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SLUG MAGAZINE  
PRESENTS

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**About the Cover:** The nice folks of **Dead Oceans** hooked us up with photgrpher **Gary Isaacs** for this super rad, exclusive photo of **A Place To Bury Strangers**. Bassist **Dion Lunadon** is seen standing on top of the speakers on the Main Stage of the *Denver Post Underground Music Showcase* on July 21, 2012.

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**Contributor Limelight:** Sean Zimmerman-Wall – Writer



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Sean Zimmerman-Wall, or “Z-Dub,” as we sometimes call him, has been writing action sports content for *SLUG* since 2008, when he covered the *Freestyle World Tour* at *Snowbird*. Since then, he’s written poignant poetry on everything from paragliding to downhill mountain biking—his favorite *SLUG* assignment so far being a recent recap of the 2012 *Red Bull Rampage*, which you can check out at [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com). Z-Dub’s action sports experience isn’t just a bunch of words and punctuation, though. Sean works as a ski patroller at *Snowbird* during the winter, spends the warmer months as a salesman at *Millcreek Bicycles* and, for the past three years, has been helping develop [patagoniaskitours.com](http://patagoniaskitours.com), where he takes brave souls on adventures in the backcountry of Argentine Patagonia. Z-Dub’s work has also been featured in *Powder Magazine* and *UtahOutside.com*. You can check out some of his work in this month’s feature on *PowderWhore Productions*, and make sure to go online to read his descriptive winter sports film reviews.

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## DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I would just like to point out a tragedy that is befalling our youth and young adults these days, and that is the "swag movement". Skinny jeans have been around for awhile now, you probably used to make fun of the people that wore them until Lil' Wayne started babbling and mumbling about them in his music. All of your Obey box logo shit? Stupid. Wear something interesting, be more than a mobile, brain-dead billboard. Your endless supply of snapbacks? Not fresh. Outdated (Ice Cube did that shit first), and overdone. And your shoes...fuck. Oversized basketball shoes have never, ever looked good on anyone, especially all you scrawny, prepubescent pricks. You don't look cool. I hate you. Stop listening to Nicki Minaj and Big Sean and do something useful besides dancing in the middle of a store, or in front of the bank I'm trying to get into while you listen to your shitty music on your headphones. Some of us need to cash a paycheck so we can take care of rent, not all of us have the luxury of smoking weed and blasting Lil' Wayne in their mother's basement with our clone friends while we wait for the rave to start at The Complex everyday. And for the love of God, please stop saying YOLO for fucking everything. You really do only live once, so you probably shouldn't be a douchebag in the process. Oh, and for the record, The Strokes did YOLO first, so fuck Drake, and fuck you too.

With love,  
#fuckswag

Dear #fuckswag,

*You're not helping your cause by signing your letter with a hashtag, hypocrite. SLUG Mag certainly shares your annoyance with all the albino frat kids with shags poaching Native American patterns on their sweaters and all the rave wieners. There will always be normative fashion trends in American consumer culture—that's why counter-culture exists and is awesome. If you're this irked by people dancing in public areas, I sure hope Daddy's trust fund doesn't ship you off to NYC for you to ride your fixie down the streets of Williamsburg and study film, 'cause there are people dancing in the streets EVERYWHERE, sucka. Get off your high horse and let these kids be young and stupid. I think you've been stuck in your head, sippin' on your latte and listening to too much Fun. lately. Get out that angst in a mosh pit that your undoubtedly bourgeois upbringing deprived you of, and stop watching so many fucking Wes Anderson "films." YOLO.*

xoxo,  
SLUG

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By Scott Farley

# Brunch for the Ears: THE NOVA Chamber Music Series



info@slugmag.com

The new season of the NOVA Chamber Music Series began in October with a perfect illustration of the mission of this little arts group: pairing the most classical of classical chamber music—**Mozart**—with two virtuosic (read: devilishly hard to play) pieces by Utah composer **Bruce Quaglia**.

The NOVA Chamber Music Series plays local and very new music in increasingly close measure with the rest of the program's adventurous, but also canonical, repertoire. According to **Jason Hardink**, current artistic director of NOVA, this is a continuation of previous director **Corbin Johnston**'s vision for the series: "This makes NOVA a venue unlike any other musical presenter in town in terms of combining old and new music in a way that makes you hear them both differently. It enriches your experience by putting a Utah composer's piece beside a piece by **Tchaikovsky**, because you hear them both side by side. Unlike other arts groups, we try to be both old and new, and not just one or the other," he says.

NOVA was founded in 1977 by **Utah Symphony** clarinet player, **Russell Harlow**. "From [Nova's] first year, when it commissioned a piece by **Ramiro Cortés** (who was **Stravinsky**'s secretary and arranger), it has been about the new, as its name implies," says Hardink. The tradition of commissioned new music continues through this year's penultimate show, featuring world premieres by two Utah composers: **Miguel Chuaqui** and **Morris Rosenzweig**.

We had a chance to talk to composer Miguel Chuaqui, whose computer-aided musical electronics helped make last January's rendition of "Anthèmes II," by **Boulez**, such a monster.

Chuaqui writes music, he says, "as an interaction between who you are, your background and the things going on in your life at the time, and also who you are writing for. You are responding to a performer, and these two come together as an inner experience ... Which expresses itself

in the music." Chuaqui composes music for orchestras and small groups, as well as for electronic instruments. He has also collaborated on interactive dance systems, and he helped develop software for interactive musical therapy systems with the University of Utah Hospital.

Though he grew up in Chile, Chuaqui doesn't want to be "that folk tune guy." He says, "Just like we don't grow up with square dance, I didn't grow up with that music, necessarily ... But we wear that rhythm on our sleeve ... There is always just something there with all the South Americans." But, he says, he is loosening up as he gets older and more sentimental. "I'm going along writing, and I notice something in the music that reminds me of an old tune, and then I'll use it like a jazz musician working a familiar part into an ad lib," he says. On the question of difficulty, or the virtuosic quality of a piece, he says, "[I] never set out to write music that is hard to play, but it becomes that way pretty quickly. Except for some children's pieces, pretty much everything I write is challenging."

Chuaqui's piece "Confabulario for Wind Quintet" will be performed in the March 17 lineup. "Confabulario," he says, means "to make up stories," and the composition, as it evolved, was filled with the memory of voices telling stories and arguing in the Chile of his youth. This composition grew over a year and a half into a very personal work. "It began as a harmonically tight, little piece. Then I loosened it up, let it breathe, and this became the first movement," he says, adding

that it is expressed as a memory of friends and family in the voices of the instruments. "The second movement came very quickly last summer," he says.

Using some DJ-reminiscent time changes and reverberating fades, he augments the normal ideas for these instruments, taking a set of musical accusations and then differently recounting the story. Now changed in the telling, he invokes a meditation on memory and on the transmutation from the known to the remembered—the creation of "Confabulario."

As an innovative composer, Chuaqui says, "I'm in the fortunate position to be in demand." When not writing for traditional ensembles, he writes pieces for electronics and instruments, a kind of bionic music. When he writes electronic music, Chuaqui sees himself setting up tasks for musicians inside an electronic sort of form, which the musician has to see, to line up with and to interact with—sometimes by playing into a microphone, which changes the instrument in time or in sound, other times by playing against pre-programmed electronic events, and sometimes both.

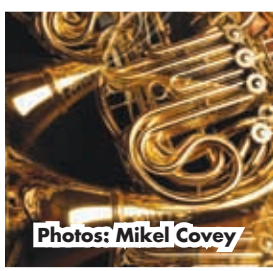
This season's NOVA concerts include many major new pieces by other local and international composers. Fans of modern lied will be enraptured by the January 20 concert, pairing **Schoenberg**'s "Pierrot Lunaire" with what will certainly be a super wild piece of very contemporary music, "The Distance (This)" by **Jason Eckardt**. The Schoenberg, even though it is 100 this year, still sounds wild and new. The final show in April will be a Utah premiere of **Curtis Curtis-Smith**'s compositions for sonorous piano (meaning a piano played with a bow).

Don't miss your chance to see these exciting new and newer works. The NOVA series runs through April and is held Sundays at the **Libby Gardner Hall** on the University of Utah campus. Each show is reviewed by yours truly on the **SLUG** website. For ticket information and concert details visit [novachambermusicseries.org](http://novachambermusicseries.org).



Photo: Gavan Nelson

(L-R) Local composer Miguel Chuaqui and Nova Artistic Director Jason Hardink pose at the NOVA series' venue, *Libby Gardner Hall*.



Photos: Mikel Covey



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(L-R) Jeff Johnson, Jeff Anderson, Jesse Mills and Andy Patterson use rock n’ roll as a mallet in Top Dead Celebrity.

## Localized

By Alexander Ortega  
alexander@slugmag.com

Saturday, Nov. 10, you’d better be thankful you live in a land where Zion’s rock n’ roll forefathers worked their asses off to give you the shows you have today. *Localized* will feature two of Uncle **Andy Patterson**’s outfits, **Top Dead Celebrity** and **Døne**, oozing heavy gravy all over you turkeys at *Urban*. Openers **Despite Despair** will prep the big kids’ table with some electric-knife hardcore to kick off a raucous night of rock for you 21-plus music junkies for a small morsel of \$5.

Being wizened vets of Salt Lake’s music scene, Top Dead Celebrity’s temporal inception is a bit hazy for them, but guitarist/vocalist **Jeff Anderson** thinks it started somewhere in 2008. He was in a band with drummer **Jesse Mills** and former guitarist **Nate Moosman** called **Rifle Street Music**, which “was fizzling out,” says Anderson. After a Rifle Street Music rehearsal, Anderson, Mills and Moosman stayed late to work on some material that Anderson had in his pocket. Their jam session resulted in nascent Top Dead Celebrity songs, which took the form of an amalgamation of devil-may-care **Motörhead** rock n’ roll and dense **Black Sabbath** stoner metal, unafraid to wield the guitar solo nor to employ gnashing screams. The three rough-tracked a record to plant a sonic foothold for themselves with Anderson on bass, but he wanted to play his instrument of choice, the guitar. Anderson thus inducted bassist **Jeff Johnson** into the band, with whom he’d played in **Stolen Marches**. The quartet recorded their self-titled, debut record in this incarnation, and underwent a West Coast tour, after which Moosman quit. Afterward, they toured as a three-piece yet again, taking **Jeremy Cardenas**, **Thunderfist** legend, on tour with them as their merch guy, which eventually led to Cardenas playing guitar for roughly two years and helping write their sophomore release, *Midwestern Rube*. Cardenas got to the point where he felt “stretched

out,” as Anderson puts it, having to juggle Top Dead with Thunderfist, and quit in 2010. Having made tentative plans to go into the studio with Andy Patterson, Anderson deferred their plans to record a third album. Patterson knew that Cardenas’ commitment to Top Dead Celebrity was waning. He says, “As soon as I heard he quit, I said, ‘I’m going to play guitar in your band.’ They said, ‘Do you know how to play guitar?’ and I said, ‘No. But I’m going to play in your band anyway.’” Patterson states that he’s always wanted to play guitar, but given the general dearth of drummers and ubiquity of guitarists, had never had the opportunity. Once he got the “in” in August of 2010, he practiced diligently for his first rehearsal. Anderson says, “I’ve never seen Andy practice so hard on his own, personal time for something.”

Although Top Dead Celebrity has access to the plentiful, heavy-hitting equipment in Patterson’s studio, the band stays focused on what gives their rock n’ roll its punch: songwriting. Not to say that they haven’t or won’t take advantage of this amenity in terms of recording—“Whatever works and sounds best wins,” says Patterson of creating a Top Dead record—but Anderson’s growth as the principal songwriter will shine through in a new album that the band is almost done writing. After having tried for a certain sound in younger years, Anderson has

come to recognize when song creation is contrived and when it’s genuine artisanship. Though Top Dead won’t be “reinventing the wheel” with this release, the band has reached a point where they can integrate aspects that aren’t necessarily slobberin’ sludge: “It’s going to be a Top Dead record, but I think it’ll be a little different,” says Anderson. “I have no ego to bruise, so I’m a little more comfortable doing some things different singing-wise, putting some acoustic stuff on there, probably, so there’ll be some sad bastard music on there ... It’ll probably be different sonically.” Top Dead Celebrity plan to track each song as a distinct piece, a collection of works to showcase rather than just an album that subsumes tracks. Patterson notes that being older allows musicians to be more comfortable with defying aural genre expectations and being willing to experiment with a band’s sound. In addition, he illuminates that Top Dead Celebrity’s trust in one another and their fans is conducive to the band bringing sensible music to the table that fits with how they’ve established themselves in terms of their sound.

“It seems like, once you stop giving a fuck, then you start selling records,” says Mills, though Top Dead Celebrity really has no qualms in terms of how many records they sell. Patterson says, “I think we just play ‘cause we like playing and we like making music ... Honestly, when it boils right down to it, any money that I would make off a band that made money would go back into the studio anyway, so it would just be a full-circle kind of thing.”

After *Localized*, you may find Top Dead Celebrity at the usual spots—*Burt’s*, *Bar Deluxe*, *Urban Lounge* and hopefully the *Shred Shed*—and look for their third release sometime in spring. For the time being, you can purchase both of Top Dead Celebrity’s existing albums for \$1.69 at [topdeadcelebrity.com](http://topdeadcelebrity.com)—seriously, it costs more to ship the damned things.

As you’ve likely noticed, **Andy Patterson** is all over this goddamn city in the form of band membership. But hey, that’s because he’s been playing music here since ‘89. He grew up jamming with the likes of bassist **Cache Tolman**, and their long-standing friendship has been underpinned by their mutual love for playing music. Patterson says, “We’re brothers, man. We’ve been playing forever, [and] it’s easy. Cache says, ‘I have some new songs,’ and we get together and we make new songs.” The ease with which the two joke reveals that Døne’s roots go deep. As Tolman says, “He’s like **Meg**, and I’m like **Jack**.”

After Patterson got in trouble with his parents and switched schools in 1989, the late **Dave Runyan** approached him and suggested that Patterson join the band **Advance**, whose drummer had just left to tour with **The Dead**. Tolman played bass in Advance, and Patterson saw them open for **Chain of Strength**. Patterson says, “I saw that show and [thought], ‘I don’t know what this scene is, but I definitely want to be a part of it.’” He later joined the band in its incarnation as **Search**. From there, Patterson and Tolman continued to be buddies. Tolman engaged in his tenure as a member of **Iceburn** in the early ‘90s, then moved to Los Angeles, and finally to New York in ‘98. “When I’d come home from New York, I’d always go in the studio to hang [with Patterson],” says Tolman. When Tolman returned to Salt Lake for good in 2006, the first person he called was Patterson, to get the jamming monkey off his back. As a musician, Tolman also has a proclivity to ‘play around,’ as it

were, and started a preliminary band, **CTSC**, with the same drummer Patterson had replaced in Search. As history is wont to repeat itself, Patterson ultimately replaced him to form the bass/drum duo, Døne, with Tolman. “Basically, the same thing happened, but 20 years later,” Tolman says.

Døne played their first show at the first *Crucial Fest* in June of 2011 ... after zero proper rehearsals. Being the musical friends that they are, Tolman and Patterson booked time at **Mike Sasich**’s studio to simply lay down some tracks. “We went in, set up drums, set up Cache’s rig ... Cache showed me a riff, I played drums to it ... [One] song was done, so we moved on to the next song. I think it was, like, 11 or 12 songs later—four hours later—we had a record,” says Patterson. “Then I get a call from Cache saying, ‘Hey man, we have a show.’ I said, ‘What do you mean we have a show—we don’t know any songs.’ And he was like, ‘What do you mean? We have a record!’” So, the day of *Crucial Fest*, Patterson “practiced” by “standing around *Bar Deluxe* all day, waiting for all the other bands to play, listening to our record on earbuds, trying to remember how they went,” he says. “Even onstage, I had my iPod in, and I would just skip to the next song and listen to the first couple seconds of it.” Aside from one slip-up on a song that Patterson had skipped over, the two musicians demonstrated their comfort with each other’s styles on the stage. Anderson continues, “It was kind of a trial by fire. But we’ve been playing together for so long that we have a vibe [where] I kind of know where he’s going with something.”

Although Døne has played a relatively small number of shows since then—one at *Burt’s*, two more at *Urban* and the second *Crucial Fest*—Patterson and Tolman’s minimalist musical approach puts the cherry on top of their already tight delivery. When I ask Tolman why bass is the only melodic instrument in Døne, he says, “It’s just the heaviest one they make ... The other one’s got too many strings, and it’s all little. And I’ve been doing bass since the late ‘80s. It served a purpose, and I figured out how to do it sonically.” The two keep it short and to the point with songs generally under two minutes. Not to say that the duo is lazy in terms of their composition, though—Tolman throws down some mad highs on that bass guitar of his (as he is also a closet guitarist), and his singing soars atop the instrumentation in a controlled tenor timbre, while Patterson strikes on-beat to generate stoner rock-influenced shots in the arm.

Døne’s debut album (or first band practice), *Døne I, Døne ‘Em All*, is available for donations at [donebandmusic.bandcamp.com](http://donebandmusic.bandcamp.com), but you may want to wait for *Localized* to obtain it: They’ll have the album available on tape, which will be the first release of a four-tape campaign, which will culminate in a double-vinyl release with each tape album on a side of a slab o’ wax. After *Localized*, the two-piece will start tracking their sophomore release, *Døne II Much, But Not Enough*. Aside from that, you’ll be able to find Døne “when something cool comes up,” as Patterson puts it.



(L-R) Cache Tolman and Andy Patterson: band buds for life.





# Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Things I am Thankful for  
By Mike Brown  
mikebrown@slugmag.com

Every Thanksgiving, as I begrudgingly sit through another family get-together, jonesing for a beer and struggling to find an appropriate topic I can talk to my Mormon family about (I can't exactly tell them how the last **Fucktards** show went), a little unofficial tradition unfolds. Usually, my dad starts it, and I'm sure a lot of families do it. My dad starts off by saying something like, "Alright, we are going to go around the table and each say one thing we are thankful for and why."

My brain instantly starts fishing for something family-friendly that I'm thankful for and it nearly implodes. I always find it a little ironic, being an over-privileged white male living in the most gluttonous and wasteful country in the world, to take a day to celebrate what I'm thankful for—all while sitting in my dad's gigantic living room, wasting enough food to make us royalty in Somalia.

This leads me to share with you readers some of the things in my life that I am truly thankful for: things that I can't necessarily share at the dinner table, but that make my already awesome life more awesome. So often, my articles are baptized in negativity—I want this article to be happy and positive, like a baby panda. Kind of the opposite of the "Fuck You" list that my zine, *The Leviathan*, has made famous. Let's get started!

**Boobs:** I am very grateful for and humbled by boobs. I am thankful that I can go to the Internet any time, day or night, and see some. I enjoy the warmth and comfort that seeing a nice rack provides for my life. Boobs sometimes seem to be an extension of a girl's personality, and can even take on a life and reputation of their own. I am thankful for that.

**My Cat, Jet Pack:** Pretty much everyone knows how much I love my cat, **Jet Pack**—even though the little fucker cost me \$162 this week in vet bills for injuries he suffered in a street fight defending my honor. Overall, it's a small price to pay for letting him shit outside and not having to own a litter box. I can main-

tain my crazy cat-lady status without the crazy cat-lady smell, and I am thankful for that.

**My Mannequin Collection:** Ever since my roommate/maid/non-homosexual life partner, **Mike Abu** moved back East, I've needed something to fill the void of human contact in my non-working life, without all the bullshit a real human brings. Slowly but surely, I've built up a small but attractive set of mannequins and random mannequin arms, legs and heads. They bring a unique ambience to my apartment, keep burglars away because robbers think someone is always home, and I can put one on my balcony if needed as a scarecrow for sluts. I call that one a "slut-crow." I secretly hope that I can somehow bring them to life like that crappy '80s movie and have wild mannequin orgies, or some unrealistically skinny girls to play Scrabble with.

**Tomatoes:** After the last *Mike Brown Fest* where I sold tomatoes for people to throw at the Fucktards, I am very thankful for this vegetable. Or is it technically a fruit? Either way, I don't care. I made more money off of tomatoes that night than I did selling merch or on the door cover, and for that I am grateful. The only other person who probably loves tomatoes more than I do right now is my friend **Circus Brown**. He grows just about every type of tomato imaginable, and has a passion for the fruit that is unmatched. It reminds me of how Bubba felt about shrimp.

**Not Having a Girlfriend Right Now:** I am extremely thankful that, going into this holiday season, I do not have a girlfriend or significant other. This means I can focus my spending habits and free time on me. There will be no one I need to buy gifts for or take out, and no one to yell at me for playing my Xbox all day and getting drunk in my underwear while the weather is nice outside. It just means more Mike-time this holiday season, and Mike-time trumps girlfriend-time.

**Drunken Snowboard Runs:** This is truly one of my favorite things this time of year. I'm too old and uninsured to hit jumps and rails on my snowboard, so now when I ride, my routine is simple. Get to *Brighton* at around 11 or 12, take three runs, then head to *Molly's Bar*.



Mike Brown's mannequin ladies are also thankful he doesn't have a girlfriend right now ... we think.

Pound two beers and two shots of Beam and hit the lifts again with a whiskey-warm belly and loosened limbs for some easy, breezy runs until I feel like going the fuck home. Hopefully I won't have a girlfriend who wants me to show her how to snowboard. I have no patience for that, and teaching a girl to ride ruins relationships. I've seen it happen a lot. But yeah, I am very thankful for drunken snowboarding.

These are just a few things that make my life awesomer than yours. There are more things I am thankful for, little things like the perfect wipe after a large dump and such. This holiday season, I hope you all take time to reflect upon what you are thankful for, and remember that the world will end soon and we will all die anyway, so it doesn't really matter.

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# MY KIKI IS BURNING!

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



Join Princess Kennedy for a kiki at Brewvies on Nov. 15 at the screening of *Paris Is Burning*.

Photo: Brent Rowland  
Photo Edit: Maggie Zukowski

"A kiki is a party, for calming all your nerves. We're spilling tea, and dishing just desserts one may deserve. And though the sun is rising, few may choose to leave. So shade that lid and we'll all bid adieu to your ennui."

These are the lyrics to the mega dance sensation, "Let's Have a Kiki," which was released this summer by the ultra-fab, super-gay group, **Scissor Sisters**. The devastatingly chic **Ana Matronic**, or Ms. Ana to her closest, sings a song about a defunct night on the town. It's a rainy night, no cabs, and she has to take a train to the club in all her finery, only to find that the party has been shut down by the po-po, and she ends up at her friend Pickle's house with some queens for an ol' fashioned kiki.

Quite simply, a kiki is a party where you sit around with your besties and talk shit on people. It's part of a vintage gay dialect created in the '80s among the ghetto fabulous ballroom culture. The "Paris balls" are parties/pageants that happen every year, where the queens, gays and trannies sit in a rec center in Harlem and compete for titles: "Military Fierce," "Daytime Realness," "Wall Street Passing" etc. A queen will dress as "fishy" (girly) as possible to pass for a real woman, or a black dude will dress in an Armani suit and be judged by a panel on how well he could pass among the ad men of Madison Ave., all the while working a catwalk and striking crazy poses, called "voguing"—yes, like **Madonna**, she stole it from them (or borrowed, whatever). The idea is to out-model—or out-vogue—the rival. They are dead serious and fiercely competitive, and literally fight for their titles. It's as crazy as it sounds, and now that I think about it, it's like *Toddlers in Tiaras* meets *Dance Moms*, except with full-grown black and Latin men from the Bronx.

Balls still exist today, but at their heyday in the late '80s, a Ms. **Jennie Livingstone** thought it would be interesting enough to make a documentary called *Paris Is Burning*, and I, for one, am glad she did, 'cause it's one of the most important pieces of documented history of gay subculture. I'm going to try explain the movie, but if you want a more detailed description, then refer to our friend Wikipedia. The beauty of the film is that everyone gets something different from it. It follows the hardships these ballers endure, and the families within the "houses" into which they are eventually accepted, which become the teams, if you will, that compete against each other.

Some of the houses presented in the flick are The House of Xtravaganza, LaBeija and Pend'Avis. The houses, also called "families," are groups composed primarily of the LGBTQ community, the majority of whom are African American or Latino, banded together under a respected "house mother" (sometimes a drag queen or a transgender person, but not always) or even a "house father." This person is to be regarded as the god of the household. Nothing is done without their final say and approval. It's endearing and, at times, tragic, but altogether fascinating to watch.

What is so important for us, a generation later, is that it goes through and explains a lot of the vernacular that we use almost daily, in detail. Like this word, "kiki," which has exploded in use since the release of the SS melody. The reason I chose it is because people are over-using kiki, and in the wrong way. Yes, a kiki is a party, but it's small. No such thing as having a nightclub kiki. I heard someone describe their outfit as kiki—WRONG! A kiki usually involves some cocktails, a lot of weed and a couch. THAT is a kiki, honey!

Now, can one have a movie kiki? I'm going to say yes just this once, especially on Thursday, Nov. 15 at *Brewvies*. I have finally talked the amazing **Levi Elder** at the **Utah Film Center**, who heads up *Damn! These Heels*—SLC's gay and lesbian film fest—into getting us a screening of this legendary film, *Paris Is Burning*. What's more is that he has procured the directress herself, Livingstone, to come with it and give us a fiercely real Q-and-A afterward. Oh, and did I mention it's free? Dive, turn, WORK, bitch!

For the time and other fabulousness that the *Utah Film Center* offers, please visit [utahfilmcenter.org](http://utahfilmcenter.org).

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I have always had a profound admiration of the sandwich. It's something that borders on perfection with its simplicity. I've sampled much of what Salt Lake has to offer in the world of sandwich crafting, and I feel pretty confident with my sandwich palate. However, my first visit to *Oh Mai* found me face to face with a pantheon of sandwiches that not only challenged my perspective of what a sandwich could be, but left me with a newfound appreciation of those who can take a cultural staple like a sandwich and elevate it into new territory.

Owned and operated by members of the local family behind Salt Lake's *Café Trang*, *Oh Mai* opened its South Salt Lake location in March of this year and has already generated enough business

to open a second location in Holladay. Of course, none of this would have materialized if the food didn't deliver a unique dining experience.

When I entered *Oh Mai* and beheld their vast menu of these authentic sandwiches, I soon realized that I wasn't just preparing to sit down for a meal, but rather for a genuine cultural experience. The cashier suggested that I try the Original Cold Cuts Banh Mi (\$4.18), as it's the most culturally authentic. I must admit that when I read the description of this sandwich, I hesitated a bit. It touts four different incarnations of pork, including headcheese and paté, along with raw jalapeño peppers and pickled daikon. I went for it, and in an effort to prove how manly I really was, I spent an extra buck to get my sandwich adorned with a fried egg. My wife, who is less of a meat enthusiast, opted for the Lemongrass Bean Curd Banh Mi (\$4.18), which consists of sliced bean curd that has been prepared with lemongrass and caramelized onions along with the pickled cucumbers, carrots and daikon present in all of their sandwiches.

Our sandwiches were delivered sliced in half, exposing the inviting arrangement of the meat and veggies inside. My first bite was nothing short of miraculous. The breakfast-centric flavors of ham, egg and toast were most prominent, but they were enhanced by the crunchy sweetness of the pickled vegetables and the assertive saltiness of the pork paté. After making short work of the first half of my sandwich, I had a few bites of the Lemongrass Bean Curd. The bean curd itself has the consistency of firm tofu, and the citrus flavors of the lemongrass complemented the pickled veggies nicely. As a person who enjoys meat in all its forms, I found this vegan-friendly sandwich to be just as hearty and satisfying as the porkstravaganza that I had ordered. Despite the uniquely Vietnamese flavors, the banh mi comes couched in an 8" baguette, which gives the sandwich a deceptively familiar appearance. According to *Oh Mai* manager **Long Tran**, the recipe for these particular baguettes is a closely guarded family secret, which makes sense since they've managed to capture a near-perfect blend of crisp chewiness on the outside and pillowy goodness on the inside. Occasionally, though, the consistency of the toppings is a bit off. There

Oh Mai's Original  
Cold Cuts Banh Mi  
challenges the traditional  
sandwich experience.

are days when the pork paté is applied too liberally, which results in some goopiness during the last few bites.

Though it's hard to branch out from *Oh Mai*'s stellar selection of banh mi, it's worth it. *Oh Mai* prepares rice and noodle dishes that come topped with some of the familiar sandwich fillings, like curried chicken or honey-glazed pork. They also offer pho, a Vietnamese noodle soup that is prepared with thin slices of beef, scallions and onions. Their pho is available in both small and large portions, and can also be prepared with tofu. I stuck to my pattern of ordering the entrée that came with the highest possible amount of meats, and ordered the Ribeye, Brisket and Beef Meatball Pho (\$6.28 sm., \$6.98 lg.). Pho should be all about the broth—though it's slightly different from place to place, pho broth is a mixture of exotic spices steeped in an earthy stock. I'm happy to report that the pho at *Oh Mai*, while not earth-shattering, can definitely hold its own with some of the other pho restaurants in town. The noodles are cooked al dente, and it's fun to pick and choose among condiments—Thai basil, bean sprouts and sliced jalapeño—that arrive along with the steaming bowl of soup.

If you need a foil for your meat lust, the Vegan Noodle Bowl (\$6.28) is a great option. Though it's a relatively simple dish, the Vegan Noodle Bowl features the wide range of flavors and textures that *Oh Mai* does so well. The soy dressing is both sweet and salty, while the increased quantity of pickled vegetables add a vinegary tanginess to the dish. Combined with the cool vermicelli noodles, the dish is satisfying without feeling heavy.

*Oh Mai* offers a diverse menu, with many options that are under \$5. That alone is reason enough for any curious local to pay the restaurant a visit. With so many sandwich purveyors offering convenience over quality, it's nice to have a local establishment like *Oh Mai* that prepares unique food without taking a bite out of your wallet.

Photo: John Barkiple



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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15 @ 7PM

### PARIS IS BURNING

Penetrating the tight-knit community of minority drag queens living in NYC, Jennie Livingston's acclaimed documentary offers an early glimpse at the art of "voguing," the underground dance style later popularized by Madonna in her hit song. The film also explores issues such as racism, homophobia and AIDS, while offering a detailed examination of the intricate Ball culture, in which queens are judged for their style and expression.



Directed by Thomas Bezucha  
Rated PG-13 | 106 min. | 2005 | USA

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20 @ 7PM

### THE FAMILY STONE

Although their relationship works in the city, things begin to fall apart for buttoned-up Manhattanites Everett and Meredith when they visit the suburbs for the holidays to stay with Everett's family. Meredith's first meeting with Everett's parents proves so traumatic that she calls in her sister for backup, stir in a little homophobia, ignorance, and a mean sister, and Christmas can only get more complicated.

DAMN THESE HEELS!



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Directed by Alysa Nahmias + Benjamin Murray  
86 min. | 2011 | USA

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20 @ 7PM

### UNFINISHED SPACES

In 1961 Fidel Castro commissioned three visionary architects to construct Cuba's National Arts School in an ambitious cultural project. As the structure neared completion, dancers, musicians and artists flocked to the new school. Soon revolution overwhelmed Cuba and the project was deemed counter-revolutionary. Decades later, the school remains unfinished. The now 80-year-old architects are invited back by Castro to complete their unrealized dream.



Directed by Florent Tiliou  
80 min. | 2010 | France/USA

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18 @ 7PM

### DETROIT WILD CITY

Once a shining testament to American capitalism, Detroit is now a shell of its former self. Compiling historical footage and interviews with the city's residents, *Detroit Wild City* explores the rise and fall of a city once the most industrialized in the United States. This meditative, French-made documentary vividly depicts the deserted urban prairie of Detroit and the modern pioneers who are rediscovering it.

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# Aproning Up: SLC Foodie

By Johnny Logan • [thejohnnylogan@gmail.com](mailto:thejohnnylogan@gmail.com)

Photos: John Barkiple

Let's face it: Salt Lake City's local food scene commonly gets ignored. Among the clutter of chains and fast food joints, it's easy to forget the marvelous local food available here in the valley. For a few years now, **Becky** and **Josh Rosenthal**, the creators behind SLC Foodie ([theSLCfoodie.com](http://theSLCfoodie.com)) and Vintage Mixer ([thevintagemixer.com](http://thevintagemixer.com)), have been working hard to make sure we never forget that fact again. Their local food events, *SLC Mixers*, are bringing people and food together like never before.

The Rosenthals started simple with Vintage Mixer, which features seasonal recipes, utilizing ingredients one can find at a local farmers market and explaining how to cook them. "Right now, there's lots of things with fall ingredients ... you can get at the Farmers Market: butter-nut squash, pumpkin desserts, acorn squash, soups and stews, and all the fall recipes everyone enjoys and looks forward to," says Becky. As the local food scene has grown, so has the need for a voice to advocate it, and SLC Foodie emerged, branching out of Vintage Mixer. SLC Foodie maintains its focus on local restaurants, local food sources and the local people behind the scenes. "It could be anyone from our friend **Evan [Lewandowski]**, who's a winemaker [with *Ruth Lewandowski Wines*] that's just starting to make wine in Utah, to a restaurant like *Finca*, that's pretty new, and highlighting some of their dishes. It's not necessarily a food critic site, 'cause I'm not necessarily a critic—it's more that I want to be an advocate for the city, an advocate for local products and local people through the food scene," says Becky.

Toward the end of last year, Becky and Josh decided to boost their direct involvement in SLC's food scene by hosting an event, and *SLC Mixers* were born. "We did a wine thing with Evan, and we were just kicking the idea around. Into the spring of this year, we were doing them sporadically, but they were all selling out, and we thought, 'Maybe we actually have something here.' So, we went into the fall with a huge calendar ... just to see if people would come out for them," Josh says.

Each event is hosted at a different local restaurant, or a local business that deals with food, and each has its own theme. This creates a unique atmosphere for each *Mixer*. "Our heart and desire for the events is not only to help be an advocate for the local food, but also to gather people and bring the new online community offline, and have them actually sit across from each other at the table and get to know each other and have a conversation," says Becky. "I feel like the dinner table is this common denominator, a great equalizer, and we can connect to all kinds of people from different backgrounds."

Another goal behind the *Mixers* is to bridge the gap between the cook and the consumer. "A really important part of our events is storytelling, because we're providing an outlet for the person behind the food to tell their story. And some of these stories are really beautiful," says Becky. One recent *SLC Mixer* at *Caputo's* allowed



the owners to tell the story of their shop through food. Another featured Indian food from *The Tiffin Bus* paired with beers from *Epic Brewing Company*. **Jim Santangelo** of the Wine Academy of Utah led a class in selecting red wines to pair with salmon farmed from local seafood wholesaler Fog River, whose owners were also present at another recent *Mixer*. "We really put a heavy emphasis on relationships. I think one of the cool things about Utah is that ... Salt Lake is in a position where, if you want to know the people who are making your beer or making your food, they're also excited to [get to know you]," says Josh.

All of the *Mixers* for November feature a Thanksgiving theme. The first, on Nov. 3, focuses on Thanksgiving desserts with **Hilary Cavanaugh** from *Rue de Lis*. On Nov. 10, the *Mixer* will revolve around *High West*, *Creminelli*, *La Barba*, *Uinta Brewing* and *Beehive Cheese*. The next event, on Nov. 11, will look into Thanksgiving sides with **Victoria Topham** from *Piñon*. The last November *Mixer*, on Nov. 17, will go over Thanksgiving entertaining and cocktails. There are also two *SLC Mixers* in December. The first will be on Dec. 1, and will feature Christmas cookies with **Maria Lichty** from *Two Peas & Their Pod*. The last, called "Taste of Burgundy," will take place Dec. 9 and include Jim Santangelo, who will teach attendees about wine on behalf of the Wine Academy of Utah.

Pricing for each *Mixer* ranges from \$25 to \$45. For tickets or specific information about each mixer, go to [slcmixers.bigcartel.com](http://slcmixers.bigcartel.com) or email [SLCfoodie@gmail.com](mailto:SLCfoodie@gmail.com). Whether you're interested in making the perfect cocktail, putting together a fabulous Thanksgiving dessert or mixing up a batch of Christmas cookies, Becky and Josh have prepared just the right event for you. Josh says, "By and large, it's all about [shops that are] locally owned by someone who lives in the community trying to do something special for people who live in Salt Lake."



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# MASONOGRAPHY

**Its Rules and Etiquette: Mason Aeschbacher Beyond Samba**  
By Brian Kubarycz [knairb@hotmail.com](mailto:knairb@hotmail.com)

Fans of the local world-music scene will be interested to hear about the latest project of Mason Aeschbacher. Aeschbacher is the leader of the series of productions, which include his wife, **Lorin Hansen**, of Brazilian drum and dance corps **Samba Fogo**. Aeschbacher's latest production entails far more than Brazilian music, however, and the project should engage a far broader audience. Aeschbacher calls the style of choreography/directing improv "Masonography," and the first production in this style is entitled *Masonography, You May Ask Yourself*.

*Masonography, You May Ask Yourself* is a full-length modern dance production. It is the result of Aeschbacher's 12 years of working as an accompanist for the Dance program at Utah Valley University. Aeschbacher regularly spent three to four hours a day watching and supporting dancers in training. These extended observations granted him a unique perspective on dance, one focused predominantly on the audience's emotional response. Aeschbacher, who holds a masters degree in Music from the University of Utah, sees himself at odds with formalist and expressionist theories of dance, as well as the postmodernist mechanization of this lively art. "Dancers are real people," he insists, "though this gets lost in modern dance, which is too esoteric, too abstract."

For Aeschbacher, the heart missing from the dance performances he observed was genuine communication. His intention has become to fill this void through the creation of characters and the exploration of narrative possibilities. Experiments along these lines lead directly to the development of his "Masonography." According to the rules of the *Masonography* series, dancers are chosen in terms of real-life personality and individual stage presence. In this style, dancers function not as mere props or mannequins for a choreographer to manipulate, but rather as living individuals meant to represent general human types. Each dancer is then assigned to a specific musical instrument within a small jazz ensemble, which simultaneously occupies the stage. As the different instruments sound and interact, the dancers simultaneously interact by responding to the musical cues they hear. Or, as Aeschbacher conversely phrases it, "the instruments give the dancers a voice."

Such a description immediately brings to mind ballet, in particular the pairing of instruments and characters in the work of Russian modernists **Igor Stravinsky** and **Sergei Prokofiev**. However, Aeschbacher's use of post-classical musical idioms allows for greater freedom and immediacy of creation. "I began playing drums when I was twelve," he says, "and my teacher encouraged me to listen to all kinds of music: classical, jazz, latin, hip hop." In *Masonography*, Aeschbacher employs the basic conventions of jazz composition and performance to mold human situations. As the ensemble moves through composed jazz charts, each containing sustained improvisational sections and traded solos, physical and psychological



Photos: John Barkiple

(L-R) Lessey Wentworth, Dani DeFrances, Mason Aeschbacher, Lorin Hansen, Angela Gagliardi-Campos and Kimberly Campa will participate in *Masonography, You May Ask Yourself* on Nov. 16 and 17 at the *Rose Wagner Theatre*.



(L-R) Lessey Wentworth and Angela Gagliardi-Campos interact in a dance-character narrative that follows Aeschbacher's music.

interactions between the dancers can be created, controlled and destroyed, at will and on the spot.

In addition to his drum teacher, another powerful influence on the young Aeschbacher was the time he spent in the theater. "I was in a lot of plays as a kid," he says, "and, later, films became important for me, especially the work of **Quentin Tarantino**." Films like *Pulp Fiction* instilled in Aeschbacher an appreciation not only for complex plots but also for scenes of supreme tension. Perhaps the most significant resistance Aeschbacher encountered during production was from the dancers. Initially, they felt trepidation at the extremes of conflict and intensity of emotion, which Aeschbacher's penchant for narrative and psychology encouraged them to explore. *Masonography* includes unambiguous fight scenes, something not frequently seen in modern dance. "In the end," Aeschbacher says, "it's the music that sold the dance to the dancers, the way it allowed them to experience feelings they were not expecting and had never experienced before in dance."

In its use of music and allegorical characters (Compassion, Creativity, Strength, etc.) to arouse powerful feelings, *Masonography* draws upon other, less-Western sources—in particular, Aeschbacher's keen interest in the culture surrounding samba. In the Brazilian Orixá cult, music is used to summon different members of the pantheon of African gods. The gods take possession of devotees and, through their chosen mediators, interact with the community. "People would come together to dance and sing," Aeschbacher says, "and wait for the gods to take them over." Here, music is not mere aesthetic play—art for art's sake—but rather the means through which a society asks its most profound questions and resolves its most difficult conflicts. Aeschbacher's insistence that dance has specific thematic content relates to his deliberate use of it as a medium of communication. He says, "I feel that I am now, as a musician, making my first true personal statement."

Still, the final goal of *Masonography* remains not individual expression, but audience response. In this, *Masonography*, for all its free experimentation and exoticism, remains conservative, though in the very best sense. The actors, music and stage spectacle are not innately significant, but significant only in relation to a viewer. If Aeschbacher is indeed his own ideal audience, the salutary effects of *Masonography* are evidenced by his great enthusiasm for his project and his pace of production. "I can complete a piece in one third of the time it takes most choreographers," Aeschbacher says. "I work fast because I'm adaptable—less attached to the means than to the final result."

Readers are invited to check their response to Aeschbacher's labors when *Masonography, You May Ask Yourself* appears in the *Black Box Theatre* of the *Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center*, at 7:30 p.m. on Nov. 16 and 17.

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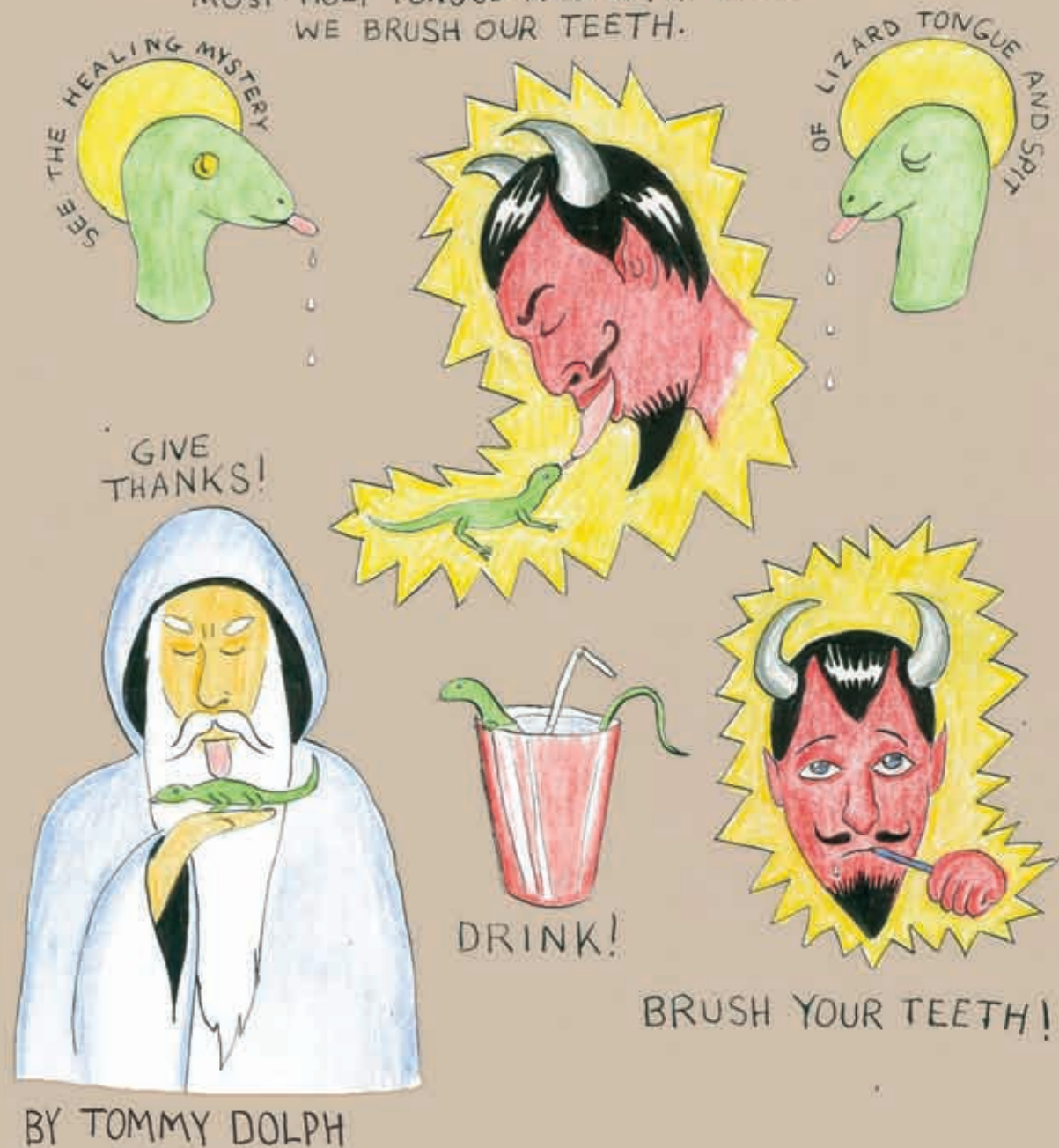
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# Running into Walls: The Return of Into Another

By Gavin Hoffman [reignforever666@gmail.com](mailto:reignforever666@gmail.com)

Back in 1994, at the tender age of 17, there was no bigger band in my mind than New York City's **Into Another**. At that time, I was a naïve, young, punk rock kid with a penchant for thrash metal and a somewhat closeted love of hardcore, but Into Another transcended all musical genres and affiliations I was aware of at the time. Hell, I got the band's 11-pointed star logo tattooed—massively—on my forearm at the age of eighteen. I followed the band through their untimely demise circa 1997, and was sorely disappointed to learn that they had a fully recorded album that would never see a proper release. To this day, Into Another is a band that has influenced me on many different levels. When I learned that they were reuniting to play the **Revelation Records** anniversary shows in California this past summer and New York this fall, I was not only elated, but also dismayed, as my current financial situation would not allow me to attend any of the shows. I suppose that the following interview

with founding member and vocalist **Richie Birkenhead** is somewhat of a consolation prize ... and a damned good one, at that.

Into Another was founded in 1990 by vocalist and composer Richie Birkenhead and drummer **Drew Thomas**, both experienced musicians emerging from the then-slowly-dying New York "Youth Crew" movement, having spent time in hardcore bands such as **Youth of Today**, **Bold** and **Underdog**—all legends in their own right. "Drew and I were very close friends throughout the 'hardcore years,'" says Birkenhead. "We played in different bands, but we shared a desire to create music that was not restricted by genre or by anything at all. It also helped that we had very similar tastes in music and, where we differed in tastes, we complemented one another artistically." Birkenhead and Thomas began frequenting rehearsal and recording studios, and creating music in what Birkenhead refers

to as "an almost stream-of-consciousness way," while simultaneously seeking members to round out the band. They were soon joined by guitarist **Peter Moses** and bassist **Tony Bono**. "Peter came first, by way of recommendation, and we were absolutely blown away," says Birkenhead. "Peter knew Tony, and Tony came in and ripped—the synergy was just magic." The band's first shows were in the fall of 1990 and, from the start, they drew a fiercely devout and passionate following, to quote Birkenhead. "We were doing something very real, and sometimes a bit jarring and unsettling," he says. "You either loved or hated us. That's still true and I wouldn't have it any other way."

As Birkenhead says, Into Another has always seemed to have an extremely passionate fanbase. In his estimation, this is for two reasons: "One, we weren't trying to be anything. Not metal, not hardcore or post-hardcore or alternative—we just were who we were" he says. "Two, we

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Since their untimely demise in 1997, Into Another has reunited to play shows in California and New York.



© Nicole C. Kibert \* [elawgrrl.com](http://elawgrrl.com)



were creating something very visceral and raw, and thus, very touching and moving to those whom we reached." lyrically, Birkenhead says he had never made himself as "naked and vulnerable" as he did with Into Another. "I've neither held back nor contrived anything lyrically with this band," he says. "I've poured out my pain, my joy, my wonder, my confusion, my desires, my anxiety, my revelations, my heart, and my soul." Birkenhead admits that the high points of the initial existence of the band were virtually every minute they spent onstage or in the studio, and the low points were generally associated with business and record labels ... and occasionally with egos and personalities. As previously alluded to, Into Another recorded—but never released—an album with the working title of *Soul Control* in the late 1990s. "As with all things Into Another," Birkenhead says, "that unfinished album is either loved or hated (even among members of the band)." Incidentally, the album had many different titles thrown about. "I also called it *Hoarse Platitudes*," says Birkenhead. In a nutshell, the album never saw the light of day because the band sued their record label while the album was in progress, and Into Another was slowly disintegrating due to many different factors. "It's tragic, really," says Birkenhead. "I love a lot of those songs—particularly "Ether (More Than Anything)," "That" and "(If) Only." I'd love to finish mixing/mastering at some point and to release it properly."

Into Another play the Revelation Records 25th Anniversary show at The Glass House in Pomona, CA on June 7, 2012.

Birkenhead confirms that, not only is the band "fully active" again, but future recording and touring is planned, and the band is attempting to finish the mixing and mastering of the *Soul Control* album for said proper release.

Tragically, original bassist Tony Bono passed away after a heart attack in May of 2002. When I learned of this, any hopes I harbored for the band to ever reunite were dashed. Bono was an integral part of what made Into Another so amazing in my mind, and I didn't envision a way that the band could ever continue without him. It was nothing short of a jaw-dropping surprise to me when I learned that Into Another would, indeed, be reforming to play the Revelation Records 25th Anniversary Shows in California this past summer, and even more of a shock when shows in New York City in October were announced. "Brian (Balchack, guitar) and Reid (Black, bass) basically grabbed us and made it happen," says Birkenhead. "They reached out through their musical prowess and their desire to be part of this, and lit the fuse. We are forever beholden to them." Balchack plays guitar in Southern California's *Ignite*, and Black is the bassist for psych-rock stalwarts *Innaway*. The addition of these two, current musical projects and influences included, makes perfect sense for Into Another. "We each have such a broad scope of tastes," says

Birkenhead. "Everything from **Bowie, The Beatles, Queen, Black Sabbath, Pink Floyd** and **The Doors** to **Negative Approach, SSD** and the **Cro-Mags**." Adding a second guitarist well-versed in hardcore and a bassist with roots in psychedelic rock sums up the band's influences in, essentially, two fell swoops. This, however, doesn't discount the loss felt by Bono's absence. "Sadly, we drifted apart," says Birkenhead, when asked if he kept in regular contact with Bono after Into Another's dissolution. "In addition to the regret I felt, and still feel, about that, my reaction was utter shock and deep sadness. Tony didn't have an unkind bone in his body. He was a beautiful soul and a brilliant, brilliant artist."

With great excitement, Birkenhead has confirmed that the band is once again fully active, as stated earlier in this narrative, and his closing comment instills hope in me for the chance of seeing the band live, at least one more time. "Thanks for 'hearing' me," he says. "It's been a pleasure. Come and be with us when we visit your hometown." Indeed I will.

Into Another will be performing Dec. 13 at *The Sinclair* in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 14 at *The El 'N Gee* in New London, Conn., Dec. 15 at *Union Transfer* in Philadelphia, Penn. and Dec. 16 at *The Bowery Ballroom* in New York. Check out more photos of their recent shows by **Nicole C. Kibert** at [elawgrrl.com](http://elawgrrl.com).



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Black Tusk frequently emerge from their swamp to unleash their Southern metal brutality.

# BLACK TUSK

## NEEDS YOUR BEER

By Ricky Vigil • [ricky@slugmag.com](mailto:ricky@slugmag.com)

Photo: Geoff Johnson

Last fall, Black Tusk broke forth from the swamps of Savannah, Ga. once again to unleash their fourth album, *Set The Dial*, upon the world. The album begins with the instrumental track, “Brewing The Storm,” indebted not so much to their Southern metal brethren as it is to the ‘70s rock swagger of **Thin Lizzy** and **ZZ Top**. On the album’s second track, “Bring Me Darkness,” guitarist **Andrew Fidler** shouts “SIX! SIX! SIX!” repeatedly at the top of his lungs, and the party really begins. Black Tusk have become known for combining various aspects of aggressive music, whether it be stoner, sludge, thrash or punk, and filtering them through their Southern roots to create a style of metal as crushing as it is fun. “I don’t just listen to metal music by any means. That’s why we don’t just sound metal all the time,” says drummer **James May**. “We don’t hang out in graveyards or worship the devil. We just do it in a fun way.”

I spoke with May the day before Black Tusk headed out on their fall tour, which will stop in Salt Lake City on Nov. 20 with **Red Fang** and **Indian Handcrafts**. As his bandmates—Fidler and bassist **Jonathan Athon**—loaded the van, which they had been working on since 7:30 that morning, May took a break to answer my questions with his amiable Southern accent. It’s hard to ignore the inherent Southerness of Black Tusk and the style of music they play—after all, Georgia is also home to **Baroness**, **Kylesa** and **Mastodon**, who have infused various levels of swamp-inspired boogie into their music throughout their careers. “We are from the South ... It definitely comes out in what we do. You can’t change that part of someone when they’ve lived here forever,” May says.

There is a definite groove to Black Tusk’s music, a driving sense of coolness that could only come from the South, and it is part of what makes their sound so inviting, not only to dedicated metal-heads, but to metal outsiders as well.

Another key aspect to Black Tusk’s appeal is their live shows, which May aptly describes as, “Sweaty, loud and very energetic—the way it should be when you go see a good show.” Even though Black Tusk only contains three members, they put all of themselves into their live performances. As Fidler and Athon occupy the front of the stage, beards and hair a-flyin’, May manically pounds the drums behind them, all three of them shouting out lyrics at various points throughout the set. “Playing drums and singing isn’t the easiest thing in the world,” May says. “When you only have three people in a band, though, you have to make up for it with a big sound and doing more with what you have.”

Black Tusk’s fall tour will reunite them with Red Fang, with whom they toured Europe earlier this year. “We hit it off real good with that band. They’re one of the coolest bands we’ve ever toured with,” May says. Apart from their coincidentally similar names, Black Tusk and Red Fang seem like perfect tourmates—heavy as hell, but fun as fuck. This tour follows the longest break Black Tusk has had since releasing *Set The Dial* last October. “We hit it hard touring on this album. I don’t think we’d ever be home for more than two weeks before we were out again promoting it,” May says. “We thought about staying home and writing a new album, but then this Red Fang tour came up and we thought, ‘Yeah, we’re definitely gonna do this one.’”

Even though the band has been road warriors for nearly a year, they still found time to record and release a split 7” with their fellow Savannah swamp dwellers, **Dead Yet?**. May and the singer of Dead Yet? had previously been in a band, and when the members of Black Tusk noticed that Dead Yet? began to pick up steam in their hometown, they decided to team up for a decidedly diverse split release. “We’ve been friends with those guys forever. They’re a punk band, so we thought it would be cool to do a split with a band that wasn’t just another metal band,” May says. “Since we all live in Savannah, we kept it all local, with a Savannah artist doing the cover art and put it out on a Savannah label.”

When I asked May if he had any fond memories or special connection to Salt Lake City, since Black Tusk rolls through town so often, he told me the one thing that has become all too common in the between-song banter from touring bands in our city: The alcohol content of our beer sucks. However, May was happy to report a group of good Samaritans (or perhaps bad Samaritans) in our fair city. “The past three times we’ve been in Salt Lake, someone has always showed up and hooked us up with good beer,” he says.

Come to the *Urban Lounge* on Nov. 20 to see Black Tusk unleash their Southern boogie storm upon the denizens of Salt Lake City with Indian Handcrafts and headliners Red Fang. While you’re at it, buy the band a few beers—bonus points if you introduce them to our high-point, non-shitty local craft beers.

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# THE GHOSTS OF HARDCORE PAST

By Trevor Hale • [trevorhale@gmail.com](mailto:trevorhale@gmail.com)

In 2004, hardcore blew up. **Killswitch Engage** released what would eventually become a gold record, **Hatebreed** was nominated for a Grammy and everything changed—again.

Before that, hardcore and metal were the genres of the underground and the bands were kind of like members of a secret society. They weren't afforded any mainstream recognition, and if you met someone who had also heard of an obscure start-up band like **Terror**, **Every Time I Die** or **Bleeding Through**, you immediately knew you shared a bond. Then, all of a sudden, there were TV shows like "Battle for Ozzfest" and **Jamey Jasta** was the new host of a revived *Headbanger's Ball*.

Local hardcore shows, which had been topping out at 100 people on a good night, were suddenly drawing upward of 400-500 people. Things were good again for Salt Lake City hardcore, the way they hadn't been since the heyday when **Clear** and **Triphammer** were playing shows in the late '90s. Nationally recognized bands were coming through town all the time and there were so many shows that local openers were starting to get the opportunity to play in front of crowds they'd never seen before.

It was great exposure for bands that were just starting up or had been playing under the radar for a few years. Bands like **Pushing Up Daisies**, **Parallax**, **Gaza** and **Clifton** were all building a solid local fanbase. **Tamerlane** and the vegan-straight edge band **Cherem**—both of which I spent a number of years playing in—were also gaining recognition and being invited to play bigger shows outside of the ones put on by our small circle of friends.

Once that started happening, **Blake Foard**, member of bands such as **Aftermath of a Trainwreck** and **Skeiff D'Bargg**, and longtime show promoter, saw an opportunity to give a little something back to the community through the hardcore scene he loved. "Hardcore, to me, is helping out the people who matter most," says Foard. "I figured I could utilize my connections and use it for the good of the community."

Foard has been booking and promoting shows since October of 2000—when he was just 16—when he booked **Figure Four** and the post-Triphammer outfit **Her Blacklist Disaster** in a theater in the University of Utah Union building. Having grown up in the scene, with four older

brothers dragging him to shows since he was 11, Foard has long since been one of the most dedicated to a hardcore scene that always seems on the brink of collapse. He wanted to use the newfound popularity of the music for something good. That's when the annual *Sub For Santa* show was born.

In December 2004, Aftermath of a Trainwreck, Skeiff D'Bargg and **Grace from Gallows** played the first *Sub For Santa* show in the basement of *Burt Murdock (Wagstaff) Music* on 9000 S. and State St. It was a great turnout, and there was a supplemental Texas Hold 'Em poker tournament afterwards. "It was amazing how it all came together," says Foard.

*Burt Murdock Music* was a good distance from downtown with really limited accessibility to those without a car, but it was the only option at the time. There was a long string of venues back then, some only lasting for as little as a single show. It's a problem that Salt Lake City has always faced. A mid-level, do-it-yourself venue for heavier music never existed, forcing a lot of bands to skip the city on their tour. It

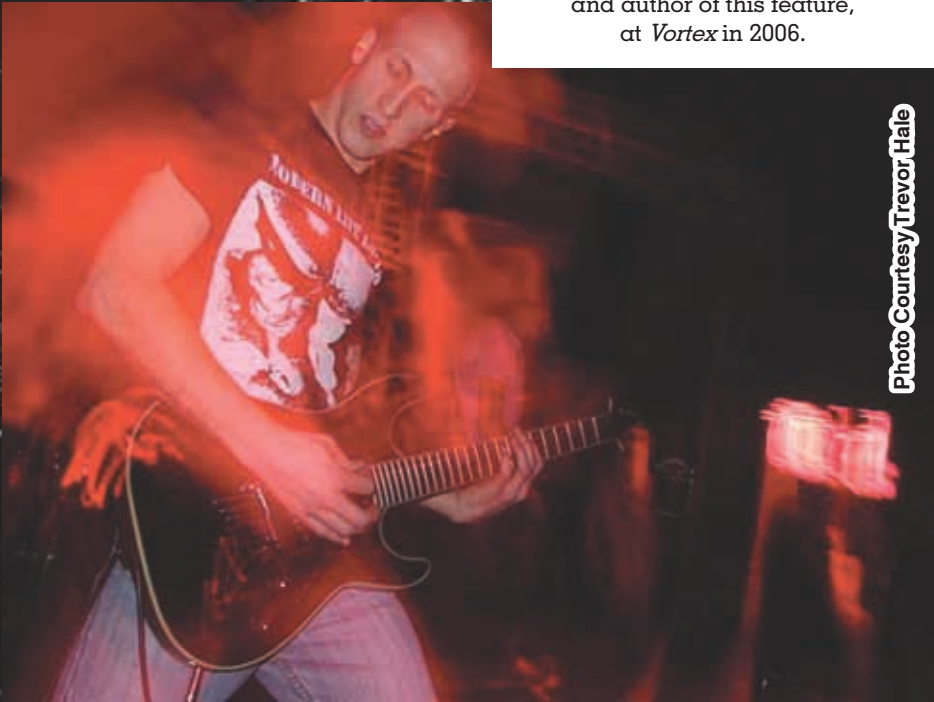


Photo Courtesy Trevor Hale

doesn't help that Salt Lake is eight hours in every direction from the next biggest city, either.

It got harder to book touring bands with an ever-growing audience to DIY venues that might not even exist by the time the show rolled around. Given a choice between a promoter who does it for a living with money to spend, and a few youngsters with a lot of heart but no way to guarantee anything, the former usually won. Booking and promoting shows is a frustrating endeavor with lots of hoops to jump through, but at the end of the day, seeing a satisfied audience is a reward that can't be matched.

"So many people come in to the scene, suck it dry and take, take, take, but never want to give back," says Foard. "Bands break up, promoters realize it's not as glamorous once they get into the thick of it and give up on doing shows."

2012 marks the eighth straight year of the annual *Sub For Santa* show, and this year, Foard has teamed up with **Dylan Stout** to organize the two-night event. Stout—currently playing with Foard in **Cool Your Jets** and his own band,

Trevor Hale, guitarist for Cherem and author of this feature, at *Vortex* in 2006.

**Hitchhiker**—built and maintains the new local music website *slchardcore.com*. It focuses on getting show information, videos, band interviews and other great, original content out to the masses.

"After a lot of Salt Lake's better-known hardcore bands broke up or moved on, kids just stopped coming to shows," says Stout. "I created the site to inform people that we are still making music and try to bring people back out. The more people there are, the more fun we all have."

The site is still in its infancy, and Stout has a lot of great things planned for it, including a hard copy zine called *Staunch* that will feature album reviews, articles and a calendar of events. The first issue will be available just in time for the December shows.

Using his connections from years of booking and touring, Foard has been able to get some great bands back together or even make the drive from out of state to be a part of it. For the 2012 show, a slew of bands that haven't played Salt Lake City for a long, long time are coming out of retirement. He was able to pull a few strings and get the ever-reclusive Tamerlane out of extended hibernation for a night—which was much harder than one might think, even if the singer is his older brother, **Jack Foard**.

Cherem is also reuniting, playing their first show in nearly six years. "I moved to New York City in 2007 and logistically, we just couldn't make it work anymore," says **Bill French**, singer and founding member of Cherem, who recently moved back to Salt Lake. "I know a lot of people have these delusions of grandeur that hardcore is supposed to be about massive shows with people smashing into each other," says French. "When I went to my first show in '94 to see **Bleed**, it was 20 people packed into an abandoned trailer. Hardcore has always been what you make of it. The scene is as alive as it ever was."

With a re-dedicated lineup, French is excited to use December's benefit show as a new beginning and try to finish what he started with Cherem way back in 2001—not just treating it as a one-time thing.

"For me, the most important part of Cherem was using our music as a vessel for breaking down the myths that surround our way of thinking," says French. "The idea that we're individuals separated by air and space and that we're not part of the collective whole is a flawed and damaging idea. Sharing those ideas through this medium is what I miss the most." Maybe the biggest coup of all was Foard's



ability to get early '90s hardcore band **Reality** on the bill, too. Reality was never one of the most famous of the early Salt Lake bands, but they were definitely one of the most loved. Fast and dark, the band's *Something Hurts 7"*, from local label **Flatline Records**, is still a favorite among collectors and SLCHC history buffs. "I think we've all just missed playing together and playing our songs," says Reality vocalist **Trent Falcone**. "We've all done other bands since Reality ended, but these songs remain special to us."

Foard is happy to have a revived scene and is doing everything in his power to make it as great as it ever was. As an added bonus, there's going to be a very lucky family or two that come along with it.

Blake Foard, frontman and original member of Cool Your Jets, opening for Trial at *Foursquare* earlier this year.



Photo: Frank Carroll



Photo Courtesy Trevor Hale

"If I could get up onstage and let people throw rotten vegetables at me while I tell awful jokes, I would. Instead, I try to get bands that I feel still give a shit about hardcore. It's always given me a voice, a place to feel welcome and a sense of purpose. I just want to try and give that back," says Foard. "It's the one time of year I don't feel like a total piece of shit because I can make a difference."

The *Sub For Santa* show is a two-night event this year. The first night, Friday, Dec. 7 will be held at *Kaffeneio Coffee* (3300 S. 300 W.) and feature **Reflect**, Cool Your Jets, Hitchhiker, **Prime Oppressor**, **Willows** and **Speak Out**. The second night, Saturday, Dec. 8 will be held at *Club Sound* (579 W. 200 S.) and feature **Sleeping Giant**, **Outspoken**, **Mean Season**, **One Choice**, Tamerlane, Cherem and Reality. Both shows are all-ages events. For up-to-date information, check out *slchardcore.com*.



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# WORSHIPING

## A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS

By Courtney Blair courtneyb@krcl.org

"We don't try to be loud at all, we just play at a volume that feels good to us," says **Oliver Ackermann** of New York noise-rockers A Place To Bury Strangers (APTBS). Ackermann supplies the reverb-saturated baritone vocals to the group, who have been labeled as the "loudest band in New York" by various music critics since their formation in 2003. Over time, the label of loudness has become a bit of a nuisance for the band, along with the repeatedly predictable comparisons to shoegaze

**Oliver Ackermann is the only original member of APTBS, having been with the band since their formation in 2003.**

legends like **Jesus and Mary Chain** and **My Bloody Valentine** that they often receive. "We play music, and I don't think music should really be described," says Ackermann.

While APTBS are certainly indebted to the shoegaze bands of yesteryear, APTBS has taken hold of the fuzzy goodness past, reinvented it, and catapulted a new version of the noise into the now, and it deserves attention. The foundation of their music strategically incorporates droning, dreamy riffs, cascading walls of feedback and waves of highly distorted guitars.

On APTBS' latest album, *Worship*, the band offers up their most accessible release to date, while continuing to deliver pounding kicks to the cranium in static-laden doses of pulsing drum-machine beats and dashes of pop melodies buried deep beneath mountains of explosive guitars. The biggest difference in comparison to their previous recordings is the sharp production. The sea of noise is still there, but the noise-pop battlefield has been nicely groomed, making it easier to catch the nuances.

During the making of *Worship*, as a collective, the band headed up every role in crafting the album. They tackled all jobs from the construction of their amps and effects pedals to writing, recording, mixing, producing and mastering their own music. The songwriting took place over a two-month period, and the songs were recorded over the course of a year. "All of the songs were written really fresh and off the cuff, and I like that. It was a very pure and raw way to work," says Ackerman. "We got to experiment with the recording processes and let the album develop naturally." Every song is built to stand on its own and designed to draw you in from first listen. When asked if he favors any of the tracks, Ackermann says, "I like them all ... Honestly, we don't like to release filler—if we didn't like it, we wouldn't release it."

Ackermann is also the owner of the now-successful amp and pedal manufacturing business, **Death By Audio**, where he is a designer and a maker of extreme guitar effects pedals. A decade prior to forming APTBS, Ackermann graduated from the Rhode Island School of Design with a degree in industrial design. Returning to his hometown of Fredericksburg, Va., he formed the psychedelic shoegaze band **Skywave**. Influenced by bands like **Slowdive**, **Ride** and **Spiritualized**, it was while he was the guitarist for Skywave that his love and collection of noises began. He was always in search for the perfect fuzz and distortion. When his

searches continued to end in disappointment, he took it upon himself to start tinkering and building guitar effects pedals for himself. Once he grew confident in his building, he began customizing equipment for friends and fellow musicians. During 2002, Ackermann was trying to raise funds for a trip to Europe with his girlfriend. He had designed a pedal he called *Total Sonic Annihilation* and had the idea that he should try to sell his pedals. After a month of sales, he sold enough units to go on vacation. Upon his return from Europe, he was greeted with an overwhelming amount of requests and orders, which led to him starting DBA. "I am so lucky I get to do what I love to do—I can't complain," says Ackermann.

DBA, which has expanded to include a music venue and live/work space, has gone on to design guitar effects pedals for musicians like **Trent Reznor** of **Nine Inch Nails**, **U2's The Edge** and **Jeff Tweedy** of **Wilco**. In 2008, DBA had the opportunity to design some equipment for My Bloody Valentine's main man, **Kevin Shields**. "He is a super-nice guy and has been a huge inspiration over the years. It is sort of a dream when you get to meet people who have been such an inspiration to what you do, and he definitely has," says Ackermann.

Ackermann incorporates his industrial design talents into his work with APTBS as well, building a variety of new tools while making their latest, *Worship*. "I designed a lot of new effects, a few different preamps, compressors and rack clippers for the recording," he says. "Since we recorded for a whole year, I really started to get into designing rack gear. I've got some good things for the future of DBA." The biggest challenge with pushing *Worship* forward was recording the drums. "We tried to do as much without editing, so the drums had to be played very precisely," says Ackermann. "That probably took up about 10 of the 12 months of recording. We were constantly going back and scrapping takes and having different drummers rerecord the parts." The end result, however, is stellar.

Over the last two years, the band has gone through a few changes, which include their lineup. Today, Ackermann is the last founding member of the group. In 2010, longtime member **Jono Mof** parted ways to spend more time with his family, and was replaced with bassist **Dion Lunadon**, formerly of **The D4**. Lunadon came from the New Zealand garage-punk scene, and his contributions on *Worship* run deep. He took on the title of co-writer and played a major role in evolving the new direction of APTBS. He pushed the bass into the foreground and managed to make it just as aggressive as the guitar. He also brought his influence of psych-rock, grunge and post-punk to the mix, which balances nicely with Ackermann's already abrasive guitar work. "We were looking for a bass player and conned Dion into trying out. It has been so great playing with Dion—he is a killer bass player," says Ackermann. Drummer

**Robi Gonzalez** also joined the band earlier this year, replacing former drummer **Jay Space**. Another noticeable change within the APTBS world was making the move from **Mute Records** to the **Dead Oceans** label. "Mute was a great label, and Dead Oceans is as well. I think we changed as a band and wanted everything we were associated with to change," says Ackermann.

The band has shared stages with **Brian Jonestown Massacre**, **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club** and even Ackermann's beloved Jesus and Mary Chain. The live setting is a whole different medium. The band takes their time translating what they produce in the studio with what they produce live, onstage. The stage is a canvas. "If something doesn't work out live, we change it or rearrange it to make it work," says Ackermann. "I love being able to create music that I can listen to later, and I like to share the vision I have for what a live show should be with our audience." When APTBS perform live, you literally feel every bit of sound they produce through the core of your body. Their shows have become one of their biggest strengths—they offer up unexpected executions of each track, which keep their audiences coming back for more.

With the band touring constantly, it's amazing that they manage to find any time to record new material. "We love to record music, so any chance we get, we do it. We live our lives to play and record music," says Ackermann. This year alone has seen two releases from the group. In February, they released the EP, *Onwards To The Wall*, and four months later, they were treated with their third full-length, *Worship*. "I am a firm believer of finishing things and moving on, so if we release these records now, the sooner we can focus on where we are going in the future," says Ackermann. "The intention of each album is pretty much just to document our lives and feelings as they come about."

At the time of this interview, APTBS was on tour in Europe. The band has played a variety of festivals and clubs. I asked Ackermann if he prefers the small setting over a festival crowd. "I like small clubs, but a festival can be more fun. I just like being with the audience when playing. A show should be sweaty, messy and fucked." Salt Lake should be able to provide an ideal audience when APTBS stop by *Urban Lounge* on Nov. 8 with the Philly garage group, **Bleeding Rainbow**. "[Bleeding Rainbow] are rad—such a cool-sounding band," says Ackermann. "You should definitely go and see them, even if you don't stick around for us."

**A Place To Bury Strangers' fuzzy noise-rock transcends genres.**



Photo Courtesy Dead Oceans





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# PHOTO FEATURE

By Andy Wright • [andywrightphoto.com](http://andywrightphoto.com)

Nicknames are a funny thing, and they rarely make any sense. I know several guys named Mike who are, for no reason in particular, known as "Big Mike." Size-wise, these guys are all over the board: big, little, wide, skinny—yet there's something appealing about attaching the word "big" before the name "Mike." Then there are people like **Derek Dennison**, whose first and last names both begin with the letter "D." Why does it seem so natural to refer to these individuals as "Double D?" I don't refer to **Alex Andrews** as "Double A" or **Brian Billick** as "Double B" or **Courtney Cox** as "Double C," and so on and so forth. The "Double D" exclusivity in this category of nicknames led me to investigate—which can only mean I did a Google. Lots of hits came up, but as a photographer, I'm naturally more of a visual person—reading is for writers. I switched over to a search by image and, well ... "Double D," that's a good Google right there.

Derek Dennison—Nosepress—Salt Lake City, UT





THE  
WHORES  
NEXT DOOR  
MOVIE MAKING  
WITH  
POWDERWHORE  
PRODUCTIONS

By Sean Zimmerman-Wall  
seanzdub@gmail.com

PowderWhore filmmaker and pro-skiier Noah  
Howell hiking Little Cottonwood ridge.

Action sports films have become the centerpieces of their respective industries. The defining moments of an entire season are compiled into 60 minutes of adrenaline-pumping cinema aimed at getting your attention. For nearly a decade, PowderWhore Productions (PWP), a dedicated and seemingly unassuming group of snow riders, has been honing their craft and delivering top-caliber films for the discerning public.

"It started out as group of buddies just ski touring around the backcountry. The name was kind of a joke—we just couldn't let it die. Now we are kind of stuck with it, for better or worse," says **Noah Howell**, co-founder of PWP. From humble beginnings, toting around their father's camcorder, Noah and his younger brother, **Jonah Howell**, spent their free time training the lens on their friends right here in Utah. "I graduated high school and got a job at Deer Valley. That is when I discovered powder and fell in love," says Noah. Prior to his foray into skiing, Noah was a church-going Mormon caught up in daily life. With one year to go before his mission, he found something that offered more than religion ever could—deep snow. Over his first real winter, Noah realized the beauty and tranquility of being in the backcountry, and the myriad of experiences it offered for exploration. As he headed off to Montreal for his mission, he thought about what he would have to leave behind. Within a few

months, Noah realized that he would rather be knocking down big lines than knocking on doors. He packed up his suit and tie and returned to SLC to pick up where he left off.

"Most of our friends were on telemark ski gear, since that was the only way to access the backcountry. It was the winter of '99-'00, and we just filmed our buddies and produced a small video," says Noah. The video must have hit the mark because the footage got passed around. Eventually, they were getting offers from other production companies to purchase their deep-powder footage. Spurred by the thought that they were actually producing something meaningful, Noah and Jonah continued to spend countless hours scouting new terrain and capturing each other enjoying the brilliance of skiing. The original cast also included **Andy Jacobsen** and **Andy Rosenberg**. Together, the four amigos tripped around Utah to find the steep and deep in an attempt to capture

the essence of powder skiing and illustrate why it had such a stronghold on their souls. The team created some wonderful works of cinematography and was able to continue selling off some of their footage to other production companies. Over time, they upgraded their equipment, improved their editing and dove deeper into the backcountry. "We hooked up with some friends in the free-skiing scene and fully dedicated our time to this. We alternated roles and got better at skiing and filming. Jonah found that he really enjoyed filming, and we figured out our rotation," says Noah.

Due to the small nature of PWP, each member had to take on a variety of responsibilities in order to make the machine work. From marketing and promotions to filming and snow safety, the Howell brothers have become quite adept at carrying a lot of weight on their shoulders, both on and off the slope. The first major film to be released to the public was *PW05*. "To see people connect with that film was a surprise. It was all-time," says Noah. With the added momentum of their first film, the crew was able to focus on delivering a unique product. They continued to build upon the foundation of their company, which was simply to enjoy skiing and everything that comes along with it. They were fully aware that not every day is a powder day, and it takes patience and determination to get through tough times.

Photos: Jonah Howell





Snowboarder Seth Wescott in Antarctica during the shooting of PowderWhore's *Choose Your Adventure*.



Chris Davenport skiing Antarctica for *Choose Your Adventure*.

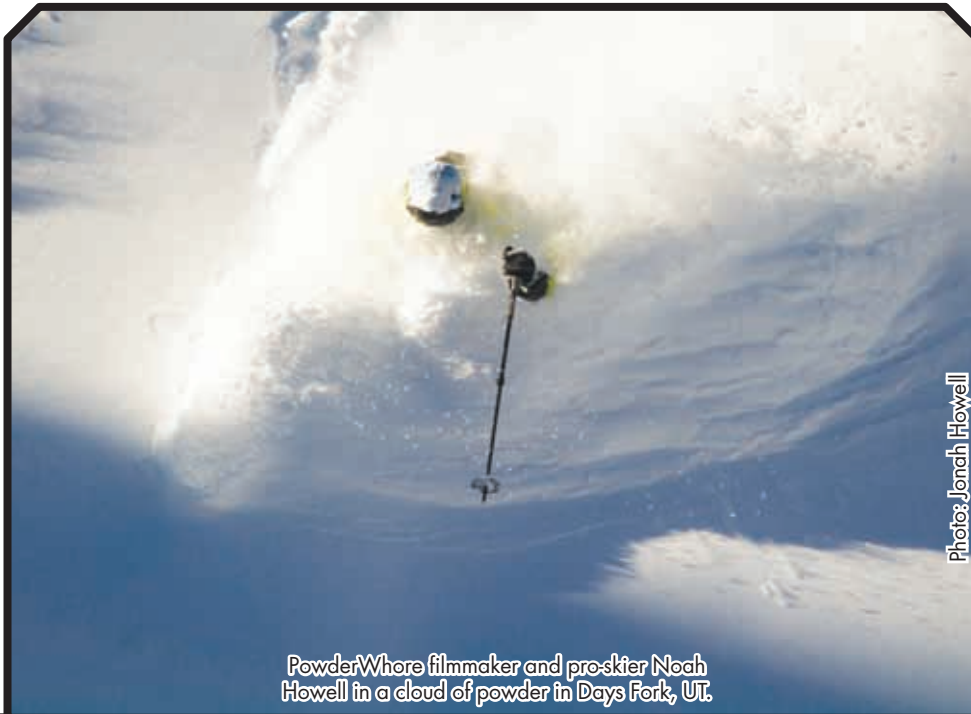
Year by year, the filmmakers and their small contingent of riders set out to find the most aesthetic places, the deepest snow and the best stories. "What sets us apart from bigger companies is our ability to be nimble. We have kind of a guerilla style, and we focus on the content rather than how it is captured. That is also part of being on a budget," adds Noah. Developing the strengths of each team member meant that they could rely on each other and did not have to bring in a huge cast. Keeping their numbers low enabled them to move quickly and change their plans at the drop of a snowflake. Filming in the mountains is slow and arduous, and being able to pick up and leave an area as a storm rolls in is critical. Travelling with tons of equipment and people when things turn for the worst is a recipe for disaster, and can be costly in time, money and lives.

Since 2004, PWP has produced eight films and regaled thousands of people with compelling stories and images. Speaking about one of his favorite trips, Noah recounts his adventure to Norway. It is a place so far north that the sun never sets and you can ski powder at midnight. Their original intention was to spend a couple of weeks on a sailboat, cruising the fjords and picking off first descents. With some extra time on their hands, Noah and his team

decided to head deep into the unknown. During their travels, they stumbled upon an abandoned mining town that provided a unique backdrop for their adventure. "The two Russians who were stationed there patrolled around on their ATVs and didn't speak any English. They didn't really care to speak to us, and just waved their fingers at us and told us not to go in the buildings. But it was too tempting, and we couldn't help but go explore," says Noah. The segment wound up making it into PWP's latest film, *Choose Your Adventure*, and further added to the interesting makeup of the movie. Besides their excursions in Norway, the crew also goes to the farthest ends of the Earth, and braves the swells of the Southern Ocean on their way to Antarctica. A seldom thought-of ski destination, the frozen continent accepts only the heartiest of souls. However, those who make the crossing are treated to otherworldly skiing. Steep and technical lines fall from

the jagged peaks into the sea. "It's like you are going to ski directly into the water," says one of the featured riders. Even the penguins enjoy the colorful costumes of the group as they slip and slide down the precipitous slopes. Other highlights of the movie include snow cave dwellers, a man who has skied for 178 consecutive months, The Wizard of the Wasatch, horseback riding in ski boots, polar bears and some extremely creative subtitles. It is a visually intoxicating film that warrants a closer look. Check out [powderwhore.com](http://powderwhore.com) for more info on the film or to pick up the DVD. The film will also be screening in various Utah venues in November and December.

At the time of this publication, the Howell brothers will have just returned from a month-long road trip across the West, showcasing their latest work to hoards of snow-hungry audiences. Their accommodations are truly nomadic, and their modified utility trailer features handmade bunks and enough space for 45 cases of beer, courtesy of Big Sky Brewing. Returning to Salt Lake, they will re-evaluate what is possible for the coming season and hash out a plan for the next movie. Depending on which way the winds blow and where the snow falls, the PowderWhores may be coming to a mountain near you to find the goods and live the dream.



PowderWhore filmmaker and pro-skier Noah Howell in a cloud of powder in Days Fork, UT.

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# PHOTO FEATURE

By Weston Colton  
westoncolton.com

times to find the light I wanted. I called up Matt because, in my experience, he can usually produce whatever trick I throw at him. He's that good.

Getting a photo before going into work in the morning—that's what it has turned into. I'll take what I can get.

Matt Fisher—Front Feeble—Provo, Utah

I have very little time to shoot skateboarding these days. I no longer have day-long skate sessions that cover half the valley, shooting photos here and there as we happen upon spots. These days, photos are planned out as much as possible to minimize the time taken away from my family (yeah, I'm a grown-up). This photograph was imagined and planned out, down to every detail. I had an idea of which trick would look good on this bar, shot from this angle, with this lens. I scouted the location three

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Ofentimes, when I go somewhere with **Angela Brown**, the Editor of this fine rag, people instantly assume I'm her little brother. I'm used to it by now, and try not to get annoyed. To compensate for this, and to help people feel stupid, I always reply that she's my ex-wife, but kept the last name because of the power it holds. So, I'd like to start this piece by clarifying that I am not related to **Nate** and **Jordan Brown**—unless you go back far enough, then I suppose we are all related.

Nate and Jordan Brown are a pair of identical twin skate rats hailing from Kaysville, Utah. Initially, when putting together this piece, I had fantasies of taking them out shredding and making them do the same tricks at the same time. But, even though they look alike and talk alike, and at times, they even walk alike, they actually have different skate styles.

There's an old saying that men usually prefer two types of women: You are either a Mary Ann man or a Ginger man. The same is true of skateboarding. A skater is fundamentally either a kickflip man or a heelflip man. Nate is a heelflip guy and Jordan

is a kickflip guy. Nate takes his power to big shit, and it's safe to say that Jordan is a bit more of a tech rail killer. It's probably a good thing that their styles differ so much. When they start popping up in videos more, that might be the only way for people to tell them apart.

There are always tons of questions that you want to ask when you meet identical twins. Nate and Jordan were nice enough to put up with my stupid twin questions, which are scattered throughout this article. When I asked them what twin question they get asked the most by people, the answer was simply, "Are you guys twins?" thus, proving how stupid humanity is—but Nate and Jordan were good sports about the whole thing.

Although their skate styles differ, I still had to ask the obligatory twin question: Are they connected telepathically? They can actually finish each other's sentences, but I think this may be more coincidence than actual brain waves connecting. Ironically enough, though, Nate informed me that he and his brother are planning on putting together a video called *Twin Telepathy* where, "It's going to be me and my brother hitting the same shit," he said.

Then I wanted to know how the twins' telepathic powers transfer over into their skateboarding. "Once Nate learned back tails, I learned them," said Jordan. They can't telepathically tell each other how to skate, but when one of them does take a gnarly slam, the other does feel the pain. How's that for some twin shit?

I'd imagine identical twins do a lot of things at the same time. I can't

imagine them learning to talk and walk at different times. When it comes to Nate and Jordan's skating, they literally started the same time on the same day.

I learned that they got into skateboarding from their uncle, **Jason Brown**—the same pro snowboarder Jason Brown who started Capita and used to interview himself in international snowboard mags. Jason was one of the first dudes to do hand rails on a snowboard, and used to claim that he wasn't a snowboarder, but a skater who likes to snowboard. Talent definitely runs in this Brown family. When I asked the twins if they snowboarded, the reply from Nate was, "Yeah, but I'm a skateboarder. Snowboarding's lame."



Jordan Brown, frontside indy at Fairmont.



Nate Brown, frontside 180.

Another super cool thing about being a twin is always having a buddy to skate with. That always pushes a skater, and it shows in how far these kids have progressed. Nate and Jordan are only 19, and last year, the somewhat-unknown pair came down to the *Summer of Death Roughside* contest and blew the socks off some well known Salt Lake rippers. Nate actually won the whole enchilada that day. I don't see this pair being unknown by anyone for too much longer.

These days, Nate and Jordan claim *Annex Skate Shop* in Bountiful as their headquarters. **Ezra Moss**, the shop owner, has been bringing them up proper in the skate scene and keeping them out of trouble. They both work there from time to time, windexing the display cases and gripping decks for the local hood rats.

Ezra and the rest of the *Annex* skate team do a great job taking the twins out on skate missions, hitting untapped spots in the area, and getting footage. Like most sacred footy these days, it's staying secret until it can be released at the proper time, and I wasn't allowed to see any of it, which I take no offense to.

There is plenty to watch of Nate and Jordan on *Annex's* YouTube channel, though. You all know how to use YouTube, right? You go on the Interweb and type in "AnnexSkate" in the YouTube search box, sit back and watch, and don't spill your beer



Jordan Brown, back 180 switch nosegrind 180 out ... Whew!

on your computer.

The twins make it to the big city of Salt Lake every once in a while for skate missions, but as of yet, they have no plans to make the move south. This makes a sighting of the albino duo down here a rare and pleasurable sight—like seeing a bald eagle—or more like seeing two bald eagles at the same time.

Aside from getting hooked up through *Annex Skate*

*Shop*, Nate and Jordan share flow from Crux and Stereo. They also get stuff from their Uncle Jason's new project, the Portland-based Red Clouds Collective, which does a nice job mixing fashion, art and man purses.

I also wanted to know: If one of them goes pro down the road and the other doesn't, would they get mad at each other? Nate and Jordan both agreed that would never happen. These brothers get along tremendously, and I can't see them getting mad at each other for anything.

Another twin question we are all dying to know is if they have ever pulled a switch-a-roo on a chick before. Like, how it used to get done in bad '80s sitcoms. Nate and Jordan told me that they didn't think they could pull it off given the fact that Jordan's hair is scummier. But seriously, if they both wore beanies and the same clothes, it could totally work.

Now, for some obligatory shout-outs and thank yous. Nate would like to thank the following shred heads: **Matt Mia**, **Red Pants** and **Burke Nixon**. "I also want to give a shout out to *SLUG Mag!* Ezra and the whole *Annex* shop and team, my sponsors Stereo and Crux (flow) and Red Clouds," he said. Jordan would just like to thank Nate.



Nate Brown, nollie sequence.






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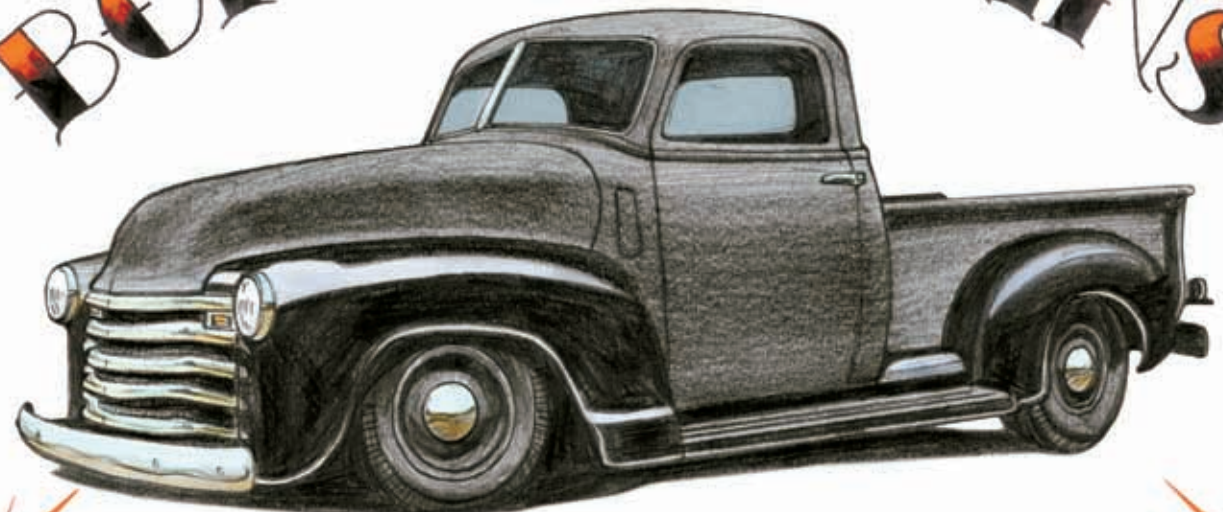
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Illustration: Ryan Perkins

## Giving Cranks: Pedalin' Away The Holiday Blues

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

When it came time to sit down and write this month's column ... I had nothing. Not because there's a lack of bicycle happenings—fall in Salt Lake is always packed with events 'cause it's pretty much the only time of year when you can bike somewhere and arrive relatively dry from sweat and/or melting icicles. I guess I just didn't feel like going to any of them. As **Megan Follows'** characterization of Anne of Green Gables dramatically exclaimed in the 1985 CBC mini-series (you'll only get this reference if you were a doe-eyed, 8-year-old girl pre-'00s), I was in the "depths of despair."

I know I'm not the only one who sinks into the couch during this time of year, literally feeding depression with sourdough baguettes (the not-so-secret ingredient for becoming an FBG). The holidays are stressful, and if you're like me, the 20-degree temperature change happened way too fast for you to buy a good pair of fuzzy slippers, so your feet are perpetually cold and it's making you grumpy. Now, if you're like me, go ahead and slap your stupid fucking face as hard as you can for being such a selfish, ungrateful little bitch. I drive by the homeless shelter every day, where people are huddled up against the fence cradling their dirty kids wearing fuzzy slippers as REAL shoes in 30-degree weather—and I'm complaining because it's making me sad I can't fit into my skinny jeans?

If you're reading (or writing) this column—if you own a bicycle, a coat and have four walls to hang out in

at night—depression is a luxury. The only thing that's going to peel you off those cushions and dust the crumbs off your chest is the realization you've got it pretty damn good as a lower-to-upper-middle class yuppie—even if your boyfriend's fucking your bestie and your boss is a misogynistic douchenozzle. I don't wanna get all Relief Society on you, but I don't have to, 'cause it was **Gandhi** who said, "The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others." In pretty much every photo I've ever seen of that guy, he's grinning like a hyena—either he was a pretty happy person, or someone was feeding him Percocet.

I'm not the most charitable person I know, especially in the global sense, but I say yes when the cashier at **Whole Foods** asks if I want to add a dollar to my over-priced purchases every once in a while, and I bought an **Invisible Children** DVD at a **Thrive** show once. It's hard to get self-motivated enough to make a difference in your own life, let alone someone else's—which is why I admire organizers.

**Christy "Punkin Pants" Jens** and the **SaltCycle** crew are some of those do-ers, and have put together an event for you to lose yourself in (a manifest will be provided so you don't actually get lost) and rack up some dopey endorphins in the process. Every year around November, cyclists across the nation group together for their own two-wheeled holiday tradition, **Cranksaving**: the alleycat that gives back. Traditionally, **Cranksaving** is a

scavenger-hunt-style bike race where you ride to different grocery stores and buy food, which is donated at the end. From places like New York City and Chicago, to small towns in the Mid- and Southwest, and even Puerto Rico, some form of **Cranksaving** is happening this year. Salt Lake has served as host to this event annually since I joined the scene a few years ago, organized by a variety of individuals, but it was Christy (who is also responsible for the popular **Tweed Rides** and the ladies' **Kopchovsky Cat**) who stepped up to take charge for 2012. "No one else raised their voice to spearhead it, so I decided I would make it happen come hell or high water," she says.

Salt Lake's **Cranksaving** is on Nov. 17 and will be a little different because (as everyone should be doing) she actually did her charity research. Rather than buying up cans of spam and pork beans along the route, riders are asked to bring \$10 in ones—cash to be donated at each stop. You see, the **Utah Food Bank** can buy food at wholesale prices for much less than you can at the grocery store, so the \$1 you spend on a can of green beans might buy two cans if it's in the hands of the food bank. A lot of the food people donate also goes to waste because, apparently, some of us (I blame **Romney**) think the less money in your wallet, the lower your taste-bud count. "Just because someone is poor doesn't mean they want to eat the can of spam you donated—they want to eat the same food everyone else eats," says Christy. "Food banks

know this and they can buy the kind of food people will eat, ensuring nothing goes to waste."

Perhaps the dealmaker in this race for all the selfish, egotistical bastards out there, myself included, is that you can literally buy yourself a win. The more cash you donate, the more time is subtracted from your time at the finish line. For someone like me, who is plagued with flats at every alleycat I compete in, \$100 may very well get my slow ass into First Place! That's less than the bottle of Oxycodone I could buy from my neighbor to numb the holiday pain, and way more of an ego boost. Unfortunately, I won't be burning off too many baguettes in the process, as Christy is securing some tasty local food for the after party.

Whatever your motivation, I guarantee **Cranksaving** will cheer you up. "A service-based alleycat lets you get out into your community and think about helping someone besides yourself," says Christy. "When you participate in **Cranksaving** you get to race your friends and get bragging rights, but you also get the chance to reach out into the community and help those who are less fortunate than you."

**Cranksaving** will start and end at **Saturday Cycles** (605 N. 300 W.), the title sponsor of the 'cat, on Saturday, Nov. 17, from 2-5 p.m. You can check out more on the national event at [cranksaving.org](http://cranksaving.org). Come ready to ride "hell or high water" and PUT. THE BAGUETTE. DOWN.



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# PRODUCT REVIEWS

## Contract Snowboards

Circus Ladies Model  
[contractsnowboardsUSA.com](http://contractsnowboardsUSA.com)



High fives to Contract Snowboards for bringing the female shredders a fantastic all-mountain board called the Circus. This lightweight and flexible board allowed me to just do my own thing on the hill and have fun. With the twin-shaped deck and thick, heavy center beneath my feet, I was able to shred through shaky terrain with confidence and control, yet still feel the snow roll beneath me. It's hard to find that ideal deck that gives you the right amount of stiffness and flexibility, but that was one of the first things I noticed about the Circus. The board provided a perfect give-and-take relationship between the snow and me. By the end of the day, I was much more aggressive—playing in the trees and attempting new tricks—but could also focus on my style and pop. Another great thing about this ride is that it is fast. It helps having a fresh coat of virgin wax on the flip side of the stick and sharp edges, but that just affirms how necessary it is to keep your setup in the best condition possible for the season. Two or three sessions on the Circus took me from a good rider to a better one, and got me more excited about shredding. I don't think any ladies out there would be disappointed with this ride. —*Lauren Ashley Paul*

## GBX Shoes

Domo  
[gbxshoe.com](http://gbxshoe.com)

There's no denying it: These shoes intensify the wearer's douchefactor tenfold. The Domo is made up of a whole lot of navy-colored leather and is somewhere between a boat shoe and those weird moccasins that your dad always used to buy from K-Mart. They look a little bit funny, and the leather smell never quite goes away, but once these bad boys are broken in, they're pretty



goddamn comfortable. My girlfriend absolutely hates the way they look, but I find that they accentuate my collection of morbidly designed band T-shirts quite well. While the Domo is never my first choice when I'm trying to look fashionable in any way (sorry, I don't own a yacht), they're the perfect shoes to slip on as your hungover ass stumbles out into the world. I admit that I like the shoe from a comfort perspective, and I will confess that my mom thinks they make me look "rather handsome," but the Domo doesn't quite meld with my personal style. That said, if you like *Jimmy Buffet* and/or ironically dressing like a rich, white guy from the 1980s, I recommend the Domo wholeheartedly. —*Ricky Vigil*

## Logitech

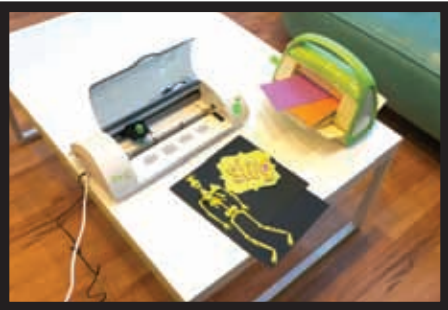
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Here's a sad truth about Apple: We're years away from getting rid of the "one size fits all" earbuds they have for everything. They don't fit all, the quality is barely passing, and they die within six months. They are the shining example of disposable audio, which is what inspired UE to create this pair of earphones for the audio-obsessed Apple user. The sleek, blue cord, the wraparound plastic, the foam tips: This pair was partially created to get attention. Aside from all the awesome technology they put into their audio products, the real selling point for this UE model is the foam tips that conform to the size of your ear and create a near soundproof seal to give you just the audio. The iPhone cord works perfectly, adjusting audio and taking calls—it even works with the voice commands and Siri, even after the iOS 6 update. Here's the one downside: You're going to find out how shitty your audio is. Most audio sounds watered down in an Apple pair—with the 900s you'll be able to hear what kind of quality your music/podcast/video is coming in, and it may make you rethink whether listening on your device is the best experience for certain types of media. The \$400 pricetag may make some people wary, but after you total up how many pairs of earbuds you go through in a year, it'll end up being worth the price. —*Gavin Sheehan*

## Provo Craft

Cricut Mini and Cuttlebug  
[provocraft.com](http://provocraft.com)

The Cricut Mini is a small, electronic cutting machine that cuts out tiny pieces of paper for projects. With the aid of the Cricut Craft room—the free, online design program used for creating Cricut projects—which was simple and full of fun, pre-made designs to choose from—I enjoyed this contraption in its entirety. This tiny machine is a veritable paper (and vinyl, and fabric)-cutting powerhouse, and it seems to delight in cutting precise, consistent and intricate forms at impressive speeds. My favorite discovery was



that you can merge the basic geometric shapes available on Craft Room to create pretty much any form or design that you can think of. Unlike larger Cricut cutters, the mini requires access to the Internet and a computer in order to function, but costs and weighs half as much as larger Cricuts. The Cuttlebug is a cute, portable, hand-powered embossing press, great for adding a texture and design element to your paper projects. The compact case folds down to create suction on whatever surface it is sitting on, keeping the Cuttlebug stationary and secure while you use it. The hand-crank process was easy and oddly satisfying, and the finished product looked clean and professional. I did find myself wishing I knew how to make my own embossing folders so that I could move beyond the supplemental materials, but overall, it is a great product. The Cuttlebug's small stature does limit the size of paper you can use, but its compact design (handle included) makes it perfect for people with limited space. Ultimately, both machines were fun, easy, compact, and worked fabulously with their intended materials. —*Eleanor Scholz*

## Zensah

Compression Socks  
[zensah.com](http://zensah.com)

Someone told me the other day that your brain stops growing when you turn 25. I'm nearing 26, but that didn't really bum me out—I'm sharp as ... something sharp. What really put a damper on my day was when, a year ago, my doctor did an ultrasound of my achy legs and told me I have the stems of a 40-year-old man. The things I could have done with a pair of skinny ankles and knobby knees! After getting old-lady vein surgery to help with my circulation, I still come home with swollen ankles and sore legs. Then Zensah Compression Socks came into my life. The science behind compression socks is pretty simple: They put pressure on your veins, which constricts them and forces the blood to move back up to your heart, where it should be, not pooling in your legs and getting sour (which is what causes the achiness). I've worn compression socks before, and they totally helped, but like my doctor said, they were made for senior citizens. They were always ugly and bulky, and after wearing them for a couple days, I found myself eating dinner at Village Inn and driving 10 miles under the speed limit. The Zensah Socks are made for people of all ages, and especially target athletes. I wore them on a bicycle race under some skinny jeans, and found that, not only did they keep my legs from getting sore, the moisture-wicking fabric also kept them from getting sweaty! I actually wore them to bed after, paired with an oversized shirt, and lemme tell you, ladies, my spry young beau couldn't wait to get wrapped up in those argyle-clad calves, which no longer had to remain elevated all night. If only Zensah had something to soothe my creaky back ... —*Esther Meroño*



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## GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann Mellus  
mariah@slugmag.com

I know it sounds cliché, but as I get older, time seems to pass faster. I've settled into who I am, and I have a better appreciation of and perspective on life. I am even beginning to understand and revere wisdom and experiences over tight skin. However, as work, friends and family commitments multiply, and summer becomes fall and fall becomes winter, this train of time keeps chugging along. I can't help but wonder: Is there a way to slow it down? Maybe I need to get off the fast track and take it down to a stroll. Sure, strolling sounds like something old people do through a park on a sunny day, but fortunately for this multi-tasker, strolling can also involve viewing art, meeting people, checking out the merchants in my city and, if I'm lucky, doing a little shopping.

The Salt Lake Gallery Stroll takes place the third Friday of every month (with the exception of December, but more on that to come). Having this sort of marker for each month is great for slowing down and checking in with friends and the local arts scene. So, you've carved out the time, called up a few friends and are ready to stroll, but where?

Tonight, we start at the *Kayo Gallery* with artists **Ryan Harrington** and **Gentry Blackburn**. *Kayo* recently remodeled and expanded into the old *Frosty Darling* space on 177 E. Broadway (300 S.), offering viewing areas upstairs and down, giving these prolific artists plenty of space to spread out and set their tone. Mixed media artist Ryan Harrington repurposes found objects to convey his views on American culture, faith and war. His *Weapons of Mass Distraction* show at *Blonde Grizzly* last fall created quite a buzz, blending war propaganda and weaponry with everyday hobby and household items. Harrington is skilled at taking a subject and flipping it upside down and on its side, leading the viewer on a ride through the proverbial rabbit hole. His work finds a balance of colorful and poppy while staying honest to the



A close look at a portion of Ryan Harrington's larger work, "Time Peace."

message and true to his craft—all virtues we need to be reminded of at the end of a major election year.

Ah, the good old sitcoms of my youth. *Who's The Boss?*, *Small Wonder*, *Mr. Belvedere*—not award-winning programs, but they shaped our expanding view of the family unit and provided some good life-coping skills. Artist Gentry Blackburn loves invoking nostalgia with obscure references to pop culture. Anyone can find an image of old television families, but Blackburn takes it to new levels, finding the angles and arrangements that make us remember the characters and our relationship with them. "I want people to think, 'I remember that!'" but for it to still be a quality painting they would want to hang in their house," she says. After closing up shop at *Frosty Darling*, Blackburn has re-focused on her painting, shown at the 2012 *Craft Lake City* and has returned to her old space, now the *Kayo Gallery*. "I'm still around, I just went into recovery mode, and now I remind myself to paint when I get home each day, and I'm looking forward to showing at *Kayo* and to getting out there with my work."

As I mentioned, November bleeds into December and December's Gallery Stroll gets a bump up because of the holidays. In order to see Harrington and Blackburn's show, you need to stroll between Friday, Nov. 16 and Wednesday, Dec. 5. If you wait, you will have missed these two, though I know you will find something to love and probably buy at *Kayo*'s small works show (Dec. 7-Jan.). See? You even have to hurry to stroll.



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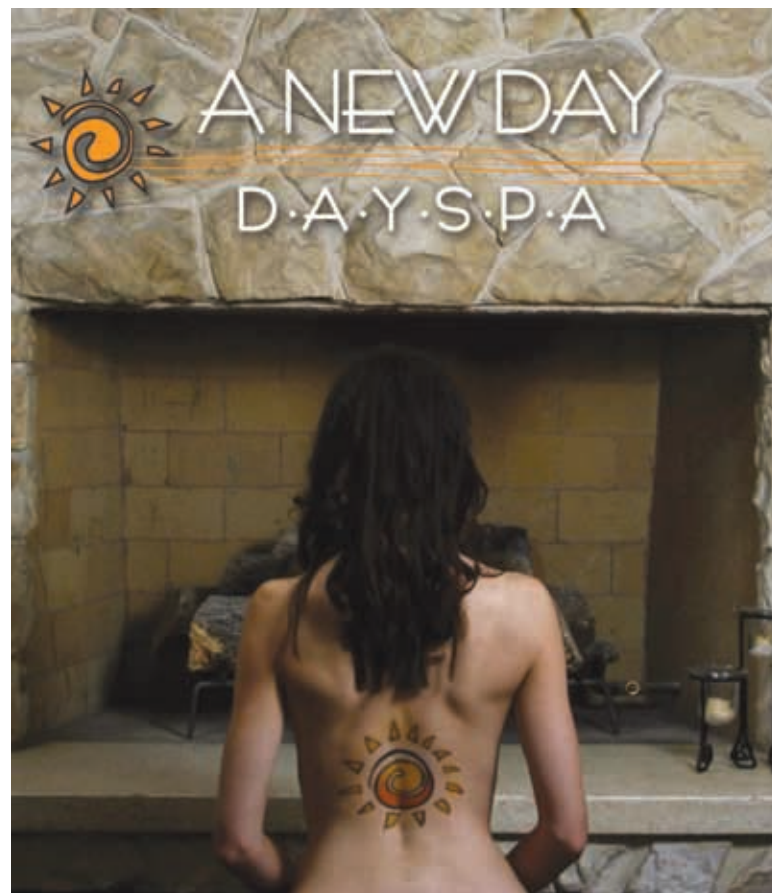


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## GAME REVIEWS

Is it weird that the burnt heretic smells like bacon?

**The Witcher 2: Assassins of Kings**  
CD Projekt/Warner Bros. Interactive  
Reviewed on: Xbox 360  
Also on: PC  
Street: 04.17

Every time I venture into the vast expanse of a fantasy RPG, I entertain the fool’s hope that *this* will be the game that redefines the genre instead of being yet another **Tolkien** rip-off. *The Witcher 2* was not that game. In fact, calling it a Tolkien rip-off is a bit of an undeserved compliment, since Middle Earth was populated by well developed characters and an engaging storyline. In *The Witcher* series, the player takes control of Geralt of Wherever-The-Hell, a monster hunter who has undergone a series of unsavory experiments to become a superhuman warrior. In the second installment, Geralt’s primary quest is to clear his name after being falsely accused of murdering the king to whom he swore his allegiance. Along the way, Geralt can wander through the wilderness gathering herbs and completing mundane side quests that help increase his abilities. As far as supporting characters, all the regular fantasy tropes and clichés are present: dwarves with husky Scottish brogues, elves who are mystically close with nature and wizards who can shoot fireballs by wiggling their fingers. Though I find these fixtures of the fantasy genre to be grossly overused, the main flaw of *The Witcher 2* is the aggravating combat system. Instead of being able to hack and slash your way through a horde of enemies, Geralt is limited to attacking them one at a time in an absurdly slow, duel-like fashion. Despite the mediocre storyline and the frustrating combat system, *The Witcher* series has a steady fanbase, which would be surprising if not for the inclusion of a trump card that few nerds can resist: lots of pixelated boobies. —Alex Springer

**Inquisitor Cinemax**  
Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive)  
Street: 09.05

Resurrecting a genre almost forgotten in gaming, *Inquisitor* provides a take on action role-playing games that hasn’t been seen in over a decade. If you’ve played the original *Baldur’s Gate* or *Diablo* games, you’re going to have a fairly good idea of what you’re getting into. Taking place in an alternate-history version of the Middle Ages where monsters and demons of legend walk the planet, you play a representative of the Inquisition on a holy mission to conquer evil wherever you go. A major part of the game consists of text-heavy questioning of town denizens, each sprawling conversation giving clues to cases of heresy and general wrong-doing to build a case for arresting the accused, occasionally providing opportunities to torture suspects for information. Despite the promise of sophisticated investigation, however, most quests end up being solved by old-fashioned dungeon crawling. To this end, the click-based action is a bit clunky, but still satisfying. The worst of it is the inclusion of a stamina meter that drains with every attack or defense, and stamina regenerates too slowly on its own to be more than a hindrance without potions. Items don’t stack, so larger dungeons are impossible without a backpack literally filled with healing and stamina potions. If you’re craving old-school gaming and you’ve already played everything else that the gaming world offers, give *Inquisitor* a try. It takes a while to figure out its obtuse systems, but once you do, there is plenty of loot-hoarding and demon-clicking joy to find. —Matt Brunk

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## ZINE REVIEWS

**A.B.A.Q. – Issue 1**  
Dylan Chadwick  
and Keith Lucius  
Self-Published  
Street: 09.01

A.B.A.Q. is a relatively thin zine, but what it lacks in number of pages, it makes up for in quality. The content is everything one would expect in a zine, especially the first issue—introduction, top 5s, reviews and an interview (this one with Kansas City hardcore band **Sorry Excuse**). What makes this stand apart from other zines I’ve read is the wit. A.B.A.Q. is put together by and written from the hearts of Chadwick (who also writes for *SLUG*) and Lucius, and they’re some damned funny dudes. The “Headlines” section itself is worth the whole break-the-bank American dollar they’re peddling this for, but my personal favorite piece is the review of one of the latest “look-how-the-mighty-have-fallen” releases on the once-great label, **Southern Lord—Xibalba’s Hasta La Muerte**. To quote: “This record blows,” and “Southern Lord was better when it tried to be a punk rag for hipster metallers with neck-beards.” Amen, good fellows, and keep this zine going! Purchase it online for a buck at [drugdogszone.bigcartel.com](http://drugdogszone.bigcartel.com). —Gavin Hoffman

**Diamond Tooth**  
Margaret McCarthy and Jacob Barta  
Self-Published  
Street: 08.02

A collaborative photozine project between Margaret McCarthy and Jacob Barta, *Diamond Tooth* vies for the distinctive indentity of “a free livin’ summer magic zine.” Delicate pics of city kids gettin’ silly via drugs, nudity and the occasional four-letter obscenity—it’s a sparse and (dare I say) tasteful rag, more suitable for a quick piss and a morning commute than a drawn-out shitter binge. It’s the kind of typewriter tome that’ll add a spritz o’ zesty chutzpah into your 9-to-5 and won’t bore you trying to shoot ropes of pretentious **Jim Morrison**-isms all over your mug. F-words abound, the most apt being “fun” and “fancy free.” This is a zine for peepin’ when you need that bug-eyed reminder that your 20s and 30s are there for livin’ and breathin’, suckin’ down life’s marrow like Jell-O shots at the dollar bar, not perched in front of YouTube trying to relive past glories that never actually happened. There are no articles, no recipes, no

comix and no record reviews—just great photos, clever captions and the occasional trash-island, art-school nonsense. Train hoppers, graffiti nerds, naked swimmers and any rabble-rouser in the cracks: Don’t sleep. On sale for \$2 plus \$2 for shipping at [diamondtooth.bigcartel.com](http://diamondtooth.bigcartel.com), or email [jaycer@riseup.net](mailto:jaycer@riseup.net) —Dylan Chadwick

**Filler – Issue #1**  
Trevor Hale  
Old New Records  
Street: 08.11



*Filler* has a lot of ... filler. Poetry/prose coat the first and last pages of the zine, some about beach kill, others about super powers. The poetry has strong word choice and is almost tactile. There was clearly some social commentary woven into the poems—I’m just not sure what message they’re trying to convey. Hale, who also wrote the *Ghosts of Hardcore Past* story in this month’s issue of *SLUG* (p. 30) knows what he’s doing, and he should be proud of his work. The soft innards of *Filler* is a pair of interviews: a motorcycle vendor and a photographer. Some of the web addresses in the zine were either out of date or yet to be bought—not sure which. Also, **Candace Jeans’** art in the zine was very lightly scanned, so I would urge the reader to check out the artist’s website ([candacejean.com](http://candacejean.com)). There was no clear theme for the zine, except for “introduc[ing me] to some people [Trevor] knows.” If so, then Hale has some cool friends, and I hope to hear more from them. Pick up a copy for \$3 at [oldnewsrecords.bigcartel.com](http://oldnewsrecords.bigcartel.com). —Alex Cragun

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## BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell  
tyler@slugmag.com

The year is wrapping up and our brewers have yet to settle on their stock beers (beer drinkers, kneel and give thanks to your drinking deity of choice). With even more beers on the horizon—and given my current sobriety level—I figured a muddling of selections is in order. A fancy themed set of reviews seemed all too simple. We have lined up for you a long overdue addition to RedRock's bottled series, a twist on a Uinta staple which ought to make you wet and a Pro-Am hopeful that was sent off to the *Great American Beer Festival*.

**Bobcat Nutbrown**  
**Brewery/Brand:**  
RedRock Brewery  
**ABV:** 6.1%  
**Serving Style:** 500 ml Bottle



**Description:** This high-point brown ale pours a rich, deep garnet color with a thick head of tight, persistent tannish foam. The nose is full of piney American hops with a rich, toasted-bread character emerging as it warms. The style is aptly named because the overall effect evokes nuts and trees. The flavor takes these initial impressions and refines them into an excellently balanced ale, both malty and bitter at the same time. Hints of citrus and herb from the hops blend into the burnt toast and chocolate flavors typical of a brown ale. A little bit of alcohol ties it all together, helping to meld what seem like disparate elements into a dangerously sessionable 6-percent beer.

**Overview:** This ramped-up version of RedRock's classic Nut Brown ale is much more hop-centered than the original, but no less enjoyable. In fact, I'd say this is a brown ale for IPA lovers. The resinous, puckering notes that hop-heads crave get expressed slightly differently in a darker beer, creating a complex character with hints of tea, carob, rosemary and anise. Fans of either genre will find much to like about this latest release. —Rio Connelly

**Wet n' Wyld**  
**Brewery/Brand:**  
Uinta Brewing Co.  
**ABV:** 4.0%  
**Serving Style:** On Tap  
**Description:** On tap at Brewvies and elsewhere, this pale poured like the original Wyld, with a soft orange color and an off-white head. The aroma is a grassy, fresh citrus, with a little resin-y character in the follow-through. The flavor is really smooth with a moderate hop bitterness that is not all too overpowering and gives your palate a fresh "green" citrus aftertaste.

**Overview:** Wyld has been a long-time favorite of mine, and I abso-fuckin'-lutely love seeing a little mix-up in the game. Uinta managed to get their hands on some pretty dank, wet (undried) Simcoe hops, which are very hard to find these days. Then they tossed those into the brew at 4 lbs. of hops per barrel of beer (31 gallons per barrel). The final product is a fresh, resinous hop juice of amazing. This is out on a limited basis, and hopefully will still be pouring around town at any place that gives a fuck about craft beer.

**Rated X Mild**  
**Brewery/Brand:**  
Hoppers  
**ABV:** 4.0%  
**Serving Style:** On Tap  
**Description:** This mild comes out of the tap deep brown in color, and gives a medium-sized, white head. The aroma is mellow with pleasant notes of toasted malt and a soft, nutty finish. The flavor is easy, yet complex, with a toasted malt base, fruity hops in the middle and a dry hop bitterness with some more of that nutty toasted malt that lingers on the palate.

**Overview:** By the time this hits, the GABF Pro-Am will be over, and hopefully, **Dallas Barlow** (homebrewer/creator of the original recipe) is smiling with a big-ass medal on his chest. Last year, we featured Pro-Am competitors from Utah with their sponsoring breweries, and we came away with a win! Hopefully this will pass some luck on over. This mild up for show is a tasty balance of toasted malts and fruity, mellow hop characters. It's a beer worthy of being on tap, I'd say. Not to be forgotten, locals **Chris Detrick** (with Uinta Brewing) and **Scott Hunt** (with Epic Brewing) will be competing as well. Cheers to our local home brewers, and let's hope they've swept the medals!



Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

I live in what is now called the "River District" of Salt Lake City, on the northwest side of town, completely locked in by train tracks. I say "locked in" because anytime I want to go out, or get home, I run into a road block. Sure, there's the bridge now on North Temple, but once good ol' TRAX is finished, there's another train I have to stop for. Don't get me wrong, I'm not so ADHD that I can't handle waiting, but I don't think I should have to wait longer than a stop light's worth of time for a fucking train, and my wait always exceeds that time by about 10 minutes, which, in my world, is the difference between being on-time or unemployed. Here's what I've identified as the problem: 1) There are too many fucking cars on each train—even if it's going at full speed, when the train is five miles long, it's going to take forever to get through a crossing. 2) The trains are never going full speed. On almost every occasion, I end up stuck in the middle of a line of cars waiting for a train that's either inching its way down the track, or sitting completely stopped in the middle of the road. 3) We have airplanes and cars in this day-and-age, why in the name of Henry Ford are we still using trains to transport anything, and why for Wilbur Wright's sake are they running through town?! Here's where you come in: I've heard that it's actually illegal for a train to be stopped in the road, and that I have a right to call the cops if that happens. But, this might be one of those

"you're allowed to leave class if your teacher doesn't show up within 10 minutes" type of rules. I know you're not an engineer or a lowly TRAX cop, but do you have any insight on this matter?

A trainwreck of emotion,  
Thomas the Tank

**Now Thomas, Mr. Topham Hat and Percy will be very upset with you baggin' on trains. That aside, I am in complete agreement with you. In fact, just the other day, I was sitting on 400 S. and Main (eastbound), and the train that came around the corner had so many cars, I died of thirst waiting for it to pass. I came close to just driving into the side of it—I was so angry with how it disrupted my life. And all the vehicles piled up due to the week-long wait, which fucked up the intersection for the next ... Well, it's probably still fucked up a week later. Now, as I step outside my selfish lifestyle and consider a few things, I'll admit that all the people I saw on that mile-long train indicate a thousand fewer cars on the road. That means less congestion for us all, even though I'm still pissed at my wait. Also, trains mean less smog and numerous other life improvements—but I'm still selfishly pissed.**

**I'm no traffic cop, so I tried to research your question on Google. What I discovered is a federal train law (Title 18 USC Section 5319009), which says the local police or transit enforcement should immediately be notified (non-emergency line) if a train ever stops on a public roadway. They will respond and cite the conductor or caboose man for aggravating your day. I suggest you start calling tomorrow. I'm gonna. Word. I also found an Indiana state law (IC 8-6-7.5) that clearly states if your teacher is 10 minutes late, you can leave class with no penalty.**

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# MOVIE REVIEWS



Say what you will about some of his acting decisions in the past, but I defy anyone to deny the talent **Ben Affleck** has shown behind the camera as a director with *Gone Baby Gone*, *The Town* and now his third directorial achievement. Declassified by **President Clinton**, this true story revolves around six Americans who escaped the Iranian embassy hostage situation in 1979 and the CIA agent, **Tony Mendez** (Affleck), who risked his own life to rescue them. With the help of producer **Lester Siegel** (**Alan Arkin**) and special-effects artist **John Chambers** (**John Goodman**), Mendez created a fictitious science-fiction movie production entitled *Argo* that was used to disguise the escapees' as a Canadian film crew. Blending archive footage with his own, Affleck effectively walks the tightrope of recreating a sense of authentic terror, while poking fun at the absurdities of the Hollywood lifestyle, without falling off on either side. As the intensity consistently escalates with every passing second, Affleck refrains from wasting any screen time on unnecessary storylines. While Affleck takes on the responsibility for the majority of the plot's tension, the rousing antics of Arkin and Goodman never disappoint and are a reminder that every gloomy tale can have some light without upsetting the ultimate tone. Even with its Hollywood embellishments, it's fascinating to observe a story that's so bizarre and exhilarating and to learn that it wasn't created in the mind of a writer in the City of Angels, but was orchestrated by a government agent in Washington, D.C., which begs the question, "Who are the better deceivers?"—*Jimmy Martin*

**Bring on The Mountain Megaforce**  
**On DVD: 07.03**  
Patron saints of rock n' roll swagger, the bald and beautiful **Danko Jones** and brother-in-band **John "JC" Calabrese** have been gyrating from coast to coast since 1996, as the band bearing Danko's namesake. The 2-disc DVD release, *Bring on The Mountain*, is anchored by a 90-minute documentary followed by the first video collection released by the band, a perfect combination for any Danko Jones fan or general rock n' roll enthusiast. The documentary itself consists of a retelling of the history of the band by both Danko and JC, punctuated by endlessly fascinating archive footage showcasing the equally endless charisma and energy of the duo. From being little kids getting Mom to buy them **KISS** records, to college students hanging out in campus radio stations, to their rise as unsigned underground heroes and then genuine international rock stars, it's a success story about guys who deserved it and got it. It's worth the cost of the collection itself, but then they decided to add in an exclusive short film cut of *The Ballad of Danko Jones*, 14 videos of live performances and all 19 of their music videos. This is the ultimate collection to date of Danko material, and a damned good tribute to the first 16 years of their career. —*Matt Brunk*

**Frankenweenie Disney**  
**In Theaters: 10.05**  
In a time when the majority of films being released are either adaptations or remakes, it's not too often that the filmmaker delivering the repurposed project was the original's creator. **Tim Burton** ended his short-film career for feature-length productions with the 1984 live-action tale of a boy who used his intellect to revive his dead dog, and 15 directorial titles later, he has decided to dig up the past and bring the story to life with stop-motion animation. In this retelling, Victor Frankenstein (**Charlie Tahan**) is a socially awkward kid whose best friend is his dog, Sparky. After a terrible accident takes Sparky's life, Victor uses his love for science to revive his companion, but once the neighborhood kids discover Victor's anomaly, the experiment becomes the newest trend—with disastrous results. It's evident that this is a passion project for Burton as he pays tribute to the classics that have inspired his career, as well as his earlier films that were made possible



by the original. The timeless black-and-white animation blends perfectly with Burton's gothic ambiance, and it's touching to see the director reunite with previous cast members **Catherine O'Hara**, **Martin Short**, **Winona Ryder** and the incredible **Martin Landau**, who all provide first-rate vocal performances. Draped in sincerity, deviousness and stocked with a plethora of old-school cinema references, Burton recaptures his own grace that's been sorely missed in his recent releases. —*Jimmy Martin*

**Looper FilmDistrict**  
**In Theaters: 09.28**  
If you've had more than a five-second conversation with me, you know my two favorite movie genres are time travel and hitman. Both have been a fascination of mine since I saw *Back to the Future* and *Leon: The Professional*. I always joked about cross-breeding the two and making a time-traveling hitman movie, so when I heard **Rian Johnson** (*Brick* and *The Brothers Bloom*) was actually directing one with two of my favorite actors working today, you could say my eagerness was slightly above normal. Set in the year 2044, time-travel hasn't been invented yet, but 30 years into the future it has. Deemed too dangerous and made illegal, the only individuals using the technology are mobsters who send their victims back in time to be killed immediately by loopers. Since the deceased doesn't exist in that time period, the body can never be traced. When a looper's contract is canceled, their future self is sent back in time to be killed by their unknowing younger versions. Joe (**Joseph Gordon-Levitt**) has made a small fortune working as a looper, but all of it might be for naught when his future self (**Bruce Willis**)

escapes from death and jeopardizes everything. Johnson tinkers with your imagination and ability to process coherent thought as he hurls you into an incredible world of creativity, stunning visuals and utter chaos. Gordon-Levitt, with the assistance of facial prosthetics, fully embodies Willis's mannerisms, from speech patterns to pursed lips, to an uncanny degree. It's inspiring to know that filmmakers like Johnson still exist and are willing to step over the line of normalcy and strive to deliver originality for audiences who rarely experience it. —*Jimmy Martin*

**The Raconteurs Live At Montreux 2008 Eagle Rock Entertainment**  
**On DVD: 06.19**  
**Jack White** getting together with **Brendan Benson** and forming the supergroup The Raconteurs, along with **Patrick Keeler** and **Jack Lawrence** of **The Greenhornes**, has to be one of the best ideas to take place in the indie-rock world. In 2008 The Raconteurs played the premier *Montreux Jazz Festival* in support of their sophomore release, *Consolers of the Lonely*. Four years later, the 90-minute performance has made it to DVD. The 16-song performance is comprised of key songs taken from their two albums, *Broken Boy Soldier* and *Consolers of the Lonely*, along with the cover, "Keep It Clean," originally by **Charley Jordan**. The camera work is spotless—the band appears to be performing inches away while the stage lighting creates the perfect atmosphere. Each and every instrument, from the lead and rhythm guitars to the keyboard, bass guitar and drums was detailed and articulated. The DVD starts off with the title track from the sophomore album, "Consoler Of The Lonely," but it's the hard-driving rock of "Hold On" that grabs the crowd by their throats, gaining attention and respect through the remainder of the performance. White and Benson bring an energy to the live performance that's not experienced on the albums. White periodically makes use of assorted equipment to create various sound effects, including tweaking with a microphone. One highlight is the Wurlitzer transitioning smoothly from "Level" into "Steady, As She Goes." The guys of The Raconteurs are hard at work—this is business as usual with very little interaction with the crowd—but no one seems to mind. —*Courtney Blair*

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# LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

**Ammon Waters**  
*The Way You Are EP*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.30**  
**Ammon Waters = The Smiths + David Bowie**



Don't let the pretty girl with a pink umbrella on the cover of this record fool you like it did me. I was expecting to hear a female voice—instead, I heard the crooning vocals of Ammon Waters, which are similar to those of **Morrissey**. After initial surprise, I found myself impressed with this three-song EP. The release opens with the catchy tune “The Way You Are,” which reminded me of the **Iggy Pop** song “Fall in Love with Me,” from his 1977 album *Lust for Life*. The following two songs, “Sunflowers and Tuberoses” and “Static Love,” offer more of the same, upbeat ‘80s pop sound. Although there isn't much information about Waters floating around the Internet, I enjoyed the mellow sound of this album, and look forward to hearing a full-length album from him in the near future. —Jory Carroll

**Atheist**  
*Thanks For The Burgers*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.08**  
**Atheist = Common Market + Skee-Lo + Mickey Avalon**  
I was blown away by this release, straight up. It has everything I love in a hip hop record: rich and dusty beats from classic source material, tight verses by the main emcee and more than a few collaborations. Produced by the illustrious likes of **Fisch Loops**, **Wes Thompson**, **Yung Rip**, **Mike Booth** and more, the album references old *Star Trek*, *Ninja Turtles* and classic vinyl, all while holding a cohesive sound that perfectly complements Atheist's tight, slightly nasal flow. Speaking of which, this California transplant manages to remain the highlight of every song, even with the

long list of collaborators. Whether it's the quick and ultra-dense “That Sample” or the back-in-the-day vibe of “Mikey Was the Best” (my favorite song on the album), Atheist's lyrics are tight, heavily referential and a blast to listen to—his history as a battle rapper is clear. Other highlights include the guest appearances by **Yze**, **Diggabeatz** and **Show Me Island's Lauren Hoyt** as well the emcee-laden “Sleazy,” which sounds like the dirtiest school-yard rap cipher ever. This local album will probably make my Top 5 for the year, and it's available for free download at [801atheist.bandcamp.com](http://801atheist.bandcamp.com). Don't miss it! [The Shred Shed: 11.16] —Rio Connelly

**The Awful Truth**  
*Birthright*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.01**  
**The Awful Truth = Neutral Milk Hotel + Jose Gonzalez**  
Whether it's intentional or a happy accident, the release date of *Birthright* seems very well timed to me. By this, I mean it's possibly one of the best fall albums I've heard in a while from a local artist. Tracks like “Words Were in the Way” (featuring guest vocals from locals like **Joe Castor** from **Mathematics Et Cetera** and **Jess Davis** from **S.L.F.M.**) provide decreasingly warm and sunny foundations sided with loping percussion and navel-gazing lyrics. “Birthright” is a rewarding ace-in-the-hole track, which showcases ‘90s indie rock sensibilities without renouncing the album's core sound. Band frontman **Brent Colbert** manages to empathetically craft hypnotizing songs within the conventions of folk without having to rewrite any rules. Even though the local folk scene is a highly contested one, *Birthright* gives The Awful Truth the extra bump in stature that helps them stick out from the rest. —Gregory Gerulat

**Creature Double Feature**  
*Ground Zero*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 07.22**  
**Creature Double Feature = Avi Buffalo + Slowdive**  
**Davis and Mason Johnson** aren't only brothers, but also are an example of today's precocious youth—the kind that terrifies old people. *Ground Zero* is an impressive digital dream-pop effort, especially considering the bandmates are just 17 and 14 years old. However, it still has room for improvement. Every



track redundantly contains a slow start and build-up, which ultimately leaves a lot of dead air that sandbags the album's flow. Moreover, the dream-pop element is a bit untailored and leaves a lot of aesthetic gaps during the more crucial sections of tracks. For instance, “Shadows” would be an incredible **Beach House**-ranking track if it had more of a pop hook to maintain focus instead of losing listeners in the texture. Nonetheless, *Ground Zero* is decent and indicative of a lot more potential, which could easily be achieved before they become legal adults. In the meantime—stay gold, ponyboy(s). —Gregory Gerulat

**Curseworship**  
*Self-Titled (Cassette)*  
**Crucial Blast**  
**Street: 09.10**  
**Curseworship = Swans + Tragedy + Wolf Eyes**  
Many bands have tried—and many bands have failed—to blend genres as seamlessly as Curseworship has been able to on this three-song release. The band is able to flow in and out of relatively harsh noise (à la **Wolf Eyes**), crusty metal and straight tone-worship without batting an eye. The recording is muted and heavy, and unlike other releases from bands who desperately attempt to achieve the effect of this release, the vocals are set fairly far back in the mix, which only adds to the experience of the listen. Curseworship can, at the same time, come across like the soundtrack to a **Takashi Miike** film, and the much more evil bastard child of **SunnO)))** and **His Hero Is Gone**. An excellent release from these fellows, and hopefully a taste of even greater things to come. —Gavin Hoffman

**Fat Apollo And The Cellulites**  
*A Twist Of Rhyme*  
**Self-Released**



**Street: 08.11**  
**Fat Apollo And The Cellulites = Phish + Gorillaz**  
Opening with a fictionalized account of the band's origin, it's pretty clear right off the bat that Fat Apollo and the Cellulites don't take themselves particularly seriously. Coming on strong with a playful sense of hip hop rhythm infused with a heady dose of soul, it all starts off on the right note. Unfortunately, there are only six genuine tracks here and only about 25 minutes of music—every other track consists of out-of-place tribal chanting and pagan sermons. It doesn't give enough time for the group to find themselves or fully develop their good vibes. Each bizarre spoken word interlude throws off the album's flow and gets in the way of what you really want—more music, less filler. —Matt Brunk

**Hectic Hobo**  
*We Lost Our Legs In The War, We Just Can't Remember Which War*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 01.06**  
**Hectic Hobo = Blitzen Trapper x (Violent Femmes + Baguette Quartet)**  
*We Lost Our Legs* would be a perfect soundtrack to knapsack-toting, train-hopping, grime-collecting adventures. Old-timey piano creates a dusty mixture when paired with undulating accordion riffs. Hectic Hobo utilize a drum set, tambourines, an occasional washboard and basically any solid object imaginable for percussion, generating a unique busking vibe. Their second track, “Revolution in a Dress,” exhibits punches of Spanish influence. **Hasen Cone's** gravelly voice lends to the imagination, allowing you to envision this group as a pack of grubby vagabonds. Cadence changes in every track add complexity and keep a level appeal throughout the conclusion of every number. Rockabilly pickups com-



plete the rest of the blend. As a whole, I was thoroughly inspired. The only thing that can top their performance on this album is seeing them live in all of their drunken, surging splendor. —LeAundra Jeffs

**Joshua James**  
*From The Top Of Willamette Mountain*  
**Intelligent Noise**  
**Street: 11.06**  
**Joshua James = Josh Rouse + Xavier Rudd + Desert Noises**  
If you're from Portland, Ore., the way Joshua James pronounces “Willamette” in the album's title track will bug the hell out of you, but his voice will calm you back down. What has set James apart from other singer-songwriters is his smooth, hoarse singing voice—think a melodic, adolescent **Tom Waits** with vocal chords slathered in butter. James' unique voice remains the same on *From The Top Of Willamette Mountain* as on previous Joshua James releases, but the album feels evolved and sounds more dynamic than its predecessors. While much of the album still has the acoustic folk feel, rhythm drives songs like “Queen of the City” and “Sister” with prominent bass and drums. A piano-powered waltz called “Surrender” reveals a growing range in James's songwriting. And Portlanders, don't take offense—Willamette refers to James's Utah farm, not the river that cuts through Portland. —Steve Richardson

**The Myster-E**  
*T.A.M.I.A.J. 1*  
**Rekanize**  
**Street: 04.27**  
**The Myster-E = Bone Thugs-N-Harmony + Goodie Mob**  
The Myster-E opens *T.A.M.I.A.J. 1* with the dark, robotic beats of “It's About Time.” On the track, the local emcee drops a line about “hip hop morphine,” and yes, indeed it was—I was out cold. The mixtape starts off slowly and sleepily, but gradually grew in quality and depth on tracks such as “These Daze.” I wasn't terribly impressed with The Myster-E's monotone delivery or the scattered production (from **Instrumentality** and **Laryngitiz**), but there was an honest effort and lots of love for the Saly City within the tape, so I can't hate on that. Still, *T.A.M.I.A.J. 1* is lackluster and confusing. I'm hoping to see more from The Myster-E, but perhaps with a different producer and theme. —Meera Masud

**OK Ikumi**  
*Alpine Sequences*  
**Hel Audio**  
**Street: 07.30**  
**OK Ikumi = Teen Daze + ARP + Tangerine Dream**



One day, when we humans have ceased to exist either by the flash-bang of nuclear fission or slow poison of climate change, robots will gather and recreate our natural sounds: washes of synths representing the crashing waves, chirping electronics and blips of data imitating birds and insects heard on a perfect afternoon in the Wasatch Mountains. Until then, we have *Alpine Sequences*, the closest thing to bridging the analog/digital divide. *Alpine Sequences* is rooted in classic, repeated arpeggios, which **Karl Jørgensen** massages into 20 fragments of some of the warmest-sounding electronic tones put onto tape (it is released on cassette). Moving further away from his earlier chiptune, 8-bit zaniness, *Alpine Sequences* is a slow-burning record in classical minimalist fashion with close attention paid to overall mood (unrequited, slightly nostalgic) which never compromises the albums overall aesthetic. Jørgensen has never sounded better. —Ryan Hall

**Show Me Island**  
*MV: MMXII*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 04.20**  
**Show Me Island = old No Doubt + Save Ferris + Dani Lion**  
Yay, ska! This underappreciated genre seems to go through waves of popularity, and as I'm a sucker for a swanky horn-section melody, I'm always happy to see it embraced. Show Me Island aren't breaking new ground (when has that ever been a priority for ska?), but they are pulling it off with more style than I've seen in a bit. It's easy to feel rushed in the genre, like you have to play super fast for anyone to get into it, but the classic two-step rhythms are just as danceable at SMI's slightly more relaxed pace. Frontwoman **Lauren Hoyt** lets loose with her distinctive and sultry voice while trombone and saxophone melodies swing over tight rhythm-section chops. Favorites include the bouncy “Live Love” and the almost **Streetlight Manifesto**-esque horns of “Mo(untains) lehills.” At only six songs, this release is short, but shows a lot of promise. I can't wait to don some suspenders and go check out their live shows. Pick it up! —Rio Connelly

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# MUSIC REVIEWS

**Acid Witch**  
**Witchtanic Hallucinations**  
**Hell's Headbangers**  
**Street: 10.23**  
**Acid Witch = Witchfinder**  
**General + Autopsy +**  
**Motorhead**

Don't let the "equation" fool you—just because Acid Witch is laced with influence from the bands listed therein doesn't mean they're anywhere near as good. Oh, sure, there are enough heavy riffs and "evil vokills" on *Witchtanic Hallucinations* for the metal masses to shoot their collective wads to, but the schtick is wearing a bit thin, even though this is a re-release of this album which was originally unleashed in 2008. Plodding drums, down-tuned guitars, and the occasional synth peeking through can't hide the fact that this release is nothing more than a passable attempt at over-the-top stoner doom, which—let's face it—is getting just a wee bit old. It's not all bad, it's just nothing that I'll be listening to in the future. Ever.  
—Gavin Hoffman

**Aimee Mann**  
**Charmer**  
**SuperEgo Records**  
**Street: 09.18**  
**Aimee Mann = Elvis Costello**  
**+ Suzanne Vega + Squeeze**



"When you're a charmer, the apples fall," sings Mann on her aptly named—not to mention quite welcome—new album. Her songwriting, the production and a slightly upbeat delivery make this one of her poppiest-sounding efforts. But fear not, friends, her lyrics remain rooted in the real world's inhabitants, and her clever

way of looking at the ordinary is fully intact, especially on the pretty "Disappeared" and "Labrador." Like these gems, "Soon Enough," "Crazy Town" and especially "Red Flag Diver" have splendidly catchy choruses, until you realize how serious their subjects are. "Living A Lie" is a gorgeous duet with **The Shins' James Mercer** and while there are a few ballads here ("Barfly" and "Slip and Roll"), it's mostly upbeat. Even when Mann's urging the loser in "Gumby" to call his estranged daughter, you'll be tapping your foot in time.  
—Dean O Hillis

**Andre Williams**  
**Life**  
**Alive**  
**Street: 10.02**  
**Andre Williams = Barry**  
**White + Ike Turner + the Five**  
**Du-Tones**

As I've been able to say several times over this past year: For an elderly former junkie, Andre Williams sure is prolific—this is his fourth album to come out since January. This is also his fourth backup band. Once I started to listen, my mind kept going back to the difficult question of whether or not we really needed another Andre Williams record in 2012. A few songs in, though, and it was clear that this one was quirky enough to merit its own release. The first song to really stick out is "Blame it on Obama"—a treatise aimed at naysayers that try to lay every misstep in their personal lives on the current president. The song is certainly timely, but it lacks some of what Williams is known for. He redeems himself with a pair of love songs, "Stuck in the Middle" and "It's Only You that I Love," both of which feel like they're aimed straight at your heart. The best song on the whole disc, though, is his take on the old R&B standard "Shake a Tail Feather." This is a song that Williams wrote decades ago (made famous by **Tina Turner**), and I believe this is his first stab at making it his own. And, man, does he nail it! One more notch in the bedpost for modern soul's sexiest crooner.  
—James Bennett



**Bobby Joe Ebola**  
**and the Children**  
**MacNuggits**  
*Bone Dagger b/w Take On The*  
*World 7"*  
**Suckerpunch Records**  
**Street: 09.04**  
**Bobby Joe Ebola and the**  
**Children MacNuggits = Arlo**  
**Guthrie + Steve Martin +**  
**Ronnie James Dio**

It still baffles me how these guys haven't caught on here in our fair city of salt. Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits write some of the most catchy, fun and rockin' music that I've heard in almost two decades, and they do so strictly in the name of fun. This awesome, albeit short, release courtesy of **Suckerpunch Records** highlights one of the band's most excellent songs to date, which tells the story of a hero who finds a dagger (made of bone, duh) with mythical powers, and who, in turn, does everything from slaying a dragon to kissing a goat. I don't think any more needs to be said other than you should pick this fucking thing up, like, right now. Oh, yeah—the B-side is a sweet-ass cover of a **Judas Priest** song.  
—Gavin Hoffman

**Boys Noize**  
*Out of the Black*  
**Boysnoize Records**  
**Street: 10.16**  
**Boys Noize = (2007) Justice +**  
**Crookers + Deadmau5**

There must be something in the water in Germany, because music like this just isn't coming out of the States currently. Opening track "What You Want" immediately sets

the mood for the rest of the album: bossy, in charge and unapologetic, just like **Oprah**. With its bouncy but disgruntled synths on top of a smooth drum beat, the track made me do the **Bee Gees'** shuffle all over SLC. Another track I couldn't help but get down on was "Missile." In the beginning, this clave-sounding sample smacks you into attention, then these robotic, militant synth melodies come into play, taking the whole track to the next level—it's produced beautifully! My favorite song, "I'll House You," shows the house side of Boys Noize, starting off like the original track by the **Jungle Brothers**, but with **Snoop Dogg's** voice instead. *Out of the Black* is seriously an album for any music lover, and a must-have for anyone who listens to electronic music!  
—Mama Beatz

**Brother Ali**  
*Mourning in America, Dreaming in Color*  
**Rhymesayers**  
**Street: 09.18**  
**Brother Ali = Common**  
**Market + Immortal Technique**

*Mourning in America* begins with a gritty bass-line, paired with a heartfelt shout-out to the American populace to get off their skeptical asses and provide productive changes to better their communities by standing up to blind oppression and injustice. "Letter to My Countrymen," as well as the rest of the album, provides a biting portrayal of the blatant mess we find ourselves in today in the United States. Subjects ranging from paying the bills and the struggles of raising a family, to the consequences of war are sprinkled throughout old school, funk/soul inspired back-beats. A spiritual epiphany in Mecca inspired a new outlook in Ali, which he portrays with a personal and genuine tone without feeling sententious. Ali's flow goes balls to the wall. He half spits and half sings relevant, starkly political sentiments. As his fourth release, *Mourning in America* plays hopeful and mature while still keeping the twisted style from *The Undisputed Truth* intact.  
—LeAundra Jeffs



**Correatown**  
*Pleiades*  
**Highline Records**  
**Street: 10.16**  
**Correatown = Portishead + Blonde Redhead + Coldplay**



Smooth, delicious, drive-along-a-dusty-road melodies, a buttery voice, and simple, unobtrusive lyrics define this ambient electro-pop album. **Angela Correa** has created a beautiful collection of work here, flirting among several genres, including pop, folk, Americana and, most expansively, electronic ambient. Material from the project’s previous four full-length albums and two EPs has already appeared on several mainstream television shows and movies, and I’m sure we’ll hear some of these new easy-listen tracks setting the mood on many more shows in the future as well. “Further,” the album’s lead single, is a fairly straightforward electronic ambient song, moody yet hopeful, and will probably get into your psyche via one of these routes (commercial, TV show, etc.) before you download it, but I’m telling you, go ahead and throw it in the mix already. *Pleiades* is a first-rate release, with great material, great performances and instrumentation, great production, and a clearly defined brand—worth a listen for sure. —*Ischa B.*

**D.I.S.**  
*Becoming Wrath*  
**Deep Six**  
**Street: 11.01**  
**D.I.S. = Discharge + Entombed + Heresy**

If this is *Becoming Wrath*, I’m pretty afraid of what wrath actually is. Don’t add any doilies under your teacups for this one—frills, twists or tinkering will not be found here. I have to say this makes the new **Napalm Death** seem subdued. The main guitar tone is nasty, but not too tuned out to sound like a bad **Dismember** album. There’s definitely a more hardcore than metal vibe here—that is, until the guitar solos chime in like a fat

guy at an anorexic convention. A vinyl or cassette version may be extra tasty as well. So strap on some clean undies and get ready to have your ass kicked into next week, because this is some blissful noise not quite dished out by any other folks this year. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Diva**  
*Moon Moods*  
**Critical Heights**  
**Street: 10.09**  
**Diva = Phil Collins + Bjork + Star Wars**

Electro-beats, xylophone-like effects and a slightly wavering but lovely voice begin the album on “Wanna Get To Know You,” and it’s a fair indicator of what Diva has to offer. The electro-pop material is odd but beautiful, the vocals breathy but controlled, the lyrics drawled but still pleasant, and most of the weirdness seems to be on purpose. **Diva Dompe** originally recorded the songs on *Moon Moods* on 8-track, but later re-recorded them digitally. Along with the new clarity achieved in the technological realm came the decision to move away from heavily effected vocals on most of the material, which is probably why her voice seems to sway a little more than I’m used to hearing. The result is perhaps accidentally fresh—that magic that happens when an artist tries a new medium before getting bogged down by the rules and regulations. Even in its freshness, the influences of ‘80s electro-pop are clear, and whether that’s on purpose or another consequence of the technological transition is debatable, but I thought it was fun. —*Ischa B.*

**Dolfish**  
*I’d Rather Disappear Than Stay The Same*  
**Afternoon Records**  
**Street: 10.30**  
**Dolfish = The Mountain Goats + Nick Drake + Jay Reatard**

After putting out his debut EP last year entitled *Your Love Is Bummin’ Me Out*, the debut full-length LP from Cleveland’s **Max Sollisch** bummed me out for all the wrong reasons. If you have not listened to Dolfish (the moniker of Sollisch) before, it may take a while before you get used to his unique, high-pitched style of singing. And even after listening to a couple of songs, his bizarre, rambling lyrics and mediocre guitar playing on this album failed to keep my ears’ attention. Even though his debut EP received some good reviews, the 12 songs on this record only

achieved a dull effect overall. It was refreshing to hear the unique sound of Dolfish, but I was only left with a question mark in my head, trying to make some sense of what I had just heard. —*Jory Carroll*

**Dordeduh**  
*Dar De Duh*  
**Prophecy**  
**Street: 11.13**  
**Dordeduh = Enslaved + Drudkh + Ulver**



Once the former members of Romanian black metal crew **Negura Bunget** announced their creation of Dordeduh, the hype was already stirring. Two years ago, the band released a two-song EP only increasing the hype. The wait is over, as the full-length has arrived and the hype is worth it. The full-length is one balanced majestically—equally dark and cold, pumped with atmosphere and melody conjoined with plenty of black metal and folk bits. It all combines into a massive undertaking of a record that shows a blatant attention to detail. In the metal climate where things are morphing constantly, Dordeduh pays homage to the roots of black metal and offers a whole goodie bag of new tantalizations. Album opener “Jind De Tronuri” is over 16 minutes, and it seems to go by in a flash. There is a mass amount of metal and other grandiose musical exercises be found here. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Double Naught Spy Car**  
*Western Violence*  
**11 Foot Pole Records**  
**Street: 10.16**  
**Double Naught Spy Car = Mr. Bungle – Mike Patton**

Typically, surrealist cover art and song titles that allude to ‘80s pop culture hint at an album that will deliver a memorable listening experience regardless of the material’s quality. Double Naught Spy Car’s third release has both of those aspects going for it, but the end result is surprisingly forgettable—though not from

lack of trying. Each song blends elements of rockabilly, surf rock and prog, which provide a wide range of musical style, but it also create a lack of cohesion. This stylistic mash-up is most prevalent on the final track of the album, “Journey to the Center of Guitar Center,” a psychotic exploration of a guitar’s inner soul that reminds the listener exactly what the instrument is capable of. Regardless of the group’s musical abilities, *Western Violence* should be a chaotic tour of disparate musical elements instead of a playlist comprised of clichés usually reserved for B-movie soundtracks. —*Alex Springer*

**Grape Soda**  
*Form a Sign*  
**Kindercore Records**  
**Street: 11.06**  
**Grape Soda = Pixies x (MGMT - M83)**

*Form a Sign* is a respectably well rounded and unique effort for Grape Soda’s first LP. Brothers **Mat** and **Ryan Lewis** form a duo that cuts out all the unnecessary gibber-gabber, and end on a perfectly matched concoction of drums and keyboard. “Subtle” is not in their vocabulary. Mat either wails painfully, or semi-raps monotonously over energetic percussion. Overlaid, surreal keyboard elements (such as on “Hot Toes”) often become chaotic unexpectedly, keeping you on your toes until the final phantasmagoric discordancy of the album closes. I’m now anxiously awaiting a release of another effort. I would like to see where the Lewis brothers can go from here. —*LeAundra Jeffs*

**Jozef Van Wissem & Jim Jarmusch**  
*The Mystery of Heaven*  
**Sacred Bones**  
**Street: 11.13**  
**Jozef Van Wissem & Jim Jarmusch = Marc Ribot + Daniel Lanois**

The five songs that comprise *The Mystery of Heaven* are minimal, treble-heavy soundscapes relying on Jarmusch’s use of contained guitar feedback and Wissem’s repeating single-note lute progressions. Minus the lute, these pieces are musically similar to the scores for Jarmusch’s film *The Limits of Control*—performed by **Sunn O)))**—and **Neil Young**’s work on *Dead Man*. I imagine that *The Mystery of Heaven* is a sort of preview for the music that he and Van Wissem have composed for Jarmusch’s upcoming film, *Only*



*Lovers Left Alive*. “The More She Burns the More Beautifully She Glows” features one of the film’s stars, **Tilda Swinton**, reciting a poem over pulsating feedback—vampire romance. Not my realm of interest, but there’s obviously an audience for it. I’d prefer if the record was entirely instrumental. Van Wissem’s lute takes the lead on the title track, and it is quite pretty, but the calm noise of “Flowing Light of the Godhead” is the album highlight. —*T.H.*

**JJ Doom**  
*Key To The Kuffs*  
**Lex**  
**Street: 08.20**  
**JJ Doom = Buck 65 + Dr. Octagon + El-P (Cancer For Cure)**

London producer **Jneiro Jarel** has provided the most bass-heavy, electronic soundscapes **MF Doom** has yet rapped over. The beats are overwhelming with samples that grab my attention individually before I can recognize the entire rhythm. Doom’s music has always been full of social commentary that makes me think twice, and Jarel’s eccentric production complements Doom’s maniacal lyrics well. Being that he’s currently unable to return to America due to visa issues, this album has its share of both comical and profound vocal samples. Doom says it best on “Bite The Thong”: “JJ Doom go pop? It’s not so irrational.” I didn’t think Doom could make a club hit, but “Wash Your Hands” is as close as he gets. This is another Doom collaboration classic. —*Justin Gallegos*

**Lymbyc Systym**  
*Symbolst*  
**Western Vinyl**  
**Street: 09.18**  
**Lymbyc Systym = Talk Demonic + This Will Destroy You**

This album, by brothers **Michael** and **Jared Bell**, was recorded and shared via email and compiled over the course of three years. Despite the recording process and time lapsed from

beginning to finish, it is a bright and cohesive release. The lush instrumentals are calming and inviting, even when they build to a feverish pace. The glitch synths and melodic bass-lines, though somewhat repetitive, are continuously built upon in each track, and each song is increasingly complex (and in some cases includes a string section, e.g. “Eyes Forward”). —*Cody Hudson*

**Midnight**  
*Complete and Total Hell*  
**Hell’s Headbangers**  
**Street: 09.25**  
**Midnight = AC/DC + Darkthrone + Nunslaughter**

For the first decade of the new millennium, Cleveland, Ohio’s Midnight were about as underground as a band can get, but following 2011’s absolutely masterful *Satanic Royalty*, the band’s sleazy brand of black n’ roll was thrust unto the metal masses, complete with a US tour with thrash darlings **Toxic Holocaust**. Make no mistake, though—Midnight plays straight-up, no bullshit, filthy-as-fuck hard rock, and this compilation proves that they’ve been doing it for the better part of a decade. Combining the band’s entire pre-*Satanic Royalty* back catalog (roughly) into one neat, little package, this is not a new release as such, but it is an excellent introduction to the band, and an easy way to catch up on everything you missed prior to their lone full-length ... unless you happened to pick up the *Complete and Total Fucking Midnight* compilation in 2005. Get on it. —*Gavin Hoffman*

**Neurosis**  
*Honor Found in Decay*  
**Neurot**  
**Street: 10.30**  
**Neurosis = Isis + Bloodiest + A Storm of Light**

If you are a Neurosis fan, this long-awaited album is apt to please. One of the things the band has always done best since—and even a bit before—their switch to pioneering post-rock is their ability to set tones and atmospheres. *Honor Found in Decay* is, as the title subtly suggests, a sluggish record with explosive moments. It all starts out featuring minimal guitar and some electronic tinkering with opener “We All Rage in Gold,” which later jumps into the intense bits. The orchestration seems more prevalent, setting up an almost soundtrack/score type vibe. The mid-album duo of “My Heart for Deliverance” and “Bleeding the Pigs” is easily the record’s strongest

point, with closer “Raising the Dawn” capping things with a more decayed sound. When you want to put on your Neurosis hat, this fits just as nicely as the rest. —*Bryer Wharton*

**The Orb featuring Lee Scratch Perry**  
*The Orbserver In The Star House*  
**The End Records**  
**Street: 08.28**  
**The Orbserver = Mad Lion + Nightmares On Wax + Prefuse 73**

This collaborative album is not for casual fans of either reggae



or electronica—this is for those enthusiasts who have been waiting for dub pioneer Perry to lend his characteristic vocal talents to virtuoso production. The electro-pioneering duo The Orb (triple-pioneer action!) provide this backdrop effortlessly. Recorded from a set of jam sessions in Berlin, the songs often showcase their improvisational nature, having a free-form structure that feels very organic. For all the album’s pedigree and represented talent, it can be very hard to listen to. The loose approach leads to rambling sets of lyrics and moments where the production breaks into awesomeness, then fades into another idea too rapidly. I hesitate to even place this release into the larger world of pop music—it might feel at home in more avant-garde company. Whether it belongs with obscure art music or the reggae productions that are its roots, *The Orbserver* is an interesting experiment by some of the best there ever were. —*Rio Connelly*

**Parkway Drive**  
*Atlas*  
**Epitaph**  
**Street: 10.30**  
**Parkway Drive = August Burns Red + Emmure**

There’s an interesting hybridization going on—with familiar metalcore elements and a smattering of other techniques and instruments,



never repeated—that keeps the listener’s ear hooked. Passion is high and raw, but on repeated spins, it does lose some of its luster. There are some standout elements that I really enjoy—the drumline on “Wild Eyes,” the soft opener on “The River,” the album opener itself, “Sparks”—but they’re mixed with just as many clichés and seriously uninspired moments that hold the album down. The lyrics are particularly lacking in poetry (song “Atlas” being the only exception), and while I love vocalist **Winston McCall**’s deliciously brutal screambox, he needs to stop getting his inspiration from quote-of-the-day websites. Hearing overused phrases like “nothing to fear but fear itself” only draws power from the songs. Overall, it’s an enjoyable, if not particularly memorable effort that, if polished in the future, could really hit you in the solar plexus. —*Megan Kennedy*

**Peace**  
*The World Is Too Much With Us*  
**Suicide Squeeze**  
**Street: 10.16**  
**Peace = Interpol, stripped down + Sonic Youth’s Murray Street guitars**

The opening track of this Vancouver post-punk band’s



sophomore full-length set my expectations high: “Your Hand In Mine” is moody and romantic without being lame, and its simple riff and straightforward beat makes



it catchy as hell. It was hard to get into the rest of the record, which is a blur of monotonous sing-talking over diverse bass and drum grooves and oblique guitar noodling. Don't get me wrong—*The World Is Too Much With Us* (a title lifted from a **Wordsworth** poem) has plenty of skilled instrumentation and a few standout songs, such as “Winterhouse” and the dark closer, “Tattoo.” But after such a great start, the record just left me waiting for more of the lovesick magic of the first song. To borrow from its lyrics, “Where is the glory? ... It's ‘Your Hand In Mine.’” —*Cody Kirkland*

**Pet Shop Boys**  
*Elysium*  
**Astralwerks**  
**Street: 9.11**  
**Pet Shop Boys = The Human League + OMD - Kraftwerk**



It is hard to pinpoint exactly what doesn't quite add up here—because while an underwhelming release for the dynamic duo, it remains a decent effort—but my guess is that swapping a few of the duds for the wondrous B-side “A Certain ‘Je Ne Sais Quoi,’” or some self-editing would have made this a bigger winner. Speaking of that first single, “Winner,” it fits into the context of the album, but is arguably one of their weakest ever, with the aforementioned B-side completely outshining it. Not all is lost: “Leaving” is catchily moody, “A Face Like That” sublime, and the last three tracks, “Memory Of The Future,” “Everything Means Something” and the suave “Requiem In Denim and Leopardskin”—which features one of *Tennant's* most delicate vocal treatments ever—are all divine. Sadly, “Your Early Stuff” sounds unfinished and half-formed while “Hold On” is ill advised and embarrassing. —*Dean O Hillis*

**Pig Destroyer**  
*Book Burner*  
**Relapse**  
**Street: 10.22**  
**Pig Destroyer = Napalm**

**Death + Brutal Truth + Agoraphobic Nosebleed**

Oh ye despoiler of swine! Your contributions to grind are numbered above most. It took you five years to follow-up the fanta-orgasm of violence that was *Phantom Limb*, but the wait was worth every pestilent second. The band is best at creating maniacal records that have the pacing of an incontinent old man at a Chuck-A-Rama, flowing like golden honey for the gods of brutal, cohesive glory. The grooves are heavy here. “The Diplomat” is a prime example of what to expect on *Book Burner*: thick, raw and punishing groves that morph into frenzied chaos and disdained distortions. This follows *Phantom Limb* in the territory of having a bit more structure than the early records without the sacrifice of chaos that makes it grind mayhem. Pick this book up and it will burn—get going and melt your face with it. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Taken By Trees**  
*Other Worlds*  
**Secrety Canadian**  
**Street: 10.02**  
**Taken By Trees = The Cardigans + El Perro Del Mar**



“Languid” and “relaxing” come to mind when listening to the latest release from **Victoria Bergsman** (ex-**Concretes**). Inspired by a recent trip she took to Hawaii, the album plays out like an extended dreamscape of dubby waves—almost like the ultimate, chilled-out version of a chill-out album, so pacifying and breezy are its first few tracks. Lead single “Dreams” is a bit more of the “present” and yet retains a lovely detachment. Working with producer **Henning Fürst** to create these backgrounds, Bergsman's little-girl vocals are mostly cooed and whispered, like a lullaby. One exception to the sound is the hypnotic “Large,” which nearly seems out of place in comparison to the rest of the album, but has such a lovely swagger that, upon repeated listens, is appreciated for the

upbeat reprieve it brings. And the final cut is more a traditional reprise than it is a remix of “Dreams.” —*Dean O Hillis*

**Tweak Bird**  
*Undercover Crops*  
**Volcom Entertainment**  
**Street: 10.12**  
**Tweak Bird = Dead Confederate + Dead Meadow**



On my first listen to *Undercover Crops*, I had a hard time getting past the robotic repetition of the phrase “Everyone is paranoid” on “Moans,” leaving a taint on the rest of the listening experience. Do yourself a favor when you listen to this album and just go ahead and skip that first track. The rest of this EP is actually pretty impressive, and is loaded with scratchy, metallic guitar reverbs as if the horsepower has been cranked up on some sick-ass ride. Tweak Bird marinates their sound with the likes of classic rock, which is cool, but I'd like to see them get a little more creative with their riffs that are often duplicated in different tracks. —*Brinley Froelich*

**Various Artists**  
*Kitsuné Maison 14: The Pernod Absinthe Edition*  
**Kitsuné**  
**Street: 10.12**  
**Kitsuné Maison = Peter & The Magician + The Chromatics**

The rise of retro-future trends often holds romantic notions of the big city life, where focuses on fashion and clubbing entice massive crowds. This kind of vision allows me to easily classify this collection of songs as an embodiment of that kind of glitzy and glam, with an ear keen to electronic manipulations. “True Romance” by **Citizens!** is comparable to the glory that is house music by **Pet Shop Boys**, and the remix of “Sun” by **Two Door Cinema Club** definitely invites the booty to shake. A lot of songs would fit in appropriately on a soundtrack with the same vibe heard on *Drive*, with “Friends” by **Saint Michel** fitting the bill. —*Brinley Froelich*

**Witch Cross**  
*Fit for Fight*  
**Hell's Headbangers**  
**Street: 10.23**  
**Witch Cross = Mercyful Fate + Accept + Venom**

Leave it to the folks at Hell's Headbangers to dredge up an almost 30-year-old gem from Danish rockers Witch Cross. I was a bit too young in the early '80s to spend my time searching out European heavy metal imports, but if I would have been more advanced, this release is one I would have fought tooth-and-nail to acquire. Originally released in 1984, *Fit for Fight* is every bit '80s metal, but it stands apart from the rest of the glut of bands from that era simply due to how well it has stood the test of time. This is, put simply, a great heavy metal record, whether from the '80s or the aughts. Sure, the band slaughters the English language for the most part, but they make up for it with well crafted, tongue-in-cheek evilness, and cover art that looks like a **Manowar** album had a few beers and fucked a **Budgie** record. Pretty goddamned awesome. —*Gavin Hoffman*

**YOKOKIMTHURSTON**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Chimera Music**  
**Street: 10.02**  
**YOKOKIMTHURSTON = Sonic Youth + Plastic Ono Band**

Many of Sonic Youth's best, most musically-transcendent moments, were instrumental. Their worst were anything that resembled Beat-inspired spoken word. For every piece of **Glenn Branca**-style noise or progressions—often beautiful and unsettling at once—there was a “Small Flowers Crack Concrete.” It's difficult not to appreciate **Yoko Ono**. She's been involved in the avant-garde art world for decades, has a kind-seeming presence, and has always followed her own vision. This album marks the first collaboration between Ono and Sonic Youth's **Kim Gordon** and **Thurston Moore**. **YOKOKIMTHURSTON's** six tracks are a mix of primal yelps, moans, recitations, and oddly-tuned guitars. Album opener, “I Missed You, Listening” sounds just as most might expect from this collaboration, for better or worse. “Running the Risk” features readings from what were likely nearby news headlines. It's the kind of thing used as an example of bad modern poetry—usually from people who don't read poetry, but that's beside the point. I wanted to enjoy this, but was mostly just annoyed. —*T.H.*



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**Friday, Nov. 2**  
**Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace cool!**

**Happy Birthday, Nancy Burkhart!**  
Ghostwriter, John Ross Boyce & His Troubles - *ABG's Rhapsody In Blue - Abravanel*  
The Lottery - *Ballet West*  
Changing Lanes - *Bar Deluxe*  
Ben Best, Orem Owls, PTO, Deadtooth - *Black Pyramid*  
Joel Pack & The Pops - *Brewskis*  
Riva Rebels, Simian Greed - *Burt's*  
The Lottery - *Capitol Theatre*  
Lights, Arkells - *Complex*  
Ailey II - *Eccles Center*  
Big Al Goodwin, Leif Skyving, Kathleen McCann - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Group Show: All Dead - *FICE*  
Crushed Out - *Garage*  
Hell Caminos - *Green Pig*  
Holy Water Buffalo - *Hog Wallow*  
P Town Comedy Show - *Jazzy's*  
Koffin Kats, Mayson Lee, The Slick Shifters, The Cotton Ponies - *Kafeneio*  
Drowning Men, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers - *Kilby*  
The Last Wednesday, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, Outside Infinity, Joe Rock Show - *Liquid Joe's*  
Title Fight, Pianos Become The Teeth, Single Mothers - *Mojos*  
Eidola, Mountain Ears, Sister Sky, Haley Hendrickson - *Muse*  
Mile Marker 6 - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Tereance - *Poplar*  
Dia De Los Muertos - *Rico Warehouse*  
Page-To-Stage Festival - *Rose Wagner*  
Grantseeking: A Crash Course for Nonprofits - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
Poor Moon - *State Room*  
Rylee McDonald - *Tin Angel*  
First Friday Event - *UMOCA*  
David Bazan, Stagnant Pools - *Urban*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
New Electric Sound, Can't Stop Won't Stop, The Neighbors - *Velour*  
**Add A Dash Of Local Art - Whole Foods Trolley**

Alarmingly Charming, Raquel Clausius - *Why Sound*  
Stereo Fidelics - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, Nov. 3**  
Rhapsody In Blue - *Abravanel*  
Charles Ellsworth, Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirty, Daisy & The Moonshines, Lady Murasaki - *Bar Deluxe*  
Cover Dogs - *Brewskis*  
Black Rose Phantoms, Blue Moon Bombers, Mayson Lee & The Rock and Roll Space Studs - *Burt's*  
The Lottery - *Capitol Theatre*  
Toadies, Helmet - *Depot*  
DJ Kayper - *Downstairs*  
Monica Campbell & Dancers - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Tony Holiday, The Velvetones - *Garage*  
Guitar Cats - *Green Pig*  
Triggers & Slips - *Hog Wallow*  
Mod Sun - *In The Venue*  
Danny The Skeleton Horse, Madison Lights - *Jazzy's*  
Eilen Jewell - *Jefferson Hall*  
Big Blue Ox - *Johnny's*  
Tilly & The Wall, Icky Blossoms, Green Arrow - *Kilby*  
Tom Butler - *Mo's*  
Tainted Halos, Koffin Kitten - *Mojos*  
Despite Despair, Baby Ghosts, Problem Daughter, Cuddleslut, Eli Whitney - *Muse*  
Mile Marker 6 - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Monovia - *Poplar*  
Page-To-Stage Festival - *Rose Wagner*  
NaNoWriMo - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
The Mother Hips, Honey Pine - *State Room*  
Will Roney - *Tin Angel*  
Folka Dots - *Unitarian Universalist Church*  
Father John Misty, La Sera, Jeffertitties Nile - *Urban*  
Arcadians, Book On Tape Worm, Seafinch - *Velour*  
PinkDot St. George - *Vernon Worthen Park*  
Red Light Commandos, September Say Goodbye, Erasmus, Via Versa - *Why Sound*  
Sun Blood Stories - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, Nov. 4**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
Awna Teixeira - *Garage*  
Morrisey - *Kingsbury*

Page-To-Stage Festival - *Rose Wagner*

Craft Sabbath - *SLC Main Library*  
Sera Cahoone, The Parson Red Heads, Desert Noises - *Urban*

**Monday, Nov. 5**  
**Happy Birthday, Kristina Sandi!**  
Fresh Beat Band - *Abravanel*  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
Black Skies, Caltrop, Dwellers - *Burt's*  
Iwrestledabearonce - *In The Venue*  
Tyler Ward - *Kilby*  
Battle Of The Bands #1 - *Muse*  
Community & Family Night - *Springville Museum of Art*  
Brent Hill, Haunted Windchimes - *State Room*  
Smoking Popes, Luther - *Urban*

**Tuesday, Nov. 6**  
**Happy Birthday, Westin Porter!**  
Deathface, Gravytron, B33tware - *Bar Deluxe*  
Pork Torta, Tupelo Moan, Gnurfis - *Burt's*  
Minus The Bear, Cursive, Girl In A Coma - *Depot*  
The Green - *In The Venue*  
Battle Of The Bands #2 - *Muse*  
Spiritual & Religious Art of Utah Entries - *Springville Museum of Art*  
Election Night: Jonathan Horowitz Exhibition - *UMOCA*  
ReRae, Brian Bingham Band - *Urban*  
Brandon Sanderson - *Weller Book Works*

**Wednesday, Nov. 7**  
Clay Creations: Kindred Spirits Workshop - *Art Access*  
Cobra Skulls, Elway, Danger Hailstorm - *Burt's*  
The Lottery - *Capitol Theatre*  
Martin Sexton, The Sun Parade! - *Depot*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Talia Keys, Brian Ernst - *Burt's*  
*Hog Wallow*  
Franz Nicolay, Boots To The Moon, Euphoria - *Kilby*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Battle Of The Bands #3 - *Muse*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*

I Am The Ocean, Young Turks, Collin Creek - *Shred Shed*  
Manning Up - *SLAC*  
Generational's, Races - *Urban*  
Y Mountain Productions Showcase - *Velour*  
Hoodoo - *Why Sound*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*

**Thursday, Nov. 8**  
**Happy Birthday, Kristina Sandi!**  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
Tater Famine - *Burt's*  
The Lottery - *Capitol Theatre*  
Epica, Alestorm, Insomnium, System Divide - *Complex*  
Expansion Team Soundsystem, Chali 2na, Common Market - *Depot*  
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*  
8MM, Lady Murasaki - *Garage*  
Caveman Boulevard - *Green Pig*  
Know Ur Roots - *Hog Wallow*  
The Moth & The Flame, Whiskey Tooth, Inland - *Jazzy's*  
Typhoon, Laura Gibson, Lost Lander - *Kilby*  
Skeletonwitch, Havok, Howl, Early Graves, Merlin's Beard - *Mojos*  
Battle Of The Bands #4 - *Muse Music*  
Pitch Nic Premiere - *Rose Wagner*  
Oxcross, Orphans, Huldra, Damaru - *Shred Shed*  
From Taste Buds to Pen: Food Writing - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
The Infamous Stingdusters, Lake Street Drive - *State Room*  
A Place To Bury Strangers, Bleeding Rainbow - *Urban*  
Upward Origins Concert Series - *Velour*

**Friday, Nov. 9**  
Joe Buck Your Self, The Hooten Hallers - *ABG's*  
Fischer Conducts Bolero - *Abravanel*  
Salt City Sirens Three Ring Peep Show - *Bar Deluxe*  
Tanglewood - *Brewskis*  
Resistant Culture, All Systems Fail, IX Zealot, Chainwhip - *Burt's*  
The Lottery - *Capitol Theatre*  
D.R.I. - *Complex*  
Caroline's Spine - *Copper Club*  
Paper Diamond, Raw Russ - *Depot*  
DJ Dolph - *Downstairs*  
Gentlemen Jesse & His Men

- *Garage*  
Terrance Hansen Trio - *Green Pig*  
Rage Against The Supremes - *Hog Wallow*  
The Faint, TRST - *In The Venue*  
Andrew Jackson Jihad, Future Of The Left, Jeff Rosenstock - *Kilby*  
American Hitmen, Hour 13, When The Fight Started, Poonhammer - *Liquid Joe's*  
Ghost Bird - *Main Library*  
Hectic Hobo - *Mojos*  
Luna Lune - *Murray Theater*  
Battle Of The Bands #5 - *Muse*  
Gruv Kings - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Poplar*  
An Evening with Carrie Fisher - *Rose Wagner*  
Connect - *Salt Lake Arts Hub*  
Birthquake, Giraffula, Shrugboat - *Shred Shed*  
David Williams - *Tin Angel*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Robert & The Carrolls - *Velour*  
Tina Ferguson, Michael Jenkins - *Why Sound*  
Samuel Smith Band - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, Nov. 10**  
Chivers Timbers - *5 Monkeys*  
Fischer Conducts Bolero - *Abravanel*  
Decorate Di Dancefloor - *Bar Deluxe*  
Mullet Hatchet - *Brewskis*  
Folk Hogan, Lonesome Shack - *Burt's*  
The Lottery - *Capitol Theatre*  
Foreign Beggars, Emalkay, Illoom & Decay - *Club Sound*  
Baby Bash - *Complex*  
X-Dance - *Depot*  
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*  
Paula Poundstone - *Eccles Center*  
Joe Buck Yourself, Hooten Hallers - *Garage*  
Brother Chunky Band - *Green Pig*  
Jack + Jill - *Hog Wallow*  
Zangiev, Birthquake, Giraffula - *Jazzy's*  
(Tony Holiday Band - *Johnny's*  
Seizures, Fever Dreams, Hitchhiker, Burn Your World - *Kafeneio*  
Milo Greene, Bahamas - *Kilby*  
Tom Butler - *Mo's*  
Under The Oak Tree, Your Surrender, Farewell To Fontane - *Mojos*  
(Continued on next page)



# THE DAILY CALENDAR

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(Continued from previous page)

Battle Of The Bands Finals - *Muse*  
Gruv Kings - *Outlaw Saloon*  
American Hitmen - *Poplar*  
Exigent Records Showcase - *Shred Shed*  
NaNoWriMo - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
Galen Young - *Tin Angel*  
Family Art Saturdays - *UMOCA*  
**SLUG Localized: Top Dead Celebrity, DØNE, Despite Despair - Urban**  
False Witness, Atomica - *Why Sound*  
Route 66 - *Willie's*  
Free Speech Syndicate - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, Nov. 11**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
X-Dance - *Depot*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Local Artist Showcase - *Garage*  
The Wooden Sky - *Kilby*  
This Story Must Be Told - *Kingsbury*  
SB Dance: Cultural  
Confidential - *Rose Wagner*  
K'Nanna - *State Room*  
Blank City - *UMOCA*  
Metz, Koala Temple, Nathan Spenser, The Low Keys. - *Urban*

**Monday, Nov.12**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Channel 801: Episode 2 - *Brewvies*  
Delta Spirit, Fidar - *Complex*  
The AP Tour - *In The Venue*  
I Love Ibiza: Hector Romero - *Zest*

**Tuesday, Nov.13**  
Make Me Famous, Ice Nine Kills, Arsenal Of Destruction, Skiesdie In Wonderland - *Mojos*  
El Ten Eleven, Michna, Yourself and The Air - *Urban*

**Wednesday, Nov. 14**  
**Happy Birthday, Lindsey Morris!**  
Clay Creations: Kindred Spirits Workshop - *Art Access*  
Maoli, Ray Leger, Spencer Johnson, DJ Seanny Boy - *Bar Deluxe*  
The Pillar, Killscreen - *Burt's*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*

Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*  
Pierce The Veil - *In The Venue*  
New Cassettes, Apollo Run, Soft Science - *Kilby*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Make Me Famous - *Mojos*  
ill Gates, Stephan Jacobs - *Park City Live*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*  
Toots & The Maytals, Andres Osborne - *State Room*  
David Williams - *Tin Angel*  
KUED 7 Film Series: Kind-Hearted Woman - *UMOCA*  
Bon Vivant - *Urban*  
Andrew Norsworthy, Tina Ferguson, Nick Allen - *Velour*

The Porch - *Muse Music*  
From Taste Buds to Pen: Food Writing - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
Ben Sollee, Luke Reynolds - *State Room*  
Pleasure Thieves, Danger Hailstorm - *Urban*  
Joshua James - *Velour*

**Friday, Nov. 16**  
Hillfolk Noir, Nathan Spencer & Dylan Roe - *ABG's*  
Vivace: Mozart, Mahler, & Hilary Hahn - *Abravanel*  
Theta Naught - *Bar Deluxe*  
King Niko - *Brewskis*  
Lord Dying, Cornered By Zombies, Oldtimer - *Burt's*



Future of the Left - 11.09 at Kilby Court with Andrew Jackson Jihad

**Craft Lake City Artist Workshop Series - West Elm**  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*

**Thursday, Nov.15**  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
Damn These Heels: Paris Is Burning - *Brewvies*  
Vivace: Mozart, Mahler, & Hilary Hahn - *De Jong Concert Hall*  
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*  
Utah Craft Brewers Dinner - *Finca*  
Telluride Meltdown - *Green Pig*  
Mathew & The Hope - *Hog Wallow*  
Alpha & Omega, Born From Pain, The Beautiful Ones, Speak Out - *Kafeneio*  
Andrew McGuire's Art Project - *Kilby*

Kils, Dope Thought, Atheist - *Shred Shed*  
Sean Hayes, Birds Of Chicago, Awna Teixeira - *State Room*  
Touchstone Coyote - *Tin Angel*  
The Octopus Project - *Urban*  
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
The Moth & The Flame, Timmy The Teeth, Lake Island, Brady Parks & The IndiAnns - *Velour*  
Kaiti Jensen, Leah Wilson - *Why Sound*  
The Wild Ones - *Woodshed*  
Uprising: The Paint Fight - *XSI Factory*

**Saturday, Nov. 17**  
Vivace: Mozart, Mahler, & Hilary Hahn - *Abravanel*  
Salty Tassels Burlesque Show - *Bar Deluxe*  
Nigel & The Metal Dogs - *Brewskis*  
Merlin's Beard, Castle Axe - *Burt's*  
Set It Off - *Club Sound*  
The Devil Makes Three, Jonny Fritz Corndawa - *Depot*

Cranksgiving Alleycat - *Saturday Cycles*  
Old Port & The Religious Enforcers, Salty Waters & The Down Timers, Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirty - *Shred Shed*  
NaNoWriMo - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
Urban Bleu - *The Spur*  
Japandroids, Swearin' - *Urban*  
Eyes Lips Eyes, The Devil Whale, Ryan Darton, Ferocious Oaks - *Velour*  
Sarah Olsen - *Why Sound*  
Green Leef's Benefit Show - *Woodshed*  
Black Vinyl - Funk & Disco - *Zest*

**Sunday, Nov. 18**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Bryan McPherson - *Garage*  
I Fight Dragons, MC Lars, Sky Fox - *Kilby*  
Nova Chamber Music Series - *Libby Gardner*  
Sound Accord - *Springville Museum of Art*

**Monday, Nov. 19**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
Karrin Allyson Quartet - *Capitol Theatre*  
Radical Something, BenefitOfADoubt - *Kilby*

**Tuesday, Nov. 20**  
Unwritten Law, Versus The World, Racist Kramer, The Hung Ups - *Bar Deluxe*  
Ballet Folklorico de Mexico - *Kingsbury*  
Unfinished Spaces - *Main Library*  
Red Fang, Black Tusk, Indian Handcrafts - *Urban*

**Wednesday, Nov. 21**  
DSCO//MNSTR 2nd Annual Lady Gaga Party - *Bar Deluxe*  
Codi Jordan Band - *Brewskis*  
Royal Bliss, American Hitmen - *Depot*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Marinade - *Green Pig*  
Joe Brooks, Joseph Vincent, Mike Mains & The Branches - *Kilby*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*  
Nathan Pacheco - *Rose Wagner*  
Dethklok, Machine Head, All That Remains, The Black Dahlia Murder - *Saltair*  
The Coup - *State Room*  
David Williams - *Tin Angel*  
Electronic Battleship, Youth In Eyes, Fisch Loops, Chance Lewis & Apt. - *Urban*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*  
Thanksgiving Eve with Zack & Jace - *Zest*

**Thursday, Nov. 22**

**Happy Birthday, Robin Banks!**  
David O. Flash n Flare - *5 Monkeys*  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*  
Free Thanksgiving Dinner! - *Willie's*

**Friday, Nov. 23**  
The Rugs - *ABG's*  
Samuel Smith Band - *Bar Deluxe*  
Tough Tittie - *Burt's*  
Woe Is Me - *Club Sound*  
Twiztid - *Complex*  
Staks O'Lee - *Garage*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Green Pig*  
The Velvetones - *Hog Wallow*  
Blood On The Dance Floor - *In The Venue*  
Erik The Red - *Jazzy's*  
it foot. it ears, Bright Whistles - *Kilby*  
Truce, Downfall, LHAW, Perish Lane - *Liquid Joe's*  
Elementalist - *Mojos*  
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Jim Derrickson - *Poplar*  
No No Yes Yes, Super 78 - *Shred Shed*  
Rachel Yamagata, Adrien Reju, Ed Romanoff - *State Room*  
Will Roney - *Tin Angel*  
Afro Omega, Green Leafs - *Urban*  
Park City's Last Friday Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Desert Noises, Seve Vs. Evan, Chance Lewis & Apt - *Velour*  
Funk & Gonzo - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, Nov. 24**  
**Happy Birthday, Mary Catrow!**  
35th Annual Messiah Sing-In - *Abravanel*  
Fetish Night: Tattoo - *Area 51*  
Kill Devil Hill, I Am The Ocean, Armpigs - *Bar Deluxe*  
Sounds Like Teen Spirit - *Brewskis*  
Of What May Come - *Burt's*  
R3hab - *Depot*  
DJ Fashen - *Downstairs*  
Honey Pine, Erik The Red - *Garage*  
Tim Daniels Band - *Hog Wallow*  
Dreamland 7 - *In The Venue*  
Quiet The Titan - *Jazzy's*  
Puddle Mountain Ramblers - *Johnny's*  
Tom Butler - *Mo's*  
Cotton Ponies, Atomica, Vile Dischord, 12 Soap - *Mojos*  
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Poplar*  
Exigent Records Showcase - *Shred Shed*  
NaNoWriMo - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
Rylee McDonald - *Tin Angel*  
The Future Of The Ghost, Sea Monster - *Urban*  
Any Other Way - *Woodshed*

**Wednesday, Nov. 28**  
Red Bennies - *Burt's*  
Yellowcard - *Complex*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Adestria - *Kafeneio*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*  
Unbound: A Book Club for Art Lovers - *Springville Museum*  
Mike Sartain - *Tin Angel*  
Wild Goose Chronicles -

*Tower Theatre*  
Joshua James - *Velour*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*

**Thursday, Nov. 29**  
David Wilcox - *9th & 9th*  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*  
Stand Up Utah - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Mo Jo - *Hog Wallow*  
Val Larsen, Taylor Olsen, Ryan Margetts - *Kilby*  
Exigent Records Showcase - *Shred Shed*  
Paisley Van Patten, The Family



The Coup - 11.21 at The State Room

Gallows, DJ Elvis Freshly - *Urban*  
Joshua James - *Velour*

**Friday, Nov. 30**  
Whiskey Fish - *ABG's*  
A Scottish Symphony - *Abravanel*  
GLife, Sunspot Jonz, Pigeon John - *Bar Deluxe*  
Starmy, The Pleasure Thieves - *Brewskis*  
The Front - *Burt's*  
DJ Craig Robin - *Downstairs*  
The Faceless, Revocation, The Haarp Machine, Machines Of Man, Dethrone The Sovereign - *Mojos*  
Edhocoli, Year Of The Wolf, Scalps - *Shred Shed*  
Jonathan Coulton - *State Room*

**Wednesday, Nov. 28**  
Red Bennies - *Burt's*  
Yellowcard - *Complex*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Adestria - *Kafeneio*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*  
Unbound: A Book Club for Art Lovers - *Springville Museum*  
Mike Sartain - *Tin Angel*  
Wild Goose Chronicles -

Geography - *Velour*  
Bronze Museum - *Why Sound*

**Saturday, Dec. 1**  
A Scottish Symphony - *Abravanel*  
Sugar Plum Party - *Capitol Theatre*  
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*  
Park City Shows... Our Talent - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Minx - *Green Pig*  
Son Of Ian - *Hog Wallow*  
Artists For AIDS Awareness - *Kafeneio*  
Tom Butler - *Mo's*

**Tuesday, Dec. 4**  
Moe - *Park City Live*  
Family Writes - *SLCC Community Writing Center*  
Winter Battle Of The Bands: Round 2 - *Velour*

**Wednesday, Dec.5**  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Gentry Watson - *Hog Wallow*  
Chris Isaak Holiday Show - *Kingsbury*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*  
The Sword, Gypsyhawk, American Sharks - *Urban*  
Winter Battle Of The Bands: Round 3 - *Velour*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*

**Thursday, Dec. 6**  
DJ Ray Ray - *5 Monkeys*  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
Dance Gavin Dance, A Lot Like Birds, I The Mighty, Hail The Sun, The Orphan The Poet - *Complex*  
DJ Danny Boy - *Downstairs*  
Joe McQueen - *Garage*  
Jack & Jill - *Green Pig*  
Sofa Sly - *Hog Wallow*  
Kinky Friedman - *State Room*  
Touchstone Coyote - *Tin Angel*  
The Clumsy Lovers - *Urban*  
Winter Battle Of The Bands: Round 4 - *Velour*  
Mindy Gledhill, Mideau - *Why Sound*

**Friday, Dec. 7**  
**Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace cool!**  
Pour Horse, The Chickens - *ABG's*  
Debussy, Ravel - *Abravanel*  
Max Pain & The Groovies - *Brewskis*  
Holy Water Buffalo - *Copper Club*  
Punch Brothers, The Milk Carton Kids - *Depot*  
Sleepy Hollow - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Hell Caminos - *Green Pig*  
Eric McFadden - *Hog Wallow*  
No Bragging Rights, Alters, Forever Came Calling, Skiesdie In Wonderland - *Mojos*  
The Porch - *Muse*  
What It Is - *Poplar*  
Dan Waldis - *Rose Wagner*  
The Hung Ups, Problem Daughter, MoneyPenny - *Shred Shed*  
Rylee McDonald - *Tin Angel*  
First Friday Event - *UMOCA*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Downtown Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Winter Battle Of The Bands: Round 5 - *Velour*

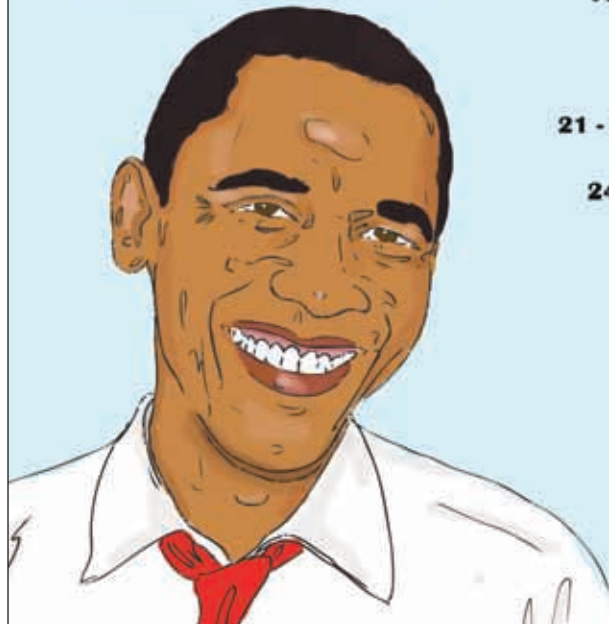
**Sunday, Dec. 2**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
DJ Chris Shields - *Downstairs*  
Black Pussy, Yaktooth - *Shred Shed*  
Tommy Castro & The Painkillers - *State Room*

**Monday, Dec. 3**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
Winter Battle Of The Bands: Round 1 - *Velour*



# NOVEMBER - 2012

- 1 - Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys, 90s Television, Curly Ringos, Triggers & Slips
- 2 - The Drowning Men, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, TBA
- 3 - Tilly & The Wall, Icky Blossoms, Green Arrow
- 5 - Tyler Ward
- 7 - Franz Nicolay, Boots To The Moon, Euphoria
- 8 - Typhoon / Laura Gibson, Lost Lander



- 9 - Andrew Jackson Jihad, Future of The Left, Jeff Rosenstock of Bomb the Music Industry
- 10 - Milo Greene, Bahamas (doors: 8pm)
- 11 - The Wooden Sky, TBA
- 14 - New Cassettes, Apollo Run, Soft Science
- 15 - Andrew McGuire's Art Project, TBA
- 16- Creature Double Feature CD Release, Stag Hare, Lake Island, Your Meteor
- 17 - One Way Life CD RELEASE, Show Me Island, Standing Solo, Still Sea, The Vital (doors: 6:30pm)
- 18 -I Fight Dragons, MC Lars, Sky fox
- 19 -Radical Something, BenefitOfADoubt, TBA
- 21 - Joe Brooks, Joseph Vincent & Mike Mains & The Branches (Rick Shoes)
- 23- It Foot It Ears EP Release, Bright Whistles
- 24 - One Way Life CD RELEASE, Show Me Island, Standing Solo, Still Sea, The Vital (doors: 6:30pm)
- 25 - The Babies, Sariah's Kiss, Super 78!
- 27 - Walk The Moon, Pacific Air
- 29 - Val Larsen, Taylor Olsen, Ryan Margetts
- 30 - Yazzi w/ Shaquille, Taylor/Gibson, Def Quo

kilby court

Other S&S show:

11/1 - Matt & Kim, Oberhofer @ In The Venue (7pm doors)

## the urban lounge

241 south 500 east - 21+ doors open at nine (unless other wise noted)

- Nov 01: DESERT ROCKS PRESENTS GAUDI, ILLOOM, Anthony Motto
- Nov 02: David Bazan plays Pedro The Lion's Control, Stagnant Pools
- Nov 03: KRCL PRESENTS Father John Misty, Le Sera, Jeffertitties Nile
- Nov 04: Sera Cahoone, The Parson Red Heads, Desert Noises
- Nov 05: Smoking Popes, Luther
- Nov 06: RaeRe, The Brian Bingham Band, Chandra Charmayne
- Nov 07: Generationals, RACES
- Nov 08: A Place To Bury Strangers, AKRON/FAMILY, Bleeding Rainbow
- Nov 09: DUBWISE
- Nov 10: SLUG LOCALIZED with Top Dead Celebrity, DØNE, Despite Despair
- Nov 11: METZ, Koala Temple, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys
- Nov 13: El Ten Eleven, Michna, Yourself and The Air
- Nov 14: Bon Vivant, Visitors

- Nov 15: The Pleasure Thieves, Danger Hailstorm
- Nov 16: The Octopus Project, Birthquake, Green Arrow
- Nov 17: Japandroids, Swearin'
- Nov 20: Red Fang, Black Tusk, Indian Handcraft
- Nov 21: DJ Electronic Battleship, Youth In Eyes, Fisch Loops, Chance Lewis & Apt
- Nov 23: AFRO OMEGA, Green Leafs
- Nov 24: The Future of The Ghost (five year anniversary of Freak Out!)
- Nov 28: Eliot Lipp
- Nov 29: Paisley Van Patten, The Family Gallows, DJ Elvis Freshly
- Nov 30: Lorin Walker Madsen & The Hustlers, Triggers & Slips, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers

UPCOMING SHOWS: Dec 01: MaxPain & The Groovies, Dec 05: The Sword, , Dec 06: The Clumsy Lovers, Dec 07: DUBWISE, Dec 08: The Devil Whale,

Dec 09: Wovenhand, Dec 14: Cocktail 2012, Dec 21: Pat Maine CD Release, , Dec 22: Griz, Dec 28: Samba Fogo, Feb 22: Mouse on Mars, Feb 24: Toro y Moi

## THE COMPLEX

FOR UPCOMING EVENTS  
WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM



LIGHTS  
FRIDAY NOV 2ND



EPICA  
THURSDAY NOV 8TH



D.R.I.  
FRIDAY NOV 9TH



DELTA SPIRIT  
MONDAY NOV 12TH



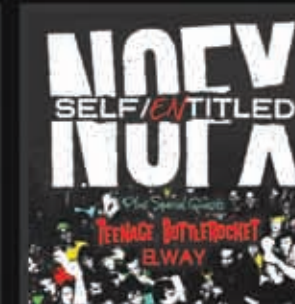
TWIZTID  
FRIDAY NOV 23RD



YELLOWCARD  
WEDNESDAY NOV 28TH



DANCE GAVIN DANCE  
THURSDAY DEC 6TH



NOFX  
SATURDAY DEC 8TH

### COMING SOON

11/10 - BABY BASH  
11/27 - THE BIGGEST TOUR EVER EVER  
02/08 - EMILIE AUTUMN  
02/27 - BLACK VEIL BRIDES

### CLUB NIGHTS (21+)

TUESDAYS - COMEDY ROADKILL  
OPEN MIC COMEDY  
FRIDAYS - EVOLVE  
DIFFERENT PROMOTERS FOR DIFFERENT VIBES  
SATURDAYS - CLUB MAS  
UTAH'S HOTTEST LATIN NIGHT

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