlands



Colonel J.D. Wilkes has made a career out of breathing new strange life into music long forgotten and dead in the minds of most people. He's done astonishingly so, time and time again, with his band **The Legendary Shack Shakers**. With the Dirt Daubers however, he and long time collaborator and Shack Shaker bass player **Mark Robertson** play things a little more traditionally, if they even know the meaning of that word. **Jessica Wilkes** rounds out this folksy trio and adds her lead vocals to a handful of songs, which lends to the playful attitude throughout the whole record, making me think the live show would be a hoot, to say the least. The songs range from country, hot jazz, bluegrass, ragtime and blues, played with gusto by a slew of instruments such as mandolins, banjos, accordions, kazoos and something called a thunder sheet. This, the band's second release, doesn't have the lo-fi mystique of

their first self-titled effort, but it does have every bit of the character and quality. I've been a Shack Shaker fan for quite a while, but now I'm equally interested to see what the Dirt Daubers do next. —*James Orme*

Grace Jones

Hurricane

Play It Again Sam

Street: 09.06

Grace Jones = the original Gaga + Ivor Guest + Bruce Woolley + Sly & Robbie + Eno

Grace Jones emerges 19 years after her last album and shows no signs of letting up—Not too bad for a 63-year-old musician. Released in the UK in 2008, *Hurricane* is finally getting a proper US release. Album opener "This Is" sets the tone, with Jones reminding us that "this is my voice/my weapon of choice." As the **Tricky**-co-penned title track suggests, Jones is a creative and vibrant musical force to be reckoned with. Written with **Wendy and Lisa**, "Blood" is autobiographical and tells the story of how Jones' musical interests come from her mother's side—not her preacher father's—and is highlighted by her spoken refrain of "Amazing Grace," over her own mother's vocalized version. It is amazing indeed. Her mother emerges again in the lovely paean "I'm Crying (Mother's Tears)." Even more ambitious is the sheer awesomeness of the full 'dub' version of the album, entitled *Hurricane Dub*. The album's nine tracks—plus the enticing 'Hell Dub'—were remixed by **Guest** into wicked dub versions and makes the ultimate chill-out companion to the album proper. —*Dean O Hillis*

Gringo Star

Count Yer Lucky Stars

Gigantic Music

Street: 10.25

Gringo Star = Foreign Born + Thomas Function

This album lacks substance, but that should probably be expected by a band that goes by the moniker **Gringo Star**. It starts off really strong, with a song that is strikingly reminiscent of **Foreign Born**'s "Blood Oranges," but every song gets cornier as the album progresses. The songs are just too hook-driven and sappy (the high production values make this feel even more awkward). The oddest thing for me, though, is how much the singer's voice reminds me of **Ima Robot** (yet not **Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros**). The album certainly has a couple of highlights, though, such as the opening track, "Shadow," which I mentioned earlier, and acoustic tracks such as "Beatnik

Angel Georgie." If you aren't down for plenty of doo-wop style back-ground vocals and predictable guitar solos, maybe skip this one. (*Urban: 11.03*) —*Cody Hudson*

Hess is More

Creation Keeps the Devil

Away

Nublu

Street: 10.11

Hess is More = Body Language + The Go Find + Eero Johannes



Mikkel Hess is back with a catchy, powerhouse electro-pop album. Vocals that range between the flat, low singing of **Hot Chip** and the sweet and high harmonies of **Stars** are layered over catchy four-to-the-floor beats, disco grooves, organic hi hats, an international variety of strings and horns and folksy indie-rock melodies. It's electronic music with heavy alternative and indie-rock influences, like **Junior Boys**, **The Presets** or **Her Space Holiday**. "Going Looking for the End of the World" calls to mind **Andrew Bird**, with a background of violin and whistling, and a definite world music influence. "Circling High" is one of the strongest songs on the album, with beautiful harmonies and a catchy, upbeat chorus that you can't help but dance to. The title track is great as well, with a fun bass line, synths that offset it perfectly, and low, low vocals that chill you to the bone. —*Jessie Wood*

HTRK

Work (work, work)

Ghostly International

Street: 09.06

HTRK = Swans + (Ladytron x Velvet Underground) + Cocteau Twins

In the works for four years, and released a year after the suicide of bassist and founding member **Sean Stewart**, this is the third full-length for the former trio, who pronounce the four-letter name "Hate Rock." And rock it does not, as it drags itself bleakly along on somber notes and minimalist instrumentations.

The remnant of the band, **Jonnine Standish** and **Nigel Yang**, wring such a melancholic rage from the songs that you get the feeling they'd be filled with fury if they weren't so damn depressed. Measured rhythms set the pace on tracks like "Ice Eyes Eis" and "Bendin'," and glitchy electronics make their mark on "Eat Yr Heart," while a gloomy pall fills the aural spaces of the CD. It doesn't help that they look so damn young in the album art; Stewart stares out defiantly in the photo, eyes boring into you as if daring you to reach out, too late. Not a summer rocker, but an album for a dismal autumn day. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Hull

Beyond the Lightless Sky

The End

Street: 10.11

Hull = Neurosis + Mastodon + Torche

This New York City metal crew left off with a hopeful album that showed promise, but not a full-on execution of that promise, with their 2009 debut, *Sole Lord*. This follow-up is poised to knock Mastodon on their now-boring, proggy asses and turn some heads in the modern metallic world, where traditional genres are shunned upon. *Beyond the Lightless Sky* is a battle of sludge, groove and post-hardcore. Who needs an introductory track? This record starts out with an 11-minute wallop called "Earth From Water." You can decide if this offering will strike you or bore you based on hearing that first song, however, that doesn't mean the first track shows all of Hull's tricks. Compare it to reading the first chapter of a book. *Beyond the Lightless Sky* is structured in a familiar way, but for the sake of the pummeling that the band can slam and slam again, the grizzled, bestial tracks are broken up with shorter, almost interlude-type tracks not only serving as a break from the outpouring of noise, but as a great way to break up the album. There is a fantastic amount of riffs you're going to want to repeatedly hear on this record. Couple that with some guitar solos that come out of nowhere and fit like gloves with the album's songwriting and its layered vocal approach, and you've got a hell of a ride. (*Urban: 11.14*) —*Bryer Wharton*

Limes

Tarantula!/Blue Blood

Goner Records

Street: 08.16

Limes = Stephen Merritt x Brian Jonestown Massacre

Limes is the band centering around Memphis singer-songwriter **Shawn Cripps**, and oddly enough, *Tarantula!* is a reissue of a 2005 album released in New Zealand. The bluesy garage rock sound of the album means that it's aged well, sounding just as retro as it would have in 2005. *Blue Blood* is included on the CD version of the reissue, a CDR originally put out in 2006. Cripps' lackadaisical baritone ties the two releases together and gives even the upbeat numbers on *Tarantula!* a pleasantly lethargic feel. *Blue Blood*, however, suffers from the lack of focus seen on the earlier record, and one acoustic strummer blends into another. Limes are fortunately nowhere as lazy as they sound—but, in this case, their industriousness turns into a glut of music that can be a bit heavy to sift through. —*Nate Housley*

Juno Reactor

Inside the Reactor

Metropolis

Street: 07.12

Juno Reactor = Laibach + Fluke Ben Watkins' seminal world-industrial-trance juggernaut, Juno Reactor, has been causing havoc on



dance floors since 1993, hitting true stride with tracks featured in films like *Beowulf*, *Once Upon a Time in Mexico* and *The Matrix*. The tracks on this remix album cover a wide array of their best work, but this isn't a greatest hits album. Some songs are barely recognizable, like the standout track, **Bombay Dub Orchestra**'s remix of "Pistolero," which trades most of its Western drawl for Bollywood flare. But any reactor leaves a trace of its characteristic radiation, and so, too, does this one. There are few real surprises here, and the originating songs, like "Hotaka" and "Conga Fury," shine out brightly. This is a must for collectors who can't get enough, but casual fans may want to wait for their all-new album due out later this fall. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

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Modeselektor

Monkeytown

Monkeytown Records

Street: 10.11

Modeselektor = Claude VonStroke + Deadmau5 + Glitch Mob



Whether you're looking for a track to vibe to or something to help get the party started, this album has it all. *Monkeytown*, the third album from Berlin duo Modeselektor, does not disappoint. Variety is something this album doesn't fall short on, with its different styles, tempos and profuse amount of musical influences throughout. Due to the overflow of talent on the album, *Monkeytown* left me feeling high off the drug that is Modeselektor. Incredible collaborations with artists like **Thom Yorke**, **Pillow Talk** and **Busdriver**, just to name a few, bring the album to a whole 'nother level. The beats are hypnotizing, the lyrics entertaining and the synths impeccable. My favorite song on the album, "Evil Twin" with its enthralling synths and ensnaring bass, drew me into a world of shuffling warrior robots dancing to save the princess from her evil twin, Palinella. *Monkeytown* is worth the legal download. —*Mama Beatz*

Night Birds

The Other Side of

Darkness

Grave Mistake

Street: 09.01

Night Birds = Adolescents + Descendents + Agent Orange



Take that burrito doused in **Dexter Holland**'s hot sauce out of your mouth and log out of your *punknews.org* account, because Night Birds are here to kick you right in your

Menzingers-loving ass. In a world where about a million "punk" groups are trying to sound like mediocre bands from 15 years ago, Night Birds seem focused on sounding like awesome bands from 30 years ago. Following up several excellent 7"s and an equally awesome demo tape, Night Birds' full-length debut is 22 minutes full of the snotty, surfy (snurfy?), pretension-free punk rock they have become known for. "Neon Gray" and "Landfill Land" are great additions to the band's thrashy, horror-inspired catalogue, while the re-recorded versions of "Can't Get Clean" and "Paranoid Times" add a little extra "oomph" and will hopefully inspire new fans to seek out the originals. If there is any justice in the world, *The Other Side of Darkness* will bring Night Birds the attention they deserve. —*Ricky Vigil*

Nurses

Dracula

Dead Oceans

Street: 09.20

Nurses = Animal Collective + The Ruby Suns + Prince

The Portland-based group has returned with the follow up to 2009's bedroom psych album *Apple's Acre*. On *Dracula*, the band claimed they wanted to avoid all outside influences by heading to a cabin on the Oregon coast. Um ... Haven't we heard this story one too many times? **Bon Iver**? **The Antlers**? If they were trying to avoid influences, then why do they sound like a more approachable Animal Collective, or a shitty version of **Yeasayer**? Oh, they hired **Scott Colburn** (Animal Collective, **Arcade Fire**) to mix the record? Well, that explains it. Sorry boys: Scott can't help **Aaron Chapman**'s muffled falsetto vocals. Someone please grab me a clove of garlic so I can keep these overly bedazzled blood sucking hipster creatures away from my **Grizzly Bear** collection. —*Courtney Blair*

The Pine Hill Haints

Welcome to the Midnight

Opry

K Records

Street: 10.04

The Pine Hill Haints = The Dirt Daubers + Gid Tanner & His Skillet Lickers + The Sadies Self-described as Alabama ghost country, the Pine Hill Haints have forged their path by playing their own brand of music that touches on country, folk, rockabilly and more. The distinctive bounce of a bucket bass (that's a bass made up of a stick, a bucket and one string) and the haunting tones of an accordion are telltale signs of a Haints record—raspy vocals and buzz-saw acoustic

guitar give each track a punk-rock bite. Although the Haints draw on the old-timey sounds of the past, everything they do sounds fresh. It's new-era mountain music that leaps out at you from the shadows, and before you know it, they've made you one of them. Songs like "The Day the Sun Did Not Come Up" and "Ghost Town" are eerie and push the line on creepy without crossing over into horror. True originals, the Pine Hill Haints have breathed fire into music long thought dead and made it into something new. —*James Orme*

The Planet Smashers

Descent into the Valley of

the Planet Smashers

Stomp Records

Street: 07.12

The Planet Smashers = The Toasters + The Bouncing Souls + The English Beat + The Aquabats

I'm no ska connoisseur, but if you're into ska, I know you'll dig this record. The album starts off somewhat roughly with inevitable ska cheesiness (although doing the hippopotamus dance sounds like a blast), but gets better once the band drops in on "Happy New Year's." "My Obsession" begins with an electro-shock bass line on the keys at mid-tempo, which deals with the innocent desire to materialize a woman with a song. Sigh. Come to think of it, The Planet Smashers display their talent for writing love songs. "Something Special" features whistled melodies atop sunshiney up-strums, whose words could have been a collaboration between **Junior Murvin** and **Bon Iver**. The band doesn't coast on these songs, though, as they include bouncy party songs such as "I'm OK if You Want to Party," and neurotic subjects like antagonistic enemies in "Death Threats," which are sure to round off your skank sesh. Pick it up! —*Alexander Ortega*

Rocket from the

Tombs

Barfly

Fire

Street: 10.11

RFTT = Pere Ubu + Television + Dead Boys

Rocket from the Tombs is one of those bands that is criminally unknown. They existed for less than a year in the mid-'70s before splintering off into **Dave Thomas**'s Pere Ubu and **Cheetah Chrome**'s Dead Boys. They never recorded a studio album and only played a handful of shows. Punk rock tape-trading being what it is, though, live recordings and rehearsal tapes have been bootlegged ever since.



At some point in the early 2000s, a handful of reunion shows were played and these old bootlegs were given a proper release. Now, for the first time ever, surviving members have come together to record a studio album. And man, is it good. The dueling guitars of Cheetah Chrome and Television's **Richard Lloyd** weave a cacophony of snotty rock over which Thomas spews his **MC5/Captain Beefheart**-style vocals (I once heard his voice described as sounding like actor **Jimmy Stewart** trapped inside of an oboe). Original bassist **Craig Bell** and Ubu's **Steve Mehlman** round out the five-piece. Opening track "I Sell Soul" sounds like it was picked right out of 1975. Other songs, like "Romeo & Juliet," bring in more of the manic blues that Thomas is known for. This is an eerily good punk artifact. It blows my mind that this is a new release. One can only hope that the rumors of a fall tour are true. —James Bennett

Samiam

Trips

Hopeless Records

Street: 09.06

Samiam = Samiam circa 1998 + Green Day circa 2000

In ways, I feel like this album sounds a little bit more grown up than the mid-to-late '90s Samiam I know, with more of a put-together sound, better harmonies and a more thought-out album as a whole. But those "flaws" are what I liked about their older albums. *Trips* is too overproduced, especially when compared to their older albums. The first couple songs of *Trips* put a weird, bitter taste in my mouth, but four songs out, "Demon" restored my faith a little bit. It's absolute power-pop at its finest, and has a hint of the old Samiam that made me love them in the first place. The song "Crew of One" sounds pretty good, too. The new sound is *good*, it's just a lot different than what I'm used to. "El Dorado" has a good grip on their older sound, and the last couple songs, too, but they're just not the same. It hurts my heart a little bit to not like this album as much as their older material. The songs are catchy and hooky and fun, and

every note and beat is immaculate, per usual, but there's something in the mix that makes it uncomfortable to listen to. I kind of like it, 'cause it's Samiam, but it's Samiam with a squeaky-clean, used-car smell. —Kyla G.

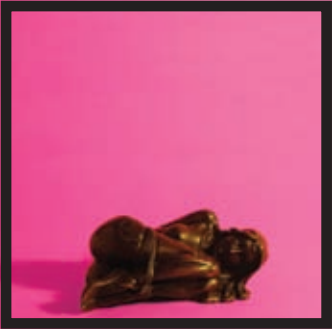
Sleep 8 Over

Forever

Hippos in Tanks

Street: 09.27

Sleep 8 Over = Cocteau Twins + M83 + Nite Jewel



Austin's Sleep 8 Over began as a trio with members **Sarah Brown**, **Christa Palazzolo** and **Stefanie Franciotti**. During 2010, every indie-worthy blog went apeshit over their debut 7", *Outer Limits*. Since then, the trio has been downsized to a party of one, Franciotti. Listening to the full-length debut shows Franciotti was doing the heavy lifting from the beginning. *Forever* starts with the dizzy instrumental "Behind Closed Doors," leading your curiosity to take a peek inside. The warped and wobbly beats on "Romantic Streams" create an impressive, ethereal beauty. You can hear your own heartbeat under the layering soundscapes of "Casual Diamond," and the ghostly lyrics on "Don't Poison Everything" will cause your own shadow to shudder. You may feel isolated spending time with *Forever*, but in reality, this is a splendidly crafted album and a perfect companion piece to the approaching crisp fall season. —Courtney Blair

Sonic Youth

Hits Are For Squares

Geffen/Starbucks

Street: 08.23

Sonic Youth = Post-punk artsy forerunners, filtered through major label success and Starbucks.

Man, this is a weird review to have to write. *Hits* is being released in conjunction with the DVD release of *Sonic Youth -1991: The Year Punk Broke*. This is the first time that this career-spanning collection has received wide distribution, but the exact same CD has been commercially available through Starbucks for a while now. It

is a collection of Sonic Youth songs selected by famous fans of the band (**Flea**, **Radiohead**, **Beck**, etc.). As you may have gleaned, it's a pretty good collection of songs, especially for Sonic Youth fans. The liner notes even include blurbs written by the folks that picked each song. If you're a fan, there's a good chance you already have the music (though one track, "Slow Revolution," was recorded specifically for this release). If you're unfamiliar with Sonic Youth, this would serve as a great introduction. It groups together the more listenable tracks like "100%," "Sugar Kane" and "Teenage Riot" without tacking on the sometimes harder to listen to cuts that can turn off the casual listener. In all, it's a great collection, even if one of the curators is **Portia de Rossi**. —James Bennett

Trapped Under Ice

Big Kiss Goodnight

Good Fight Music

Street: 10.11

Trapped Under Ice = Crown of Thornz + Next Step Up + Linkin Park (yeah, I said it)

I've wanted to hate them for a while ... between the German fan-beating incident, naming themselves after a **Metallica** song and having awful fans ... but I can't. B-more's **Trapped Under Ice** has consistently separated themselves from the mouth-breathing horde of troglodyte generi-mosh, writing excellent stand-out tracks that incorporate subtle pop dynamics. Like *Secrets of the World*, *Big Kiss Goodnight* exudes as much passion, introspection and mental vexation as it does camo and wife-beater urban tuffness, but opts for a mid-paced groove. "Jail" has a leaden mosh bit, "Time Waits" boasts an infectious staccato romp, "Outcast" and "Victimized" showcase superb riffin' (slagging it as nü-metal ain't inaccurate) and even if those clean vocals resemble **Linkin Park** (izzat auto-tune on "Dead Inside?"), that beefy call-and-response aesthetic is damn catchy. Hot Topic types might dig it, core kids will roll their eyes, and though FM radio is dying ... *Ozzfest* isn't. —Dylan Chadwick

Warbringer

Worlds Torn Asunder

Century Media

Street: 09.27

Warbringer = Vio-lence + Death Angel + Exodus

Warbringer's always instilled an irrepressible giddiness in me. Call it my biased bent towards bullet-belted metallers playing anything moshable and primal, but when it comes to iGeneration jeans-tucked-into-Reebok thrash, these Ventura nutjobs lead the pack, and *Worlds Torn Asunder* proves it. Maybe it's

Dan Seagrave's artwork. Maybe it's **Steve Evett**'s beefy production, lending **John Kevill**'s slobbery bark the rabid edge it's never had. Maybe it's the leadoff cut "Living Weapon"—four minutes of war-time audial savagery abuzz with machine gun riffing, air-raid siren solos, and psychotic lyrical fare spat forth with all the subtlety of a meat hook in your pimply forehead ... but it's exceptionally memorable. "Wake Up ... Destroy!" and "Demonic Ecstasy" prove capable of reducing brains and necks to quivering mushes of Bay Area bongloads and teutonic clashing, and somewhere in hell's inner sanctum, **Paul Baaloff** is stomping poseurs into the devil's nutsack while listening to this record on repeat. Come stagedive at *The Complex* (11.01). —Dylan Chadwick

Warm Ghost

Narrows

Partisan Records

Street: 09.27

Warm Ghost = Dead Can Dance + Depeche Mode

After their debut EP dropped and I saw them at SXSW, I expected great things from this group's debut LP. Fortunately, in a rare universal move, this release does not disappoint. I really enjoyed their track, "Open the Wormhole in Your Heart"—a standout on their *Uncut Diamond* EP for its ambient chillwave synths and really nostalgic '80s sounds. Thankfully, the band included songs like "I Will Return" and "Myths on Rotting Ships" that are in the same vein. A different, more understated sound on tracks like their intro, "G.T.W.S," prove that their sound goes beyond what they showed on their EP and aforementioned songs, going into more subtle landscapes with less emphasis on retro sounds and more on futurescapes. Catch them live when you can. —JP

White Orange

Self-Titled

Made in China

Street: 09.11

White Orange = Queens of the Stone Age + Veracrash + Nebula

A hypnotic homage to the desert rock tunes of the Palm Desert scene, White Orange evokes the more aggressive side of **Joshua Homme**'s style without sounding derivative. Instead of trying to buck this easy association, however, the band uses this sound as a stylistic backbone for their progressive flirtation with other genres. From a classic **Black Sabbath** influence on "Middle of the Riddle" to a mediocre tribute to **Mastadon** with "Kill the Kids," this album is a versatile affair with bright, summery riffs and an excellent execution. —Henry Glasheen





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1: ELECTRIC SIX, KITTEN, MARK MALLMAN

4: ECID & AWOL ONE, YZE, LEARICAL MINDSET, DUMB LUCK

5: FLOW, RHUBARB JAM

6: KRCL & DANKSQUAD PRESENT HARD WHITE TOUR: YELAWOLF, DJ CRAZE, RITZ

7: DUBWISE

8: KRCL PRESENTS! - NEON INDIAN, COM TRUISE, PURITY RING

9: HEART & SOUL BENEFIT (DOORS @ 7): SMOKING BLUES BAND, SHANEY MCCOY

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11: KRCL PRESENTS! - CANT (GRIZZLY BEAR SIDE PROJECT),

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28: CANNONS as FUGAZI, ACCIDENTE as JESUS LIZARD, REVIVER as BOTCH, & JESUS OR GENOME as ELLIOT SMITH

29: KRCL PRESENTS PHANTOGRAM, REPTAR

30: UH HUH HER, JARROD GORBEL

31: HALLOWEEN!!! LASERFANG & SPELL TALK

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Nov 1: A.A. Bondy, Nov 2: Chali 2na & Johnny Polygon, Nov 3: Gringo Star

Nov 4: Real Estate, Nov 5: Starmy CD Release, Nov 8: Kathryn Calder

Nov 9: DEER TICK, Nov 10: Scott H Biram, Nov 11: DUBWISE

Nov 12: Mates of State , Nov 13: Jay Brannan, Nov 14: Ra Ra Riot

Nov 17: Royal Bangs, Nov 26: Jesse Sykes & The Sweetheafter

Dec 1: Ha Ha Tonka / Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Dec 10: Cocktail Party, Dec 15: The Hood Internet, Dec 16: GZA

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1 - stomping grounds

2 - salty street flea market w/ night sweats, holy water buffalo, folkadots (12 noon)

3 - the bombpops, the hung ups, fail to follow, storming stages & stereos(6pm doors)

4 - seveneleven, parlor trix, dumb luck, ecid & awol one (doors 6pm)

5 - broadway calls, living with lions, problem daughter, the hung ups (6pm doors)

6 - melt banana, conquer monster (cd release), tba

7 - krcl presents: ty segall/wavves, mikal cronin spell talk

8 - atillast, the last look, matthew quen nanes, a white flag

10 - the lonely forest, soft science, mermaid baby

11 - k-ute radio and national college radio day present: "the autumn bash" feat: the mod lang, bearclause, mountain hymns, scoria gates, the mooks, jesu or genome, prince polo, charles ells-worth, small town sinners, general harrison, visigoth, yybs, holy water buffalo (11:30am doors - all day event!)

12 - tessa barton, steve & eric michaels, the lionhearts

14 - cymbals eat guitars, hooray for earth, tba

Kilbycourt

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DOORS @ 7PM UNLESS NOTED

18 - ocean groove, voxhaul broadcast

19 - daniel francis doyle, platypussy, birthquake

20 - hip white people, the might sequoyah

21 - the devil whale, drew grow, sayde price, bear clause

22 - milagres,secret abilities cd release!, michael gross & the statuettes, mason lee & the rock'n'roll space studs, danger button (6:30 doors)

23 - potluck, glasses malone, sunset jonz (of living legends), mistah fab, j. hornay

24 - danksquad presents: blue scholars, bambu, grynych

25 - rubblebucket, mountain hymns, tba

26 - huldra, reverence, visigoth, hazard's runway

27 - young prisms, yybs, tba

28 - krcl presents: peter wolf crier, birds and batteries, tba

29 - krcl presents: the war on drugs, purling hiss, carter tanton


31 - learical mindset & sly's album release party w/ wasatch renaissance halloween party

78


SaltLakeUnderGround

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FOR UPCOMING EVENTS
WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM




BOOMBOX
SATURDAY OCT 1ST




HED PE
FRIDAY OCT 7TH




EVERGREY
SATURDAY OCT 8TH




YELLOWCARD
THURSDAY OCT 13TH




IMMOLATION
THURSDAY OCT 20TH



BANE
FRIDAY OCT 21ST



OPETH
MONDAY OCT 24TH



ROCK YOURSELF
TUESDAY OCT 25TH

...NO NEED TO SAY MORE.

preferred

Budweiser
Beer

ANHEUSER-BUSCH



ST. LOUIS, MO.