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Dear Dickheads,

I am at the ripe age of 19. I can stroll into any smoke shop around this town and purchase enough stogies to take out a lung. I can write in whoever the fuck I feel like on a presidential voting ballot. I can get married and start poppin' out wee ones. You know what I can't do? Go see a damn band play live. Utah's reasoning behind this is alcohol. You know, that stuff my parents have been guzzling in plain sight in front of me all my life with no harm done. In fact, by eliminating the mystery factor from drinking, my parents have created a girl who doesn't see much appeal in getting shit-faced. While it's true that at 21+ venues, some concert go-ers choose to consume too many shots and end up puking in the urinal, it's not to say that every person would do the same. All I want is to be able to stand in the crowd at shows and see my favorite bands. Is it so much to ask? I promise I won't yell obnoxious things to the musicians, or start a bro-pit of belligerent dancing. Hate to break it to you, but that happens at all ages venues, too, folks. I'm reaching 'Paying For A Fake I.D.' desperate. Thanks, Utah's oligarchy government, for screwing music lovers over and vicariously inspiring an entire generation of closet alcohol-ics. Hope the view is good from up there on your high horse.

Sincerely,  
Chick Bereft of Concerts

## FAX, SNAIL MAIL OR EMAIL US YOUR LETTERS!

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Dear Bereft Chick,

Look, no one hates Utah's liquor laws more than SLUG, but you're not going to get any sympathy here about your underage gripe. Personally, I can't stand to be around anyone born after 1985 (and I'm younger than that). There's a reason why you and your peers aren't allowed inside those venues, and it's not just that you can't hold your liquor: We like not having you there. I remember thinking, "What's the big deal?" about 21+ venues, and missed some good shows back when I was a wee one, but being able to get into those places with my head held high, with no drooling babies to deal with once that birthday came around was worth it, tenfold. If you're that big of a music snob, Salt Lake has plenty of awesome all-ages venues. I've seen a few bands come through here recently and stay for two nights to cater to the young'uns by playing shows at both Kilby and Urban. You'll be grateful for those 21+ venues soon enough. Until then, enjoy your youth for heaven's sake. Those closeted alcoholics don't get any better once they turn 21.

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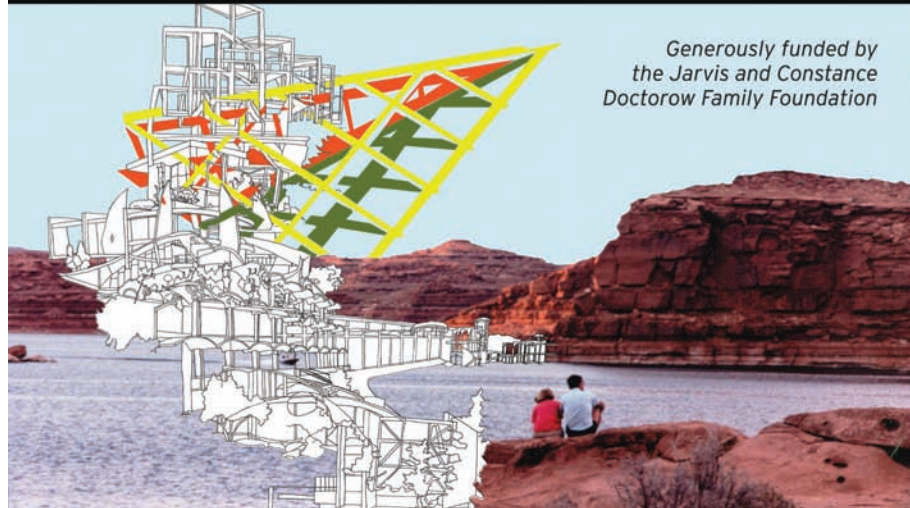
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## Localized

By Jeanette D. Moses  
jeanette@slugmag.com

On Friday, Nov. 18, head down to the *Urban Lounge* to check out the spaced out, experimental Pretty Worms, the drug-dazed, dirty rock n' roll of Dark Seas and opener **The Rose Phantom**. As always, a mere \$5 gets you in.

Pretty Worms formed approximately a year and a half ago, initially as no more than a practical joke. "We talked about an art prank—doing a band that was a hoax, that didn't actually exist and didn't actually have any music," says El Moron. What started as an idea for a hoax on Salt Lake City's music scene turned into an actual project—one of the more unique and eccentric ones currently playing Salt Lake. "I think the backgrounds of everyone in the group are pretty diverse. So often in a band situation, you get tied in with a bunch of people who have the exact same ideas as you and you get a more uniform result," says El Moron. "This time, since we've had a multitude of different perspectives, it has been a more experimental methodology."

Although each member has plenty of experience under their belts, Pretty Worms has given them all a chance to explore areas of music that they hadn't been able to in earlier projects. El Moron has played guitar in so many local projects that it's impossible to keep track—**The Wolfs**, **Pink Lightnin'** and **Ether** to name a few—but Pretty Worms is the first time he's played bass in a project. "It's really quite a lot of fun to not have any idea whether it sounds like shit or not, to not worry about it and just be able to let the music come," he says. Zachsis got his start playing drums with

orchestras before moving into more abrasive music, playing with groups like **Subrosa**, **Laughter** and **Dwellers**. "When I'm not stuck behind a drum set, I love noise," he says. "Pretty Worms is definitely up that alley. I get to mic my drums and put it through a space echo." Red Siren says working with El Moron provided her the chance to fulfill a goal of creating a record, something she moved to New York City to try to accomplish. "My last band, **Milk 4 Cats**, started doing fancy recordings and that unraveled at the seams," she says. "As soon as I moved back, El Moron was mentioning a project he wanted to start and I told him I was in. Whatever [he was] doing, I knew it was going to be good," she says.

This past fall, Pretty Worms released three 7" singles on *8ctopus Records*, each in limited runs of 200. Two of the three are splits with other local bands—one with **Plastic Furs** and the other with **Blackhole**. El Moron pulled out all the stops when creating the 7"s—all three releases feature custom artwork and multicolored vinyl—but the Pretty Worms 7" contains the most special touches of the trifecta. "They are homemade cookies, for sure," says El Moron. "The [Pretty Worms] record starts in the middle [on one side]. It also has locked grooves in the center of the record, which repeat infinitely. They work forward and backwards at any speed. The fucking records glow in the dark, too. I'm not sure how you

play an inside-out record in the dark, but you know ... That's what we have."

Initial buzz about this set of releases made it seem like you needed a special, high-tech record player to play the inside-out cut record. According to El Moron, any record player can play the release, it's just a matter of slowly moving the needle to the center of the record to avoid engaging the auto-return mechanism found in many cheaper record players. "It's probably why not many people do inside-out cut records, but what the fuck ... Here we are," says El Moron. "I figure the number of people who are still interested in recorded music, and still interested in records is pretty small, so we might as well go for it. We're really not trying to preach to the unconverted. This is for people who are already seeking out the unconventional."

Although El Moron was instrumental in the creation of the records, he says that it took an army of creative types for the project to come together. "It wasn't just the musicians and the engineers and the people who did the audio part of the record. We had some fantastic visual artists who helped with the record covers," he says.

Come be converted to the land of the unconventional when Pretty Worms play *Localized* on Nov. 18.

El Moron – Bass  
Red Siren – Vocals  
Zachsis – Drums  
Wylie Deadskin – Amp

PW



Irvin Martinez – Bass  
Kyle Wilcox – Vocals  
Rhett Hansen – Drums  
Diego Mijares – Guitar

Dark Seas is a band that almost never was. These days, you can find them regularly playing with **Max Pain and the Groovies** and **Spell Talk**, but they were reluctant to play at first, and almost didn't make it to their first show. Luckily, with the help of a California tour, a poncho and a whole lot of peer pressure, they're making a name for themselves playing dirty, drug-hazed rock n' roll.

The group had been tinkering around, playing **Joy Division** songs for approximately five months before the drummer of Max Pain, **T-coy**, called to say he had booked them a show at *Kilby*. Unable to play any of the covers that their "set" was composed of, the band asked T-coy what the hell they were supposed to play. "He said 'Well, can't you guys just write some songs and play them?'" says Wilcox.

With only 21 days to prepare, they managed to write four songs, but at the last minute decided they weren't ready. "We tried to back out and T-coy said, 'Fuck no, you guys are playing,'" says Wilcox. Unable to ignore the peer pressure, and out of a fear of having their "balls ripped off" by T-coy, Dark Seas played their first set of original material on Feb. 22 at *Kilby Court*. "I think for the amount of time [we put into it], it actually came together pretty well. Obviously, it wasn't the best sounding shit, because we didn't have time to practice," says Hansen.

Considering that the bulk of the members picked up their instruments a little over a year ago and that they've only been together for a mere nine months, it's pretty astonishing how far Dark Seas have come since that first show. What Dark Seas may lack in experience, they make up for with their enthusiasm for playing music.

The project actually got its start due to Mijares' extreme alacrity to learn to play the guitar. "I met this old-ass dude and I was watching him [play], and I said, 'I want to play the guitar so bad—I love music,'" Mijares says. The "dude" told Mijares that if he played 30 minutes per day, he would eventually learn to play some songs. "I know I sit at my house for more than 30 minutes a day," says Mijares. The realization led him to purchase a guitar, and after spending almost three weeks playing for numerous hours to learn **Pink Floyd**'s "Wish You Were Here," he convinced Martinez to try to learn the bass. "I'll buy it, and if you don't like it, I'll keep it. If you do like it, you keep it and just pay me back," Mijares recalls telling Martinez. The two went to the pawn shop, bought a bass and then recruited Wilcox to sing because of his love for karaoke. A while later, they ran into Hansen at a party. He told them he had some drums in his basement, and they exchanged numbers and made loose plans to jam.

"We didn't know how to jam. We didn't know what the hell that meant," says Martinez. Since they didn't know how to start from scratch, they started with what they knew, liked and was easy—Joy Division. When it came time to actually write their own material, Mijares says they pulled from those

same songs they originally learned. "It was the same chords, but just strummed differently. [We] mixed 'em up and came up with something," he says.

Although they started with a single influence, these days, Dark Seas are inspired by a much larger group of bands, including **The Black Angels**, **The Doors** and **Link Wray**. "Our style has changed a lot. It was more of a Joy Division sound back then. I think we're branching off now and finding our own style, developing our own sound," says Wilcox.

Their stage presence has also grown to match the energy of the local groups that initially encouraged them. An April tour to California with The Groovies seems to have helped Dark Seas find their footing while performing live. "We were really stiff on stage when we first started—we didn't do stuff at all. We were just like mannequins. After we went to California ... That's when I lost that," says Martinez. According to his bandmates, the trip to California wasn't the only thing that helped their bass player become more fluid on stage. "Irvin got a poncho and he fucking loosened up," says Wilcox. A poncho that he wore on stage in a venue in Hollywood that was nearly 90 degrees—"I'm sure Irvin lost at least one pound that night. He was sweating so much," says Mijares.

At the time of this interview, Dark Seas were in the process of recording their first release with **Kent Rigby** at *Midnight Recording Studio*. The eight-song self-titled album will be released the same night at their *Localized* showcase.

Check out the unconventional eccentricities of Pretty Worms, the vintage-influenced rock n' roll of Dark Seas and opener The Rose Phantom at *Localized* on Friday, Nov. 18.







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During the third week of October, *College Music Journal*, a weekly publication specifically targeted to the music industry, hosted the 31<sup>st</sup> annual *CMJ Music Marathon & Film Festival* in New York City. I arrived at *CMJ* not knowing what to expect, but quickly realized it was unfair to keep using Austin's *SXSW* as my reference point. Although the two week-long music conferences are run in a similar format and serve a similar purpose—exposing emerging, unknown and more established indie artists to publicity representatives, music journalists and other industry types—the experiences are polar opposites. *SXSW* feels like a cake walk compared to the grueling five days I spent in New York, bouncing from venues that stretched across three of the city's five boroughs and attempting to navigate subway systems late at night.

In some ways, *CMJ Music Marathon* is similar to the athletic competition that it shares a name with. Five days of non-stop music requires endurance—a good set of earplugs helps, too. There are a plethora of day parties, industry panels and nighttime showcases crammed into these five days. It's utterly impossible to experience everything that you want and equally as difficult not to wear yourself down with days that can span from 12 p.m. to as late as 4 or 5 in the morning.

Multiple times throughout *CMJ* I found myself conflicted over which event to attend, and wasn't always pleased with my decision. I was only able to catch one of the four sets that the locally adored **Spell Talk** played during the music conference—a ratio made even stranger by the fact that their drummer is my boyfriend. The night I caught them, they followed a terrible electronic artist and didn't take the stage until nearly 3:30 a.m. By that time, the crowd had thinned considerably and most of the folks who were left were already familiar with the band. The show was still fun, but in retrospect, I wish I could have caught one of the earlier sets they played during the week. The artists below only represent a sliver of what I saw during *CMJ*. For full coverage, visit [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com).

**AFRO PUNK PRESENTS  
DEATH TO HIP HOP  
SHOWCASE**

**MUSIC HALL OF WILLIAMSBURG  
10.18  
NINJASONIK**

Ninjasnik was the first group that I saw during *CMJ* and I instantly dug their high-energy collision of punk rock and hip hop. MCs **Reverend McFly** and **Telli Gramz** jumped around the stage with a style that was reminiscent of *Run-D.M.C.* Being backed by a live drummer and an erratic guitar player made their sound

and stage presence huge. It took me a few songs to realize I had actually seen Ninjasnik in Salt Lake last April at an under-populated show at *The Complex*. At that performance, I was unimpressed by what was going on onstage and they seemed like a flash-in-the-pan gimmick. Seeing them play Brooklyn, their home turf, refreshed my outlook on the group. With a packed, enthusiastic house, these two killed it. Performances of "Somebody Gonna Get Pregnant" and "Bars" ignited the crowd the fastest that night.

**CEREBRAL BALLZY**

Cerebral Ballzy is one of my favorite bands of 2011. They've breathed

Photos: Tommy Ottley and Audrey Bagley/TheAudioPerv.com

**Peelander-Z**

**BEST OF CMJ**  
2011  
By Jeanette D. Moses  
[jeanette@slugmag.com](mailto:jeanette@slugmag.com)

life back into hardcore for me. I'd seen them twice in Salt Lake before their *CMJ* performances—once opening for **Black Lips** in June, and approximately a month later opening for **H.R.** of **Bad Brains**. I couldn't wait to see them play in their stomping grounds of Brooklyn. I immediately got the feeling that the majority of the crowd had been fans of Cerebral Ballzy before they ever scored a tour with Black Lips or released their album through **Adult Swim**. As I expected they would, these guys killed it in Brooklyn. Cerebral Ballzy possess a rare unbridled aggression, reminiscent of early hardcore bands like **Circle Jerks**, **Black Flag** and early punk bands like **Dead Boys**. They blasted through a set of light-hearted hardcore songs, with topics like pizza, skateboarding, drug use and having "Insufficient Fare" to ride the train. The clearly intoxicated front man **Honor Titus** demanded that the lights be turned off on stage. While it was sometimes difficult to tell what was happening, their raw energy filled the room and the show didn't suffer from the lack of stage lights.

**OFFICIAL CMJ  
SHOWCASE**

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10.19**

**DAVILA 666**

This six-piece, Puerto Rican rock n' roll group were some of the first artists announced to play *CMJ*. I listened to a few of their tracks before arriving in New York, but other than that, I was unfamiliar with their material. Their performance blew me away. They have an onstage energy similar to **Black Lips**, and although I'm pretty sure everything they sang was in Spanish, the songs were still instantly infectious. I particularly

enjoyed watching their flamboyant, hip-shaking tambourine player and their bouncy bass player.

**DOOMTREE**

I didn't plan to see Doomtree during *CMJ*, but when I realized they were playing *Knitting Factory*, I figured I might as well stay. It was the right decision. The entire Doomtree collective was once again performing together that night, which is a rare occurrence. Producers and DJs for the collective—**Lazerbeak** and **Paper Tiger**—held things together with their creative beats as **Dessa**, **Mike Mictlan**, **P.O.S.**, **Sims** and **Cecil Otter** took turns on the mic, occasionally spitting beats in unison. Their onstage energy and the collaborative nature of the group was incredible to watch. Although all members of Doomtree were talented, my favorite parts of the set were when Dessa or Mike Mictlan stepped up to the mic.

**SUB POP/HARDLY ART  
SHOWCASE**

**MERCURY LOUNGE  
10.20**

**XRAY EYEBALLS**

When Brooklyn-based Xray Eyeballs released their debut album, *Not Nothing*, I liked it, but found many of its 11 tracks so similar sounding that it became monotonous. Although their recorded material was a bit mashed together, in a live setting they shine. Guitar player and mastermind behind the group, **O.J. San Felipe**, has a rabid style on stage—a style shared by their drummer **Allison Press**. While their set suffered from some muddy sound issues, their melodic garage pop, sometimes reminiscent of **The Velvet Underground**, was well executed and kept me captivated.





Jacuzzi Boys

JACUZZI BOYS

I instantly fell in love with this three-piece's lo-fi style reminiscent of groups like King Khan and the Shrines, Nobunny and Ty Segall, and a stage presence like a day-glow version of Ramones. After doing a bit more research on Jacuzzi Boys, I felt silly that I hadn't heard of them sooner—they played the inaugural Bruise Cruise festival, which I spent a number of weeks salivating over last February with groups such as Surfer Blood and Thee Oh Sees. I'm thankful that I randomly caught one of their sets in NYC and plan to pick up a copy of their recently released Glazin' ASAP.

DUM DUM GIRLS

I've had Dum Dum Girls' newest release, Only in Dreams, on repeat since it arrived at the SLUG office in September. I was thrilled that I was going to see this all-female, garage pop group during CMJ. You might remember them as a Twilight Concert Series opener from 2010, but forget everything you saw there. Dum Dum Girls are a band best experienced late at night in a dark, intimate venue. Although there were some sound issues during their set, it was one of the strongest I saw at CMJ. Dressed in all black, these four women were as beautiful as they were talented. I believe they opened with "Always Looking" before ripping through many of the other tracks on Only in Dreams.

FANATIC/ CHICKEN RANCH SHOWCASE

BOWERY POETRY CLUB 10.22

PEELANDER-Z

Peelander-Z was the final performance I saw as part of

CMJ and they saved the evening from being a total musical bust. This Japanese comic book punk rock group's performance was otherworldly. From the moment the brightly colored Peelanders (Red, Green, Yellow and Pink,

respectively) took the stage, an exuberant smile stretched across my face. As the balding Yellow (who had terrible teeth) began screaming into the mic, that smile got even bigger. Unlike many groups, Peelander-Z's show is interactive. Just having you watch their performance isn't enough. Throughout their set they encouraged the crowd to sing along with their simple punk rock songs, such as "So Many Mike" and "Mad Tiger," by holding up large poster boards with lyrics hand-scrawled on them. They also passed out small metal drums to the crowd so they could participate by smashing against them with drumsticks. Multiple times they moved the show from the stage and into the crowd—starting games of baseball, bowling and limbo. Their set also included a plethora of accessories—plush monster masks, colorful wigs and a giant spotlight operated by Pink. The interactive elements of their show elevate them to a new level of entertainer in my mind.

I didn't get what I expected from CMJ, but my original expectations might have been unrealistic. CMJ isn't its younger distant cousin from the South, but it doesn't want to be. If I could do it all over again, I would like a clone. In the days spent scouring through blogs, YouTube footage and emails that were lost in the CMJ haze, it's shocking to realize how much I missed—sometimes even by walking into a venue a few minutes too late. I only saw a portion of what this marathon had to offer, but sometimes sitting through the god-awful makes you appreciate the gems that you find.



Davila 666

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# THE COPPER ONION

## Dinner at a Friend's House

By Heck Fork Grief  
info@slugmag.com

I live downtown, I'm an urbanist, and if New York can't be had, a similar set of cultural high notes certainly can be. I put on some good-looking shoes and walk to a bar for a drink, in my case, *Junior's Tavern*, where I order a dirty gin martini with Bombay. Then I walk less than a block east to *The Broadway Theatre*, where, if there's time, my friend and I will see a film after we eat at *The Copper Onion*, which sits directly in front and beside the cinema. It is, for me, one of Salt Lake's no-brainer evenings.

If I had to eat out every day, and could only pick one place in town to eat at, it would be *The Copper Onion*. No doubt. Though, *The New Yorker* or *Tin Angel* would also fit the bill ... if there were no *Copper Onion*. *The Copper Onion's* food flies against the wind of contemporary dining—it is simple, serious and from scratch. While one could complain that it is almost sentimentally traditional—think homemade fruit cream pies and hand-minced meat loaf—it's tradition from a time passed and a place gone. I feel less like I am in a restaurant, and more that I am at a friend's house, and they really know how to cook the hell out of cooking.

There is a sense of intimacy that this restaurant provides, which dark tables and lots of wine can only imitate, though a lot of wine is no bad idea. The wine list here is simple enough, and the servers know the stuff soup to nuts, never just pushing the priciest sip, but the one that they think will be just right. Priced between six and 11 dollars, a glass of wine is dead on target, but if you have friends to share it with, a bottle is always better—and cheaper—by the drink.

If you are alone, eat at the bar—it's the best seat in the house. The chef and crew don't put on a show for you: They perform a craft that has the beauty of labor and the grace of intelligence highlighting its ongoing event. They are focused and as one. It is a thing of beauty to see just how simple great cooking can be, and here it can be seen.

There are four different menus at *The Copper Onion*: brunch, lunch, late afternoon and dinner. The brunch is one of downtown's best, if for no other reason than it is served on Saturday and Sunday. The Bloody Marys (5.00) are just fine, and until recently, the Huevos Rancheros (9.00) had pork belly in them, which was wonderful and memorable, though now they are using pulled pork, which is delicious, too, but not as special. They are nonetheless my current favorite version of this great meal. The Frittata (7.00) is excellent, as one might expect, with a particularly creamy finish and the lingering taste of sharp cheese and garlic. The French Toast (8.00), too, will impress enough that you will tell your co-worker about it on Monday.

Lunch here is, as it is the case with most restaurants, an abbreviated and economical version of dinner. It is the one meal that seems a little pro forma, if you will, which is too bad, because everything else here seems so meditated. I would love to see some farm-style noon food done with high-end grace—a casserole, or an imaginative cheese sandwich with soup, or a roasted chicken with vegetables. The Copper Onion Burger (11.00) is a great hamburger for the same price as the so-so hamburgers in other sit-down joints downtown. The Meatloaf (9.00 for lunch, 17.00 for dinner) features lamb, beef and pork, all locally sourced and

ground for this particular meal. It has a particularity of texture and breadth of flavor not often found in my meatloaf-loving world.

All the dinner entrees come with some small side, but it is worth your time to try a small plate or two before your entree. The house pickles (3.00) are salty and snappy. The Pleasant Creek Ranch Waygu Bone Marrow (12.00) is here for your inner foodie to take home a new experience. Served with a baguette, it is a must-try if you haven't. The Romaine Salad (8.00) is a sexy and well thought-out Caesar salad. The Pork Belly Salad (11.00) ... Is it Turkish in inspiration? Or is it Deep South? It is a go-to, wherever it comes from.

Photo: Barrett Doran



The Waygu Stroganoff from Copper Onion is one of our food critic's favorite meals ever.

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The Waygu Stroganoff (19.00) is one of my favorite meals ever. It's platonically great, but expensive, considering how hungry I feel seconds after I get done with it. The Ricotta Dumplings (9.00) are strictly three par golf, and, though tasty enough, there just isn't enough there for my fat American appetite. The Lamb Shank (18.00) is always good, but not always available—get it if you see it. The Clear Springs Farm Trout Filet (17.00) is a locally sourced fish served with skill and panache. Trout bores me, but this here is some fine water steak.

For goodness sakes, order dessert. It's house-made, and it's really good. I have been ordering the various scratch cream pies (7.00) during these review meals. Dessert is an expenditure I generally avoid at restaurants because most serve industrial product, plastic crap. These guys don't.

For the past year or so, dining at this trendy, hipster-sharp but friendly cafe has provided me with a number of transcendental experiences both in food and society. I will be reconsidering my several dinners here with a warm, if intoxicated, memory and fondness for years to come, and, though they will not fill my body with calories, these memories will fill my soul with some sense that I have lived well and beautifully.

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# WELCOME to the Kennedoll House

By Princess Kennedy • [theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com](mailto:theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com)

As we enter the month of “giving thanks,” I would like to take a moment to reflect on what I’m thankful for and why. I tried to think of a Princess story that I could regale you with, but quite frankly, there were no funny ones and the story of going to help the homeless is too transparent. I don’t really care for whiny people of any homeless variety, anyway.

Thanksgiving as a child was the same as everyone’s, a story of family and food, but as I got older, it became way less appealing. My siblings all started having children, and soon, holidays became like a daycare—a loud, dark place. When I moved out of state, I used my distance as an excuse to never have to attend another family Thanksgiving Day again. Luckily, my family understands and was not offended by this.

As a gay, you often end up making your own family. In mine, I am definitely the matriarch. As the Angelina of this acquired family, Thanksgiving is a day I look forward to. I love to cook, and this is the perfect day to show off my culinary talents. I don’t know what it is about this day that turns this night-clubbing diva into a sentimental ‘50s housewife, but I go all out with the formal place settings and a menu that spans the board from the vegan to the pot eater, and ends in an open house cocktail party.

The phenomenon of the gay family is called a “House” (like fashion) and it stems from the gay African/Latin American culture in New York City. Its heyday in the ‘80s is featured in the documentary, *Paris is Burning* (released in 1990 and available on Netflix). In its first two years of release, it won “Best Of” awards from *Sundance*, *San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival*, *GLADD Media*, *New York Film Critics Circle* and *L.A. Film Critics Association*, just to name a few.

This film is easily the most important work in cinematic history of a gay subculture. It not only explores homosexual culture, but also issues of transgender, race, AIDS and poverty. It serves as a history of syntax still used to this day, such as “fierce,” “realness,” “legendary” and “reading.” It also dives into the glamour of the competition world. It depicts “balls” where houses “walk” in segments of costumed ferocity while Voguing—long before Madonna stole it from the gays for personal gain. Finally, it explores the relationships within the surrogate families that competed in these balls.

The houses are comprised of an HOH, usually a mother, and the children of the houses are made to do some sort of trial and loyalty period in order to be accepted into said house. My house, Kennedoll House, is made up of about eight or ten misfits called the Kennedolls, who aren’t required to do anything except love, worship and pretend to hang on every word I say. Another local and more current twist on this family is Nova Starr and her Starr minions, who are basically a SLC modern-day Von Trapp family, dominating the entertainment side of the drag scene. Cities around the country have these clans working in different ways that somehow enhance a different aspect of their community. For the most part, every house stands around pretending to be hot shit, but we’re all just cold diarrhea.



Photo: Katie Panzer/Digital Imaging: Maggie Zukowski

“As I sit around my Thanksgiving table in my frilly apron, gazing lovingly at my precious little angels, one thing will dominate my mind: Thank god these little MFs have me.”

It’s interesting how the dynamic of the relationships in these alternative households work. No matter how fake they may seem, people naturally fall into classic roles. I myself would have once been horrified at the thought of being called a mother. I find the term matronly, aged and unappealing, but once I found I had wisdom to force upon others, it came quite naturally. As for my faux offspring, they have personality traits like every other unit. There is the oldest that moved away to find himself, the handsome brat that I have to nag to be nice to his siblings, the independent, the perfect and talented one I’m hardest on to be even better, the insecure pleaser, the comedian who makes all the wrong choices, momma’s little helper and the youngest/prettiest who constantly seeks my approval. Fuck me if the saying “I love them all equally” ain’t true!

On the whole, I hate children. In my opinion, babies are for shaking and teens should be starved in locked closets. Naturally, a family is something I thought I would never want, or even be afforded, for that matter. How foolish I have been to not see that a family is the perfect outlet for my ultra-alpha bossiness. As I sit around my Thanksgiving table in my frilly apron, gazing lovingly at my precious little angels, one thing will dominate my mind: Thank god these little MFs have me.

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

## FAMILY DINNER

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com  
Twitter: @Fuckmikebrown

### In the spirit of Thanksgiving,

I'd like to write about family dinners. Thanksgiving weekend is an awesome time of year, unless you work retail or hate your family. It's a time to teach the children that us white people did not, in fact, fuck over the Indians, because there was an awesome dinner with **Pocahontas** and **Squanto** who taught the pilgrims how to gut a turkey or some shit like that.

With my Mormon mother getting deployed for her Mormon mission this month and my dad living out of state, my family dinner obligations with the rest of

my big Mormon family have drastically reduced this year. Just so you know, out of four married sisters and one brother and two step families, I'm the only one who spends my Sundays at the bar taking shots of whiskey instead of shots of sacrament.

I did leave my name on the Mormon records, though. Why? In case shit ever really hits the fan, I can tell the church I'm on the list. And Mormon welfare is the bomb, yo! And as to my knowledge, I have to actually go to church to get ex-communicated, but whatever. As you can imagine, being the only heathen at the dinner table creates some interesting dynamics, to say the least.

When my **Grandpa Miller** was alive, a lot of the spotlight of fucked-up-ness was taken off of me and put on him. Grandpa Miller lived well into his nineties, as did my grandma, and if a fucked-up sense of humor skips a generation, I can thank him. He was a successful, retired accountant who made it known that he hated the Jews because, according to Grandpa, "They control all the money!" I never really understood that or cared to agree, but as long as he was getting yelled at by my mom for making racist jokes at the dinner table, it was easier for me to hide my hangover.

Grandpa was truly one funny son of a bitch. He was pretty deaf and had those big, old man hearing aids, so when you would talk to him at the dinner table, or anywhere else for that matter, conversations often shifted because he couldn't understand a goddamn word you were saying. He would just go with it and reply to whatever he thought you said. It drove my mom crazy, but I thought it was hilarious. As he got older and more senile, the conversations just got better.

Whenever Grandpa would tell one of his dirty jokes at the dinner table, he would always pretend to not hear my mom and grandma yelling at him, while I would be the only one laughing. The funniest joke he ever told I didn't even hear the set up, just the punch line. It was one of those long-winded story jokes, and after he started telling it, I got into a conversation with my step dad.

**"As long as Grandpa Miller was getting yelled at by my mom for making racist jokes at the dinner table, it was easier for me to hide my hangover."**

As soon as I stopped talking to my step dad, I heard my grandpa say, "That was the best sex I've ever had, but I can never eat in a McDonald's again." My mom totally lost her shit and I couldn't stop laughing. If there's an afterlife and I bump into Grandpa Miller in heaven or hell, the first thing I'm going to ask him is the set up to that joke.

Grandpa was also sent home on more than one occasion for making my pregnant sisters cry at the dinner table. In my opinion, the only time you can make fun of a pregnant chick is if she's smoking or if she's a nun. Telling my pregnant sisters that they needed to drop some pounds was a little harsh, but that's just who he was.

With my grandpa's passing and the rise of social media, family dinner became increasingly interesting for me. I've always done my best to be respectful toward my family's values by not drinking booze in front of them and not teaching their kids swear words. But when they ask me how my weekend went, I can't exactly tell them how awesome the last **Fucktards** show was.

During one family dinner, it didn't take Sherlock Holmes to figure out that my family was creeping my Facebook page. A few months later, they found my Twitter feed. If you use your timeline to figure out how you got so wasted last night, having your big Mormon family follow you isn't the best thing if you want to stay in the will. Oh well. I can't hide my **SLUG** articles, and it sure as shit is going to make for some epic future family dinners.



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# Let It Be.

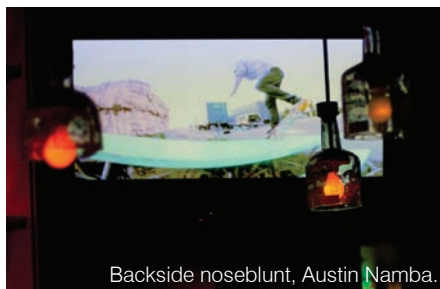
Words and Photos By Chris Swainston  
swainstonphotography@gmail.com



Bigspin, Matt Fisher.



Josh Martinez and friends at Artoberfest.



Backside noseblunt, Austin Namba.



Kickflip fs board, Ricky Chavez.



Crowd loving it.



Nollie, Logan Summers.



Nosebonk, Mike Zanelli.



Nick Martinez in a skate daze.



Fakie tailgrab, Levi Faust.



Sam Milianta, SLUG photographer.



Nollie flip, Danny Souk.



Dudes, you have some drool on your chin.



Video trance.

**Josh Martinez** has become one of the most dedicated and motivated skate filmmakers in Utah. His everyday mission is to get up early and stay out all day, filming. He has spots from Las Vegas to Reno and is never short of an idea on where to go. "I just like filming. I love making skateboarding films and working with people that want to skateboard and make something happen," says Martinez. When he sets off on a filming mission, his brain starts working the second a skater throws down their board. Each trick landed and each line put together is like a piece to a puzzle locked up inside his mind. Losing himself inside that puzzle, there are times when he can feel like a slave driver, pushing the people with whom he's skating to try something harder. But it works, and he captures some of the gnarliest skating going down by skaters in Utah. Even when they are burnt, busted and broken, Martinez will somehow invoke one more try out of them that, more often

than not, ends up being a make. It's this type of determination that has lead to his third film, *Let It Be*.

*Let It Be* premiered at the *Inferno Cantina* on October 7, 2011 at the second annual *Artoberfest*, an event Martinez put together to showcase the video, along with other local artists and musicians. "I saw how many people came together for a small video premiere and thought, 'What else could be done to bring more people together and do something better?'" he says. "*Artoberfest* is for the community, to showcase local talent—it's something for everybody to be a part of. You can come here and not even watch the video, just check out the artwork and listen to the music. I just want it to be fun."

Before *Let It Be* became a project, Martinez was working on a video with Las Vegas filmer **Garret Taylor**. When Taylor moved to California, that

project ended. "I needed to keep working on something, so, on the side, I started stacking footage in all HD." It was around June 2011 that Martinez saw that the footage he was collecting was good enough to start putting together a video. At the time, he was skating with **Austin Namba** and **Danny Souk** a lot, going out every day on extreme missions. "At first we were just skating, out having fun, collecting footage," says Martinez. "[Then] I saw that I really liked their styles. They were collecting footage so quickly that I knew I had an opener and ender part I could build a video around." From there, all the other skaters just started falling into place.

His attention to detail and drive to put out the highest quality video possible is what makes Martinez's video stand out. His choice to film *Let It Be* in all HD gives it a crisp look, on par with any big *Transworld* video. "I wanted all the footage to

match and to be as high quality as I could put out," he says. "I wanted to raise the bar for myself and for people to take a different look at HD filming, to take a look at it from my perspective and see if they like it." In the final days of editing, Martinez came in contact with **Red Point Digital**, a production company that approached him about doing some skateboarding test shoots with the Red Epic camera. They worked out a deal together and filmed the intro in one day. They only had six hours to work with the camera, so Martinez had to plan as much as he could the night before. "It was super last minute," he says. "Whatever we could get, I just tried to make something make sense." Besides its \$58,000 price tag, what makes the Red Epic camera so unique is its ability to shoot in super slow motion rates up to 300fps. Shallow-depth close-ups show every detail in a spinning skate wheel, and ultra slow-motion clips reveal every movement of the feet

and board as tricks are flicked and caught in the air. It's a unique view that is rarely seen, except in videos with big production budgets to burn.

Before the video rolls on, a dedication reel plays for Martinez's friend **Jake Garrett Waterlyn**, who passed away earlier this year. Martinez says, "I remember before he passed away, we were always talking about the **Beatles** song 'Let It Be,' so I decided to name it that, as a dedication to Jake." Waterlyn sets the bar for what's to come with a 270 board slide down shed rail as the first trick in the video. The quick feet and technical wizardry of Austin Namba follow suit, ending with a switch bigspin, front nose, front shove-it out. The film continues with **Gabe Spotts** and **Logan Summers**, two young bloods who have no qualms with handrails, flip-ins or flip-outs. **Levi Faust** is smoother than ice on a skateboard—he's the most well rounded skater in the video,

whether it's fakie tail grabs in the deep end of *Fairmont* or nose slides down 18-stair hubbas. **Matt Fisher** and **Ricky Chavez** serve up a gnarly shared part with a bigspin front board as the main course. **Mike Zanelli** puts down a smooth penultimate part before Danny Souk pulls out all the stops with seriously impressive skating. Talking about *Let It Be* does it no justice, but I will say this to perk your interest: tailslide 270 heelflip.

One hundred copies of the video were released the night of the premiere, but, for those who missed it, copies can be found at *Blindside* and *Milosport*. Just a week after the premiere, Martinez was already on road to Reno for a filming trip and the second premiere of *Let It Be*. Martinez says, "I'm going to keep doing what I'm doing, making skate videos for as long as I can and see what happens next year."





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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

I really fucking hate cops.

I haven't always felt this way about the law and its officers, but a few years ago, something happened that would forever stop me from dialing 911. I'm not a dirt bag, but I fell in love with one once (okay, maybe a few times). One night, I was sitting in his bed as he played Nintendo with some friends in another room, and I found out he'd been unfaithful. I called him into the room and told him I knew, after which he laughed and replied, "So what?" Frustrated and hurt by his reaction, I did something I've never ever done before: I slapped him. When I say I slapped him, I don't mean a handprint-on-cheek, silver-screen slap. Like I said, I'd never done it before and I was sitting, so it was more like a face brush without any follow through. You'd have thought I'd just tried to stab him by how he reacted, though. He took my phone and smashed it against the wall, he dragged me off the bed, pushed me into the wall, then back onto the bed, where he proceeded to shove my face into the mattress as he threatened to kill me. He let go, and I ran out of his house as he and his roommates yelled obscenities and threats behind me.

Once home, I borrowed a phone and called 911, afraid that he would show up with his buddies and well ... try to kill me. The cops arrived, I explained what had happened, they scoured the area to make sure he wasn't around, then one of them left to go talk to him. When the cops returned, they told me that he had told them another story: that I had "repeatedly hit" him, and he hadn't touched or threatened me ... and they believed him. The rest is kind of hazy, at that point the adrenaline rush had subsided and a strange numbness took over as I was charged with battery and the cop took my fingerprints. I remember asking him why, and if my ex was getting charged, too. He said something about me being the instigator, and that no, my ex didn't do anything wrong and had the right to press charges against me.

After three court dates, my court-appointed lawyer (who was in complete disbelief that I was in this situation) got the case

dropped the day before my sentencing.

So, officer, tell me: was it right for me to get charged with BATTERY? Was it right for my ex to get off scot-free? Should I have lied to the cops like my ex? Because if I had been a shit bag liar like him and not mentioned the "face brush," perhaps the law would have worked for my benefit, rather than against me.

—Born Again Vigilante

**Dear Vigilante Believer**

**Let me tell you a story:**

*I knew a girl whose bad boyfriend choices were the cops' fault. This girl was the epitome of a "victim." Psychologists have done thousands of studies on her personality type, those who desire abusers ... and collect SSI.*

*I believe this girl wanted help in improving her love interest choices. She admitted she had a problem by indicating she had chosen poorly on multiple occasions. Admitting an addiction (desiring pieces of shit for boyfriends) is the first step. The second step is improving blame accuracy.*

*A sworn, impartial peace officer arrested this girl for battery when she admitted to slapping her boyfriend during an argument. And the fine, upstanding young man that he is, he denied smashing her phone or smooshing her face in the bed as she alleged. In fact, this most excellent paramour claimed she did all these crimes herself when she lost control and slapped him, "that psycho bitch."*

*Now cops can arrest based on probable cause supported by evidence. And, they can't arrest for misdemeanor crimes not committed in their presence. So, this girl's loving boyfriend actually arrested her.*

*If this girl had neglected to tell the cop about a "face brush," he would have informed her, and her boyfriend, that there is no evidence to arrest either party and for them to stay away from each other.*

*This girl got a public defender who belatedly realized there is no physical evidence of any crime being committed, only a statement of guilt by her emotional and dramatic client. The prosecutor got the case and realized she had no physical evidence, only a statement by a very dramatic, multi faceted girl. Both lawyers agree, "no harm, no foul," and the case is dismissed. This girl thinks her lawyer is a god. (I'm just glad she didn't put out any money for this remarkable legal defense).*

*Vigilante, I believe this girl successfully eliminated drama and piece of shit boyfriends in her life. I don't know her name, but I heard she found religion.*

**Sincerely, Dear Abby Cop**

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# THE TIME I INTERVIEWED THE QUEERS

BY RICKY VIGIL

June 2007  
Hey, Joe! This is Ricky from SLUG. I'm supposed to interview you before your show tonight.

...Okay. We'll be at the club in a few minutes.

More than a few minutes later... Burt's Tiki

My friend Jesus is (pronounced "Jesus") here.

Hey, I'm Joe. You guys wanna get some food?

AAHHH! SCREEECH!

This was only the 4th or 5th interview I had ever done. I wasn't very good at talking to semi-famous people, so I mostly asked questions I already knew the answers to.

Pop punk was never popular. The only good pop punk musician is Ben Weasel. He's the one who hooked us up with Asian Man Records. There's so much pop punk rock these days, so it's so good to wait with you want some noodles?

Oh, No thanks.

He talked a lot though, so I felt like it went pretty well.

On the way back to Burt's, we got street tacos and talked with the opening band (whose name I don't remember) about life on the road.

TACOS SEARS

Dude, I totally jerked off in that Sears!

Me too!

Later, I asked Joe for a favor...  
Joe, neither of us are 21 yet. Could you get us into the show?

Yeah, No problem!

\*kids, never do this. Ever.

We went through the front door and Joe told the door guy that Jesus and I were underage.

Hey, these kids aren't 21. Can they watch the show?

NO.

I had never snuck into a bar before, but this seemed like the wrong approach.

I don't quite remember what we did after we got rejected, but it probably involved video games and sadness.

The Queers will perform at Burt's Tiki Lounge on December 3rd. I tried to get another interview with Joe for this issue, but it didn't work out. At least I'm old enough to see the show without sneaking in. For more of my comics, visit [rickyvigil.blogspot.com](http://rickyvigil.blogspot.com)



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Better hope Girl in a Coma is on your side in a bar fight.



Photo: Josh Huskin

## Watch Out Barbie. It's GIRL IN A COMA

By Esther Meroño • [esther@slugmag.com](mailto:esther@slugmag.com)

In a world where bleached blondes in heels singing high-fructose garbage are rapidly polluting the airwaves, Girl in a Coma is here to save us with a healthy dose of rock n' roll. Based out of San Antonio, Texas, the trio is comprised of **Nina Diaz** on vocals and guitar, her sister **Phanie Diaz** on drums and long-time friend **Jenn Alva** on bass. Together, they exude a sound all their own, breaking through the borders of any specific genre and picking up the pieces to

combine them into the inimitable Girl in a Coma. Though Girl in a Coma have the talent and drive to gain rock star success without a fairy godmother, the band's propulsion into stardom is a true Cinderella story—a brown-eyed, guitar-clad Cinderella with an attitude, that is. I gave Phanie a call in San Antonio just before the band set out on tour in support of their latest and fourth release, *Exits & All the Rest*, out Nov. 1 on **Blackheart Records**, to hear her side of the tale.





◀ Playing in bands together since the late '90s, Alva and Phanie recruited Nina in early 2000 after hearing her sing and play guitar. “Even though there was an eight-year difference in our ages (she was 13 at the time and Jen and I were in our 20s), we decided it didn’t matter, she was talented and we’d make her the lead singer,” says Phanie. Making a name for themselves around San Antonio with their energetic live show, the band was recognized by a cable television network and invited to be in a documentary about up-and-coming bands, which landed them in New York in 2005. “The show was supposed to end with **Joan Jett** showing up and surprising us with advice, and that would be the end of it. But what happened is that she came to our show in New York and she really liked us, and as soon as we were done with the gig, she signed us to Blackheart,” Phanie says.

The opportunity paved the way for national, international and even celebrity recognition. Since then, Girl in a Coma has played gigs with Joan Jett, done an impromptu performance of “Cherry Bomb” with **Cherie Currie** of **The Runaways** at last year’s SXSW and been personally asked to play as openers for **Morrissey**’s 2007 tour (you may recognize the name Girl in a Coma from **The Smiths**’ song “Girlfriend in a Coma”), to name a few. “It’s crazy, it always just blows our minds that these people we grew up listening to want us to go out with them now, it comes full circle,” says Phanie.

Girl in a Coma wouldn’t be where they are without their wide-ranging influences, a combination of genres and musicians that Phanie attributes to the construction of their unique sound. “Jenn’s a big rockabilly fan and she’s obsessed with **Elvis** and **Buddy Holly**, **Patsy Cline**. I grew up listening to riot grrrl and punk ... we introduced Nina to bands and Nina finds her own bands. She’s really into **Jeff Buckley** right now and **Björk**. I think each of us hanging out with our own groups, discovering bands and coming back to each other and exchanging music had a lot to do with the blend of our sound,” she says. The band members’ Mexican and Tejano roots are also prevalent in their music, an ingredient that’s highlighted in many of their music videos, featuring border-town imagery. Phanie credits San Antonio’s rich culture and musical diversity: “There’s a big embrace of music here and I think that influenced us to kind of go everywhere with our music. We don’t pigeon-hole ourselves and think, ‘This is the kind of rock we are and this is all we’re going to play’ ... You hear rock, but then you hear that Tex-Mex sound.”

**Girl in a Coma’s latest release, *Exits & All the Rest*, out Nov. 1.**

Aside from playing music difficult to categorize, the band’s members also set Girl in a Coma apart from other musicians. A trio of females, all Latinas and two-thirds gay (Alva and Phanie are openly queer) playing rock n’ roll? Way to stick it to The Man. The group did it with the full support of the community, however. “We didn’t know, starting this band and being three Latinas going on the road, how proud

this city [would become], and our background and our culture really embraced it and pushed us forward,” says Phanie. She describes the culture she grew up in as traditional and patriarchal, with women as the caretakers rather than the “strong, up-front force,” transforming their musical success into groundbreaking cultural inspiration. “We didn’t realize how important it was, what we were doing,” says Phanie. “[We didn’t know] what doors we were opening until we had little Latina girls coming up and saying, ‘Oh, you look like me and you’re in a rock band and it’s cool and I can do it, too!’”

It’s difficult to imagine anyone imitating Girl in a Coma’s diverse discography, though. From their studio debut, *Both Before I’m Gone*, through their collection of iconic covers in *Adventures in Coverland* and now their latest, *Exits & All the Rest*, Girl in a Coma is a band’s band. The new record is not one to be ignored. Recorded in analog and produced by **Mike McCarthy (Spoon, ...Trail of Dead)**, *Exits & All the Rest* is a little less rough than some of their previous work, but what it lacks in angst, it makes up in sincerity and conviction. “We had a crazy year, a more serious kind of year. Each of us personally going through stuff, and Jenn had lost her mom, so a lot of the songs on the record are just more serious,” explains Phanie. “I think being able to sit together in a room versus being separate and using ProTools and all that—sitting together, facing each other—we were in this mood together, and I think that had a lot to do with this new sound that came out on this record.”

The record is definitely one you’ll want to see played live—their shows are, after all, what set in

motion their inevitable success. Phanie attributes this to the band members’ closeness: “I think people can see our chemistry and our connection when we play on stage. It’s kind of like being born with two twins and we can finish each other’s sentences. We know what we’re feeling on stage without saying anything and how to attack songs together, and I think people can see that.” Of course, a band made up of sisters and a best friend isn’t always going to be cupcakes and rainbows. “We can get into some really bad fights and kick each other’s asses, but at the end of it all, because we’re so close, we know that nobody’s going anywhere,” says Phanie.

There’s no doubt the future looks bright for this group of talented musicians, and they have no plans to stop. The band hopes to one day tour with **The Pixies** and **Sonic Youth**. Phanie also says that Nina has been itching to collaborate with **Faith No More** lead vocalist **Mike Patton**. “That’s a big goal for Nina. She meets people who know of him and she’s always like, ‘Can you let him know that I love him and I want to do a song with him,’ so hopefully the word will get around eventually,” she says. The band looks up to Sonic Youth when thinking of their long-term career goals, though, and their ceaseless years of hard work touring and releasing albums. Phanie concludes simply, “That’s what we want to do, have a bunch of records under our belt and play shows.”

Check out Girl in a Coma at *Kilby Court* on Nov. 25 to get a taste of something good and new—don’t just take Joan Jett’s and Morrissey’s word for it.



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# TOOTH FRACTAL PSYCHEDELIA TYLER DENSLEY'S **Acid MATH**

By Alexander Ortega

[alexander.r.ortega@gmail.com](mailto:alexander.r.ortega@gmail.com)

On two occasions, a pre-adolescent Tyler James Densley fell asleep to a rerun of a movie on the USA network, where a high school teenager drinks magic prune juice and gains telekinetic powers. Both times, Densley subsequently awoke in a dream-like state that he simultaneously hated and loved: Time slowed down, his vision blurred and he would stumble to the bathroom, dry heaving. He somehow figured out that, in order for the dry heaving to cease, he had to concoct nonsensical math problems in his head, and then speak these formulas aloud. Densley, now an LSD shock troop, retrospectively refers to these twin experiences as his “first hallucinations.” Growing up as a straight edge, guilt-wrecked Mormon boy from Midway, Utah, Densley was certainly a backward letter in a spell-checked town.

Maybe these spontaneous hallucinations make more sense since Densley discovered that he is dyslexic about a year ago. Looking back on these strange childhood occurrences, he smirks and says, “I like the letters.” Densley still finds solace in producing odd grapheme combinations, which now accompany psychedelic images of repeating, grimy mouths and early 20th-century-styled cartoons within his work as a visual artist and tattooer at *Cathedral Tattoo*. In regard to his artistic style, Densley’s approach has formed as a composite of various factors in his development into an adult and onward. “Growing up Mormon and being straight edge most of my life, I had these weird inklings to do hallucinogens,” says Densley. “I always, in the back of my mind, thought that I would like to hallucinate—be able to see outside of what I know, be able to see a cartoon in my head.” Densley followed this desire and began taking hallucinogens. What he found were commonalities between what he liked about American traditional tattooing, his fondness for cartoons and his psychedelic experiences. He says, “I like things that have a nice initial graphic sense, but it’s not until looking at it for hours on end or in a completely altered mindset that you really appreciate it and you see everything.” Densley has acted on mixing his tastes in tattooing with a cogent style that is all his own—one might notice the hallucinogenic influence after looking at one of his skulls, whose eyes project stars with translucent, red

tails, which appear three-dimensional. “I’m kind of shocked that people haven’t tried to put that into tattooing ... [Psychedelia and tattooing are] very closely knit. It’s like being incredibly intentional and making the most effective product by simplifying as much as you can.” In light of an upcoming zine that he is releasing, Densley will use his altered mind states and the medium of tattooing to expose Salt Lake City to a dose of his own glorious hallucination.

Densley witnessed his older siblings’ friends getting tattoos when they came of age, and knew that he wanted to be a tattoo artist when he was 12. “I’d always drawn. It was like a compulsive thing to do when I was younger ... When I found something that I really liked, and wanted to work toward, that thing was Americana tattooing,” he says. Additionally, he hated Midway as a child. When he ventured out to California a couple of times to see hardcore shows, he fell in love with it as a mecca of everything that wasn’t his hometown. After graduating at 16 by “cheating his way through a Mormon high school,” he initially settled in Santa Monica, managed health food stores and began tattooing when he was 19. Densley ended up in a shop in San Diego, the city in which he would cultivate his tattooing skills and use as a home base to periodically visit Tijuana, Mexico to perform amateur dentistry. In 2004, San Diego gave birth to hardcore band **Lewd Acts**, with Densley on vocals. Once he found that he could control people and direct their attention as the vocalist of an aggressive band, he took advantage of the limelight and “would do insane, self-destructive things,” he says. “I had 12 staples in my head after trying to break a champagne bottle over my head because I was playing a show drunk and on acid, and thought it was a beer bottle.” After attempting to break the glass over his cranium twice, his “vision went hot ... My face was caked in blood,” he says.

“Part of the reason I left San Diego was because that band was done,” says Densley. “I think that was keeping me there for a long time.” The



**SKETCHES  
FROM TYLER  
DENSLEY'S  
UPCOMING ZINE,  
ACID MATH  
(LSD > LDS).**

belligerent screamer found that he had become a caricature of himself onstage, which scared him into moving to Salt Lake about a year and a half ago. Once he arrived back to his home state, he hit what he textually refers to as a “(s)low point.” He says, “Not being an established tattooer here made it so I wasn’t busy. I honestly don’t know what to do with my time if I’m not tattooing all day.” Densley resorted to superfluous day-drinking and marijuana-smoking in order to pass the time. He recalls searching for ways to get himself to fall asleep at night, being generally restless all the while. Through this slump of artistic inertia, however, is where Densley paradoxically rediscovered his stride. Rather than being constantly dictated what his art would depict from tattoo clients, he reformed his stasis into a canvas onto which he reproduced his inner, acid-stained eye. He says, “It was [also] good because I was drawing a lot and I was painting more, and it allowed me to explore more aspects of my illustration side—and do things for myself. It had been a very long time [since] I could sit down and just draw and paint for myself.” Upon signing on with *Cathedral*, Densley soon found that his Salt Lake clientele would allow him to ink their skin with work that was uniquely his own. As somebody who feeds off a client’s trust in his vision as a tattooer, this was a perfect predicament for Densley. Though Densley is not above putting what a client wants on their own skin, he feels that he creates the best product when the client allows him to exercise his expertise as a seasoned tattooer and impart his knowledge unto them. He says, “If I’m not putting everything into each tattoo, then I don’t feel like I’m doing justice to myself as a tattooer or the client.”

Since Densley’s creative reawakening, he has ventured to recreate what he sees in his hallucinogenic experiences through various visual media. His upcoming zine strings together experiences as Densley has seen them from within his hallucinogenic consciousness, starting from his initial, non-drug hallucinations as a child: Densley calls it *Acid Math* (*LSD > LDS*). The inequality equation of “*LSD > LDS*” indicates the spirituality that Densley unearthed within himself via hallucinogens, which was never supplied to him through the LDS church. He says, “Religion was just a whole lot of guilt, and hallucinogens have made me get rid of a lot of that guilt ... You kind of realize your place in the universe—you’re nothing. It took me feeling that way to [be] ... OK with certain aspects in my life. Acid has brought me to a state [that] I don’t think I could’ve got to with a sober, conscious mind.” Densley’s covenant to this sense of inner being has been this experiment to translate his subconscious through the loopholes of a hallucination as it comes out through his drawings, paintings and writing. “The things that I think about while hallucinating are very linear, and it kind of comes out,” he says. “I don’t like to have any preconceived notions of what I’m writing or drawing ... Later—it could be months later—I can look at it and dissect my subconscious.”

One example to draw from as to what to expect from Densley’s visual musings may well be the use of mouths in his work. He externalizes his preconscious disgust with

his own mouth by illustrating foul, rotting mouths with bumpy tongues in his tattoo work. He says, “I actually hate my mouth ... That’s my fucking gross fractal.” A similar dynamic comes to play with *Acid Math*—preliminary sketches display Densley’s cartoon work (e.g. a dog using a giraffe as a chair) with an enigmatic morbidity: “There’s some innocence to it, but I don’t feel like I’m that innocent, so when it comes out, it has aspects of other things,” he says. Additionally, Densley’s visual fixation on graphemes will shine through as he incorporates snippets of language in these pieces: “I love letters and have fallen in love with everything that you can do with lettering ... It’s writing, but not. The writing is incorporated [into]



Photo: Jesse Anderson

**“IF I’M  
NOT PUTTING  
EVERYTHING INTO EACH  
TATTOO, THEN I DON’T  
FEEL LIKE I’M DOING  
JUSTICE TO MYSELF AS  
A TATTOOER OR THE  
CLIENT.”**



Photo: Jesse Anderson

the drawing.” Densley has undertaken this work in order to satiate his need to constantly be creating and making for himself, but also to share his final product. “Even though I never go into it with the idea that I hope people identify with it, in some regard, I hope that they do,” he says.

Upon *Acid Math*’s release, Densley will take a break from acid. “This whole experience has been an experiment to see the limits of myself, but I don’t want to be caught up in it. I realize I’m glorifying it to a certain degree,” he says. He will unleash his zine on Nov. 11 at *Copper Palate Press* (coincidentally, 11 is a number with which Densley obsesses). It will consist of visual work such as screen printing, letter-press, black-and-white photo copy, color photo copy and transparency—as mixed-media as he can get it, but with little “tattoo-y stuff.” As far as the price goes, the final cost will be just as much a surprise to him as it will to us—“I don’t know, fuckin’ 10 bucks? 20 bucks? We’ll see,” he says. For more information, contact Densley at [thetoothhurts@gmail.com](mailto:thetoothhurts@gmail.com).

Not only should you pick up *Acid Math* (*LSD > LDS*)—because it’s sure to be aesthetically engrossing—but also, look into Densley’s paintings and his tattoo work to get the all-around experience of his hallucinatory perceptions. He’s ardent in what he’s doing—“A day that I’m not creating is not really a day,” he says.

**ACID MATH  
STRINGS TOGETHER  
EXPERIENCES AS  
DENSLEY HAS SEEN  
THEM FROM WITHIN  
HIS HALLUCINOGENIC  
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# shred flicks

## The Art of Flight

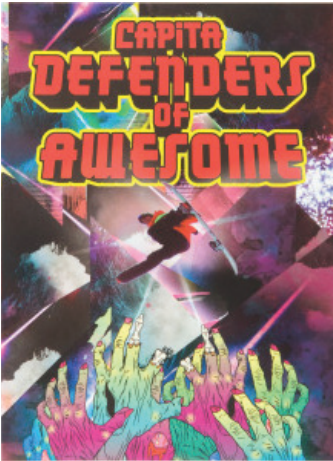
**Brain Farm Digital Cinema**  
**Street: 09.08**

After the success of *That's It, That's All*, some doubts began to surface as to whether **Travis Rice** and company's second film, *The Art of Flight*, was going to live up to the hype. Rice, in an interview with *SLUG*, stated that one main function of this film was to bridge the gap between the core snowboard-ing community and the mainstream. This time around, the crew shot on location in Alaska, Jackson Hole, Chile, Patagonia, British Columbia, Aspen and Revelstoke. When asked which section of the film he was most proud of, Rice responded with Revelstoke, which seems fitting as it's the last section of the film. The soundtrack was master-fully put together and the shots were perfectly centered on it, making it more of an experience than just a snowboard film. "So much of [the film] was centered around cinematography, our days revolved around catching two minutes of the right light in order to shoot. Everything we did we made a priority to hit during the right light," said Rice, and after watching the film it's clear that those aren't just words. *The Art of Flight* features crisp, smooth heli shots from behind the Cineflex HD Camera System and incredible slow motion captured with the Phantom Flex camera. Couple this with **Curt Morgan's** repute for perfection and talent behind the camera, and you've got a snowboard film that covers all the angles, so to speak. —Chris Proctor

## Defenders of Awesome/Ammo

**Capita/32**  
**Street: 09.02**

32's *Ammo*, which features their AM team riders, was the first to be shown to all the eager tweens and teens that showed up to the world premiere in Salt Lake City. With about 30 minutes of fresh city spots and backcountry booters, people were stoked, especially with parts from local riders like **Chris Brewster** (with his 50/50 nollie to front board rail transfer) and **Brandon Hobush** (who has notoriously stylish front boards). *Ammo* was a good glimpse of the fresh new talent of some up-and-coming riders. After a few yells and lewd comments about drunken sisters, *Defenders of Awesome* began. **Scott Stevens (Atcha Boi)**



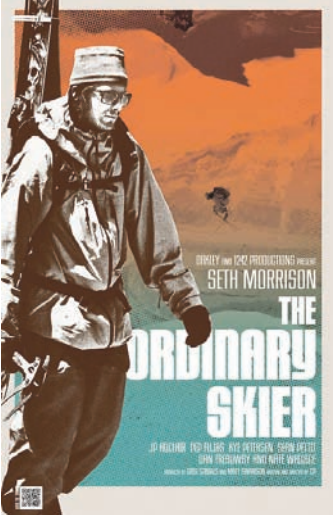
had the first part—with his signature skateboard-like, one-footed tricks, he takes snowboard creativity to the next level. Who else would board slide up a five-kink handrail? Local **Cale Zima** had a killer part as well, with bomb drops that would shatter the average person's knees into shards of bone—like the 15-stair close-out rail gap that he casually floated over and ended with a smooth, flat landing. **Jess Kimura** and **Laura Hadar** held it down for the ladies. Kimura's part was one of the best female parts I have seen in a while, especially when she 5-0s a giant corrugated metal tube then throws a smooth backside 360 off it. **Dan Brisse's** part is full of front boards off of a box on top of a 30-foot cliff, front side 450s over the rail gardens double rail gap, and anything else that is big and ridiculous. The rest of the *Defenders of Awesome* riders included **Brandon Cocard, TJ Schneider, Mike Rav, Andrew Burns, Dustin Craven** and **Phil Jacques**. Run to *Milo* or your local shred shop and pick up a copy of each flick, it will be well worth the cash and have you wishing it was winter time. —Jeremy Riley

**Loyalty**  
**4FRNT**  
**Street: 09.25**  
Local ski manufacturer, *4FRNT*, debuted its first full-length feature film and the reception was overwhelmingly positive. Edited by **Sam Peters**, this film showcases a myriad of *4FRNT* athletes slaying a dynamic mix of urban and big mountain lines. "We wanted to give all our athletes a chance to display their skill in this film," said **Phil Herbert**, the online brand manager for *4FRNT*. Local

athletes **Cody Barnhill** and **Wiley Miller** prove their positions in the ski world with a collage of stunning performances. Opening up with a tribute to *Hot Dog ... The Movie*, the entire *4FRNT* crew displays their hop-turning prowess and entices the audience with a quad-burning intro. The film's production values are surprisingly good for a first effort. Closing with a tribute to the late, great **C.R. Johnson**, *Loyalty* shows the world who we are and why we ski. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

## The Ordinary Skier

**Oakley and 1242 Production**  
**Street: 10.03**



The world of extreme skiing has its share of notable athletes, but few have the cult following of **Seth Morrison**. In director **Constantine Papanicolaou's (CP)** latest flick, the rise of one of the planet's most prolific skiers is documented in a real and dramatic fashion. Growing up in the 'burbs of Chi-city, Morrison learned to ski on man-made hills with primitive gear. Abandoned by his father at age six, Morrison moved to Colorado with his mother and sister to start a new life. As a ski racer, Morrison never fit the mold of the typical high-level competitor. Although he had a strong inner drive, he was more interested in free skiing around the mountain than practicing. By the time he graduated high school, his motives to become a professional skier were clear. His punk rock purple hair and lack of regard for personal safety set him apart from other

skiers of the era, but his style was met with limited enthusiasm. It took many years and a lot of slammed doors before he finally received a paycheck for doing something he loved. Partnering with Oakley Optics in his early twenties allowed him to pursue his goals and expand the free ski discipline. His prowess in epic terrain has led him around the world and kept him in the company of skiing legends. From Alaska to Chile, he has set the bar for big mountain riding. Travelling to film in the Chamonix Valley, he is joined by the talents of **Kye Petersen, JP Auclair**, and the infamous **Glen Plake**. Along with their tenacious guide, **Pete**, the curious quintet explores the untamed wilderness of the Alps. With intermittent bouts of overwhelming terror, the crew shows the audience how the sport has evolved. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

## Standing Sideways

**Burton**  
**Street: 10.05**

When you're the Yankees of the snowboarding world, you have the cash flow to buy yourself a dream team stacked with the best jibbers, pow slashers and half-pipe slayers. And that's exactly what Burton did. The diversity of talent on the Burton team is really what makes *Standing Sideways* shine among this season's releases. *Standing Sideways* opens with **Kazu Kokubo's** part hitting you like an icy face shot early in the morning and doesn't stop until after the credits have rolled. Kokubo is known for slaying the half pipe, but his part proves he holds it down just as well on pillow lines. His interesting choice of lines confirms his all-mountain prowess and stokes the hunger for face shots and cliff drops. **Jeremy Jones** proves that this isn't football—over 35 doesn't equal retired. Wallride redirect 540 shove it? Yeah, he does it. Jones may already be a legend in the snowboarding history books, but this part says we should probably leave him a few more blank pages. If you're not drooling yet, the jib-heavy middle segment will get that saliva flowing. **Zak Hale, Alex Andrews** and **Ethan Deiss** may be the rookies of the Burton team, but you wouldn't know it from their parts. The movie finishes with some serious mountain lovin' from **Terje Haakonson** and **Jussi Oksanen**. *Standing Sideways* reminds us that whether we're old or young, jibber or pow shredder, we all stand sideways. —Katie Panzer



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# Boyz in the 'Satch: The DubSatch Collective

By Mike Reff  
mikereff@gmail.com

Oliver Carston and Eliel Hindert making fresh lines in La Parva, Chile. Photo: Juan Luis de Heeckeren

While I normally spend my summers sucking down slurpees at the Rose Park Skate Park, this year was different. I packed my bags and followed winter around the globe to La Parva, Chile to organize a new international ski event, *Eye of the Condor* ([eyeofthecondor.com](http://eyeofthecondor.com)). This is where I first met the young Salt Lake crew known as the DubSatch Collective.

A lanky and slightly nervous 18-year-old named **Leo Ahrens** walked up to me and muttered, "Umm ... Mike, our crew has a little bit of a problem here."

"What's the problem?" I asked, hoping that none of the team members had come down with a nasty case of syphilis—STD medication can be very expensive in the Andes.

"Our photographer could not make it due to full flights, our videographer is in pursuit of more money, but bottom line is none of them made it here with us."

I stopped for a minute in a moment of contemplation. Usually when a team shows up to a photo and video contest, they bring two key elements: a photographer and a videographer. Unfortunately for the DubSatch Collective, they

had neither. I knew of these guys, had emailed a bit and seen some of them skiing in the *Junior Freeskiing Tour* events at Snowbird and Crested Butte, but I really had no idea what they were capable of until the group of DubSatch-ers comprised of Ahrens, **Carston Oliver**, **Zach Halverson**, **Eliel Hindert** and Chilean photographer **Juan Luis de Heeckeren** took first place in both the video and photography categories at *Eye of the Condor*.

The founding members of the crew are **Sam Cohen**, **Nate Cahoon** and Ahrens, all SLC natives with parents who dreamed of having their kids one day enjoy the snow as they did. The past few seasons proved to be monumental for these guys. For years they have been the little kids building jumps off of Wildcat at Alta. As time went on, people started to realize that these kids had the best lines, built the best jumps and appeared to be having the most fun, so people started to follow them around. The DubSatch Collective grew with more members since their inception in 2009, and with their latest web videos, competition results and print coverage, the world is finally getting to see the latest talent that the Wasatch has cultivated. I was able to track these guys down and ask them some questions about SLC, the crew and what

happens when you show you up to a film contest with no filmer.

**SLUG:** Big or Little Cottonwood?  
**Ahrens:** Pretty much everyone that is part of Dub was raised up Highway 210. LCC [Little Cottonwood Canyon] for life!

**SLUG:** What is it like growing up amid such a strong ski scene here in the Wasatch?  
**Ahrens:** We are incredibly lucky to be raised in such an amazing community. Our parents all work in LCC and I think that set our destiny before we were even born. The amount of talent in SLC is insane, and at a young age, local legends such as **Dave McReynolds** and **Rob Greener** took us under their wing and showed us the light. It's cool now, because on any given day, you'll be out skiing with guys you grew up watching in ski movies as a kid.  
**Cohen:** I was always around the ski industry as a young kid. My pops [famed photographer **Lee Cohen**] used to shoot all of the locals who I would look up to, and getting to ski with them growing up really helped shape me as a skier.

**SLUG:** How did the DubSatch Collective come about? Why not just focus on yourselves as individuals?



**Cahoon:** I guess it all started when Leo and Sam started filming in 2009 around *Alta* with their GoPros and called their videos *Living Local*. After a while, I thought it would be a good idea to pick up a camera and film the madness these kids were throwing down. We all got together and decided we wanted to film something that the ski industry hasn't seen yet: A crew of young, big-mountain skiers showing their love of the backcountry and what it is like growing up skiing the "greatest snow on earth." All we needed was a new name. Our good friend **Sean Don** came up with the name DubSatch Collective, and the rest is history.

**SLUG:** In the past two years, the crew has been gaining momentum and obtaining attention. Gracing the pages of *Powder Magazine*'s "Barely Legal" list, winning freeskiing events and straight-up crushing web videos. What has this done for the crew?  
**Cohen:** With all the exposure you are talking about, it has really helped DubSatch land new sponsors and meet more people who are taking an interest in DubSatch and wanting to help us make it happen. I could say the same thing for myself. More exposure has helped me gain new sponsors and get people involved who want to help me make it happen as well.

**SLUG:** With the Internet today, we are constantly bombarded with new edits, ski movies year after year, new tricks, but generally the same format. How is the DubSatch's new web series going to stand apart from the rest?  
**Cahoon:** We want to give more perspective on how much effort and serious danger is involved in getting these backcountry shots, along with taking our viewers with us as we travel around the nation. We ultimately want to make our viewers feel what we feel when we are out traveling around these desolate places. Documenting all the stoke, struggles and success we encounter along the way.



Leo Ahrens making his way down a slope in Utah's own Wasatch Mountains. Photo: Lee Cohen



Sam Cohen hitting a jump in the familiar Wasatch Mountains. Photo: Lee Cohen



Eljel Hindert skiing the peaks of La Parva, Chile. Photo: Juan Luis de Heeckeren

**SLUG:** This summer the Collective had what I believe to be a monumental trip for the crew. You guys came down to South America and entered a photo and video event with neither a videographer nor a photographer, and somehow won both disciplines. How the hell did that happen?  
**Ahrens:** Yeah, everything kind of hit the fan two weeks before the contest, but we were already in South America so we had to make something happen. We ended up finding some local guys who claimed to be good at photography and filming, but we had no idea if they actually were. It ended up being the best thing that could have happened. With the help of those two, I swear the whole country of Chile backed our team! We ended up making all these crazy connections and produced some amazing photos and video.  
**SLUG:** Word on the street is that DubSatch has some new product collaborations with some SLC companies this winter ...  
**Ahrens:** Yeah, yeah! As of right now we have two collabs in the works that we are super



Oliver Carston soars over Chilean snow as part of *Eye of the Condor*. Photo: Juan Luis de Heeckeren

excited about! First off, DubSatch Collective is teaming up with Wasatch-based company, **The Levitation Project** [[thelevitationproject.com](http://thelevitationproject.com)], to produce a high-quality webisode series that we hope will make waves in the industry! [The Levitation Project] will also be helping us put out T-shirts, hoodies and facemasks for the 2011/12 season. We are also teaming up with another Wasatch-based company, **Joystick**

**Poles** [[joystickskiing.com](http://joystickskiing.com)]. Our crew worked with the Joystick designer to create a really cool looking Dub/Joy ski pole that will make you a way better skier and get you more chicks!

Salt Lake City is a mecca for the snow community worldwide. It's this community that was able to raise these youngsters to be some of the top skiers today. The saying that it takes a village to raise a child cannot be more fitting for this crew. Since Cahoon, Ahrens and Cohen formed the crew, they have been incorporating their friends into the Collective to show the world what the Wasatch youth can bring to the table. To be raised here and have Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons as your playground can only mean one thing: You're going to grow up to fucking crush it—and these guys do. Follow them at [facebook.com/DubSatchcollective](http://facebook.com/DubSatchcollective).



Leo Ahrens soaring above the Chilean flag at *Eye of the Condor*. Photo: Juan Luis de Heeckeren



Members of the Dubsatch Collective with their Chilean counterparts at *Eye of the Condor*. Photo: Juan Luis de Heeckeren



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**Jessica Gilmore Can Do Anything Better Than You**  
By Esther Meroño  
esther@slugmag.com

Instead of listening to my slow ass whine about boys and bicycles this month, you have the pleasure of reading my interview with one of Salt Lake's most badass babes on a bicycle—scratch that—most badass HUMAN pedaling in the Rocky Mountain West: **Jessica Gilmore**. 'Nuf said.

**SLUG:** You placed first in the women's division in Goldsprints at *Interbike* in Vegas this year, and second overall. You also won the women's *Kopchovsky Cat* and you've placed in the top five at almost every other alleycat, especially the super gnarly ones ... Anything else I'm missing?  
**Gilmore:** I was first woman in *Wolfpack Hustle's King of Vegas Alleycat* this year, and a couple years ago, I was second woman (first fixed!) in the *Rad Massaker* (annual Bay Area alleycat). It's fun riding out of state—I've found that SLC has trained me pretty well.

**SLUG:** Though I have my suspicions, I assume you didn't come out of the womb on a road bike ... How did you get into cycling?  
**Gilmore:** After walking this city for a year, I got a bike to get me there faster. It was a gradual thing: claiming the streets, learning simple bike mechanics, building muscle and endurance. My first road bike was pretty lousy, but I soon met **Davey Davis**, a local bike enthusiast, who helped me get on a better one. I think having a bike you like is key.

**SLUG:** You're really fast: faster than most of the guys in the urban bicycle community. In their words, what kind of female witch magic

are you using to beat them? How do I get some?  
**Gilmore:** Being fast is fun. That's at least 70 percent of why I keep riding. And chasing/being chased by cute boys on bikes around town is my favorite way to get faster. But seriously, using the super weighted male/female ratio to my advantage, I always have guys to ride with and there's always someone faster to catch up to. The best way to train is to get out and ride. Every day.

**SLUG:** You're a lot nicer than I am about these things, but don't pretend like there's not an extra special kind of satisfaction in knowing you're faster than a bunch of boys ... What does that feel like?  
**Gilmore:** Sometimes being faster than boys or passing them on the streets seems to set off a really competitive alarm, but with a playful, friendly attitude, I can usually find respect. It feels good to be treated as an equal on the street—my femaleness is exaggerated in a really positive way.

**SLUG:** Do you have any advice for girls who want to get into cycling and are intimidated? Is that something that you had to get over?  
**Gilmore:** My advice would be to drop high expectations, especially of yourself. Don't get on a bike and expect to get up to the U without breaking a sweat. I'm still out of breath every day. Give yourself time to build up strength and confidence. Ignore the intimidating boys in the shops or on the streets, they're just nerds. Be confident but willing to learn from them.

There you have it, folks. If you ever find the energy to catch up to this speed demon, say hello—she's friendly enough to slow down and return the greeting.

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By Chris Proctor  
chrisproctor@slugmag.com  
Photos by Gage Thompson

**Name:** Ozzy Henning  
**Age:** 21  
**Hometown:** Heber, UT  
**Sponsors:** Rome, Cassette, HFBA, Epic  
**Years Riding:** 9

When snowboarding in Utah, you can expect to encounter hordes of grade-A rippers, from the old dirty pow-hounds to the child prodigies that have overtaken our terrain parks. At *Park City Mountain Resort*, there's one snowboarder that stands out from the rest, and his name is Ozzy Henning. Henning's riding has been raising eyebrows around the Salt Lake Valley for nine years, both on a skateboard and a snowboard. Henning looks more at home on a board than he does on his own two feet, and that says a lot when one considers his extremely technical style. You'll never see a simple board slide from him without some sort of revert, tweak or spin thrown into the mix. Some of his edits have appeared on *yobeat.com* and *snowboarding.transworld.net* and have over 10,000 hits. Henning has taken first place at a number of skate and snowboard contests around Utah for the past few years, including the *SLUG Games' Night Riders* last winter at *PCMR*, and an Honorable Mention at the *Summer of Death Pajama Jam* skate contest just a few months ago. From the sound of things, this 21-year-old ripper is just getting started. On a cloudy October evening, I met up with him at *Trailside Skate Park* in Park City to skate and ask a few questions.

**SLUG:** Favorite trick on a skateboard?  
**Henning:** Probably the ghetto bird. Took me about six years to learn. The ghetto bird is a hard flip 180. Once I learned hard flips I just started trying to spin with it. One day, I got it.



Frontside board slide.



Backside Smith.

**SLUG:** Favorite trick on a snowboard?  
**Henning:** My favorite trick is probably back 180 to swack [switch] 180 out on rails. I like it 'cause it takes control on the board to do it.

**SLUG:** Favorite place to skate?  
**Henning:** The U of U. I like skating the shed rail, just a mellow 8-stair rail, and all those benches. Pretty much everywhere at the U is good.

**SLUG:** Favorite place to shred?  
**Henning:** *Brian Head*. I've only ridden there once, but it was so sick. Good snow, no people, just open range of hauling ass.

**SLUG:** Tricks you're working on right now?  
**Henning:** Spins in and out of tricks, both on skate and snowboard.

**SLUG:** How did you first start skating? Where did you skate in Heber before they built the skate park?  
**Henning:** I first got started with my brother. He

got a World Industries deck and I, being the little brother, wanted to do it, so my mom went and got me some Wal-Mart deck. I was stoked! My brother and I would just go skate a school we called the Junior High, [a] super sick spot and anyone who skated was there for sure.

**SLUG:** What do you hope to be doing in the future?  
**Henning:** Hope to just go hit all sorts of different features anywhere. If I had the chance to go somewhere and never come back, I probably would. I just want to shred everything all day.

**SLUG:** What's your website, *ozzyhenning.com*, all about?  
**Henning:** The website is just my buddy, **Theo [Muse]** and his filming abilities and my snowboarding. Just going to make little edits every week and have fun with it.

**SLUG:** What's a perfect day of snowboarding to you?  
**Henning:** A perfect day is a bluebird pow day, of course. Then by about 2 p.m. it's tracked out, so you go to the park and they just groomed all the take offs and it's soft snow all around. That's a pretty damn good day.

Check out Henning's riding on his website, *ozzyhenning.com*. He will most likely be dominating most snowboard contests that come through the state this winter. If you aren't already familiar with him, just look for the kid doing front flips in and out of handrails, and it will most likely be Henning. Nobody else does those.

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# product reviews

## Herschel Supply Co.

The Zippo backpack  
Herschelsupply.com



The Zippo backpack by Herschel Supply Co. has a very simple retro style and takes it back to the basics. It has all the pockets you need: one for your laptop, your iPod, phone and one mega pouch for all the other things you need to slug around with you. I put it to the test when I ventured out west and was able to fit five shirts, two pairs of jeans, a few undies, socks, two pairs of shoes, a laptop, my iPad and all the cables that went along with them, and it fit perfectly under the airplane seat in front of me and was the only bag I had to bring. There is only one problem I have with this backpack: it lacks a chest strap. It does, however, come with a waist strap that zips off when you're not hiking the wild woodlands, which is rather nice, but when you're packing mass amounts of shit around with you, a chest strap would be nice to help reduce the strain on your back. Still, I was very impressed with the backpack. Even though it's a little pricey (\$94.99), it seems built to last and still has a nice look to it—even if there is candy cane striped fabric on the inside lining. —Jeremy Riley

## Nobis

Peyton Beanie  
Nobis.ca

Although black beanies are a dime a dozen, it's amazing how many companies seem to do them wrong. They're too baggy, too scratchy, too tight, look like the reservoir tip of a condom or, even worse, like your 90-year-old blind Aunt Sally knitted it for you. All I can say is thank god for Nobis. This beanie suffers none of the pitfalls found in so many of the discarded beanies currently shoved in my closet. The Peyton has a simplistic and classic design and the merino wool is soft and cozy, but

breathable enough that you can rock this hat in the spring or fall. This beanie has already made itself a staple of my fall wardrobe and I'm sure I'll be trying to rock it until the early days of next summer. —Jeanette D. Moses

## Volley

Volley OC  
Volley.com.au

As a certified subscriber to *Sneaker Freaker Magazine*, I like to think I take my shoe game fairly seriously. Learning about Volley, Australia's premier sneaker company first established in 1939 (!) provides just another notch in my sneaker belt and having a pair sent my way was an absolute treat. Shoes? For me? I get to write about 'em? Get outta here! The OC model is a good solid beach/skate style shoe with lots of little flares that I dig. The crinkle cut tongue, the red rubber sole and the metallic lace tips bleed "steetz" while comfort and a fly colorway render these things white-hot in a pair o' khakis or some camo cut-offs and sockless or knee-high woolies (however you roll). I'm not crazy about the additional rubber toe-cap, but ultimately I can overlook it as it does lend a little extra oomph in the stability department. Casual, but fully capable of pulling an outfit together (slate grey will do that), it's a solid sneak with little to complain about and reasonably priced. Finally making their U.S. debut, you can cop a pair at *Urban Outfitters* or from the site. Just make sure to peep an Aussie-U.S. size conversion chart before you do. —Dylan Chadwick

## Zazzle

Doodle Speaker  
Zazzle.com

I'm pretty easy to please when it comes to technology. That's why Zazzle's Doodle speaker is perfect for me. It's just a simple, rectangular block of plastic with an on/off switch, a wire with a 3.5mm headphone jack at the end of it and an optional USB plug-in (USB cable included) in case you want to power it through a laptop instead of two triple-A batteries. The Doodle's big selling point is its customizable faceplate, which means that you can choose from a variety of pre-designed prints and images on their website, or make your own. This is a good option if you're the kind of person who has one of those credit cards with a picture of your baby on it, because you could do the same with the Doodle, except it's not as weird because the Doodle will most likely just sit on your nightstand and not get passed around to strangers. I chose a pre-designed, vintage radio faceplate, 'cause babies creep me out and I don't have one. Sound-wise, the Doodle is satisfactory. It'll add a decent amount of sound to your laptop movie-viewing experience and it's perfect for those times when you have no other entertainment option but Pandora on your "smart"

phone. The Doodle actually saved me from killing myself on a road trip after the car's stereo failed. The only critique I have is the price. At around \$40, it's a bit pricey for what it is, but I guess that's what you pay to get your baby's red, wrinkled face printed on a speaker. —Esther Meroño

## Dick Towel

Dick Towel  
Dicktowel.com



If you're a fan of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, then you already know about the Dick Towel. This towel wasn't just part of an episode, it's something you can actually own. Before getting it, I was expecting it to be a cheap, thin, rough towel with poorly printed graphics that scratch your skin, but it was the exact opposite. The Dick Towel has to be one of the softest towels I have ever felt, and you can't feel the graphic, even if you try. Also, to my knowledge, it's the only towel you can find with cartoon cocks and butts on it. With its funny/crude appeal aside, this towel would be better used for trips to the lake or pool parties (not your community pool) as it offers next to no absorbency. That's my only complaint with the Dick Towel: it should be thicker. Summer may be over, but Christmas is just around the corner. Think "white elephant." The \$22 is so worth it, especially when you hand it to a female "houseguest." Nothing is funnier than a cartoon phallus on a chick's chest. —Eric Granato

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# beer reviews

By Tyler Makmell  
tyler@slugmag.com

There is not much that gets my beer chub cookin' as much as that beautiful substance inside the bottle. The only thing to rival that frothy goodness is some fancy looking product design. A well designed product line has always been an eye catcher for me. It some-how says, "Hey, we're not just slapping this shit together." Why do I bring this up, you may ask? If you have noticed, **Uinta** has recently undergone an entire design change in honor of their 20th anniversary. This new design overhaul began with a logo change, which led to a new label design, custom-made bottles (dubbed the "compass bottle"), and finally, a separation between their beer lines: the **Classic Line**, **Organic Line** and **Crooked Line**. Now, if you are the Joe who is saying, "Who gives a shit about how pretty it looks, I want my beer," then you can easily kiss my design-loving ass and enjoy the bonus of this design change: new beers! Now that our chubs have met in the proverbial middle, allow me to present the reviews.

**Hop Notch IPA**  
**Brewery/Label:** Uinta Brewing / Classic Line  
**ABV:** 7.3%



**Size:** 12 oz Bottle  
**Description:** Pouring a clear copper color, this IPA's fluffy white head opens up with aromas of floral, citrus hops, caramel and some soft toast. The flavor is a tangerine, hop-like character, a balanced bitterness, soft malts and some citrus hop crispness on the end.

**Overview:** This is the first, and hopefully not the last, of higher gravity

releases after the redesign. I can only assume this is an answer to the gap that the Trader (4%) and Detour (9.5%) had left for the consumer. Damn, does it fill that void. It is a well balanced blend of a robust hop character and higher alcohol content, all without sacrificing its easy drinking ability. Keep rolling these out, folks.

**Baba Black Lager**  
**Brewery/Label:** Uinta Brewing / Organic Line  
**ABV:** 4%  
**Size:** 12 oz Bottle  
**Description:** This newly bottled black lager is an opaque black color with a medium-sized tan head. The aroma has notes of baker's chocolate blended with roast, light caramel and hints of toasted malts. After the aroma sets in, this brew has well balanced flavors of roasted chocolate, soft earthy bitterness and a clean finish.

**Overview:** The Baba is a black lager newly released to the Organic Line, soon to be featured alongside Wyld and another rotating Organic Seasonal in Uinta's Organic Mix'r pack. While Baba is a darker beer, its evenly balanced clean roast and chocolate kept me enjoying it while we were nearing the end of summer and well into the colder months. This beer came at the same time Uinta won a Pro-Am silver at the *Great American Beer Festival* with local homebrewer **Travis Grimms'** Schwarzbier.

**Hazel Amber Wheat**  
**Brewery/Label:** Uinta Brewing / Organic Line  
**ABV:** 4%  
**Size:** 12 oz Bottle  
**Description:** Off the Organic Line, this wheat beer pours a clear amber with a light, off-white head. The aroma is an all-around balanced blend of sweet caramel, grains and some citrus spice. What you get out of the aroma leads into the flavor, with hints of wheat character, caramel malts and a fruity, crisp finish.

**Overview:** Hazel Amber Wheat is another new release to come out on the Organic Line. This amber wheat hybrid beer is a mellow, easy drinker and not too threatening for those drinkers who are afraid to step out of the safe "just a hef" zone. But fear not, beer snob, the subtle hints of coriander spice, with that citrus hop character make it just as enjoyable for you, too. Oh, and it's organic to boot.

# gallery stroll

Handmade Holidays  
By Mariah Mann Mellus  
mariah@slugmag.com

So sweet are the old sayings, "It's the thought that counts" and "As long as it comes from the heart." Those sayings go hand in hand with another oldie but goodie: "You can wrap shit up in a pretty bow, but it will still stink." I've tried to make my own Christmas gifts before, and I'd like to apologize to anyone who has ever received a lopsided crocheted cap or a batch of slightly burned cookies. After strolling through the amazing *Craft Lake City* booths, I was ashamed! If you're like me, and can't cut in a straight line, worry no more. My Holiday Boutique and Gallery Stroll Guide will have you looking like Susie Homemaker without ever having to pull out a hot glue gun.

When it comes to trimming the tree, I take my cues from the featured holiday artists at *Art Access*. Every year they handpick a few select artists to decorate the gallery's Christmas tree. Patrons can buy several decorations to recreate the complete look, or give one to a friend so they can remember you every time they decorate their tree. The holiday show opens Nov. 18 from 6-9 p.m. and then again for the *Holiday Stroll* on Dec. 3 from 6-9 p.m. You can also stop by during regular gallery hours: Mon. – Fri., 10 a.m. – 6 p.m. and any Saturday in December from 10 a.m. – 2 p.m. For more information, visit [accessart.org](http://accessart.org).

Before my family became the "Cleave-ers," we lived in an urban loft with sleek furniture and a rusty metal Christmas tree—still one of my favorite holiday stroll finds. The tree called to me from the corner of the *Art Barn's Holiday Craft Exhibit and Sale*. It's very minimal, perfect for the person who likes to decorate, but

doesn't want the log cabin Christmas. Years later, I'm still very proud of my first Christmas tree, fifty-five dollars, and no trees were harmed. Now located on the main level, there is more room to navigate your way through the work of over sixty talented Utah artists and crafters at the craft exhibit. In its 28th year, this holiday boutique really does have something for everyone. The show runs from Dec. 2 through Dec. 18. *The Art Barn* is located at 54 Finch Lane next to *Reservoir Park*. For a complete list of artists, visit [slcgov.com/arts](http://slcgov.com/arts).

If there was a homemade or crafting mecca, I think it would have to be in Utah County. Those ladies have been perfecting the art of DIY for generations. It's bred into them from their pioneer roots—canning, scrapbooking, quilting and knitting. The *Beehive Bazaar* takes the best of the crafting traditions, like handmade Christmas stockings and homemade jams, and throws in trendy jewelry, repurposed clothing and the latest in one-of-a-kind kids' clothes. My girl friends and I make a pilgrimage each year to the land of plenty (children and crafts that is). My \$18 bee necklace has been the envy of many people over the years and a staple in my wardrobe. Now located at the *Bell Room* on the the corner of University and Center Street in Provo, *The Bazaar* takes place Thurs., Dec. 8, 10 a.m. – 10 p.m., Fri., Dec. 9, 10 a.m. – 10 p.m. and Sat., Dec. 10, 10 a.m. – 8 p.m. For more details, friend them on Facebook.

This holiday season, the only saying I want to hear is, "I love it, where did you find it?" That response, along with the knowledge that I bought local and supported Utah's art and craft scene, would be the best Christmas present in the world. Make your holidays brighter and give a work of art.



Mellus scored this metal Christmas tree at the Art Barn's Craft Exhibit and Sale.

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**The Art of Lynn M. Carlson:  
 Another Look**

**Lynn M. Carlson**  
 Self-Published  
 Street: 2011

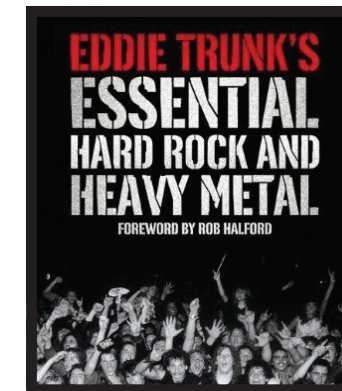
With page after page of flirty, sexy, sometimes even downright raunchy images, the art of Lynn M. Carlson clearly warrants another look. Scantly clad ladies abound, joined only on occasion by Mr. Carlson himself making cameo appearances in his own photography. Some of the shots are unique and interesting as well—not just another picture to throw in the spunk bank. Additionally, the slightly bizarre combinations of themes, and the use of over-production and under-production give it yet another twist to solicit your interest. On the left page, an old-fashioned image of a girl standing with her arms flexed, empowered, in front of a classic car. On the right page, a color-enhanced shot of a topless girl on a bed, her hands between her legs, leaning her head back. Makes you think—or something. Some of it's pretty good, and some is a little porn-y, so I'm thinking you're not gonna mind it too much. —Ischa B.

**The Beginning Of Now:  
 The Work of Jim Williams**  
 Cara Despain  
 Photographs by TJ Nelson  
 Little Zion Publishing House, LLC  
 Street: 06.2011

This is a great fucking book, and here's why: I went to the pop-up venue edition of this exhibition when it was held downtown. While I enjoyed looking around, and had even done my share of research by checking out the blog to try and figure out what it was all about, I really still had no idea what the hell was going on. Art can be like that for me sometimes. However, after reading this book, I can now grasp the bad-ass-ness that I was experiencing that evening, seeing only a tiny fraction of the exhibition at its finest whole. This is a story about a magical house in the avenues, a living visual art autobiography, a home with walls that CAN talk, and do. Thumbs up for sure. Great artists have always had a healthy dose of the crazy, and as an ardent servant to his self-expression, Mr. Williams surely does not disappoint. Now, thanks to Cara Despain,

his compulsion is available for your reading pleasure. Get your tour of the house in this book, and cross your fingers and toes that maybe, just maybe, you get a chance to check out the real deal before *Hoarders* gets their hands on it ... —Ischa B.

**Eddie Trunk's Essential  
 Hard Rock and  
 Heavy Metal**  
 Eddie Trunk  
 Abrams Image  
 Street: 04.01



There is no greater metal fan or journalist than Eddie Trunk. This is the man who had a hand in discovering **Metallica**, who got the first interview with **Axl Rose** in 13 years, and who has the respect of pretty much every metal band on the planet. Now the DJ/VJ has published his encyclopedic run-through of the most influential and important bands in the history of metal and hard rock. Rather than a band-page-style bio, this book includes the unique, ultra-rare perspective and memories of the bands from Trunk's lifelong career: no fluff, no propaganda, just pure backstage experience. He gives us his personal and overall history of an act, stresses their particular influence on the genre, offers his personal playlist from the band's catalogue and any surreal memories he has of them. Trunk is respected for his objectivity, and he maintains it here in print form. Hearing how bands interacted with/liked/hated/respected one another is a wonderful insight to these creative minds that the average fan doesn't get. Best memory: **Robert Plant** putting out a hotel fireplace blaze while singing "Immigrant Song" to himself. —Megan Kennedy

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# movie reviews

## The Big Year 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 10.14

It's mind-blowing how countless unproduced yet brilliant screenplays sit on a shelf for years, and others, with the most mundane storylines imaginable, are set free upon an unsuspecting public. Speaking of the latter, how does a 100-minute feature about bird watching sound? Terrible, you say? Well, here it is anyway! In an attempt to break the record of spotting over 732 bird species in North America in one calendar year, three men, including a recently retired business executive (**Steve Martin**), a working man who still lives with his parents (**Jack Black**) and the current record holder (**Owen Wilson**), trek across various landscapes while continuously trying to outwit each other all in the name of triumph. As friendships form and alliances are shattered, the trio not only discover an unbelievable variety of flying fowl, but also the deeper meaning behind the importance of life. While Martin appears to be the only reasonable candidate for being casted into this comedy clearly produced for those who were alive during **President Franklin D. Roosevelt's** terms in office, Black and Wilson are terribly miscast and add nothing for younger generations to enjoy. The film is as entertaining as listening to your grandfather discuss the joys of bird watching. You'll want to walk out, but must refrain in fear of upsetting the senior citizens in close proximity. For viewers with an AARP membership, this conservative comedy is as tasty as a warm Werther's Original from your pocket. *—Jimmy Martin*

## Iggy & the Stooges Raw Power Live: In the Hands of the Fans MVD Entertainment Group Street: 09.27

A group of Iggy & the Stooges fans win the opportunity to film the band playing live at the *All Tomorrow's Parties Festival* in 2010. This is supposed to be the premise of the film, but I don't really think that a DVD of a concert really needs a premise. I think it's kind of like trying to work a plot into a skin flick. No one really wants premise in their live rock show, they just want to rock. I'll hand it to the lucky winners—all of the footage from the show is what they filmed and it looks great, but I don't think the Stooges need to resort to such methods to sell a concert film. They're the Stooges, and when they do their thing, it is just what I need it

to be. They play the entire *Raw Power* album with ferocious energy, and despite the fact that the guys are all showing their age, they don't sound like it. Iggy didn't go as far as to roll in broken glass, but he still brought a huge presence to the show. The extras on the disc feature the filmmakers having a short Q&A with the band where you really get to see Iggy go on some random, crazy tangents and it's well worth a look. *—Ben Trentelman*

## The Red Chapel Lorber Films Street Date: 10.04

It's no secret that the country of North Korea has been shrouded under a cultural blanket for over 50 years. Under the leadership of **General Kim Jong-il** (aka the Dear Leader), the socialist state's citizens have endured an unprecedented storm of fear and oppression, and that's exactly what director **Mads Brügger** wants to expose in his documentary, *The Red Chapel*. The title comes from the name of Mads' comedy troupe (as well as a code name used by a Communist spy cell), which embodies two adopted Danish-Korean comedians, **Simon** and **Jacob**, the latter being a self-proclaimed "spastic." In order to gain access into the restricted country, the ensemble pose as a pro-Marxist group and offer to perform a Danish-inspired vaudevillian showcase before an auditorium of students for cultural exchange. What results is a voyeuristic glimpse into a country occupied by individuals appearing to be controlled by an invisible force. The most poignant and pertinent element comes from the relationship between Jacob and **Ms. Pak**, the group's patriotic tour guide, as she becomes eerily attached to the guest in what appears to be an elaborate scheme to disguise the nation's true feelings and treatment toward the handicapped. It's astonishing that all of the footage presented was confiscated by the North Korean secret police and analyzed to assure the film expressed love and respect for the dictator, but nothing could be further from the truth as Mads has produced his own form of propaganda to bring the realization of a broken country to light. *The Red Chapel* takes the notion of espionage filmmaking one step further in the right and entertaining direction. *—Jimmy Martin*

## The Thing Universal In Theaters: 10.14

Rather than creating yet another remake in Hollywood, writer **Eric Heisserer** and director **Matthijs van Heijningen**



**Jr.** refrained from mimicking **John Carpenter's** *The Thing* (which they are quoted as saying would be like "painting a mustache on the Mona Lisa") and expanded the snowy horror story by exploring the origins of the extraterrestrial. Set in Antarctica in the winter of 1982 (three days before the original's timeline), a team of Norwegian scientists unearth an alien artifact along with an unknown creature. After hiring an American paleontologist (**Mary Elizabeth Winstead**) to recover the discovery without harm, the organism escapes and slaughters team members one by one only to replicate their identities, leaving the mystery of who is still human for those still breathing. It's abundantly clear Heisserer and Heijningen Jr. are super fans of Carpenter's film and have developed an in-depth homage to the source material for their fellow Carpenter fanatics. However, for those attached to the graphic, sometimes disturbing, make-up artistry delivered by **Rob Bottin** in the '80s, you'll only feel semi-complacent with the CGI renderings offered in this update. While many important plot points are themselves replicas, the subtle twists and alterations make this prequel much more appealing than sitting through a "been there, done that" shot-for-shot remake, especially with the hidden Easter eggs strategically inserted throughout the film. *—Jimmy Martin*

## Tyrannosaur Strand Releasing In Theaters: 11.04

Within the first five minutes of **Paddy Considine's** dramatic thriller, it's blatantly clear the male lead is one of the most soulless characters to reach the screen in ages. Joseph (**Peter Mullan**)

is an alcoholic with a gambling problem whose temper instigates unbelievably callous acts of violence. After kicking his dog to death, shattering a store window and attacking three individuals in a bar, Joseph finds himself hiding from responsibility in the clothing racks of a thrift store owned by Hannah (**Olivia Colman**). Transforming the awkward situation into an opportunity to offer comfort through religion, Hannah attempts to offer sanctuary for the self-destructive loner. As their relationship expands, the truth behind Hannah's abusive marriage surfaces and Joseph attempts to redeem a life fueled by anger and hate by returning the favor. Mullan truly embodies the essence of pure hatred with his soulless eyes that alone express a life smothered with neglect, which translates beautifully on camera. The hopelessness and sorrow Colman brings to the film is mesmerizing, but it's the well balanced transition to power that leaves a permanent mark. First-time director Considine has constructed an absolutely brilliant film that refuses to soften its content or its characters and their actions. It's stunning how Considine is able to successfully convert such a cold-blooded character that once appeared to be on an unstoppable path of self-destruction. (This film is playing exclusively at *The Art House Cinema* in Ogden, Utah.) *—Jimmy Martin*

## We Were Here Red Flag Releasing In Theaters: 11.18

In the early '80s, an epidemic with no name was sweeping through the gay community of San Francisco. Often called the gay cancer, eventually the disease was identified as AIDS and claimed 15,548 San Franciscans—many of them young, sexually active gay males. *We Were Here* weaves together archival footage and present-day interviews with five individuals who lived through the epidemic to create a very heavy film. *We Were Here* looks at the community through a microscope, illuminating not only how the AIDS tragedy affected lives, but also how community members were able to mobilize to force new research and advancements in treating the disease. Although the focus is narrow, the story is ultimately a universal one—dealing with loss, recovery and the strength that people find in one another when faced with incredible odds. *—Jeanette D. Moses* ■

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# game reviews

By Thomas Winkley • [thomas.winkley@gmail.com](mailto:thomas.winkley@gmail.com)



Illustrations: Phil Cannon

The good folks at **Nintendo** rolled their *Mario*-branded airstream through Salt Lake in September, giving *SLUG* a chance to preview their tasty offerings for the upcoming holiday season. The trailer was packed with a message of values and love. With a slew of new titles releasing for the Wii, 3DS, DSi and DSi XL, hardcore and casual gamers alike can find a great pile of items to spend their hard-earned cash on. If you're a hater, then you can find a stack of IP re-releases to shake your bitter fist at. If you still hold some sort of hope for a fun gaming future, Nintendo has an offering of titles for you as well.

**Legend of Zelda: The Skyward Sword**  
**Street: 11.20**  
**Nintendo Wii**

With this year being the 25-year anniversary of *Zelda*, *Skyward Sword* is the icing on the celebratory cake. The developers have utilized the MotionPlus controller to its fullest extent, making Link's arm motions follow your commands at an almost 1:1 ratio. Visually, I found the game to be stunning. The friendly representative from Nintendo insisted that they went for a more artsy style they hadn't done before, but to me it simply looked like a crisper version of *Twilight Princess*. The game features new weapons, such as the beetle, which allows you to hit hard-to-reach objects by guiding it through the

air via the Wii Motion Plus. Navigating the sky on a giant bird gave an additional piece of excitement while getting from dungeon to dungeon. This game will set records, empty shelves, and ruin any social life you may think you have.

**Fortune Street**  
**Street: 12.05**  
**Nintendo Wii**

This long-running Japanese series is being moved to the U.S. for the first time. It was described to me as a Monopoly-style board game utilizing classic Nintendo and *Dragon Quest* characters. The players can battle competitively on console or online via Nintendo WFC. The limited impression I gathered from the game made me want to sit down for an afternoon and attempt to wrap my head around the advanced play. Once players have purchased properties and gained some sort of income, they are able to reinvest that income into properties in a stock market style system. You are even given the ability to invest in your opponents' properties that may be killing you. The strategy to this *Mario Party*-looking piece spells disaster for those of us wasting too much time on games already. I'll wait until release to fully pass judgment, but the game looks interesting.

**Super Mario 3D Land**  
**Street: 11.13**  
**Nintendo 3DS**

Blending Mario's roots with his future, *3D Land* takes fans to the next step. This reminded me of *Super Mario 64* meets *New Super Mario* meets *Super Mario 3*. This game was instantly addicting as I ran around in a polished, 3D-rendered world and utilized classic devices, such as the Tanooki suit. The poor spokesperson from Nintendo made three attempts to pry the device from my hands with little success. Being a somewhat stalwart hater of the *Mario 64* release on DS, I was skeptical of another 3D *Mario* on a handheld, but the ten minutes of play I was allowed to indulge in made me feel otherwise. *Super Mario 3D Land* is another great reason to own a 3DS and a no-brainer purchase for the holiday season. I foresee this being sold out at every video game store through Christmas, so get your pre-orders done last week.

**Mario Kart 7**  
**Street: 12.04**  
**Nintendo 3DS**

This was one of my favorite parts of the preview event. The game itself looked beautiful, handled wonderfully, and allowed more options of game play than previous versions of *Mario Kart* dared to. From the moment you pick your characters, you're choosing specialized karts, tire types, and which hang glider will better fit your racing style. The racing mechanics themselves felt identical to previous versions, with the addition of being able to glide after

driving off of high ledges. Gliding can be applied in a variety of ways to suit your strategy. If you're in a faster Kart and the terrain looks smooth, you can drop to the ground quickly to gain speed. If you're in a slower Kart, or see rough terrain, you can stay in flight for a longer period of time to avoid a slowdown. Bundle this with ad-hoc and Wi-Fi multiplayer and your wallet is guaranteed to take a \$39.99 hit.

**Professor Layton and the Last Specter**  
**Street: 10.17**  
**Nintendo DS**

*Professor Layton* holds a special place in my gaming library. The game is a wonderful mishmash of math, logic and maze puzzles that guide you through a winding and intriguing story. The basic premise sends Layton and his sidekick Luke to solve mysteries that they have been tied to by an invitation, friend or convenient placement. Once you have established the mystery to be solved, you begin interviewing townsfolk and solving their puzzles to advance the story. Since the first *Layton Trilogy*, completed with the *Unwound Future*, the new title will be begin the prequel trilogy of that series. You will discover how Luke and Layton became friends, and what got them started in the world of puzzle solving. If you've never played these games, this is a wonderful jumping-off point.

A colorful advertisement for Cathedral Tattoo Co. featuring a large illustration of a tattooed eagle on the left. The text includes "CATHEDRAL TATTOO CO.", "WALK INS", "WWW.CATHEDRALTATTOO.COM", "SLC", "STONEGROUND BUILDING", "249 EAST 400 SOUTH", "801 355 9191", "JAKE MILLER", "TYLER DENSLEY", "CJ FISHBURN", and a large "WELCOME" sign on the right. A quote at the top right reads: "ACCURACY. BEAUTY. DURABILITY. THE ART PRESERVATIVE OF ALL ARTS. BLACKEST BLACK. TRUEST COLORS. HAND PAINTED DESIGNS. OLD WORK MADE NEW. MODERN."

A vibrant advertisement for the Blue Man Group. It features a large central image of a blue-skinned man's face. To the left, a blue-skinned man is shown with his arms raised, surrounded by colorful smoke. To the right, a blue-skinned man is shown playing a drum. The text includes "EXPERIENCE THE PHENOMENON", "BLUE MAN GROUP", "ON SALE NOW!", "DEC 6-11", "THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH KINGSBURY HALL", "Center for the Performing Arts", "Kingsbury Hall Box Office, 801.581.7100 or KingTix.com", and logos for "ZERO ONE BROADWAY", "ACROSS AMERICA", and "MAGICSPACE".



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**Baby Ghosts**  
**Baby Tape**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.15**  
**Baby Ghosts = Cub + The Sonics**  
 When I saw Baby Ghosts, the singer was wearing a Yoshi backpack and standing next to a three-foot tall Crayola crayon. This juvenile attitude carries into their lyrics about **Stephen Hawking** not being able to walk: “Maybe you should just try a little bit harder; I mean, it’s pretty easy to walk.” The punchy delivery of these words fits well with garagey guitar parts, with a guy and a girl singing together on some songs and alternating with one another on other songs. *Baby Tape* is a collection of demos and two tracks from an upcoming album, and I look forward to hearing the full album.  
 –Alex Pow

**Prybar** and skin-slammer **Sürt**—strike hot iron in the pounding “Ice Troll,” whose aggressive nature simulates the flesh-eating terror of a beast, hungry for human meat. CastleAxe also evidence their prowess for performance by offering three live tracks—all of which live up to the quality and practiced craft that they exhibit in their recorded work. The late **Ronnie James Dio** would have christened them “knights of metal.”  
 –Alexandre Ortega

**David Williams**  
**Parade OST**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.19**  
**David Williams = Bob Dylan + Devendra Banhart**

This is the soundtrack that finally completed the film *Parade*, written in 2005 and shown in festivals in 2008. Writer and director **Brandon Cahoon** had been looking for just the right music to go with his film, and having heard David Williams’ music at *Slowtrain*, commissioned him to write the score. The result is a soundtrack that captures the poignancy of adolescence and the loneliness of the central Utah desert, themes that the film is based around. Any film score is a part of a greater work, and as such, tends not to hold up as well on its own; this one is no exception. That being said, there are three or four songs on here that are as good as anything Williams has recorded, and possibly more accessible. For the full experience, though, you need to see the film, too. –Nate Housley

**Dirty Blonde**  
**Self-Titled**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.02**

**Dirty Blonde = AC/DC + Kings Of Leon**  
 Dirty Blonde is an all-out fist fight, and someone just got cut with a bottle of Bud. I can’t hear this band without thinking of the movie *Road House*. This EP is a piece of straightforward, bar rock n’ roll. On track one, “See You Next Tuesday,” singer **Spencer Flowers** belts out the following little love note: “Cool heartbreaker, there’s a special place in hell for you!” followed by a rippin’ guitar solo. The band does a good job of keeping the energy up. For some nice dual guitar work, check out the track “King’s Men.” Track three, “Black City,” sounds like a slowed down thrash song—I would love to hear it played fast as fuck. The breakdown is pretty cool, it reminds me a little of “Paradise City.” When the band breaks into chants of “black city,” I wanted to hear a little more enthusiasm at the song’s crescendo and at its close. The album could use a slight change of pace, and at times it’s difficult to tell the difference between one song and another. Some of the guitar riffs could be accented by more lead parts as well. My personal favorite on the album is the final track which is the only acoustic track on the album, “Red Room.” –Tom Bennett

**Erin Barra**  
**Illusions**  
**Meryl Music Distribution**  
**Street: 09.06**  
**Erin Barra = Nelly Furtado + Macy Gray + Steely Dan**  
 An SLC-native musician we can all be proud to call one of our own, Erin Barra has it—that “je ne sais quois,” as the French say. Star-fucking-quality, just to be clear. *Illusions*, her sophomore release, is top-notch shit. These are songs that I expect to hear in the background of a movie coming out in

commercially usable songs, the album is a total pleasure to listen to. Soothing, bouncy and full of soul, Barra coos over the sometimes jazzy, sometimes electro-tastic tracks that she wrote—all except one exceptionally personalized cover song, of *Genesis’* “That’s All.” Three short little ditties, “Interludes”—interjected between the main pieces—just refine the album all the more as a bona fide piece of art, a full-on composition piece by a very talented and educated musician. Kudos to Erin. You make us look good! –Ischa B.

**Eyes Lips Eyes**  
**Blue Red**  
**Roll Call Records**  
**Street: 09.13**  
**Eyes Lips Eyes = The Rapture + Franz Ferdinand**

This album is composed of the 12 singles that Eyes Lips Eyes released each month for an entire year. As a result, each song stands alone as a catchy dance track, with the exception of the slower “Bear Trap,” which relies

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on a steady bass line to drive the song along—but it’s refreshing after four dance-floor ready songs and a cover of **Talking Heads’** “Psycho Killer.” Then there’s “Losing My Head,” with the most delicate guitar riff on the album, and “False Prophet” brings **Red Hot Chili Peppers** to mind. “Tickle” is my favorite song on the album by far, and I still have that giddy guitar riff stuck in my head. —Alex Pow

**The Future of The Ghost**

*A Blessing for Your Heart*

**Kilby Records**

**Street: 03.26**

**TFOTG = Red Tape + early Weezer + Watashi Wa**

Every member of the band The Future of the Ghost has been making music and friends in Utah for many years. That’s why it is not with a blessed heart, but with a heavy one, that I have to admit that I’m personally not a fan of the band’s new sound. For their second full-length release, original members **Will Sartain** and **Cathy Foy** have recruited **Matt Paulos** of **Mathematics Et Cetera** and **Andrew Sato** of **Palace of Buddies**, and composed a set of songs that strips away some of their previous experimentation to make room for sincerely cheerful, bright melodies. In that objective they succeed, but unfortunately, the skeletal simplicity left to the songs quickly becomes boring. With its ultra-repetitive choruses and juvenile lyrics, this is an album I would expect to hear from much less experienced musicians. —CG

**Long Distance Operator**

*Sweet Lucy Devine*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 04.14**

**Long Distance Operator = Danzig + Blue Oyster Cult**

Long Distance Operator mine the twilight years of hard rock before it devolved into butt rock. This is a good thing for those of us who happen to like proto-butt rock, and Long Distance Operator hit their metallic stride on the excellent “Torches.” It’s tricky, though, to navigate this territory in the age of irony, and several of the songs don’t support their ambitious weight. But if you’ve been jonesing for bombastic frontmen and harmonized guitars since 1981, *Sweet Lucy Devine* might scratch your itch. —Nate Housley

**Mark Dago**

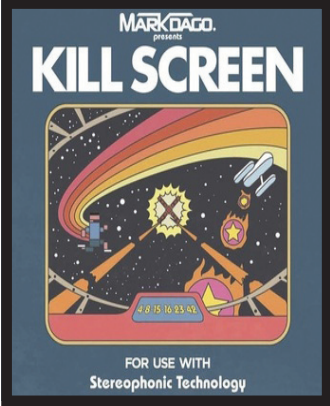
*Kill Screen*

**Earthburn Records**

**Street: 10.04**

**Mark Dago = Nintendo 64 + middle-aged Grieves**

There is something to be said for brevity in the music world: What’s the point of an album that drags on just for the sake of stroking the band members’ egos?



Dago impressively bundles everything he needs to in about 20 minutes with this sophomore project, in which he ties together electronic sounds from old school video games (“Little Mac’s Jogging Theme”, anyone?) and a unique stream of beats. With a bleepity-bloopy-ty, nostalgic feel, nerds everywhere shall rejoice while listening to this inventive fellow’s songs that make you want to dust off that gaming system and whip out that joystick. The track “Magic Kingdom” with **Lauren Hoyt** (of the up-and-coming local band **Dani Lion**) is especially worth geeking out on. The combination of Hoyt’s indie-folk voice with Dago’s hip hop flow is rather satisfying. I would skip the “Intro” and “Outro,” which feature nauseously cute children, and go straight for the catchy, crisp and amusing songs sandwiched between them. —Kia McGinnis

**My Dead Ego**

*Fairytales Of Industry EP*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 06.11**

**My Dead Ego = Shirley Manson fronting No Doubt**

It is hard to get excited about reviewing something that comes with very little information about it. While promos come in a variety of formats, most of them include a teeny bit of background. So—other than a cover art print, and that this EP’s three tracks were handwritten on its CDR alongside the name **Allison Martin**—the only thing to do was start listening to it. And what a pleasant surprise it was—if not a slight shock—from a local CD. The sound quality, especially on the first track, “Dancing Machine,” is particularly clear, and while that is the standout track here, Martin is undoubtedly talented. Musically, this is electronica, but vocally she’s a little hard to peg. Because of the lack of information and limited information online, I wonder if it is the aegis of her recording at her former band’s—the late, great **Cavedoll**—**Kitefishing Studios** that contribute to the high quality of the recordings. “Stars” is certainly bolstered by Cavedoll’s **Camden Chamberlain** and his vocal performance, which contrasts with Martin’s whisper-light vocal performance quite nicely, as its minimalist beats sound in

the background. Less polished is the overly-wordy “Red Rose,” which has too many styles competing at once. It is hard to tell who does what (the band’s ReverbNation page only lists additional members of **The Last Look**, but not their duties), but Martin could be on to something if the full-length stays as focused and polished as the great promise of “Dancing Machine.” —Dean O Hillis

**Such Vengeance**

*Golden Leaves, Rotten Roots*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 06.25**

**Such Vengeance = Lamb of God + Heaven Shall Burn + Winds of Plague**



Local metal outfit Such Vengeance has upped their game for their new release, *Golden Leaves, Rotten Roots*. Production value on this album is excellent, head and shoulders above their first; it really allows the listener a fair view at a talented collective. Their sound is cohesive, aggressive and tight. **Ian Eskelson**’s vocals have taken a huge leap forward both in confidence and technique: Losing the less-than-stellar clean vocals of the past albums strengthened the brutality. The band shows creative shredding and impressive speed throughout. Piano opening on “The Gadget” shows that these guys are stretching their dark wings out, willing to conquer unfamiliar territory. The samples got a little overwhelming by the album’s end, but overall were an acceptable choice for the emotional landscape being painted. “Rivers of Evil” has riffs that feel like a good, old-fashioned riot in your ribs. The band’s older work had strict hardcore roots, built around clean solos and break-downs, but they have now progressed into a sharper, thicker metal sound that puts them in front of the pack. Now they’re working as a team to build a vicious musical world, and there is hardly a moment to breathe through the ferocity. —Megan Kennedy

**Swedish-ish Fish**

*Boys Are Bad Kissers*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 05.05**

**Swedish-ish Fish = Lisa Loeb + Shawn Colvin + Jill Sobule**

Quite simply, it’s a girl and her guitar. Never a genre to be underestimated, acoustic folk rock will always find an audience—and with minimal gear and wrangling necessary, the ability to play out and in a variety of venues or simply on the street makes it even easier to expand the fan base. Mistakes are more difficult to hide, but they’re also much more likely to be forgiven by the fans who appreciate this very raw and true to life approach to music and music production. *Boys are Bad Kissers* is stripped-down, no real production at all, just naked music, decorated only with the equally bare words of a highly emotive artist. It’s a fine offering, and I would suspect the show, too, would be captivating and charming in its simplicity. Listen outside, under the sky—Swedish-ish Fish will be a fine future addition to *Lilith Fair*. —Ischa B.

**Uncle Scam**

*Heavy Cream*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 08.19**

**Uncle Scam = Liz Phair + Veruca Salt**



Uncle Scam is sex rock. This pack of talented musicians is led by the fiery **Ischa**. *Heavy Cream* leaves nothing to the imagination. The album title track is a scathing call-out to men who say whatever they have to to get what they want from the ladies. If you have ever gotten a look at Bee, she’s not a woman you’d want to have pulling out her “implements of war.” Uncle Scam is the type of band you’d expect to hear on a road trip through Nevada. This album brings to mind strippers with machine guns. All the topics that are meant to be avoided in polite conversation are found in abundance here: Politics, sex and violence are in no short supply. Track three, “Backlash,” shows that behind the lady, the band has some balls, but their strong point is the live show. For a look at the band’s political leanings, take a listen to track five, “Fillibuster”—it says it all. Catch them soon, and when you do, take a look at everyone’s faces when they go off and Bee starts getting feisty. —Tom Bennett

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cd reviews

Anti-Flag

Complete Control

Sessions

Side One Dummy

Street: 09.27

Anti-Flag = The Clash + Billy Bragg + Street Dogs + Propagandhi + Saves the Day + Buzzcocks + Against Me!

I love Anti-Flag—always have, always will. That said, *Complete Control Sessions* is half Clash-tribute, half recording their songs with a minor folksy, Billy Bragg style—which is fine, there's just nothing “new.” Don't be frightened: They still employ distortion-fueled guitars with thick power chords. The Flag have merely converted the ethos of songs “The Economy Is Suffering,” “Turncoat” and “This Is The End” to be more conducive to en masse sing-alongs at shows with a more Bragg-like vocal intonation and warbling (in a good way). Anti-Flag began moving in this direction with *The Bright Lights of America*, and have just intensified this approach. The release includes three Clash covers (“Should I Stay Or Should I Go” twice, “Guns Of Brixton” and “White Riot”) and a cover of “I Fought The Law,” which is basically another Clash cover. Fans will cherish this release, and Anti-Flag haters? Indie sux, hardline sux, emo sux and you suck. —Alexander Ortega



fully evocative. Powerful songwriting and an experimental fascination with stilted tempos and serrated sonic reverb (first cultivated on *House with a Curse*) coaxes a ragged soul from the band, rendering *Parasites* their most challenging and memorable work to date. —Dylan Chadwick

Comet Gain

Howl of the Lonely Crowd

What's Your Rupture?

Street: 10.04

Comet Gain = the Crips + Dexys Midnight Runners + BBC Radio



This is the most British record I've ever heard—clear, straightforward and universal. It also displays a certain breed of English pop that appeals to all sorts of music fans while still remaining incredibly bouncy. Where most modern pop music skirts the line between children's music and frivolity, this indie UK stuff is forgivably catchy. I've heard a handful of Comet Gain songs over the years, and this record throws out some missives that rank right up there with the best. Several of the dozen or so tracks on this disc show that these guys have all but mastered pop mu-

sic composition. The tracks build and explode into radio-friendly, euphoric anthems. The first cut, “Clang of the Concrete Swans,” embodies this description completely. Other songs sound a little less polished, but they are still light years ahead of whatever the hell American radio is passing off as pop music these days. Their sixth album in their almost two-decade career, *Howl of the Lonely Crowd* will treat you to classy, timeless Brit pop, and will remind you of a time when popular music actually had something to say. —James Bennett

Cubic Zirconia

Follow Your Heart

Fool's Gold

Street: 09.20

Cubic Zirconia = Peaches + The Whitest Boy Alive + Holy Ghost! + Simian Mobile Disco



Cubic Zirconia places their sound in the made-up genre of ethnic disco, a rather fitting title for this wildly eclectic selection of sounds, beats, and melodies. However, this album draws its influences from such a wide variety of genres that it can't accurately be categorized. The unadulterated creativity of these three musicians should be celebrated, as they have created a work of art that is truly original. I noticed that if there is something in the track that doesn't agree with me (the vocals are a bit heavy-handed at times), soon enough, another layer or instrument or melody is added into the mix, drawing me back into the song. The title track is the standout track on the album, with a sugar-sweet mashup of minimal techno and disco genres, almost as if *Plastikman* teamed up

with *Cut Copy* to create a groove you could dance to all night long. If you want a look at the genre-defying directions that pop electronic music is headed in, buy this album. —Jessie Wood

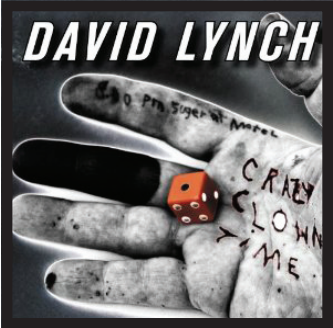
David Lynch

Crazy Clown Time

[PIAS] America

Street: 11.08

David Lynch = (Ennio Morricone + Moby) x Nick Cave



Yes, *that* David Lynch. While the legendary filmmaker is best known for bizarre cinemagraphic mindfucks, he's also lauded for his use of music in his films, so it doesn't come as a shock that he's released an album of his own (with the help of engineer **Big Dean Hurley**). The CD opens with the very catchy, nightmarish “Pinky's Dream” featuring **Karen O (Yeah Yeah Yeahs)** before descending into electronic weirdness on tracks like the almost-poppy “Stone's Gone Up” and the meditative “She Rise Up.” While longtime collaborator **Angelo Badalamenti (Booth and the Bad Angel)** doesn't appear on the CD, his fingerprints are all over Lynch's dark, slithering songs, especially on “So Glad.” Neither man can sing a lick, and it doesn't matter one bit on this slice of noir Americana. If you're a fan and have a strong stomach, hop online and check out the gruesome video for the stripped-down “Good Day Today.” —Madelyn Boudreaux

Dum Dum Girls

Only in Dreams

Sub Pop Records

Street: 09.27

Dum Dum Girls = No Joy + Best slugmag.com

63



Coast + The Raveonettes + The Shangri Las



The second-full length from LA's Dum Dum Girls finds the band with a less muddled and noisy sound than what was on their first album. Where vocal tracks and instruments sometimes felt claustrophobic on last year's *I Will Be, Only in Dreams* leaves enough space between the various elements to allow **Dee Dee's** songwriting to stand out. **Sune Rose Wagner** of The Raveonettes helped produce the album, and although his influence isn't immediately noticeable, after a few spins, the timeless quality of his work begins to seep through. Although Dum Dum Girls haven't abandoned their fuzzy pop altogether, this more polished version is, without question, also more memorable. *Only in Dreams* starts with the upbeat, surf rock-influenced "Always Looking" before diving into the whimsical "Bedroom Eyes" and bouncing into "Just a Creep," which resonates with the feeling of a spaghetti western. "Coming Down" creeps into the territory of ballad, but its inclusion doesn't make this album lose its teeth. Initially, the sonic rollercoaster was a bit jarring, but after a few spins, I fell in love with this album. *Only in Dreams* is as beautiful as it is tough, and as infectious as your first romance. *—Jeanette D. Moses*

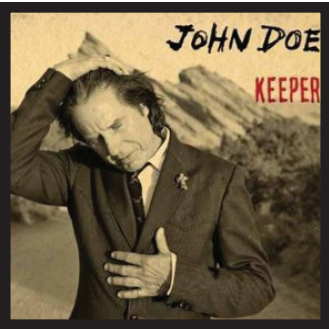
Entrench  
*Inevitable Decay*  
**Abyss**  
**Street: 09.20**  
**Entrench = Sodom + Death Angel (early) + Nuclear Assault + Destruction (early)**

Don your denim patch-plastered jacket, bust out your bullet belt and revel in what may be the least talked-about but best damn thrash record your ears will be bombarded with on Entrench's debut album, *Inevitable Decay*. After six years of demos, this Swedish trio of mad thrashers are here to beat your ass the way thrash metal should. The problem with many of the modern thrash acts pushing out retro material these days, aside from regurgitated riffs and lack of

the real thrash angst, is their modern production. Entrench not only nail the classic production of albums from the '83 to '85 era, they ooze old-school attitude like a pus-ridden sore on a hardworking thrash guitar player's finger. Stylistically, the band does a good job of crossing over the core of their sound, which is early European thrash with some doses of American rawness. It isn't just riffs you're going to remember from *Inevitable Decay*; the tracks stand hard and fast with new classics. "Debt of Sorrow" is filled with mosh-pit fervor and a core swirling, dizzyingly fast thrash riff with a throat-scraper of a vocal delivery, and "Crossing the River," starts with speedy punches and rounds into some brutal thrash-groove breakdowns. All this is plenty to get the old school and new school to wet their skintight black jeans. *—Bryer Wharton*

Hella  
*Tripper*  
**Sargent House**  
**Street: 08.30**  
**Hella = Melt Banana + Zach Hill**  
The fact that guitarist **Spencer Seim's** contributions on *Tripper* are worth mentioning speaks volumes about him. I say that as a person who has witnessed the Olympic-level drumming genius that is **Zach Hill** some time ago at Urban Lounge. Hill might be the fastest, most articulate drummer on earth, and his father must have had Red Bull in his sperm. Seim makes each track feel like a journey, when it could easily feel like a traffic jam with so much noise. On "Long Hair," his melodically riveting riffing complements Hill's explosive drumming perfectly. "Kid Life Crisis" switches things up for a minute, with a low bit rate intro, before blasting into their what-the-Hella kind of chaos—and yes, Hella turns "chaos" into a complimentary adjective. *Tripper* is the perfect album to throw on when you're trying to annoy your pious dick of a roommate while he's studying. Or, you can just throw your headphones in. Either way, it's really, really good. *—Andrew Roy*

John Doe  
*Keeper*  
**Yep Roc**  
**Street: 08.30**  
**John Doe = Bruce Springsteen + Joe Ely + Richard Hell**  
John Doe is one of those musical luminaries responsible for bridging the gap between punk rock, early rock n' roll and roots music. His band **X** gave some credence to punk rock, and ever since he went solo in 1990, he's given new breath and perspective to country, folk and blues while



keeping his edge and simultaneously, fully delving into this new territory. *Keeper* is a fine example of just how great Doe is at building an entire record of roots music while still keeping things highly original. The country rocker "Walking out the Door" would be right at home in any honky tonk, and has a slight air of **Johnny Cash** to it. The saxophone-soaked "Never Enough" is an upbeat number that has enough life in it to wake the dead. It's hard to say what we'll get in the future from a guy like John Doe, but I do know that whatever it is, I'll be glad to get more of it. *—James Orme*

Katy B  
*On a Mission*  
**Columbia Records**  
**Street: 09.13**  
**Katy B = (Alicia Keys + Adele) x Rusko**  
You probably haven't heard of Katy B before, but since she's a 22-year-old graduate of *BRIT School* with a degree in popular music from *Goldsmiths, University of London*, you can be sure that you will. Her debut album, *On A Mission*, is a showcase displaying her unbelievably enchanting voice, beautifully framed with dubstep and garage music. "Lights On" (featuring **Ms. Dynamite**), "Easy Please Me" and "Katy On A Mission" are particularly captivating. You can pick up the album on iTunes, but be sure to check out her music videos on YouTube, cause it doesn't look like her tour is leaving the UK anytime soon. *—Johnny Logan*

Library Voices  
*Summer of Lust*  
**Dine Alone Records**  
**Street: 10.18**  
**Library Voices = New Pornographers x Architecture in Helsinki**  
While Library Voices put a few strident twee signifiers up front—cutesy song titles ("Que Sera Sarah"), the grade-school nostalgia of their name, the boy-girl album cover—the music is more grown up than they let on. It's fun, to be sure, but they temper the energy with genuine hooks that

give their infantilism a sardonic slant. Single "Generation Handclap," upbeat and catchy like the rest of the record, is a standout with its especially urgent chorus. I could have done without the book-on-tape style "Intro" and "Outro" tracks, though. *—Nate Housley*

Lonely Kamel  
*Dust Devil*  
**Napalm Records**  
**Street: 10.25**  
**Lonely Kamel = Lüger + Fu Manchu + Masters of Reality**



*Dust Devil* represents a logical next step in Lonely Kamel's journey from **Kyuss**-worshiping stoner doom to a tighter, cleaner, blues-inspired psychedelic rock. Their songs are still pretty metal-inspired and heavy, but are much more in the spirit of stoner rock's fascination with long highways and deals with the devil. **Thomas Brenna's** voice is unique and powerful, and backed up with bright, catchy tunes, from the fast and gritty "The Prophet" to the slow, smooth riffs of "Whorehouse Groove." This album might not be breaking any new ground, but it's a great companion for long drives along desert roads. *—Henry Glasheen*

Lostribe  
*Sophie*  
**CFO Recordings**  
**Street: 08.23**  
**Lostribe = Grieves + Looptroop Rockers + Prefuse 73**  
Let me tell you about the state of hip hop these days: It's excellent, *but*—with one big fat "but" (you know, the type **Sir Mix-A-Lot** loves)—there's so much new stuff that the market gets diluted. With that said, let me tell you how awesome it is to hear a record like *Sophie* from this California duo. **Agustus ThElefant** is a solid MC and he elegantly shares track space with guest stars like **Talib Kweli**, **Casual** and **N8 the GR8**. My real favorite here, though, is the production by **JustLuv**. More digitally informed and synth-heavy than a lot of current producers, his beats are still sample-driven and vary enough

over the course of the album to never get monotonous. Particular favorites include "No Other Word," featuring a vocal hook by Maryann Hunter that's sweetly addictive; "Live Like A Rebel," with amazing glitch-inspired backbeats; and "Come Down," with some really hot verses. Like hip hop, but need something new? This is it. *—Rio Connelly*

Mandolin Orange  
*Haste Make/Hard Hearted Stranger*  
**Self-released**  
**Street: 11.08**  
**Mandolin Orange = The Head and the Heart + She & Him + Margot and the Nuclear So and So's**



As I drove down I-15, I found myself humming along to the catchy melodies and nice harmonies that Mandolin Orange's *Haste Make/Hard Hearted Stranger* offer on this two-disc release. Both albums are pretty musically sound, what with the crooning voice of **Andrew Marlin** and the instrumental handlings of **Emily Frantz**. They each feature some excellent piano refrains and violin solos. The third track on *Haste Make*, "Lines on the Floor," is my personal favorite because of the dissonant melodies and the cadence at the end of each chorus. It's almost enough to make me fall for the album in its entirety. Unfortunately, overall, both *Haste Make* and *Hard Hearted Stranger* truly lack expressive depth. There is no solid point of differentiation between Mandolin Orange and any other amiable, folky band out there. The intimate, calming tone of the band's sound is also nice, but ultimately lacks the intensity that fans need in order to keep going back to it after every victory and every battle. In order for an album to really stick, it has to provide something meaningful, and while this album comes close, it doesn't quite pull through in the end. It's pleasant, but pleasant won't cut it. *—Kylie Cox*

Mike Patton  
*Music from the Film and*

Inspired by the Book  
*"The Solitude Of Prime Numbers"*  
**Ipecac**  
**Street: 11.01**  
**Mike Patton = Michael Andrews + Danny Elfman + Phillip Glass**



"Multi-faceted" proves to be a resoundingly appropriate term when describing **Mike Patton's** musical output: a career that genre-hops more than a temperamental middle-schooler. So when the dude announces that his next project will be a "sonic departure" from the last, it's hard to take too much notice. Still, compiling an album inspired by a 2008 Italian novel (and 2010 film) about two heartbroken individuals seemed compelling enough, and the results add yet another dimension to Patton's storied legacy. Eschewing the crazed exuberance and schizophrenic bombast of previous efforts, the album plays heavily on under-tones, icy minimalism and single note passages occasional teasing themselves out into symphonic grandeur (check "Radius of Convergence"). Plinking pianos, trembling strings and an ethereal synth varnish (and the delightful quirk of having all tracks numbered sequentially with the first 16 prime numbers), it's certainly not **Mr. Bungle** ... but a wholly satisfying audio-cinema experience nonetheless. *—Dylan Chadwick*

Owen  
*Ghost Town*  
**Polyvinyl Records**  
**Street: 11.08**  
**Owen = Moonlit Sailor + Little Glitches + David Bazan**

**Mike Kinsella** makes my heart melt, and this album is a strong testament as to why. A pioneer in the weird, alien music sound of Chicago, he started making music with his brother at the age of 12 in **Cap'n Jazz**, moved on to **Joan of Arc** a few years later, and **American Football** around the same time. In 2001, he branched out from alien sounds and started Owen, a solo project in which he loops guitar, bass, drums,

keyboards, and sings. This album is fucking beautiful. It's more along the lines of his newer stuff, like *At Home with Owen* and *New Leaves*, but with more layers and more haunting than ever. Fitting, I suppose, for an album titled *Ghost Town*. The drums are harder than previous albums, as he was playing Cap'n Jazz's reunion tour at the same time he was recording this album, and the guitar has the right amount of hazy uncertainty. Starting out with "Too Many Moons," I'm immediately hooked. Lyrically, *Ghost Town* feels like the end of a poignant chapter in his life—appropriately, as rumors are saying that this might be his last Owen album. This is the best kind of sleepy music. *—Kyla G.*

Russian Circles  
*Empros*  
**Sargent House**  
**Street: 10.25**  
**Russian Circles = Pelican + Red Sparowes + And So I Watch You From Afar**

I hold any band that features a former member of **Botch** to a very high standard—Russian Circles meet that standard and then some. This instrumental trio sets themselves apart from the crescendo-chasing lemmings with a style of post-rock that focuses more on driving energy than empty space. Opening track "309" manages to be vicious, but not in an overtly aggressive way: **Dave Turncrantz** hits those drums fucking *hard*, and **Brian Cook's** bass tone at the end of the song is just plain ugly. "Mladek" opens with a guitar riff from **Mike Sullivan** that initially seems pretty enough to fit on an **Explosions in the Sky** album, but when Turncrantz and Cook jump in, the song becomes a certified ass-kicker. The first four minutes of "Schipol" offers a bit of a respite, but there's still some gnarly stuff going on underneath the delicate guitarwork. "Praise Be Man" closes the album out in a spectacularly fuzzy manner and the use of vocals (a rarity in Russian Circles' music) is a pleasant surprise. This may be the best Russian Circles album yet, and that's really saying something. *—Ricky Vigil*

Skinny Puppy  
*HanDover*  
**SPV**  
**Street: 10.25**  
**HanDover = Bites/Remission + Last Rights + Mythmaker**

Just when you think you know exactly what to expect from Skinny Puppy, they throw you a curveball. And not just one that hangs for a few feet and drops—you completely miss it, and it blows through the backstop.

*HanDover*, the Pups' latest release, is a sonic pit bull that refuses to allow itself to be chained to a tree in your backyard. Sure, there are a couple of "danceable" tracks on the album ("Cullorblind," "Village"), but by-and-large, this is a challenging listen, and the reward will differ radically depending upon perspective. This is the sound of a band that is attempting to further itself rather than reinvent itself, and, unlike most past Puppy offerings, there isn't one single jolting moment during the album where the listener will finally "get it." The entire album is, in effect, that moment. This is the noisiest record Skinny Puppy has released since 1992's *Last Rights*, but it doesn't have the same claustrophobic effect. Instead, it leaves much more room to breathe, but don't turn your back on it—it will still grab you by the throat and cut off said breath without warning. *—Gavin Hoffman*

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin  
*Tape Club*  
**Polyvinyl Records**  
**Street: 10.18**  
**Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin = Fruit Bats + early Yo La Tengo + grownup Morning Benders + if The Strokes were acoustic**

Okay, 26 tracks is a lot, even considering *Tape Club* was narrowed from 100 of Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin's previously unreleased and/or hard-to-find tracks. Despite the length, there is something endearing about these dudes and their **Shins**-esque acoustic guitar and harmonic folk voices that remind me of the songs pubescent high school musicians write for their puppy-love girlfriends. I can't say I was thoroughly engaged for the entirety of Tape Club, with its sound being more sweet and easy than striking. "Lower The Gas Prices, Howard Johnson" implements an intriguing drum beat, with lyrics that made me crinkle my nose up in an "aw shucks" manner. "Bigger Than Yr Yard" remained in my head for a few hours after listening—perhaps the pop sound and addition of girl backup singer was enough to make it stick. I dub Tape Club an above-average, well-put-together acoustic album. Although not something I would play on repeat, it's worth at least one good listen if you can spare 26 tracks-worth of your

time. (*Urban: 12.01*) *—Kia McGinnis*  
**Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks**



**Mirror Traffic**  
**Matador Records**  
**Street: 08.23**  
**Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks**  
**= Pavement + Sonic Youth + King Missile**

My first exposure to Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks was back in 2003 when they opened up for **Radio-head**. Obviously, I was way more stoked for Radiohead that night than the singer dude from **Pavement** and his new band. Now as the years have passed and I have gotten more and more into the Jicks, I really regret not paying more attention to their set that night. The band has become a lot better since back then, and with each new album, the band's music has become more cohesive. Their latest, *Mirror Traffic*, is no exception. The music on *Mirror Traffic* doesn't differ a whole lot, musically, from previous Jicks or Pavement. But Malkmus' lyrics are a bit sassier and more sarcastic than on previous releases and the addition of **Beck** as producer adds a lot more texture and tone to the songs, which definitely helps keep my attention through the entire album. The highlight of the album has to be track five, "Jumblegloss." The guitar work on that jam is goddamn exceptional. —Jon Robertson

**This is Hell**

**Black Mass**  
**Rise Records**  
**Street: 10.11**  
**This is Hell = Terror + Anthrax + M.O.D.**

Heavy metal and hardcore have mixed with varying degrees of success over the years. Some strike gold, like D.R.I. and Integrity, while others are utterly forgettable, like the current wave of deathcore bands. On This is Hell's latest effort, the cross-over thrash influences are front and center and meld easily with their established New York sound. It should be no surprise how thoroughly heavy metal is integrated into the album, though—This is Hell has hinted at it for years (they have opened sets with the opening riff of Anthrax's "Among the Living," after all). Touches of Megadeth and Anthrax can be found throughout and complement vocalist Travis Reilly's unique vocal style well. Reilly is one of the few vocalists in hardcore who is easily discerned from other acts, which is part of the draw of This is Hell. However, the sung vocals of the album, which aren't necessarily clean, are a mixed bag, but work in most instances. Altogether, this release sits as well on the shelf next to Terror as it does **Suicidal Tendencies**, and should please hardcore fans and metal fans alike. —Peter Fryer

**Tori Amos**  
**Night of Hunters**  
**Deutsche Grammophon**  
**Release: 09.20**  
**Night Of Hunters = Tori Amos + Broadway musical + a backing orchestra.**

It's been years since **Tori Amos** did anything risky with her music. Her last three albums were almost play-by-numbers catered to easy-listening fans and watered down for consumption. Suffice it to say, the "cornflake girl" has been soggy to longtime fans. But *Night of Hunters* might just be the next chapter in Amos' career that she sorely needed. On this album, Amos crafts songs from classic compositions, making almost every track a solo piano piece with occasional orchestral support. To be blunt, this is not radio friendly and that should be applauded. The songs are as experimental as her *Boys For Pele* days, without the baggage of being cut down to three minutes. *Night of Hunters* sounds more like a haunting musical soundtrack than anything pop-oriented, and Amos deserves credit for at least taking the chance. If this album doesn't finally earn her the elusive Grammy this year, nothing will. —Spencer Ingram

**Tycho**  
**Dive**  
**Ghostly International**  
**Street: 11.22**  
**Tycho = Yeah Yeah Yeahs + DJ Cam**



The San Francisco native Tycho has been MIA from the scene for quite a while, focusing more on his design work and blog under the pseudonym ISO50. Fortunately for me, he took time off to focus on his new album *Dive*, which has left me with stars in my eyes and a yearning to explore the unseen world. From beginning to end, the album felt almost like a dream to me, taking me into a world of pure bliss. Impeccable production and the album's fluidity speaks volumes of Tycho's skill. It's poetry to the ears, even though there isn't

a single lyric featured on any of the tracks, except for an ad lib on the title track. My favorite track, "Coastal Brake," made me feel as if I was surfing in an ocean blue with the sun rising as I caught that first wave. Beautiful synths, captivating riffs and catchy drums kept me until the last song played out. This is the kinda album you can relax to after a long stressful day, or if you need something pretty in your ear while you trip. Definitely worth the legal download. —Mama Beatz

**VNV Nation**  
**Automatic Anachron**  
**Street: 10.25**  
**VNV Nation = Alphaville x (Covenant + Apoptygma Berzerk)**  
**Ronan Harris and Mark Jackson** are back with another stirring, triumphant album and another reminder that they are not afraid! An artsy, die-selpunk tribute to the 1930s and the world of tomorrow, it departs from earlier releases with the meditative instrumental track "Goodbye 20th Century" and "On Air," a lovely piano ballad shot through with noise and static, as if tuned in from an antique broadcast. They pick things up with the relentless neofuturist beats one expects from VNV—it takes real effort to sit still through soaring tracks like "Space & Time," "Gratitude" and "Photon." They don't forget the obligatory hurt-yet-optimistic ballad with "Nova." Especially check out the hardest track, "Control," which is sure to get rivetheads and ravers moving when VNV Nation plays *Club Sound* on November 25. —Madelyn Boudreaux

**Void**  
**Sessions 1981-83**  
**Dischord Records**  
**Street: 10.25**  
**Void = Minor Threat + SOA + (early) Black Flag**  
If ever there was a punk rock equivalent of black metal's "kvlt" tag, Columbia, Maryland's **Void** would fall into that category without debate. An extraordinarily messy and haphazard band, Void is, in hindsight, arguably better in my mind than **Minor Threat** ever was, although nowhere near as influential, for obvious reasons. Their legendary split with **Faith** is something that I've never been without at least a cassette or CD-R copy of, for as far back as I can remember, and hearing the *Sessions* release has only rekindled my love for this band. Compiling Void's *Hit and Run* session from November 1981 with the first *Inner Ear* demo, outtakes and two live tracks, this sucker reminds me why

I got into punk rock in the first place. It's noisy, sarcastic, juvenile, mean, and totally disjointed ... What the hell else has punk rock ever needed to be? —Gavin Hoffman

**The Workhouse**  
**The Coldroom Sessions**  
**Hungry Audio**  
**Street: 09.26**  
**The Workhouse = Explosions in the Sky + Abe Vigoda**  
This band can't decide whether it is lo-fi **Explosions in the Sky** or a lo-fi **The National**, but maybe that is what they are going for. The first two and a half tracks of this album all sound like shitty covers of each other. When the vocals popped in for the first time halfway through track three, I got a bit excited. I was quickly let down by the lead singer's **Cold Cave**, **Abe Vigoda** ripoff voice, delivering lyrics that equate to an eighth-grade love poem. After that, they jump right back into the instrumental shoegaze again, until the album's highlight, "The Whistler." "The Whistler" sounds like what I imagine **The National** would have sounded like as a high school band and it is actually kind of cool. The band isn't terrible, but they fail to produce anything of real substance. The *Coldroom Sessions* is like an entire album of filler songs. —Cody Hudson

**Zola Jesus**  
**Conatus**  
**Sacred Bones Records**  
**Street: 10.04**  
**Zola Jesus = Kate Bush + Siouxsie Sioux + Cabaret Voltaire**  
With artists like **Austra**, **Glasser**, and **Fever Ray**, it's obvious: Goth is back. It's time for people to obsess over **Nika Roza Danilova**'s dark alter-ego, Zola Jesus. At only 22 years old, the opera-trained singer has managed to overwhelm me with emotion on her third and poppiest full-length, *Conatus*. The one-minute "Swords" opens with glitches and industrious noise, leading into the pounding chill of "Avalanche." The first glimpse of her vocal range appears on "Vessel," which rides aside mechanical synths. It is, of course, her big voice that's so captivating and heart-crushingly powerful. "Blissers, on my hands" Danilova bellows out on "Hikikomori" over Kate Bush-like string arrangements. "Seekir" and "Shivers" echo behind layers of danceable electro-goth beats. *Conatus* is an anthem and it will tug at your soul, every note and lyric of Zola Jesus is the work of one—the 4'9", 90-pound Nika Roza Danilova. —Courtney Blair

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**Friday, November 4**

The Peculiar Pretzelmen, Folk Hogan – *ABG's*  
TGR Ski Video After Party: Motorcycle Death Machine – *Bar Deluxe*

Acacia Strain & Terror, Stray From The Path, Harm's Way – *Club Sound*

Ross & Dave's Birthday Extravaganza – *Willie's*  
They Might Be Giants – *Depot*  
Rob Wilson Fundraiser – *Downstairs (Park City)*  
Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*

Of Mice And Men, iwrestledabearonce, I See Stars, For The Fallen Dreams, That's Outrageous – *In The Venue*

Madman Mezzz, The Commission – *Liquid Joes*  
MC Pigpen, Kublaki, Broke MC, C-Crime, Dedicated Servers, Grits Green, 7/11 – *Kilby*  
Netherfriends, Ben Best, The Mighty Sequoia – *Muse*  
Salty Horror International Film Festival – *Park City Library*

Film: Temple Grandin – *SLC Main Library*  
Gaudi In Motion – *Sugar Space*  
Joshua James, HoneyHoney – *State Room*  
Real Estate, Big Troubles, The Future of the Ghost – *Urban*

John Allred – *Velour*  
Desert Noises, Lake Island, Mermaid Baby – *Why Sound*  
**Lady Macbeth – Plan –B Theatre**  
**First Friday – Exhibition Opening – SL Art Center**

**Saturday, November 5**

Gunfight Fever, Die Nasty, Haven, Machines of Man – *Basement*  
Karaoke Starring DJ Numbnuts – *Willie's*  
Cobra Cobra – *Bar Deluxe*  
Statik Selektah – *Club Elevate*  
Whiskey Fish – *Garage*  
Backwash – *Hog Wallow*

Children of Nova, Velvet City, Exit of the Envious, Exit Strategy – *Kilby*  
The Spazmatics – *Liquid Joes*  
Lauren Cook & Friends – *Johnny's*  
Anjelah Johnson – *Kingsbury Hall*  
Baldwin Games – *Muse*  
DJ Timone, DJ Irene, DJ Diamond – *One Nightclub*  
Salty Horror International Film Festival – *Park City Library*

Film: Temple Grandin – *SLC Main Library*  
Gaudi In Motion – *Sugar Space*  
Rich Robinson – *State Room*  
Starmy, Suicycles, Sam Smith Band – *Urban*  
Fictionist, The Moth & The Flame, Mermaid Baby, Battleschool – *Why Sound*  
East of the Wall, I Am the Ocean, Loom – *Burt's*  
**Lady Macbeth – Plan –B Theatre**  
**Happy Birthday Kyla Grant!**

**Sunday, November 6**

See-I – *Depot*  
Film: Temple Grandin – *SLC Main Library*

Loom, Savior Savant, Jesus or Genome, Fa Koshka, Oddmality – *Why Sound*  
**Lady Macbeth – Plan –B Theatre**  
Eagle Twin, Red Bennies, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*

**Monday, November 7**

A Faylene Sky, Everyone Dies In Utah, Through Arteries, I Capture Castles, Dead Wife By Knife, If We Start This Fire – *Kilby*  
Film: Temple Grandin – *SLC Main Library*  
Monophonics, No Nation Orchestra – *Urban*  
**Sound Waves from the Underground: Episode #18 – itunes**

**Tuesday, November 8**

Masterodon, The Dillinger Escape Plan, Red Fang – *Depot*  
Garden, Max Pain and the Groovies, Dead Seas – *Garage*  
Murs, Tabbi Bonney, Ski Beatz, McKenzie Eddy, Sean O'Connell, Da\$h – *In The Venue*  
Ximena Sarinana, Avalanche City – *Kilby*  
Appleseed Cast, Kathryn Calder, Nick Neihart – *Urban*

**Wednesday, November 9**

Gift Of Gab, Scenic Byway – *Bar Deluxe*  
Gym Class Heroes, Dirty Heads – *Complex*  
Zoso – *Depot*  
Gallivan Ice Rink Opens – *Gallivan*  
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*  
Senses Fail, Make Do And Mend – *In The Venue*  
Jonathan Jones, The Broken Column, Frame & Canvas, Charles Ellsworth, The Dirty Thirty – *Kilby*  
Bird By Bird – *Muse*  
Film: Ghost Bird – *SLC Main Library*  
Gaelic Storm – *State Room*  
Guards, The Trappers, Deer Tick – *Urban*

**Thursday, November 10**

Spindrift, Spell Talk – *Garage*  
Joy & Eric – *Hog Wallow*  
Future Islands, Ed Shrader's Music Beat, YYBS – *Kilby*  
Double Wide – *Liquid Joes*  
Desert Noises, Elizabeth Ayrnn, Our Lady, Lake Island – *Muse*  
Film: Sholem Aleichem: Laughing in the Darkness – *SLC Main Library*  
Spyhop's Pitchnic – *Rose Wagner Theatre*  
Scott H. Biram, Joe Buck, Molly Gene One Whoaman Band – *Urban*  
Jonathon Jones – *Velour*  
Film: Blank City – *SL Art Center*

**Friday, November 11**

The Jingoes, Resister Radio – *ABG's*  
Reef the Lost Cauze, King Magnetic, Edo G, DJ Illegal – *Bar Deluxe*  
Dubwise – *Urban*

Huldra, Dustbloom, Hypernova Holocaust, Monarch – *Burt's*  
New Found Glory, Set Your Goals, The Wonder Years, Man Overboard, This Time Next Year – *Complex*  
Wayne Hancock – *Garage*  
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*  
23<sup>rd</sup> Army Band – *Hunstman Center Arena*  
City and Colour, Hacienda – *In The Venue*  
The Anchorage, Storming Stages & Stereos – *Kilby*  
Hour 13, Downfall – *Liquid Joes*  
Steven Halliday, Hema, Travis Van Hoff – *Muse*  
Film: Blank City – Creativity in Focus – *SLC Main Library*  
Blinded By Truth, Autumn Eclipse, ECS – *South Shore*  
The Moth & The Flame, Book On Tape Worm, Soft Science – *Velour*  
Your Former Forever – *Why Sound*

**Saturday, November 12**

Art Swap and Sale – *Art Access Gallery*  
Serianna, Eyes Like Diamonds – *Basement*  
Vegan Thanksgiving Dinner – *Columbus Community Center*  
Roberto Tapia, Enigma Norteno – *Complex*  
Old Death Whisper – *Garage*  
Revolver – *Hog Wallow*  
Tribal Seeds, E.N. Young – *In The Venue*  
Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Johnny's*  
Paris Green, Jesust, Spell Talk, Loom – *Kilby*  
The Spazmatics – *Liquid Joes*  
Sam King, Evicting Eden – *Muse*  
Fictionist, The Devil Whale – *State Room*  
Mates of State, The Generationals – *Urban*  
The Whits – *Velour*  
Wade & Friends – *Why Sound*  
Debaser & The Prime, DJ Nykon, Saint Warhead – *Woodshed*

**Sunday, November 13**

Nova: Music of Beethoven – *Libby Gardner*  
Blu, Open Mike Eagle, Jnatural, Colorless, Burnell Washburn – *Kilby*  
The Devil Makes Three – *State Room*  
Jay Brennan, The Awful Truth – *Urban*

**Monday, November 14**

Hull – *Bar Deluxe*  
Big Sean, Cyhi the Prynce, Shawn Chrisopher – *Complex*  
Say It's Fine – *Kilby*  
**Salt Lake Design Week – Opening Night – The Leonardo**  
**Salt Lake Design Week – Lab – The Leonardo**  
Film: Poison – *Tower Theatre*  
Ra Ra Riot, Delicate Steve, Yellow Ostrich – *Urban*  
Geeks Who Drink Futurama Quiz – *Devil's Daughter*.  
**Happy Birthday Lindsey Morris!**  
**Sound Waves from the Underground: Episode #19 – itunes**

**Tuesday, November 15**

James Tautkus, Motorcycle Death Machine – *Kilby*  
Salt Lake Design Week – *Salt Lake Art Center, East District, SLC Main Library*  
Heal Utah Fundraiser – *State Room*  
Centro-Matic, Policia – *Urban*  
Pray for Snow - Hosted by Save Our Canyons – *SLC Squatters Pub*  
Film: The Visual Language of Herbert Matter – *SL Art Center*

**Wednesday, November 16**

Resistent Culture, All Systems Fail, Yaotl Mictlan, Chainwhip – *Burts*  
Cynic, Scale the Summit – *Complex*  
Tony Holiday, Jordan Young – *Hog Wallow*  
Andy Grammer – *In The Venue*  
Salt Lake Design Week – *The Leonardo, Salt Lake Art Center, Central District*  
Strand Of Oaks, Brinton Jones, Bear Clause – *Kilby*  
Neighborhood Brains – *Muse*  
David Wilcox – *State Room*  
Kindlewood, Paul Christiansen – *Why Sound*  
The Pourhorse, Marinade, Hotel Le Motel – *Urban*  
**Add A Dash of Local Art w/Chris Rudert – Whole Foods Trolley Square**

**Thursday, November 17**

Bobby Valentino, The Red Rose Tour – *Club Elevate*  
Brother Chunky Band – *Garage*  
Higher Ground  
Learning Workshop – *Higher Ground Learning*  
SKPz – *Hog Wallow*  
Mountain Hymns, St. Peter, The Roof Top Bandits, Mod Lan – *Kilby*  
Salt Lake Design Week – *The Leonardo, Salt Lake Art Center, UMFA, SLC Main Library, West District, Higher Ground Learning*  
Double Wide – *Liquid Joes*  
Royal Bangs, Bear Hands, YYBS – *Urban*  
Saith – *Why Sound*

**Friday, November 18**

Hectic Hobo, J.R. Boyce & His Troubles – *ABG's*  
Lemuria, Vanzetti Crime, Cuddleslut – *Blue Star Coffee*  
Keith Mackenzie, DJ Fixx, Steez, DJ Loki, Tink Fu – *Complex*  
Rage Against the Supremes, Ray Rosales – *Hog Wallow*  
**SLUG Localized: Pretty Worms, Dark Seas, The Phantom Rose – Urban**  
Blessthefall, The World Alive, Motionless In White, Tonight Alive, Chunk! No Captain Chunk! – *In The Venue*  
Little Scream, Bobby – *Kilby*  
Georgelife – *Liquid Joes*  
The Porch – *Muse*  
Salt Lake Design Week – *The Leonardo, Salt Lake Art Center, SLC Main Library*

**Salt Lake Design Week – Closing Night Reception – Natural History Museum of Utah**  
Rachael Yamagata – *State Room*

**Saturday, November 19**

Touche Amore – *Basement*  
Burlesque Baronesses, Brumbies, Please Be Human – *Bar Deluxe*  
Funked, Crizzly & DallasK, Loki, Life+, Dipsy and DylankK, Dirty Dutch Bros – *Complex*  
God's Revolver – *Garage*  
Shwayze & Cisco Adler – *In The Venue*  
Marinade – *Johnny's*  
The Young Electric, Proving Grounds – *Kilby*  
The Spazmatics – *Liquid Joes*  
Chance Lewis – *Muse*  
Film Festival: Who Likes Short Shorts – *Post Theater*  
Bird Eater, Done, Worst Friends, Cicadas – *Urban*  
Tr3ason, Nescience, False Witness – *Why Sound*



**Scott H. Biram 11.10 at Urban Lounge**

**Sunday, November 20**

Cory Branan – *Kilby*  
  
**Monday, November 21**  
New York Voices – *Capitol Theatre*  
Priory – *Kilby*  
**Sound Waves from the Underground: Episode #20 – itunes**

**Tuesday, November 22**

Get off the damn internet and make a new friend – *Anyplace cool*  
**Happy Birthday Robin Banks!**

**Wednesday, November 23**

Mord Fustang, Miles Dyson, Loki, Steez, Danielsan, Aiden Chance – *Complex*  
Royal Bliss – *Depot*  
"Look Who's NOT Coming To Dinner" Art Show – *Gray Wall Gallery*  
The Devil Wears Prada, WhiteChapel, Enter Shikari, For Today – *Great SaltAir*  
Ocean Groove, Voxhaul Broadcast, Robert Schwartzman – *Kilby*  
Jesus Or Genome – *Poplar Street Pub*

**Thursday, November 24**

**Happy Thanksgiving!**

Libertarian Party of Utah Monthly Social – *Denny's (250 West 500 South)*  
Orphan Thanksgiving – *Garage*  
"Look Who's NOT Coming To Dinner" Art Show – *Gray Wall Gallery*  
Double Wide – *Liquid Joes*  
**Happy Birthday Giselle Vickery!**  
**Happy Birthday Mary Catrow!**

**Friday, November 25**

"Look Who's NOT Coming To Dinner" Art Show – *Gray Wall Gallery*  
Max Pain and the Groovies, Spell Talk, The Future of the Ghost – *Urban*  
VNV Nation – *In The Venue*  
Girl In A Coma, Fences, Black Box Revelation – *Kilby*  
Funk Fu, The Beginning At Last, Padrino & The Diggerz, Dusk One – *Liquid Joes*

**Saturday, November 26**

Sacrificial Slaughter, Gutsaw, Deathead, Gravetown, Winterlore, Dukestorm Thunderclap, Hooga, Darkblood – *Club Expose*  
Confessions Of A Mormon Boy – *Complex*  
Sam Smith Band – *Garage*  
"Look Who's NOT Coming To Dinner" Art Show – *Gray Wall Gallery*  
Bad Boy Brian, DJ Knuckles – *Johnny's*  
Youth Lagoon – *Kilby*  
The Spazmatics – *Liquid Joes*  
Jesse Sykes & The Sweet Hereafter, The Devil Whale, The Awful Truth – *Urban*  
**Happy Birthday Jason Young!**

**Sunday, November 27**

The Chariot, Vanna, The Crimson Armada – *Kilby*  
Duncan Phillips, Better Off With The Blues – *Garage*

**Monday, November 28**

The Mesabilities, Albino Father, Pentagramham Crackers – *Kilby*  
Candye Kane – *State Room*  
**Sound Waves from the Underground: Episode #21 – itunes**

**Tuesday, November 29**

Mayhem, Keep of Kalessin, Hate, Abigail Williams – *Complex*  
Michal Menert, Gramatik – *Kilby*  
Bob Log III, Ugly Valley Boys – *Urban*

**Wednesday, November 30**

The Kooks – *In The Venue*  
Flow – *Kilby*  
The Weekenders, Nathan Spenser & the Low Keys – *Urban*  
Jesus Or Genome – *Poplar Street Pub*

**Thursday, December 1**

Mickey Avalon – *In The Venue*  
Lake Mary, The Erin Rich Ensemble – *Kilby*  
Ha Ha Tonka, Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, The Trappers – *Urban*

**Friday, December 2**

**Beats Antique – The Depot**  
**Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anyplace cool**



3: THE STAPLES, FLOW, A SOMETIMES ARMY

4: KUBLAKAI (OF THE LET GO), MC PIGPEN, BROKE MC, C-CRIME, DEDICATED SERVERS, GRITS GREEN, & 7/11

5: CHILDREN OF NOVA, VELVET CITY, EXIT OF THE ENVIOUS, EXIT STRATEGY

7: A FAYLENE SKY, EVERYONE DIES IN UTAH, THROUGH ARTERIES, I CAPTURE CASTLES, DEAD WIFE BY KNIFE, IF WE START THIS FIRE (6 PM DOORS)

8: XIMENA SARINANA, AVALANCHE CITY

9: JONATHAN JONES, THE BROKEN COLUMN, FRAME & CANVAS, CHARLES ELLSWORTH & THE DIRTY THIRTY (6PM DOORS)

10: FUTURE ISLANDS , ED SCHRADER'S MUSIC BEAT, YYBS

11: THE ANCHORAGE CD RELEASE (FREE SHOW)

12: PARIS GREEN, JESUST, SPELL TALK, LOOM (6:30PM DOORS)

13: WASATCH RENAISSANCE PRESENTS: NATURAL SELECTION TOUR FT. BLU, OPEN MIKE EAGLE, JNATURAL, COLORLESS, & BURNELL WASHBURN (6 PM DOORS)

14: SAY IT'S FINE, TBA

15: JAMES TAUTKUS, MOTORCYCLE DEATH MACHINE

16: STRAND OF OAKS, BRINTON JONES (OF THE DEVIL WHALE), BEAR CLAUSE

17: MOUNTAIN HYMNS, ST. PETER, THE ROOFTOP BANDITS, MOD LAN

18: LITTLE SCREAM, BOBBY

19: THE YOUNG ELECTRIC, PROVING GROUNDS, TBA

20: COREY BRANAN, TBA

21: PRIORY, TBA

23: OCEAN GROVE, VOXHAUL BROADCAST, & ROBERT SCHWARTZMAN (ROONEY)

25: GIRL IN COMA, FENCES, BLACK BOX REBELLION

26: YOUTH LAGOON, TBA (6:30PM DOORS)

27: THE CHARIOT, VANNA, THE CRIMSON ARMADA (6PM DOORS)

28: THE MESABILLIES, ALBINO FATHER, PENTAGRAHAM CRACKERS

29: MICHAL MENERT, GRAMATIK,

30: FLOW



# Kilbycourt

N O V E M B E R

741 S. KILBY COURT (330 WEST)  
SALT LAKE CITY  
ALL AGES  
DOORS @ 7PM UNLESS NOTED

T H E U R B A N L O U N G E

*n o v e m b e r*

1: KRCL PRESENTS A.A. BONDY, GOLD LEAVES

2: CHALI 2NA & THE HOUSE OF VIBE, MTHDS, SCENIC BYWAY

3: GRINGO STAR, THE SHRINE, DAISY & THE MOONSHINES

4: REAL ESTATE, BIG TROUBLES, THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST

5: STARMY CD RELEASE, SUICYCLES, SAMUEL SMITH BAND

6: EAGLE TWIN, RED BENNIES, TOLCHOCK TRIO (DOORS 7 PM)

7: MONOPHONICS, NO NATION ORCHESTRA

8: THE APPLESEED CAST, KATHRYN CALDER (OF NEW PORNOGRAPHERS), NICK NEIHART

9: KRCL PRESENTS DEER TICK, GUARDS, THE TRAPPERS

10: SCOTT H BIRAM, JOE BUCK, MOLLY GENE ONE WHOAMAN BAND

11: DUBWISE 5 YEAR ANNIVERSARY 11/11/11

12: KRCL PRESENTS MATES OF STATE, GENERATIONALS

13: JAY BRANNAN, THE AWFUL TRUTH

14: RA RA RIOT, DELICATE STEVE, YELLOW OSTRICH

15: CENTRO-MATIC, POLICA

16: THE POUR HORSE, MARINADE, HOTEL LE MOTEL

17: ROYAL BANGS, BEAR HANDS, YYBS

18: SLUG LOCALIZED: PRETTY WORMS, DARK SEAS, THE PHANTOM ROSE

19: BIRD EATER, DONE, WORST FRIENDS, & CICADA

25: MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES CD RELEASE, SPELL TALK, THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST

26: JESSE SYKES & THE SWEET HEREAFTER, THE DEVIL WHALE, THE AWFUL TRUTH

29: BOB LOG III, UGLY VALLEY BOYS

30: THE WEEKENDERS, NATHAN SPENSER & THE LOW KEYS

COMING SOON!

DEC 1: HA HA TONKA & SOMEONE STILL LOVES YOU BORIS YELTSIN

DEC 4: NATHANIEL RATELIFF

DEC 6: THE GROUCH W/ ZION I, ELIGH & EVIDENCE

DEC 8: YAMN

DEC 9: THE ENTRANCE BAND

DEC 10: CHRISTMAS COCKTAIL PARTY

DEC 11: THE BLACK HEART PROCESSION

DEC 15: THE HOOD INTERNET

DEC 16: GZA

DEC 22: TOLCHOCK TRIO

DEC 23: BIRTHQUAKE

DEC 29: CORNERED BY ZOMBIES

DEC 31: NEW YEARS EVE WITH LASERFANG

JAN 27: PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS

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# TUESDAY NOV 29TH

## THE GRAND @ THE COMPLEX

\$22 ADVANCED \$25 DAY OF

ALL AGES

THE COMPLEX

SLUG magazine



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